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THE
NATION
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JULY to DECEMBER, 1958

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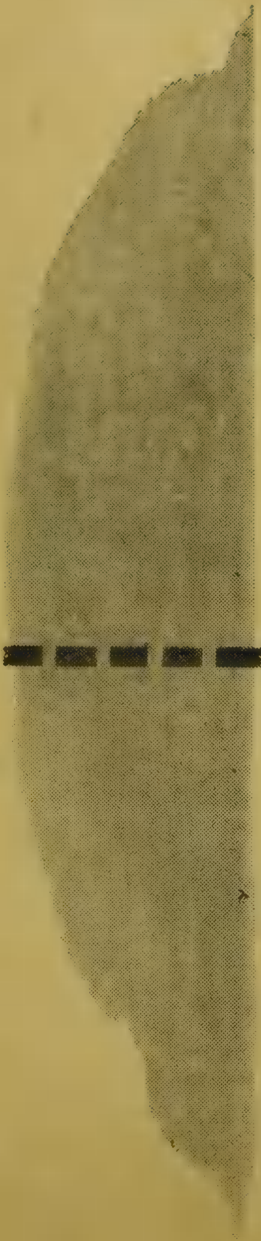

CHURCHILL: the LAST HUSSAR

by Georg Mann

NLRB'S WAR ON LABOR

by Harvey Swados

THE CHEMISTRY OF SCHIZOPHRENIA

by Dan Wakefield

been made to appear. If it removes, as it may, the issue of segregation from the Arkansas gubernatorial primary on July 29, it could prove extremely helpful to the Governor's chief opponents, Judge Lee Ward and Chris E. Finkbeiner. If Faubus is to be defeated or forced into a run-off, attention must be focused on the miserable record which he is trying desperately to conceal by posing as the savior of white supremacy.

More important, the very illogic of the decision points to the source of the trouble and suggests the remedy. Judge Lemley makes it quite clear that he was not influenced by evidence of lawlessness or "malevolent desires"; there was no attempt "to bomb the school or to burn it down." By clear inference, then, the source of the trouble lay in the inability of the school authorities to cope with an internal disciplinary problem which was aggravated by the federal Administration's failure to back up its original intervention. For example, the FBI has never released, nor has the Administration acted upon, the FBI report on the circumstances surrounding the disturbances last fall. No effort has been made to prosecute those who sought to obstruct the court's original desegregation decree; indeed, assurances were given by the Attorney General that no action was contemplated. Once federal troops were withdrawn, the National Guardsmen who replaced them refused to arrest trouble-makers and thereby encouraged a small hoodlum element in the student body to create disturbances. Naturally the school authorities were annoyed by the failure of the Administration to back up its decision to intervene.

Even so, the situation inside the school could hardly have been "intolerable": The Negro students, with one exception, completed the term and one of them graduated. In brief, the experiment *succeeded* despite the incompetence of the school authorities and the failure of both the state and federal governments to act in support of the court's original order. Judge Lemley's decision should be reversed, as it will be, on the basis of his own findings.

Wherefore Art Thou Ramfis?

To add to his other worries, Mr. Dulles must now concentrate, and promptly, on the parlous state of our relations with one of our erstwhile staunchest allies, Generalissimo Rafael L. Trujillo of the so-called Dominican Republic. For "Papa" is furious. First of all, his son, Lt. Gen. Rafael Trujillo, Jr., known to his intimates as "Ramfis," achieved fame at the U.S. Army Command and General Staff School by *not* studying. In this instance, the General Staff School proctors had shown a high degree of "permissiveness"; instead of booting Ramfis out of school, they allowed him, in the line of temporary duty, to idle away many hours in Hollywood. Only when it came to awarding Ramfis the coveted sheepskin did the killjoys of the school vent their spleen on the faun whom the military assistance program had plumped into their midst. They awarded him a certificate of attendance, which under the circumstances seemed more than fair. But as far as Papa is concerned, the Good Neighbor policy is in the ash can. While Ramfis departed in a private railroad car for Santa Monica to board his 350-foot yacht, the man-of-war *Angelita,* Papa ordered home thirty other Dominicans taking courses at U.S. military institutions (and some of whom, for all Papa knew, might have been studying). He also rejected a current $600,000 donation which Washington was pressing on him, although his Caribbean blood was not quite hot enough to impel him to refund earlier and more generous subsidies. What next? The Panama Canal is only 900 miles from the Dominican Republic. Can it be defended without the vital aid of the *Angelita*? The dilemma now facing Mr. Dulles is whether to defend the Canal, perhaps shooting down Zsa Zsa Gabor, or to surrender and rehabilitate the Good Neighbor policy. We commend the latter course, and by no half measures.

Alan Wood to the Rescue

Wage rates in the steel industry rose by some 20-25 cents an hour on July 1. Normally, U.S. Steel would respond to such an occasion by declaring a price rise was imperative to meet the wage boost and to keep a great industry, necessary for defense, in a flourishing condition. But this year we are in a recession, and Estes Kefauver has been getting up daily in the Senate to assert that a price rise is unjustifiable (see "The Manipulated Price Rise," by Estes Kefauver, June 28 issue). Moreover, U. S. Steel last year showed a record profit of $419 million.

However, one of the smaller producers has taken the lead and invited the industry to throw down its cross and manfully resume the way of profit. The Alan Wood Steel Company, which ranks twenty-third in the industry with annual production of 800,000 tons, has announced an increase averaging $6 a ton, effective July 7. But Mr. Wood can hardly make its hike stick unless the big boys follow suit. Whether U. S. Steel, in the midst of a recession and with the industry operating during the first quarter at 54 per cent of capacity, will elect to follow Alan Wood's lead, is something that will go a long way toward demonstrating how much economic statesmanship resides in the councils of big business. Chances are that U.S. Steel will not have acted by July 1, but an increase at the first opportunity thereafter would not be surprising. In that case, U.S. Steel which with its volume can make a very good thing out of something which a small company may actually need, should at the very least present Alan Wood a balloon in gratitude for services rendered.

CHURCHILL: the Last Hussar . . *by Georg Mann*

FOLD THE DOLMAN, brush the busby, saddle-soap the sabre-tache. Winston Churchill, the last hussar, is taking his place amid the monuments and mothballs of history. But before the black-draped charger, the empty boots reversed in the stirrups, leads the muffled, inexorable drums in the slow parade toward Churchill's final bivouac, his ticket to the Pantheon deserves a final inspection.

The audience, including Churchill, has been unanimous: no contemporary has been granted a clearer title to immortality. For more than sixty years, a substantial part of modern history has been glimpsed in the reflections from his cherubic brow. His mere presence lent excitement to border skirmishes and dignity to the great crises of our age. He played a major role in a minor World War and became the rhetorical third of a triumvirate or troika—the precise term depends on whether you prefer classical or Communist history — that managed an implausible coalition to an evanescent victory in the most complex war yet achieved by human ingenuity.

Even when he was on a decade-long leave of absence, the primrose in his lapel dominated a hundred hustings, blooming in victory, bitter in defeat. His portentous speeches, his back-bench maneuvers, are an essential part of the history of an oligarchical parliament that has vanished like the revenues of the East India Company. Scholars have praised his histories, critics applauded his style and journalists envied his honoraria. And even the accomplishments of his idleness won honor as buyers bid up his paintings and trade unions certified his bricklaying talents.

His admirers insist that he symbolizes what is best in the civilization of the first half of the twentieth century. One commentator rushes to declare, "Of the idea of a liberal and creative man, striving to function in a liberal society, Churchill continues to be the exemplary embodiment." He passed effortlessly from the age of Dr. Jameson and Richard Harding Davis to that of Enrico Fermi and Frank Whittle, without losing those attributes of Macaulay, Edmund Burke, the younger Pitt, Carnot, Gibbon, the Scholar Gypsy, and Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris that rubbed off on him along the way.

YET, AFTER LISTENING to the paeans, this delegate can only call the question and vote "no." In the first place, during a long and vocal life, no public figure in modern times ever supported such a tarnished assortment of trumpery crusades, ever voiced with such confidence such nonsensical opinions on the major issues that confront man. In the second place, like an unwitting Alcibiades, he devoted his great talents and enormous energies to the destruction of his fatherland. The preservation of the British Empire has been the single great cause of Sir Winston's life, and no man did more to make certain that the British Empire could not continue to exist.

While intellectually, Churchill possesses some of the clean lines of classic statuary, his character has no peer in complexity, compounded of bravery and meanness, a selfless devotion to duty as he saw it coupled with monumental vanity, of a critical, humorous detachment linked to a purely emotional obsession with some of the dustier items that have tumbled to the bottom of the ragbag of tradition. Amid the contradictions, courage is the essential clue, the kind of courage which insists that participation in physical violence — either directly or through surrogates —is the supreme end of man. He himself has written, "Courage is rightly esteemed as the first of human qualities, because, as has been said, it is the quality which guarantees all others." His own actions bear out his commitment to courage, while demonstrating the falseness of the second half of his proposition. From the bravura of participating in the last great cavalry charge of modern times, through hazardous escapes, the semi-ludicrous Battle of Sidney Street (where his naked hatred of comic-opera anarchists displays the uglier side of his prejudices), trench warfare in World War I, risky flights in primitive airplanes, courage under bombing in World War II, and ending in the unfulfilled desire to participate personally in the invasion of France, Churchill's own courage has ranged from the wistful to the foolhardy.

On the balance, however, he displays more of the courage of the Berserker than the Bayard. His courage leads inevitably to almost total reliance upon war as both the end of man and the destiny of nations. A genuine connoisseur, he smells a war half a decade away, and itches to exert his mastery of his chosen profession. He is genuinely startled in World War I when he asks a soldier in the trenches, "Don't you like war?" and receives a candid "No, Mr. Churchill," in reply. In retrospect, he can write of the start of World War II, which began a sunset for the empire in the four points of the compass: "As I sat in my place, listening to the speeches, a very strong sense of calm came over me. . . . I felt a serenity of mind and was conscious of a kind of uplifted detachment from personal and human affairs. The glory of Old England, peace-loving and unprepared as she was, but instant and fearless at the call of honour, thrilled my being and seemed to lift our fate to a sphere far removed from earthly fact and physical sensation." This is no pose. At Britain's darkest moments he could say—and mean—"This was a time when it was equally good to live or die," and raise the slogan against Hitler's impending invasion, "You can always take one with you."

To intervene in the controversies that concern scholars about Churchill's military judgments would be pointless. His fixation with the Medi-

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GEORG MANN has contributed articles to several of the country's leading literary and political monthlies.

terranean in two World Wars can be left to history and Samuel Eliot Morrison. One thing must be said in his praise. However great his cultural lag in the world of ideas, he always managed to stay ahead of the procession in utilizing the technology of war.

One military lesson, however, he never learned, a lesson available since the days of Pyrrhus. To paraphrase Bosquet's comment on the charge of the Light Brigade, Churchill's courage in rushing into war — any war—may be magnificent, but it is not statesmanship. For all his profound understanding of the theory of war and grasp of its developing tools, he still lived amid the scarlet uniforms and brilliant maneuvers of the eighteenth—possibly even of the nineteenth — century, when wars were limited and individual glory illimitable. He was never aware that modern war is a luxury far beyond the budgets of the proudest empires. The Britain that sat victorious at Versailles had already bled to death at Paschendaele. The conferee at Teheran had already lost all the chips that would be wagered to preserve the empire that was his main object.

COMPARED TO HIS physical courage, Churchill's political courage is essentially a period item, even granting that achieving a career is essential for a man whose ambitions have tended to be as stately as his prose. The drama of crossing the House, so important in Churchill's eyes, is as pallid as cucumber sandwiches compared with the crossing of the Atlantic by the Fenians and the Forty-eighters. When Churchill takes a stand, it seems less in defense of laudable principle than in hearkening to paternal fidelity, or obeying the precepts of the century in which it was his misfortune not to live forever.

The great crises on which he risked his career began with the fustian rhetoric of his homage to his father when he said, speaking on the Army Bill of 1901, that he is defending "the tattered flag of retrenchment and economy, the tattered flag I found lying on a stricken field." He subsequently broke with the Tories over protection, then with Lloyd George over the Prime Minister's opposition to Churchill's insistence on armed intervention against the Soviets—which issue has provided the Soviet propagandists with the most durable bloody shirt in their entire armamentarium. He broke with Baldwin over India, refusing to recognize the incoming tide, and tying his flag firmly to the handle of King Canute's broom. And finally—and this is where the ripple of applause always begins—he broke with the Tories on the question of Hitler.

ON THIS issue, perhaps never has so little statesmanship been praised so much by so many. Praising a statesman for being opposed to Hitler is like praising a surgeon for diagnosing the most obvious form of cancer. And yet, on this issue, the one great issue in Churchill's career on which one can put a finger and say yes, he was right, his basic luck still held. His instinctive diagnosis led to the prescription of a treatment almost as fatal as it was heroic. This is one of the few phlebotomies in history in which the doctor bled as much as the patient.

Basically, Churchill viewed Hitler as a military menace to the British Empire, almost ignoring his essential, monstrous political role. Rereading his attacks on Hitler and Mussolini, one hears the echo of Macy's talking about Gimbels, of the merchandiser of one form of nationalism talking about a competitor, with an establishment across the street, who has a membership in the same trade association. For Churchill, Hitler was "the child of the rage and grief of a mighty empire which had suffered overwhelming defeat in war" who, "by an honorable inversion [from communism] cherished all the more an abnormal sense of racial loyalty and a fervent and mystic admiration of the German government and German people." He is equally benign toward Mussolini, and positively charitable as he says of Ciano, "When Ciano faced the firing squad, he paid his debt to the full." Contrasted with the bitter fury and vindictiveness of his comments on Philip Snowden, one can only conclude he hated the British Labour Party far more than he did the European dictators.

Even peripheral to the great issue of his life, Churchill manifested a massive inconsequentiality. Surely, if Hitler was the enemy, all anti-Fascist elements should have been supported, the more vigorously the better. Yet Churchill backed Dollfuss in that bargain-basement dictator's *coup d'état* against the Austrian Social Democrats. For Churchill, the Spanish Civil War was merely a conflict between an army determined to maintain order and a Communist sect determined to destroy it. And all Spanish Republicans, by definition, were Communists to him. As late as 1937, he could misinterpret the crucial history of modern Spain by approving a sentence for publication which read: "The deepest bitter memory of a Spaniard is the Napoleonic invasion and the memory of the Peninsular War."

These international judgments stem logically from his basic political convictions, in which his feeling for oligarchical techniques is far firmer than his admiration for democratic principles. On the one hand, he can present an analysis of how Balfour diddled Curzon out of the Prime Ministership which is as precise as his narrative of Blenheim or the North African campaign. On the other, he writes of Shaw's *Applecart* and dwells on the "weaknesses, the meannesses, the vanities and follies of the trumpery figures who float upward and are born forward on the swirls and eddies of so-called Democratic politics." Even more plainly, he refers to the growth of the British Labour Party as "a marked discrediting of universal suffrage."

Thus, Churchill has seen himself as a high priest of politics, performing an ancient ritual of sacrifice and regeneration before a paying audience forewarned that its participation is limited. The electorate is given to understand that it must vote right, or else face the rough side of his tongue—as it did when the rhetoric-tired British voters turned him out of office at the end of World War II.

The record indicates that very few statesmen have cherished more

black sheep. He fought with "Butcher" Weyler in Cuba, opposed the Boers at the only moment in history when this emphatically unlovely people found themselves on the side of justice. And he is consistently fascinated with the virtues of twentieth-century royalty, as undistinguished a bunch of violets as ever withered on a florist's shelf. Here, mingling the deferential air of the *Almanac de Gotha* with the higher emotions of Don Quixote's memories of Amadis of Gaul, Churchill looks at all monarchs and finds little but good. He writes of Franz Josef, ". . . This venerable, conscientious functionary"; of Alfonso of Spain, his particular hero, ". . . Accomplished great things . . . eager and courageous leadership . . . dauntless courage, worldly wisdom" whose enthusiasm for polo did great things for the Spanish cavalry; of Nicholas II, ". . . True, simple man of average ability, of merciful disposition, upheld in all his daily life by his belief in God . . . Belittle his efforts, asperse his conduct, insult his memory, but pause then to tell us who else was found capable." And during the world-shaking crisis arising from the attachment of Edward VIII for the present Duchess of Windsor, this statesman of the classical mold exhibited all the calm of an Australian bushman defending his tribal totem against sacrilege.

Romanticism, clinging to established symbols, runs in continuous riot. Here is a statesman whose orders have sent thousands to their deaths in war, who has raised eyebrows by summarily executing Kaffir criminals in Natal, who remains unworried by harsh questions concerning Milner's flogging of South African coolies. When he gravely confesses "the most hateful decision, the most unnatural and painful with which I have ever been concerned," guessing could never supply the answer. The occasion for this *mea culpa* was the bombarding of the French Fleet at Oran. Darlan, was, after all, in the same trade association.

Such opinions necessarily end in low comedy, and nowhere more flagrantly than in Churchill's procession of opinions about the Soviet Union. He begins, in his interventionist days, with shrieks against "the foul baboonery of Bolshevism," goes out of his way to praise the anti-Soviet terrorist Savinkov — whom he delights in comparing with Trotsky, much to the latter's disfavor—and, in commenting on Denikin, says, "A man is called a reactionary in Russia if he objects to having his property stolen, his wife and children murdered."

In a second stage, during the thirties, with the competition well established, he grows more benign, even accepting the nonsense of the Moscow trials at its face value. Then, with Russia an ally, Churchill can say, "I know of no Government which stands to its own obligation, even in its own despite, more solidly than the Soviet Union." Outreaching even his own past rhetorical peaks, he goes on to say of the Russian troops during the Nazi invasion, "I see them guarding their homes where wives and mothers pray—ah yes, there are times when all pray—for the safety of their loved ones."

Of Stalin he can write—we must remember that Churchill is defending his own property rights when he defends the cult of personality—"a man of inexhaustible courage and will power . . . deep, cool wisdom and complete absence of illusions of any kind. . . . Above all, he is a man with a saving sense of humor, which is of high importance to all men and all nations, but particularly to great men and great nations." (Of Churchill's own sense of humor, its flavor can be found in his comment on the suffragettes' demanding the vote: "A man might as well chain himself to the railings of St. Thomas Hospital and say he wouldn't move until he had a baby.")

THIS ATTITUDE toward the suffragettes is part of the dark stream of obtuseness to the modern world which runs throughout the collection of ideas Sir Winston has taken from other people's ammunition wagons to fire off on his own. More fatal, more devastating in the long run, has been his attitude toward the lesser breeds without the law, the aspirations of colonial peoples. Toward the Irish question, which dominated the politics of his youth, his attitude has oscillated between vague personal warmth and the most determined kind of misunderstanding. At the start, he vaguely fumbles with the importance of Parnell's career in his biography of his father. It passes through an ambivalence involving support of the Black and Tans on one hand, a desire to make a peace on the other. It reaches a peak in his debate on the Irish Free State Bill in 1922. With the dead still littering the Irish lanes, the manor houses of the Ascendancy smoldering skyward, he rumbles, "A Republic is an idea most foreign to the Irish mind, associated with the butcheries of Cromwell in their minds, and foreign to all the native genius of the Irish race which is essentially monarchical." In the late 1930s, he nags plaintively about the loss of the naval base at Lough Swilly—perhaps it ought to be remarked that this Paladin is the most paranoid of all poor losers—and at the start of World War II, his attitude culminates in what is probably the funniest telegram ever sent by one major statesman to another, when he wired De Valera: "Now is your chance. Now or never. A Nation once again."

He is even harsher with subjects of color. In 1931, Churchill can say, anticipating the event by less than two decades, "Except as an ultimate, visionary goal, dominion status like that of Canada or Australia is not going to happen in India in any period which we can even remotely foresee." Perhaps even more exasperating is his statement about Ghandi, particularly when taken in context with his adulation of the crowned heads of Europe: "It is alarming and also nauseating to see Mr. Ghandi, a seditious Middle Temple lawyer, now posing as a fakir, striding half-naked up the steps of the Vice-Regal palace to parley on equal terms with the representative of the King-Emperor."

WHEN ITS most passionate modern defender talks like this, the long career of the British Empire must approach the miraculous. Of the passion, there is never any doubt. The young Parliamentarian arises to say in 1901, "It is known, alike by peoples and rulers, that upon the whole —and it is upon the whole that we must judge these things — British influence is a kindly and healthy influence and makes for the general happiness and welfare of mankind." As World War II lowered upon the horizon, Churchill could seriously propose that "The Conservative Opposition should confront the Labour Government in all great imperial and national issues, and should identify itself with the majesty of Britain under Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury." Such a position, in that time and place, was as obsolete as the peerage of the painted Picts. And when, approaching the end of his career, mired like an aging bull, he bellows that he did not become the King's First Minister to preside at the liquidation of the British Empire, he merely emphasizes that part of his own past which made the liquidation of that empire inevitable. This man, who, with spectacular intelligence, skill and energy had fought twentieth-century wars for eighteenth-century ends, goes out in a blaze like a Turner sunset, his cause expiring with him.

THE SPECTACLE still endures, masked with a hussar's dash and courage, with a rhetoric that was supremely sure of itself, in an era when most political leaders write and talk like shoe clerks. Sportswriters would say Churchill had "color," that fundamentally indefinable quality that marked Babe Ruth and Dempsey, that by-passed Tunney and Ted Williams.

The style, of course, provided the respectability. It runs the gamut from the painfully self-conscious snatching at familiar symbols, through an automatic pedestrianism to the heights of moving preciseness. Rereading the speeches and the histories, glimpsing him on scraps of old sound newsreels, one has the sensation of coming face to face with a dinosaur. He lumbers into our midst like a beast emerging from jungles long since turned to coal, his jaws working on fragments of food we know only as fossils, exuding an aroma of archaeology and decay. At his best, his words have an atavistic impact that thrills the autonomic nervous system, raising the hair on our necks like the sudden blare of bugles heard two streets away. At his worst, his sentences, like his ideas, are a mere delayed rumble in the bowels of the nineteenth century.

And here the ideas turn out to be merely reworked symbols of a broad conventional origin. Kings are a convenient stereotype for clutching, empires carry a mythical emotional cargo of their own. The symbols that ornament his tunic and his dolman, even the invisible Death's Head on his busby, stem straight from those of the Victorian nursery and the meager books available on the troopship for India. As a child, we are told, he spent long lonely hours perusing the cartoons in *Punch*. The stock abstractions of Tenniel made an indelible impact—tridented Brittania, the growling British lion, a buxom, blond, Teutonic Brunhild, the looming Russian bear, a Phrygian-capped France alternately anguished and sinister. The lines are clear, the draftsmanship precise, the colors a sharp black and white, with no half-tones. The somewhat lonely child loved the cartoons, later in life labeled them "a very good way of learning history." The same simple, dramatic, easily grasped symbols he conned in the nursery form both the style and the ideas. In Churchill's world, there are no generalized truths, only Imperial British virtue, shining clear and white; and cheap, self-seeking opinion and black downright error in the rest of the world. To Churchill, the supreme heresy can only be found in the Jansenist exhortation, "To whatever order or nation you belong, believe only what is true, and what you would be disposed to believe if you belonged to another nation, another order, another profession."

IN CHURCHILL, the ideas of the parish are inflated until they almost encompass the world. In him, the courage and the vanity (both of the very first rank), the intelligence and the obtuseness, the generosity and the vindictiveness, and the boundless energy have combined to provide a lens which brought to a focus all the forces which made the destruction of the British Empire inevitable. In our leisure, so foreign to his own nature, we can see how it happened. Reaching back through the decades, we can only remember what Lord Morley said of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill—"If you educated him, you would ruin him."

This was demonstrably not true of the son.

CHEMISTRY of SCHIZOPHRENIA . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Boston

DR. MARK ALTSCHULE, a man who has been exploring the chemistry of mental illness for the past fifteen years, may only be a year away from the final development of a serum which could mean new hope for the victims of the world's most widespread serious mental illness—schizophrenia.

An estimated 2.5 - 3 persons of every 1,000 in the general population suffer from schizophrenia, and more than half the patients in public hospitals for mental illness are schizophrenics. In a report on the Second International Congress for Psychiatry held last September in Zurich, *Newsweek* magazine said that the 2,000 psychiatrists in attendance admitted schizophrenia to be "the most urgent and at the same time most baffling question confronting them now. . . ." The greatest hope for answers seemed to come from a number of papers from different countries describing newly found relationships between the psychoses and body chemistry. One expert told the congress that the most promising area of attack on schizophrenia now "seems to be neither surgical nor Freudian, but chemical."

Interest in the possibilities of chemical answers to the whole range of mental illness has grown tremendously in the past few years—most sensationally, in the highly-publicized and avidly-consumed tranquilizing drugs — and an increasing number of medical and scientific experts have expressed hope for solutions to mental and emotional disorders through chemical research. Nobel Prize-winner Linus Pauling has turned his genius from atomic physics to the chemistry of mental illness ("Molecules and Mental Illness," *The Nation*, April 20, 1957) and has expressed the view at a meeting of the American Psychiatric Association that "I am sure that most mental disease is chemical in origin, and that the chemical abnormalities involved are usually the result of abnormalities in the genetic constitution of the individual."

This was greeted by many of the psychiatrists present with the shock and horror of any concept new to the climate of the times. Historically, of course, it is quite an old idea, dating back to the Babylonians, who believed that the liver had important effects on mental as well as physical health. In this country, however, the idea of a connection between body chemistry and mental illness did not have much more than isolated and sporadic interest until the late 1940s, when experiments were begun with "psychotomimetic" drugs, which were found to produce psychotic symptoms when given to "normal" people. Since then, other researchers have found that a substance (taraxein) in the blood of schizophrenics produces schizophrenic behavior when injected into "normal" persons, and many other links between biochemistry and mental illness have been discovered.

DR. ALTSCHULE is Assistant Clinical Professor of Medicine at Harvard Medical School and Director of Internal Medicine and Research in Clinical Psychology at Boston's McLean Hospital. In an interview, he told this reporter that he was "interested in showing that by modifying the biochemistry of a patient, you can modify the patient."

When, in 1943, Dr. Altschule first became attracted to the medical problem of mental disease, he "read everything" in the field, from Freud to biology to anthropology. After this study, Dr. Altschule reached what was then an almost completely heretical conclusion in the American medical world—that the Freudian approach was an "intuitive" one and should be replaced by "scientific" methods which could be tested in the laboratory. He summed up many of his ideas, after his first ten years of research, in a book called *Bodily Physiology in Mental and Emotional Disorders*. Later, in a Freud-debunking volume titled *The Roots of Modern Psychiatry*, he put his challenge in these terms:

> At present . . . clinicians have only two choices with respect to Freudism: they may accept a theory of mental and emotional disorder that is based almost entirely on ancient speculations, or they may wait for modern physiology and experimental psychology to provide the data for a valid theory of behavior. If such data were available now, there would of course be no need to choose—no intuitive system, Freudian or otherwise, would receive any consideration.

Not all the scientists and doctors working toward a chemical answer to mental illness share such a violent view of the Freudian theories. Many feel that even though mental illness is accompanied by chemical disorders, the debate is still open as to which comes first and causes the other. Some are willing to agree with Jung that emotional disorders cause "metabolic alterations," while others believe that the "metabolic alterations" cause the emotional disorders. The debate has recently resulted in a minor-scale "popular front" on the issue, formed by representatives of science, medicine, psychiatry, sociology and anthropology, who advocate what has been described as a "multi-discipline approach" to the problems of human behavior. When asked his own views on this concept, Dr. Altschule told this reporter: "I don't believe in the multi-discipline approach. You can't get a team to write Beethoven's Ninth Symphony."

Dr. Altschule does believe, however, in studying the latest develop-

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

ments in every field to look for hints which can be applied and tested in medical research on mental illness. He scans about eighty journals a month with this purpose in mind, and has sometimes come up with important data from other fields which are applicable to his own. Dr. Altschule has tracked down countless leads from every quarter in the course of his work, and has tested and discarded countless theories.

"We have thrown away literally thousands of hypotheses," he said. "For instance, ten years ago, we thought that ACTH (pituitary hormones) would improve the schizophrenic patient. It was something that could be tested. It didn't work, so we threw it away. Finally, about five years ago, we found something that did work, and we've been experimenting with it ever since. This is an extract from the pineal gland. We happened to try it because early in the course of schizophrenia, the adrenal cortex is hyperactive—there was an indication that an extract from the pineal gland might inhibit this hyperaction."

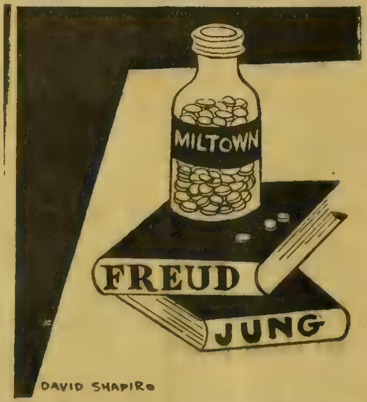
The pineal gland is a tiny organ (it got its name because its shape resembles a pine cone) seated deep in the brain. Its small size added an extra difficulty in using an extract from it for research, since a tremendous number of pineals are required to make enough serum for use in experiments. Dr. Altschule has been using the pineal glands of steers to make his extract, and he explained that "It takes the pineal glands of fifteen steers to make enough serum for one patient for one day. We're trying to negotiate now to get some whale pineals—each of these weighs a couple of pounds."

THE TINY pineal gland was first observed and named at least 2,000 years ago, but after initial speculation about its function, no interest in it was shown until the seventeenth century, when Descartes decided that it was "the seat of the soul." In 1753, one doctor reported on five cases of pineal calcification that occurred with psychosis, and in 1779 Morgnani wrote that

> ... Although you have heard above that this disorder [pineal calcification] has been found with madness and without it also, yet I would not have you forget there is not any one disorder wherewith it is so frequently found to be join'd, as with madness.

A new revival of medical interest in the pineal gland began about ten years ago, mainly in Europe and Japan, but in this country little interest was shown. Several American reports which stated that the pineal gland has no function contributed to the belief among U.S. medical people that the organ was a useless vestige of a "primitive eye."

When Dr. Altschule began his investigations with pineal extract, he found that nineteen other men had tried the same thing and given up on it. In his latest published report on his work ("Some Effects of Aqueous Extracts of Acetone-Dried Beef Pineal Substance on Chronic Schizophrenia," *New England Journal of Medicine,* November 7, 1957), Dr. Altschule wrote of those former experimenters:



> The work of earlier authors who reported that pineal extracts caused clinical improvement in schizophrenia had several defects: the authors did not limit their observations to chronic cases, and hence the possibility of spontaneous remissions cannot be ruled out; no laboratory studies were made, and hence the possibility of a placebo effect cannot be eliminated....

In his first experiments, Dr. Altschule confirmed through laboratory tests with chronic schizophrenics that the pineal extract "reversed some of the biochemical abnormalities encountered in schizophrenic patients" and that "clinical improvement also was noted." In describing his research (in the paper cited earlier), Dr. Altschule reported some examples of the dramatic effects of the extract in his early experiments:

> *Case F.* A thirty-year-old woman showed significant rises in blood glutathione level and eosinophil count after receiving several injections, but about eight days after treatment was started both measurements began to decline despite continual injections. Before treatment the patient had postured bizarrely and had been hallucinated, deluded, and incoherent. After several injections she improved rapidly, losing her hallucinations and showing some awareness of the nature of her illness. This clinical improvement was maintained for nearly three weeks, after which a slow symptomatic relapse began.
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> *Case D.* A thirty-two-year-old woman showed no increase in glutathione concentration and only a brief rise in blood eosinophil count during the period of injections. She had been psychotic for five years, grimacing bizarrely and frequently being disheveled, unintelligible, and incontinent. On the sixth day of treatment, she spoke sanely and coherently, expressed disgust at her condition, and asked to be sent to the beauty parlor. For about three days she was clean and neat and spoke rationally, but on the ninth day she returned to her original condition. She remained psychotic even though injections were continued.
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> *Case W.* A twenty-three-year-old man.... Before receiving the injections, the patient had been apathetic and hallucinated. After one week of treatment he was cheerful, active, and free of hallucinations; he showed considerable understanding of his previous condition and became a leader in the patients' social life. Clinical relapse became definitely noticeable about three weeks after biochemical refractions developed.

In every case, the dramatic change in the body chemistry and the clinical behavior of the patient was soon discouragingly lost as the patient became "immune" or "refractory" to the extract. The problem for Dr. Altschule thus became the attempt to develop an extract which would maintain its original effectiveness. Many attempts failed, but finally Dr. Altschule found that a protein in the extract was causing the patients to become immune to it, and he set out next to develop an extract which would not contain the protein. He was able to report, in the paper cited, that this protein-free extract had

> ...thus far [February to July, 1957] been given for four separate periods of eight to ten days to one patient; for three such periods to another; and for one such period each to two others. No biochemical or clinical evidence of refractoriness has yet been observed.

Since that finding was made, Dr. Altschule has been working to develop a protein-free extract which will have the highest effectiveness, and make it "stable and standardized." He feels now that he is only about "a year away" from that goal. When he reaches it, drug companies will make and distribute the extract and, Dr. Altschule explained, "It will have to be tested on thousands of patients before it can be called a 'cure' for schizophrenia." But basing his observations on his experience with the pineal extract, Dr. Altschule said: "My guess is that it will work very well in early schizophrenia, and not so well in 'degenerative schizophrenia,' where the patients have already been hospitalized for many years. But I think it will do *something* for everyone. We had one schizophrenic patient who had been in the hospital for twenty-three years without speaking to anyone, and after the pineal injections he began to talk. He wasn't coherent, but at least he was talking—he at least had a reaction to the extract, even though he had been a schizophrenic for more than twenty years."

DR. ALTSCHULE has already received "many hundreds of requests" for the serum. When the drug companies begin to produce and distribute it, a real revolution in the pattern of mental illness could come about.

The Doctor feels that since the extract will probably be most effective on people in the earlier stages of schizophrenia, it will mean that once the current generation of older, "degenerative schizophrenics" passes away, the new cases can be treated immediately and the hospitals will not fill up again with the "residual" schizophrenic patients who make up more than half of the public mental hospital population today.

Dr. Altschule mentioned the fact that the greatest alterations in the mental hospital population in this country so far have been the result of chemical cures. The psychoses caused by syphillis and pellagra have been found to result from biochemical changes in the body, and treatment for the former by penicillin and the latter by Vitamin B have virtually eliminated these illnesses in America. Pellagra had been affecting 400,000 Americans a year, both physically and mentally, and causing thousands to be sent to mental hospitals. "Something like half the patients in mental hospitals in the South used to be victims of psychoses caused by pellagra or syphillis, and now those have been nearly eliminated," Dr. Altschule said.

ALTHOUGH the new tranquilizing drugs have sometimes been touted as a hope for causing another revolutionary reduction in the population of our mental hospitals, Dr. Altschule feels that they cannot offer any basic answer to schizophrenia because "they don't change the metabolism of a patient."

The pineal extract does just that—and it may also change a great many other things. If its use is successful on a long-term, widespread basis, it may be one of many steps toward changing the whole system of classification of mental illness. "Mental diseases are now classified by symptoms—by the patients' behavior," Dr. Altschule explained. "These are the only illnesses that are not classified 'medically.' In the future, the classifications of mental illness will be based on the body chemistry of the patient."

Although schizophrenia has been thought of by most authorities as a label for what Freud's colleague, Eugene Bleuler, called "the group of schizophrenias," and is defined in the latest *Encyclopedia Britannica* as "a group of psychological disturbances or mental disorders...," Dr. Altschule feels that there is "no basis" yet for saying that schizophrenia is a number of diseases rather than a single one. He believes that the classifications of this and other mental disorders, based on the patients' behavior and without attention to body chemistry, have often been misleading.

"There are," he said, "some patients in hospitals today who are called 'schizophrenic' and actually only have a lack of salt in the body, and are all right once that is remedied."

DR. ALTSCHULE believes that "Progress in treating mental illness has suffered greatly from being taken out of medical hands and left to 'specialists.' The great medical schools in this country have been taken over by Freudians. It may be of interest that Harvard Medical School, which was the first in this country to introduce Freudian theories, was also the first to introduce Phrenology. Both are hypotheses that can't be tested."

The slow progress in medical research on mental illness won't improve greatly, Dr. Altschule feels, "until the same attitudes enter this field that are held in other fields of medicine—collection of data, examination of data, evaluation of data."

There is a further handicap to advancement in treatment of mental illness due to lack of research. From a public standpoint, it is startling to find that the main voluntary agency concerned with mental health in this country, the National Association for Mental Health, last year could give only $143,000 for research. And Dr. Altschule feels the problem goes even beyond this to the more basic question of overall medical research.

"Medical research per capita in this country is far behind other countries in the Western world," Dr. Altschule said. "All the great medical advances in the last fifty years, with one or two exceptions, have come from abroad. This country does a good job on development—once an idea is published we seize it and work on it—but we don't produce enough ideas here."

The recent increase of interest in medical research on mental illness has certainly come after a long era barren of ideas on the subject. It is strange indeed that even though Freud himself recorded his hope that more accessible and certain means for treating mental illness through medicine would be developed, there has been until recently such a lack of research in this area. The revived attention to its possibilities, and the many advances being made, may soon result in our sharing one of Francis Bacon's observations that Dr. Altschule has quoted in his book on *The Pineal Gland:*

> The human mind is often so awkward and ill-regulated in the career of invention that it is at first diffident, and then despises itself. For it appears at first incredible that any such discovery should be made, and when it has been made, it appears incredible that it should have so long escaped men's research.

MYTH OF THE POWERFUL WORKER: II

NLRB'S WAR ON LABOR . .

by Harvey Swados

This is the conclusion of a two-part article. Mr. Swados, novelist and ex-factory worker, wrote "The Myth of the Happy Worker," *which appeared in* The Nation *of August 17, 1957.—Ed.*

Washington, D.C.

FORTY-FIVE million unorganized workers in the United States can never better themselves through organization by such unions as the Textile Workers, Retail Clerks and the white-collar unions as long as Taft-Hartley remains as law and is interpreted as it is being interpreted by the NLRB. These workers are simply not organizable; and the lawyers and union staffers in the plush Washington offices, whose job is to thread their way through the mazes of NLRB decisions and administrative rulings, are by and large almost as frustrated and furious as the workers of Winchester, Virginia [see Mr. Swados' first article, "Taft-Hartley Shows Its Teeth," *The Nation,* June 28]. Let us examine some of the reasons why.

First of all, there are the provisions of Taft-Hartley itself. We have already seen how some of these have changed the hitherto quiet lives of the people of Winchester and of Palmdale, California. In Toledo, Ohio, the Retail Clerks International Association had been bargaining with four stores together, which called themselves Retail Associates. In November, 1957, the union struck one of the stores, Tiedtke's, which promptly withdrew from the employer group and settled with the union. Thereupon the union struck a second member store, LaSalle & Koch (an R. H. Macy affiliate); this strike continues, but the store is open and, as in Winchester, grandmothers walk the picket line, cherishing their new-found militancy but wondering what goes on inside the store and inside the government.

For now the maneuvering had begun. Retail Associates, acting for its three remaining members, asked the NLRB to hold an election among the employees of LaSalle's, Lamson Brothers and Lion Dry Goods, arguing that the bargaining unit had changed. The strategy was obvious: with the unionized employees of Tiedtke's excluded from the vote, with the 400 striking employees of LaSalle's excluded from the vote, and with the 350 strikebreakers of LaSalle's included in the vote, the Retail Clerks union couldn't possibly win. The union thereupon withheld its technically necessary non-Communist affidavits in an effort to keep itself off the ballot and thus forestall an election. It went before the NLRB and argued that it had the same right to withdraw from bargaining with the multi-store group that one of the store group did; and it asserted its right to bargain with the three stores individually.

With extraordinary rapidity, the NLRB ruled against the union, thus condemning it in advance to what the Rubber Workers had already been going through in Virginia. As Joseph A. Loftus narrated the story in *The New York Times* of April 11, the board "took the unusual step of notifying the parties by telegram of its decision less than forty-eight hours after it had heard oral argument." In so doing, the board overturned its own ten-year-old precedent, which forbade a union not technically in compliance with filing requirements from participating in an election; it opened the door to employers who would like to force their employees belonging to such powerful unions as the Mine Workers or the Typographers, to submit willy-nilly to an NLRB election; and it drove the infuriated Retail Clerks to the courts, no less, to seek an injunction against the NLRB election. Sol Lippman, union counsel, bluntly called the decision "a naked effort to break a strike," and went before U. S. District Judge Edward M. Curran to demand injunctive relief.

The NLRB attorney actually pleaded that LaSalle's was losing money because of the strike—a strange argument for a government official in a quasi-judicial position. The Associated Press story of April 22 gave another interesting sidelight on the reasoning of the NLRB attorney:

> Mr. Come argued that it was not certain how the election would come out if held on schedule on a multiple-unit basis. He said some of the LaSalle employees who have replaced strikers might vote for the union.
>
> "You don't think they are going to vote themselves out of a job, do you?" the judge asked.

Thereupon the judge issued the preliminary injunction sought by the Clerks, and the case will now be fought through the courts, while the middle-aged ladies march the picket lines in downtown Toledo.

If it seems strange today that labor unions should go to the courts to demand the aid of what has been for generations one of the most dreaded weapons used against labor—the injunction—that can only be taken as a measure of the extent to which the labor movement has become alarmed, not just about Taft-Hartley itself, but about the erosive effect of recent NLRB rulings.

While some of the most deeply-entrenched unions have been howling the loudest in outrage (the International Typographical Union, operating for generations under what have amounted to closed-shop conditions, says Taft-Hartley has already cost its members $30,000,000), the truth of the matter would seem to be that it is the workers in the less powerful unions, and even more so the not-yet organized workers, who are affected most directly by the anti-labor bias of what one lawyer refers to as the National Labor Reversals Board. It costs from $3,000 to $10,000 to pursue a case through the circuit court, with the result that some unions simply cannot afford to contest what this lawyer calls "board law, not worth the paper it's printed on," in a court of law; indeed, he finds it currently so difficult to get a complaint issued by the board that he discourages his clients from filing charges with it at all. It should be noted parenthetically that corporations are legally entitled to list as business expenses the cost of fighting unfair-labor-practice court cases.

WHAT is this "board law"? Here the layman finds his feet sinking into legal quicksand, and as he reaches out frantically for solid objects to cling to in the morass of opinions, precedents (some with names like the "Orkin the Rat Man" case), and administrative responses to changes in the political climate (i.e., the board's swing from a New Deal to an Eisenhower stance), he finds himself grasping at the straws of Latin phrases and at footnotes in which numbers outnumber words. Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon had a go at it on the floor of the Senate back in 1956, delivering himself of a ninety-page oration based in large part on a paper by Mozart G. Ratner, formerly Assistant General Counsel of the NLRB, entitled "Recent Changes in National Labor Relations Board Policies." Both of these documents are well worth reading, and one may surmise that the only reason for their not having a greater impact at the time was their lack of sex appeal as well as general public apathy toward labor problems at a time of full employment.

IT WOULD BE tempting at this point to narrate some of the cases cited by Ratner and Morse, but a good deal has happened since then, and a good deal continues to happen. Let us mention only the case of the B.V.D. strikers, cited with good reason in both monographs. At Pascagoula, Mississippi, a group of women workers had organized themselves into a home-made union and then sought out the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union for help. The NLRB denied reinstatement and back pay to thirty-seven strikers on the ground that they had continued to picket after acts of violence had been committed against the B.V.D. property by unidentified third parties. There was no attempt to prove that the women strikers instigated or even participated in the acts of violence; there was no evidence of conspiracy on the part of the strikers or of their having any control over the perpetrators. The board held that these ladies, some of whom were putting their children through school and were the main family breadwinners, were not entitled to get their jobs back because they should either have stopped picketing or dissociated themselves from the violence by "admonishment, denunciation or public pronouncement." This astonishing assault upon a group of innocent women, with all it implied not just for their right to their jobs but for their basic right to picket (and how can you conduct a strike without picketing?), forced the ILGWU to take the case to the courts. No wonder Professor Willard Wirtz, writing in the Northwestern University *Law Review*, commented that "the new NLRB . . . has proceeded to 'reinterpret' the [Taft-Hartley] Act in such a manner as to change its practical application substantially beyond anything seriously considered in recent Congresses."

We have to bear in mind, too, that the layman's notion that you can simply go to court (if you can afford it) and get everything straightened out that has been done to you administratively is more than a little simple. The courts are most reluctant to overrule the NLRB, and because of the "substantial evidence" rule, it is extremely difficult to get the board reversed in court on a question of fact. If you are not prepared to argue law rather than fact against the board, the chances are you will only waste your time and money in the courts. One Washington labor lawyer told me flatly: "If I were an employer lawyer, I could break any union just by using Taft-Hartley and the NLRB."

In this connection, we might take note of a Washington story in *The New York Times* of May 27, 1958:

> The Supreme Court held today that an employee kept out of a plant by the threats of striking union members might sue the union for damages in the state courts instead of going to the National Labor Relations Board for relief.

Chief Justice Warren, joined in dissent by Justice Douglas, asserted:

> There is a very real prospect of staggering punitive damages accumulated through successive actions by parties injured by [union] members who have succumbed to the emotion that frequently accompanies concerted activities during labor unrest. . . . By reason of vicarious liability for its members' ill-advised conduct on the picket lines, the union [the United Automobile Workers, already defending some twenty-nine other suits totaling $1,500,000 as a result of the Decatur, Alabama, strike] is to be subjected to a series of judgments that may and probably will reduce it to bankruptcy.

THIS BRINGS us to the tricky question which some Washington attorneys regard as the greatest drawback of the present NLRB: its narrow definition of its own jurisdiction. Without going into the complex details, we may say only that several years ago the board drew an arbitrary line and refused—presumably for reasons of budget and work load—to take jurisdiction in cases where the employer was basically "local" in character, as determined partly by the dollar value of business inflow or outflow. NLRB member Murdock promptly pointed out that there was neither a pressing shortage of funds, nor inability to handle case load (which was no higher than it had been five years earlier), nor any serious backlog of cases. He believed that the new jurisdictional standards would eliminate between a quarter and a third of the board's jurisdiction. It was his judgment, fortified by quotations from his more conservative colleagues, that the slash in jurisdiction was motivated by what you might dignify as philosophical considerations: the desire on the part of the board majority to cut back on "federal bureaucracy" and return to the states (most of which, if they have troubled to enact labor legislation at all, have adopted only "right to work" laws and similar employer aids) as much authority as possible on labor questions.

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Labor lawyers like Arthur Goldberg and Elliott Bredhoff, counsel for the Steelworkers Union, claim that by thus taking itself out of the picture in such a substantial proportion of cases, the board has cut off the application of federal labor law from those working for hard-core employers and from marginal areas where workers are most in need of government protection. If you have been wondering where the individual human being re-enters the picture, think for a moment of the saleslady in a store or the chambermaid in a hotel, neither of whom can now turn to her government for protection if she wants to unionize —unless she happens to work for a "big" employer.

However, it must be noted that the Supreme Court has complicated matters by refusing to grant the states jurisdiction over some of these cases, thereby creating a "no man's land" for several million workers; that the Florida hotel cases are currently before the Supreme Court; that Congress is very likely going to have to do something about the "no man's land" area; and, indeed, that some labor lawyers in Washington are currently far more exercised about matters other than the board's refusal to take jurisdiction in many cases.

WHAT ARE THESE other matters? Some of them are pretty ugly. Plato E. Papps, attorney for the International Association of Machinists, in a bitter article in a forthcoming number of the University of Detroit *Law Review,* entitled "The Aluminum Workers — Revisited," charges that

> ...It is hardly risky speculation to ferret out the true motives of the presently-constructed National Labor Relations Board. . . . It is patently obvious that NLRB changes in policy have invariably been in favor of management. The cumulative effect of the many small shifts has been considerable. Curtailment of the economic power of labor organizations is but one of a categorized array of anti-labor policies. And even where no explicit change in policy can be garnered from administrative rulings, the "Eisenhower Board" analyzes facts in such a way as to find fewer violations of the Act by employers in contrast to unions. It is necessary to explore only the dissenting opinions of Member Murdock to ascertain how "Republican political facts of life" form the keystone of board persuasion. The recent expiration of Member Murdock's term on the board brings to an end, incidentally, the irritable reminders that Congress did not intend the Taft-Hartley Act to be the manipulative bauble of the National Association of Manufacturers.

In support of these conclusions, Mr. Papp quotes the following comments from articles in the Utah *Law Review,* the *Labor Law Journal,* the Columbia *Law Review,* and the University of Chicago *Law Review:* ". . . Substantial changes have been made in the NLRB decisions since the advent of an Eisenhower majority. . . ." "The recent decisions of the board have tended . . . to favor the employer's interests over the union. . . ." "The recent major policy decisions reveal a total disregard for the fact . . . that Congress declared it to be the policy of the United States to encourage unionization for the purpose of restoring equality of bargaining power between employers and employees."

THE most comprehensive and devastating summary of what these changes have actually involved is to be found in an article called "Labor Law Upside Down: The NLRB and Member Rodgers," written by Joseph E. Finley and to be published as a pamphlet by the Public Affairs Institute. Mr. Finley, a labor lawyer who makes no bones about his bias, traces the turnabout in labor law to the appointment to the board in 1953 of Philip Ray Rodgers, a Taft protégé. Most particularly since then, he claims, the NLRB has been curtailing union organization, resorting to injunctions, making inexcusable rulings against unions, suppressing union activities over broad areas, and making a feeble defense of its pro-management rulings.

For one thing, in the minds of the NLRB a *threat* has now become a *prediction.* If your boss tells you that he'll have to close down his plant if you vote for a union, or if he tells you that he won't bargain with the union, he's not threatening you—he's merely "predicting" what he may be forced to do, and therefore is not guilty of an unfair labor practice. The lawyers call this "prediction of a legal position."

Moreover, sophisticated employers, thanks to the new board, have now discovered that the realm of permissible campaign propaganda has been vastly enlarged. Finley cites the case of the Zeller Corporation which, after bombarding its employees with mailings and anti-union publications, sent them a copy of a letter from one of its customers which inquired about the company's labor relations. Employees, the company pointed out to its own workers, "can readily see how we can retain customers and secure new business without the presence of a union." This, although it was a misrepresentation, was ruled by the board to be permissible propaganda.

Worse than either of these—at least in the opinion of this writer—is the extraordinary latitude given to employer "expressions of opinion" in the sacred name of "free speech." The cases that Finley cites are bad enough, in all conscience; but there are others he does not cite, particularly in the backward areas that the Textile Workers Union has been trying almost fruitlessly to organize, that are so heartbreaking as to make anyone except the most case-hardened want to weep.

These are not the thirties, we are reminded over and over. These are the fifties, unions are strong (too strong, even some liberals are saying), workers are not deserving of any special sympathy. Yet today women who earn 85 cents an hour waiting on you in stores vote against having a union to defend their rights because they are frightened by their employer, or lied to by him, and have no government agency which will defend them against threats or lies made in the name of free speech. Today, throughout the South, thousands of men and women who work in textile mills at below-standard wages, in below-standard conditions, vote against unions because they are showered with racist propaganda of the lowest kind.

For some weeks now, John W. Edelman, Washington Representative of the Textile Workers Union, has been fruitlessly appealing to Senator McClellan, Chairman of the Select Committee — not on Labor Racketeering, as it has become known—but "to Investigate Improper Activities in Labor-Management Relations." He has asked for the opportunity to show that in Gaffney, South Carolina, in Alexander City, Alabama, in Tallapoosa, Georgia, in Stuart, Virginia, and in other towns throughout the South, there exists a pattern of anti-union violence and obstruction.

Back in 1950 a Senate subcommittee found that:

> The extent and effectiveness of the opposition in the Southern Textile industry is almost unbelievable. In stopping a union-organizing campaign, the employer will use some or all of the following methods: surveillance of organizers and union adherents; propaganda through rumors, letters, news stories, advertisements, speeches to the employees; denial of free speech and assembly to the union; organizing of the whole community for anti-union activity; labor espionage; discharges of union sympathizers; violence and gun play; injunctions; the closing or moving of the mill; endless litigation before the NLRB and the Courts, etc. . . .

It is Edelman's claim that substantially the same conditions prevail today, in 1958, but so far Senator McClellan has shown no desire to divert the committee's attention from the more eye-catching exposures of venal union officials. We may legitimately ask what has happened to the national sense of proportion, of the fitness of things, when the misdeeds of a handful of loathsome slobs are deemed more worthy of our moral indignation than the deprivation of millions of Americans.

HOW DO Taft-Hartley and the NLRB fit into this picture? Between 1943 and 1946, almost 50,000 Southern textile workers were brought under Textile Workers' labor agreements; since Taft-Hartley, this union's organizing drives have been for the most part dishearteningly unsuccessful. Take the case of the Burlington chain. Burlington is the largest single textile company in the United States, employing about 50,000 workers in about a hundred plants in this country alone. This is no backwoods outfit. It is also not above being involved in the distribution of anti-Semitic and anti-Negro propaganda, in having its supervisors tell employees that the union is 100 per cent for racial integration, in having its plant managers tell employees that the union has given large sums to the NAACP, in informing its employees that white workers would have Negro shop stewards if the union got in. Why not? The NLRB has already ruled that employers have the right to "free speech," and that if employer-subsidized Chambers of Commerce and clergymen peddle anti-union race hate during organizing drives, there is no "proof" that the employers are using them as anti-labor "agents" to commit unfair labor practices.

But free speech seems to be a one-way street. In the T.W.U.'s futile effort to organize the workers of the Chatham Manufacturing Company in Elkin, North Carolina, all meeting places within an area of thirty miles were denied to Chatham workers: the Elkin YMCA, the local movie theatres, the Elkin school, the Benham school, the Boonville school, the Boonville movie house, the Surrey County Court House. Meanwhile, the workers were being bombarded not only by the local clergy and the local press, but by a hate sheet called *Militant Truth*. The Elkin *Tribune* was not above reprinting such paragraphs as the following from this hate sheet:

> The boys who head the CIO and would control the policy go under such names as Rieve, Baldanzi, Belanger, Shupka, Jueter . . . Rosenberg, Rubenstein . . . Stetin, Tullar, etc. Where do you think these men come from? Are their backgrounds, their beliefs, their faith anything like yours and ours?

The union lost the election. The union is still losing elections. Let me repeat that there are 45,000,000 unorganized workers in the United States. As Joseph Finley points out in his pamphlet, there are by now "numerous cases where unions have gone into election campaigns with far more than a majority of the employees signed to membership cards, then have received the brunt of an employer's 'predictions,' 'opinions' and 'permissible propaganda,' and have come out losing by margins of three and four to one."

I only wish it were possible for me to elaborate on some of the other points made by Finley—his charges that the NLRB has been suppressing union activities over a broad area, including secondary boycotts, on-the-job union rights, seniority rules, union security, collective-bargaining rights and protection against discriminatory discharges. But space permits mention only of his final pages on the record of NLRB member Philip Ray Rodgers, who voted against unions in every single case cited by Finley, including those labeled by

(*Continued on page 20*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Shapiro Question

POEMS OF A JEW. By Karl Shapiro. Random House. 73 pp. $3.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

POEMS OF A JEW, work mainly taken from earlier volumes, has Karl Shapiro's usual unevenness. Look hard at some of the pieces and their interest flies away like the white fluff of aged dandelions in the wind. The best ones, poems of an intense and brooding introvert, glow and crackle and burst into flame—unless the poet tries (as usually he does try) to fan them with his intellect. For it is matter of great sorrow that Shapiro, though his best work is that of an emotionalist sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, can't really think. When he makes the attempt he seems an inferior Auden, a decapitated Hamlet, or a flunked-out Talmudist.

I call to witness the mass of ill-fated assertions introducing these pieces on "the theme of the Jew." Example:

> The Jewish Question, whatever that might be, is not my concern. Nor is Judaism. Nor is Jewry. Nor is Israel. The religious question is not my concern. I am one of those who views with disgust and disappointment the evangelism and the backsliding of artists and intellectuals towards religion. . . .

I do not quarrel with these assertions in themselves. But they bear little relation to the actual experience of a Jew who, unless we are all mistaken, was for some time—and not too long ago—a Catholic convert (an experience to which a number of his poems seem to allude). Nor can they be said to describe the sentiments represented in this very book by poems like "The Synagogue," which quite explicitly exalts the unique "factual holiness" of Judaism and everything in it which "marks a separate race," and like "Israel":

> When I see the name of Israel high in print
> The fences crumble in my flesh. . . .

As for "the Jewish Question, whatever that might be"—it must, insofar as it exists, have to do with the relations and attitudes toward each other of the Gentile majority and the Jews within a given nation or culture. Shapiro's poems certainly go at this Question in many ways; titles like "Shylock" and "The Jew at Christmas Eve" do not mislead us, and scattered all through the poems there are enough such passages as the three that follow to make us cough discreetly at the disclaimer:

> The letters of the Jews are black and clean
> And lie in chain-line over Christian pages. . . . ("Alphabet")
>
> Grandpa, the saintly Jew, keeping his beard
> In difficult Virginia, yet endeared
> Of blacks and farmers, although orthodox ("The Southerner")
>
> To hurt the Negro and avoid the Jew
> Is the curriculum. . . . ("University")

The many such confrontations, often combined with other motifs in brilliant and moving fashion, show how obsessed this writer is with just the Question he has shrugged away. In fact, he himself uses the word "obsession" in his introduction, though he tries there to generalize it out of all recognition. The poems, he says, are "documents of an obsession" that is "universal and timeless"—"the Jew is at its center, but everyone else partakes of it." Mr. Shapiro wants to resolve the Question by making the particulars of his own life into an ultimate symbol of essential Jewishness, which he can then equate with the naked modern sensibility:

> The Jew is absolutely committed to the world. . . . This people beyond philosophy, beyond art, virtually beyond religion, a stranger even to mysticism, finds itself at the very center of the divine manifestation—man. The Jew represents the primitive ego of the human race. . . . The free modern Jew, celebrated so perfectly in the character of Leopold Bloom, is neither hero nor victim. He is man left over, after everything that can happen has happened.

It may throw some light on this for the most part pretentious nonsense to note that Leopold Bloom is, after all, a figment of the *Irish* imagination. What Mr. Shapiro is really talking about is the way he sees himself at this moment. "Poet" and "Jew" are terms almost interchangeable in his lexicon; in a piece not in this volume he has written that the poet

> . . . is the business man, on beauty trades,
> Dealer in arts and thought who, like the Jew,
> Shall rise from slums and hated dialects
> A tower of bitterness. . . . ("Poet")

Another omitted poem, "The Dome of Sunday," is a brutal criticism of bourgeois Jewish life in Shapiro's native Baltimore; the social type there pictured does not fit his present thesis. Modern Jewish life is actually, and naturally, extremely varied, but one would never guess from this book that many of Saul Bellow's characters could exist, or the working people of our big cities, or the "solid" doctors and lawyers and other professional people whose ego is neither more nor less "primitive" than that of the next member of the American Dental Association.

"Obsession" remains an intriguing word, however. Perhaps the real clue to what the poet feels can be glimpsed in "The First Time." Here a boy is about to be initiated into sex by a prostitute. Absorbed in his self-consciousness, he does not notice that she has been scrutinizing his body in her mirror as he has entered her room after undressing outside it. Suddenly

> . . . . she turns around, as one turns at a desk,
> And looks at him, too naked and too soon,
> And almost gently asks: *Are you a Jew?*

"Obsession" is surely the right word! In a note to another poem, Shapiro writes that "in Freud's view, as in that of every Jew, mutilation, circumcision, and 'the fear of being eaten' are all one." The generalization may be dubious, but it does indicate the sexual and traumatic aspects of the poet's conception of Jewishness.

SOMETIMES the horror of this conception is conveyed without specific sexual allusion. One of Shapiro's best poems, "Messias," recalls his shocked recoil as a child from an old religious Jew who came to the door seeking a "donation for the Holy Land" in the "hieratic language of the heart." The boy fled "in terror from the nameless hurt." More characteristic is the *Adam and Eve* sequence, which represents the Fall as essentially the discovery of sex. Fascinated by his phallic and vaginal imagery, which emphatically suggests at times "the fear of being eaten," and which is developed with a prurient, guilty, almost voyeuristic curiosity, the poet follows—as he says—his own interpretation, though influenced by cabalic symbolism and by Reich's ideas. A footnote justifies the inclusion of this sequence on the ground that its viewpoint "that man is for the world, not for the afterworld, is Jewish." It seems clear, however, that its connotations of sexually oriented violence and fear provide the truer reason. (See also the first of the *Five Self-Portraits*, in which the poet tells, fairly humorously but with great sympathy for his own infant wounds, the story of his birth and circumcision amid all the echoes and symbols of American and Christian tradition.)

Fortunately, the Good Lord made Karl Shapiro a genuine poet even though He skimped somewhat on the logical and critical endowment. Despite the traumatic basis of their movement into compassion, a number of these poems reach beautiful resolution. Others explore ponderous themes—the ease with which we forget history's most dreadful lessons, the incommunicability of certain essential differences of tradition and life-principle, and so on—without losing their buoyancy and independent character as works of feeling with a design independent of doctrinal interests. Indeed, when Shapiro succeeds it is through his vibrant language and rhythm, his unabashed candor, and his irresistible emotional force that *will* bring out his true meanings even when he himself is not quite sure of them.

Macready and the Bowery B'hoys

THE ASTOR PLACE RIOT. By Richard Moody. Indiana University Press. 243 pp. $5.

W. S. Merwin

ON THE night of March 2, 1846, the English actor William C. Macready was playing *Hamlet* in Edinburgh. It was his custom during certain lines in the players' scene to walk about waving his handkerchief over his head; as he began his flourish on that particular night a loud hiss came from somewhere in the upper boxes. Macready, as he told his diary, "bowed derisively and contemptuously to the individual. The audience carried it, though he was very staunch to his purpose. It discomposed me, and alas! might have ruined many; but I bore it down." But it bore back up again when Macready learned that the staunch hisser had been Edwin Forrest, the foremost American actor of the time, whose existence had been as a nettle to Macready's thin skin for some years past. The jealous animosity which the two actors felt for each other was quite natural: each was in the way of the other's ambitions, and they were each other's opposites temperamentally and in most other respects as well. Forrest, thick-set and a man to horsewhip a critic, was a "natural" actor who had served his apprenticeship in the company of Edmund Kean; through most of his career he relied on overwhelming his audience with his emotional violence. He was heavily, theatrically patriotic. He was Macready's junior by several years. Macready was melancholic, irritable, a man who despised his fellow-actors and made it plain to them. He was obsessed with his position, given to finding people and their cultural attainments unworthy of him; a contemporary account described him as "rather rancidly superfine in his personal manners." Before 1846 their enmity had been covert; Forrest's hiss was the declaration of war.

Before the hostilities were over, Macready had to "bear down" worse things than hisses. On Monday evening, May 7, 1849, three *Macbeths* were announced in New York City. There was Macready's at the Astor Place Opera House, Forrest's at the Broadway and Hamblin's at the Bowery. This last has nothing to do with the subsequent story—Mr. Hamblin was simply cashing in on the by then widely-publicized conflict between Forrest and Macready. Niblo and Hackett's Astor Place Opera House audience was infiltrated by a contingent of "Bowery b'hoys," a semi-organized body of toughs with marked political opinions: they were anti-foreigners and anti-"codfish aristocracy." Macready walked on-stage into a hail of old eggs and potatoes, pennies and asafetida; the play continued—though the racket of jeers, groans and catcalls drowned the words—until the third act, when somebody took to throwing chairs and the idea threatened to catch on. Macready rang down the curtain.

Understandably, he was not eager to

W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. A collection of his verse, Green with Beasts, *was published in 1956.*

Dedication

(from *Revisited Waters*)

I'll not be servant,
No, neither pursuivant,
To that inconstant
  Bird that takes wing,
Never remaining,
Leaving this raining
Land of complaining
  Spring after Spring.

Though I see shiver
Signs on the river
Where swan and diver
  Calmly alight,
All that I treasure
Trusts in a measure
Folding its pleasure
  Fast against night.

Here in this breaking
Dusk of my waking
Never forsaking
  Earth it has known,
Dawn brings before me
Like a lost army
Lives that were stormy
  Linked with my own.

Some that knew hunger,
Some that grew stronger,
Some that lived longer,
  Looked for time gone.
Youth made them tougher;
Yet, to discover
All the young suffer,
  We must live on.

When the wings starting,
Bulrushes parting,
Migrant, departing,
  Rise from the stream,
From the four quarters
Come to these waters
Memory's daughters,
  Torn from their dream.

Like the Earth spinning
Into beginning,
Innocence winning
  Time to its use
Makes the past present,
Sacredly crescent:
All obsolescent
  Time it renews.

Make me, then, servant,
Yes, stubborn pursuivant
To the stream's fervent
Spring that remains,
Naked in bounty,
Stripped to give plenty,
Strength of this county,
  Mountains and plains.

VERNON WATKINS

go on with his engagement. There were threats of worse to come, if he did. But a number of leading social and literary lights petitioned him to continue; Mayor Woodruff, when Niblo and Hackett declined to close the theatre, arranged for heavy police attendance and a reserve of militia, and on Thursday night, May 10, Macready gave another performance. The streets around the theatre were packed. Inside, the ruckus began again; at the end of the first act the police seized the chief offenders and the play went on. But outside, the b'hoys and some of the crowd began lobbing cobblestones at the windows and at the police, with excellent effect. The police were unequal to the situation; the militia were sent for and arrived during the third act. The play ended; Macready was huddled away in disguise; still the riot went on. The troops had been supplied only with ball cartridges; they were ordered to fire a round over the heads of the demonstrators. When that proved ineffective they fired at least two rounds—some say three—into the crowd. The exact casualty list cannot be known; the accounts of the time indicate that there were some thirty-one killed (none of them police or militia, and many of them simply spectators, at some distance from the riot itself) and at least a hundred and fifty injured (including police and militia).

THE RIOT, as might have been expected, represented more than simply a climax to a jealous feud between two actors. It was a focus for wide discontents. And it was by no means entirely spontaneous; latent unrest had been deliberately excited by a number of organizers for the purposes of their own political ambitions. The anti-aristocratic feeling, of course, had a long tradition; in its current form it went back at least to Andrew Jackson. A section of Jackson's own Democratic Party had come to feel that the party was not democratic enough, and had split away from it; they were called Locofocos, or Barnburners. The anti-foreign sentiments were quite as easy to whip up. Politicians had been working on them for some time, and they had had plenty of occasions. It was only a few years since the Mexican War, for one thing. For another, during the 1840s large numbers of Irish, driven from Ireland by the potato famine, had entered the country and flooded the labor market. The last two Presidential campaigns had been jazzed up with anti-foreign talk of various kinds, much of it imperialistic, and a good bit of it directed specifically against the British.

It is easy to see how Macready, at the time of the riot, could have been made to symbolize all that the rioters hated, in contrast to the true-blue democratic patriot Edwin Forrest. Forrest, besides, had repeatedly maintained in print that Macready had used all his influence to prevent Forrest's success in Europe; while Macready, on his part, had said some lofty and rather silly things about America and Americans.

One of the chief rabble-rousers behind the Astor Place riot, and certainly the most conspicuous of them, was Elmo Z. C. Judson, whose *nom de plume* was Ned Buntline. He was one of the most flamboyantly outrageous, unprincipled and various men of his era: among other things he was one of the originators of the dime novel, a voluminous writer of blood-and-thunder adventure, and himself an adventurer, seducer, polygamist, blackmailer, drunk, temperance lecturer and editor of *Ned Buntline's Own*, a scandal-sheet which he had founded. (Twenty-some years later he discovered and launched Buffalo Bill, writing the first novels about him and plagiarizing a play for him to act in.) He was currently—for his own purposes, of course—casting himself in the role of reformer, and was one of the leaders of the anti-foreign American Party. Buntline's rhetoric was shameless and inexhaustible; having exhorted the Bowery b'hoys to riot, he strode up and down in front of them outside the Opera House, brandishing a sword and demanding to know whether British "base-born miscreants" were to be allowed to rule over sons of the Revolution. He was finally arrested and got a year, but when he came out his supporters had an open carriage, six white horses and a band waiting for him, and wheeled him off to the strains of "Hail to the Chief."

MR. MOODY'S book on the riot is in most ways a disappointment. He has chosen to limit his subject almost entirely to the quarrel between Macready and Forrest, and to the accounts of the riot itself. The organizers and the political background are dealt with in a sketchy, perfunctory way. The result could not have failed to be a lopsided presentation of an intricately dramatic disaster, but still it might have been an important contribution to the history of the period if it had presented either the actors and their quarrel or the actual riot with any illumination. As it is, Mr. Moody seems to have had neither a clear vision of the event and its characters, nor any very strong opinions or feelings about them. He appears to have done little more than assemble the available accounts and string together a loose narrative, quoting from them profusely. The book is neither particularly vivid nor pointed, and is clumsily and repetitiously organized: Mr. Moody starts by describing the riot once, then he goes back and leads up to it and describes it again in greater detail and with longer quotations from the papers. Even considered simply as a reference work the book is less than ideal—it lacks an index. Apart from some fine pictures its chief virtue is an interesting subject, rather than anything which Mr. Moody has been inspired to do with it.

Darwin to Freud

FROM APE TO ANGEL. An Informal History of Social Anthropology. By H. R. Hays. Alfred A. Knopf. 440 pp. $7.50.

Robert H. Dyson, Jr.

MR. HAYS has written a thoroughly engaging book on an interesting but complex subject—the history of social anthropology from its beginnings in the nineteenth century to the present. To do this the author has selected certain subject areas and followed their development in biographical sketches of the scholars involved. This technique adds a personal flavor to the already fascinating study of culture by showing the accidents of history which led certain individuals to take up the investigation of primitive man. One gets a clear impression of the chain of influence leading from scholar to scholar.

The book covers three major phases of modern intellectual history: the impact of Darwin, the reaction to evolution and the impact of Freud (and incipiently the reaction to psychoanalysis). The first of these, ending around the turn of the century and including such figures as Morgan and Tyler, was concerned with the ordering of the constantly increasing data on primitive peoples in a developmental sequence based on the logic borrowed largely from Darwinian evolution. The interest in "origins" which resulted is shown particularly in the careers of Morgan working

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on the meaning of kinship, and Tyler and Frazer on religion and magic.

At the turn of the century the rise of genetics led to a critical re-evaluation of Darwinian biology and the meaning of evolution. This reaction expressed itself in social anthropology as an attack on the older attempts to arrange contemporary data in chronological order on the basis of relative degree of "primitiveness" or simplicity. Franz Boas, one of the leaders in this attack, insisted that until more field work was done there was insufficient evidence for such speculations, that for many subjects, indeed, there would never be sufficient evidence. Instead he concentrated on training students to collect new data with great care and to avoid premature schematizing.

But the rise of Freudian pyschoanalytical theories in the twenties soon made the avoidance of theory impossible, and the subsequent history of anthropology has been concerned to a large extent with the impact of these two fields upon each other. The relationship of culture to the formation of personality has been a major study for many of our contemporary anthropologists, among whom Margaret Mead is probably the best known.

SOCIAL anthropology has expanded in so many specialized directions—concerning itself with such things as the history of marriage, the meaning of kinship, the rise of religion, the significance of dancing, the formation of temperament, and so on—that many scholars are now searching for a means of integrating the bewildering partial studies into a meaningful whole picture of man and culture. The problem of creating what amounts to a theory of human nature and society leads to the need for a combination of scientific philosophy with anthropological theory. Such a fusion has yet to be achieved but Kroeber, Kluckhohn, Nadel and others have made significant contributions in this direction.

While the activities of social anthropologists have long been important in nations with colonial territories, the American public has become aware only since World War II of the potentialities of anthropology as an instrument for the more effective conduct of foreign affairs. By making every effort to compensate for his own cultural bias, and to submerge himself in the cultural system of another group, the anthropologist obtains a knowledge of the dynamics of another society which is usually unknown to the diplomat or the administrator. The foreign aid program has benefited greatly from the cooperation of anthropologists, yet there still remains the curious fear that these specialists follow interests which in some way make them "un-American." Often this merely means that the anthropologists do not agree with established policy. The final chapter of this book, "Making the World Safe for Humanity," deals with instances of anthropology applied to current problems and indicates the great practicality of the study in the modern world.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Science

Radiation: What It Is and How It Affects You by Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp (Compass Books, $1.25) treats not only radioactive fall-out but medical, dental and industrial radiation and such random sources as radiant dials and X-ray shoe fitting. Increasing knowledge consistently reveals unsuspected dangers; yet familiarity has glossed over hazards. Hence Doctors Schubert and Lapp support closer, more formal controls of both routine and exceptional applications and an agreement to end nuclear testing.

Understanding of the scientific developments behind such applications as Schubert and Lapp describe is aided by paperbacks from the rigorous *Philosophy of Mathematics and Natural Science* by Hermann Weyl (Princeton, $1.95) to the more popular work of Sir Arthur Eddington, whose 1927 Gifford Lectures, *The Nature of the Physical World* (Ann Arbor, $1.95) brilliantly combine erudition with grace and clarity as they announce the downfall of classical physics. In the book which followed it, *The Expanding Universe* (Ann Arbor, $1.45), Eddington lucidly expounds cosmological theory. *From the Closed World to the Infinite Universe* by Alexandre Koyré (Harper Torchbooks, $1.60) somewhat ponderously traces up through Newton and Leibnitz the change from Ptolemy to Copernicus and the related psychological and philosophical problems. *The Scientific Revolution 1500-1800: The Formation of the Modern Scientific Attitude* by A. R. Hall (Beacon, $1.75), a broader book, includes biology and chemistry in a readable and scholarly account.

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Louis de Broglie's *Matter and Light: The New Physics* (Dover, $1.75) and *The Revolution in Physics* (Noonday, $1.65) beyond them in some details but manageable on the whole; they are beautiful and exciting expositions. *The Restless Universe* by Max Born (Dover, $2.) carries parts of Eddington's subject up to this day. It is elaborately and ingeniously illustrated.

Essays in Science by Albert Einstein (Wisdom Library, 95c) reprints sixteen essays from *The World as I See It*, including those on Kepler, Newton, Clerk Maxwell and Bohr, and several on relativity.

Makers of Mathematics by Alfred Hooper (Modern Library, 95c), for a popular audience, traces the development of mathematical ideas and procedures and by using an historical approach adds liveliness to clear explanation.

A Short History of Anatomy and Physiology From the Greeks to Harvey by Charles Singer (Dover, $1.75), a series of four now slightly revised lectures, is authoritative, graceful and illuminated with twenty plates and 270 illustrations.

Drama

It is good to see an emphasis on the stage itself in a recent group of plays and commentaries. *The Theatre* by Stark Young (Hill and Wang Dramabooks, 95c) is an easy survey of the whole "impure" art, in which Young acutely analyzes the unity of play, acting and decor. *Papers on Acting*, edited by Brander Matthews (Dramabooks, $1.45; cloth, $3.75), contains eight scarce publications of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University plus two manuscripts from the museum's collection; it treats acting problems and style from the eighteenth century through the first quarter of this. *Preface to Othello* by Harley Granville-Barker (Princeton, $1.50), one of his last, most admired essays, examines not only the action of the play and its characters but its shape as a theatrical production.

Good Morning, Love!

Rise at 7:15
study the
artifacts
2 books
1 photo
1 gouache sketch
2 unclean socks
perform the necess-
ary ablutions
hands
face, feet
crotch
even answer the door
with good grace, even
if it's the gas-and-light man
announcing himself as "EDISON!
Readjer meter mister?"
For Christ'ssake yes
read my meter
Nothing can alter the euphoria
The blister is still on one finger
There just are
some mornings worth getting up
& making a cup
of coffee,
that's all

PAUL BLACKBURN

The Laurel Shakespeare (Dell, 35c ea.) happily combines texts by C. J. Sisson of the Shakespeare Institute, scholarly introductions by Francis Fergusson, glossaries and isolated textual notes, and illuminating non-academic commentaries: Maurice Evans on *Hamlet*, Margaret Webster on *The Taming of the Shrew*, W. H. Auden on *Romeo and Juliet* and Stuart Vaughan on *Richard III*. Excellent design, large type.

Religious Drama 2 (Meridian-Living Age, $1.45) combines twenty plays from the craft cycles—the Chester *Flood*, Brome *Isaac*, Wakefield *Shepherds*—into a new series and adds *Everyman*. Good introduction and directions for acting by E. Martin Browne.

The Mermaid Series of Dramabooks (Hill and Wang) improve the legibility and expand the coverage and usefulness of the old series. Latest additions are Goldsmith's *Two Plays* ($1.25), introduction by Austin Dobson; *Five Plays* by Jean Anouilh ($1.75; cloth, $3.95), including his profoundly moving *Antigone;* and *Let's Get a Divorce! and Other Plays* by Sardou, Labiche, Courteline, Prévert, Feydeau ($1.75; cloth, $3.95), with an essay on "The Psychology of Farce" by Eric Bentley.

Literature

The range of W. P. Ker's learning, his verve and his capacity for synthesis and sound generalization strike rereaders of his first two books—*Epic and Romance: Essays on Medieval Literature* (Dover, $1.95) and *The Dark Ages* (fifth to twelfth century) (Mentor, 50c). Ker's views, though not always his details, have been more supported than questioned by later specialized studies. *Folk Tale, Fiction and Saga in the Homeric Epics*, for example, by Rhys Carpenter (California, $1.50) pursues lines opened up by Ker. In a sort of literary anthropology, Carpenter relates the oral tradition of Homer to that of North European folk epic, saga and Märchen, an important subject in *Epic and Romance*. Carpenter's introductory section on source study and the oral tradition is particularly suggestive for students of drama. *The White Goddess: A Historical Grammar of Poetic Myth* by Robert Graves and *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry: Psychological Studies of Imagination* by Maud Bodkin (Vintage, $1.25 ea.) search for the remote sources of poetry in ancient myth or in the obscure memories of distant ancestors. Bodkin and Graves deal in elusive material, but it is thought-provoking and never dull.

Victorian Novelists: A Revaluation by David Cecil (Chicago-Phoenix, $1.75), an influential, generally favorable reassessment of seven leaders in the field, Dickens to George Eliot. Good new preface; misnumbered old index.

Judaism

The mid-nineteenth-century efflorescence of a substantial Yiddish literature coincided with other developments which, with this century's barbarities, have come near to ending this still new movement. One of its monuments is Sholom Aleichem's anecdotal *The Great Fair: Scenes From My Childhood* (Noonday, $1.45), a work of nostalgic charm and shrewd, wry humor. In the voluminous *Treasury of Yiddish Stories*, edited by Irving Howe and Eliezer Greenberg (Meridian, $1.95), the masters Sholom Aleichem and I. L. Peretz and a score of others are represented. These are delightful, illuminating books.

Jointly with the Jewish Publication Society, Meridian has in paper *For the Sake of Heaven* by Martin Buber ($1.45), a chronicle on the problem of evil; *Students, Scholars and Saints* by Louis Ginzberg ($1.45), on Talmudic schooling and some recent scholars; *A History of Mediaeval Jewish Philosophy* by Isaac Rusik ($1.95), tracing rationalism from the ninth to the fifteenth century. See also Buber's *Moses* (Harper Torchbooks, $1.25), a heavily-documented exploration of that leader's historicity and significance.

Miscellaneous

Wilhelm Windelband in the 1890s won eminence by relating narrowly philosophical studies to more general affairs and brilliantly tracing the growth and decay of ideas. *A History of Philosophy* (2 vols., Harper Torchbooks, $1.75 ea.) follows European thought from the ancient Greeks to Nietzsche; his *History of Ancient Philosophy* (Dover, $1.75) treats the Greeks and Romans more fully on to the neo-Platonists. Both remain classics.

The Muses Are Heard by Truman Capote (Modern Library, 95c) reports in the *New Yorker* manner the 1955 Leningrad performance of *Porgy and Bess* by an American cast, the first to enter the Soviet Union.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Bitter Honeymoon and Other Stories* by Alberto Moravia (Signet, 35c); *Company K* by William March (Signet, 35c); *The Red and the Black* by Stendhal (Bantam, 75c); *From the Earth to the Moon* by Jules Verne (Crest, 35c); *The Origin of Species* by Charles Darwin (Mentor, 50c); *Courtroom*, the story of Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, by Quentin Reynolds (Popular Library, 50c); *Folk Songs of the Caribbean*, with music (Bantam, 50c); *Three Plays* by Thornton Wilder (Bantam, 50c).

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONCE during the question period of a lecture I was asked "Do you favor our having a national theatre?" I answered "Yes. Let us have one, so that we can attack it."

At the Stratford, Connecticut, American Shakespeare Festival Theatre's production of *Hamlet*, which I enjoyed much less than their *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I thought "I am glad they have this good-looking theatre devoted to Shakespeare where the actors are given the opportunity to play him so that whether we like what they do or not we can see Shakespeare this way as a preparation for the day when it may be better done."

A Midsummer Night's Dream is the pleasantest performance I remember seeing at the festival since its inception four years ago. Generally speaking the lighter Shakespeare there has fared much better than the weightier—for the demands of the latter are very heavy indeed. The *Dream* is a delightful prank, full of exquisite and easy poetry, a true fun piece, jocund, good-humored, inconsequential. It is a play that needs no interpretation: it says what we all know: "what fools these mortals be"—especially about love. To play it well what is needed is a youthful spirit, fancy, comic invention and a carefree mood. These the actors of this season's company supply. The director and his associates are to be congratulated.

In these instances I am shy of singling out actors, for though to the technical observer they are of varying merit, one fears doing some injury to the health of the ensemble by picking and choosing individual names. I would say only of this very wholesome company that those who represent the "proletariat"—Quince, Bottom, Starveling, etc.—are more evenly excellent than the "Middle-Class," the Athenian lovers. However, this middle group is certainly attractive, and the climactic quarrel scene is particularly well directed and well acted. The "upper classes"—the nobility and the gods—are somewhat less satisfactory. A most "democratic" scale!

This may reflect a social as well as a theatrical factor. American society nowadays does not produce distinguished manners, people whose breeding is notable for grace or a natural high-mindedness coupled with charm or refinement of bearing; and our theatre does not

Poem

The women snipped the sea down flat
And sewed it up, and tucked the eyes
Of lobsters and of mad crabs in,
Which interfered with wrapping size.

The ogling men, amazed to see
Their small things labor so, just watched:
Their scuttling loves stitched up the seams
And smoothed the creases newly starched.

And it was done. Mad creatures who
Once raged and bulged in crazy seas
Are smooth as Chinese laundry now,
And mostly all the men are pleased.

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produce actors who can speak or feel verse with noble musicality. Most of the actors at the Connecticut festival have learned to speak clearly and one hears the words more distinctly each year; except when either rapidity or impassioned agitation is required; but the sounds, and more particularly the tone, are rarely beautiful. Still—Rome was not built in a day.

The stage of the Festival Theatre was designed for functional settings. That is a great advantage for a company committed to the playing of Shakespeare in our country, but it has its disadvantages. In *The Dream* the scenic arrangement is airy and nicely patterned—the lighting is particularly gratifying—but in *Hamlet* the stage often looks like a gymnasium. The costumes in *The Dream* are also far more successful than those in *Hamlet*.

The modern functional set was created not only because it is more practical for productions of Shakespeare than, let us say, the stuffy decoration of the Irving-Tree era, but because it is presumed to free the imagination for poetic flights permitting us to concentrate on the lovely language. Nevertheless, before leaving the subject I should like to remind producers that the functional set often takes on a wholly mechanical aspect, empty of feeling or meaning, aesthetically hideous.

I shall not dwell on the *Hamlet* production. It is simply not an interpretation—not even a false one—of the play, and when *Hamlet* is not interpreted on the stage it is virtually unintelligible. I shall therefore say nothing of the acting, for when there is no interpretation, that is to say specific embodiment—physical characterization and visualization with unmistakable intent—there is little point in praising or blaming actors no matter what their individual talents.

Some readers might ask, Are you sure that in Shakespeare's own theatre the interpretation was anything better or more than a faithful and powerful reading of the great lines? My answer is: I don't care what the playing of Shakespeare was like in his time. In fact, I do not believe we can really know what it was like, for we can never bring ourselves to feel or think as Elizabethans. We must have a Shakespeare which makes him cogent as a living force for our audiences, a Shakespeare who makes theatrical sense for us and immediately moves us in our minds, blood and spirit as we hope any dramatist will do. It is quite possible that, were we able to see an "original" Burbage-Shakespeare production, we should not only not like it but fail to understand it.

NLRB's War on Labor

(*Continued from page 13*)

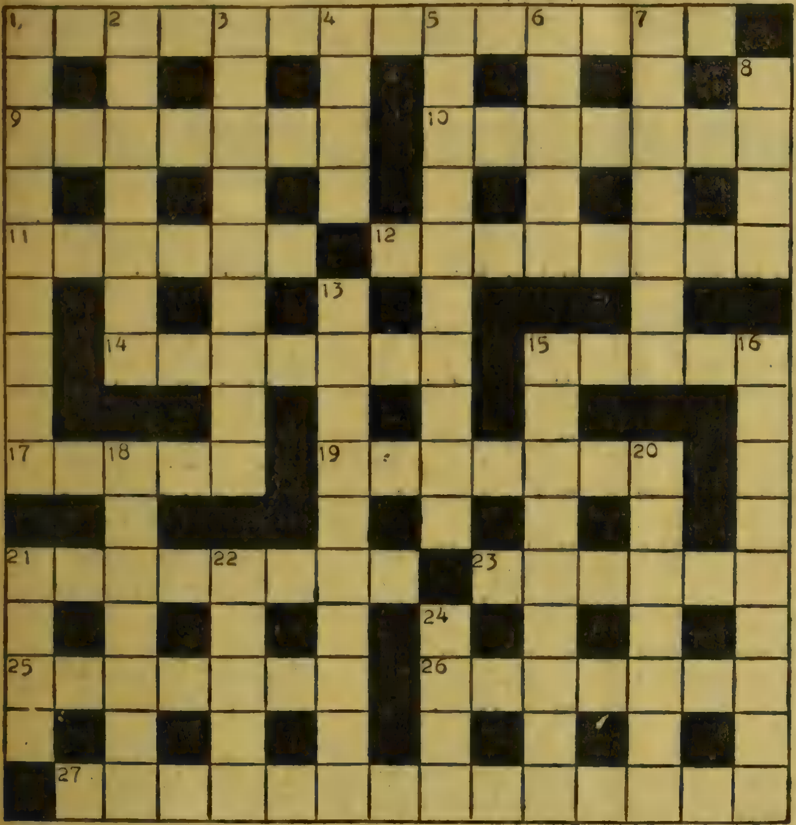
federal judges as "far-fetched," "irrational" and "unjust and intolerable." Finley has compiled a little chart of the voting record of Mr. Rodgers which reveals that, in 1955, he cast sixty-six votes for management and two for labor; in 1956, forty-nine for management and one for labor; in 1957, forty-five votes for management and none for labor: "When a man votes for management 98 per cent of the time over a three-year period in critical cases, the conclusion is inescapable. He is no longer a judge, but a partisan adversary."

Well, the conclusion would seem inescapable, too, that if we are going to have investigations of union skulduggery, we ought to have an investigation of whether honest unions are getting a fair shake at the tribunal of the National Labor Relations Board. The N.A.M. is deeply impressed by the fact that complaints to the NLRB of workers against their *unions* have zoomed upward recently, spurred no doubt by the recession and the anger of laid-off workers at all officialdom; the rest of us ought to be deeply concerned whether the rights of unorganized workers to form unions and bargain collectively are being adequately protected by a board which has been so zealously protecting employers' rights of "free speech," "permissible propaganda" and "predictions" of catastrophes in the event of union victory.

Meanwhile, the observer who compares the lean and quizzical faces of the O'Sullivan strikers with the somewhat better-fed faces in the sleek halls of labor in the nation's capital, may be pardoned for wondering just how much American workers, and the American people in general, have gained from the labor leaders' ostentatious effort to keep up with the Joneses in Washington, only to find themselves a minor vote-trading power bloc in a city of really big power blocs. Perhaps the leaders really belong back with the led—from which independent base they might begin to understand for the first time what the potentialities of power *really* mean.

Crossword Puzzle No. 779

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 21 down
9 At rock-bottom, moral badness results in torment. (7)
10 Are about called, perhaps, to get set.
11 Do they imply government measures? (6)
12 and 3 down What a firm does when it can't get free publicity? (2, 4, 2, 9)
14 A back dive onto the wrong net, it's obvious. (7)
15 Certainly enough of 17! (5)
17 The grain should be close, and sort of 15. (5)
19 Is he nothing more than a small-scale haberdasher from the mid-west? (7)
21 It's certainly not rare to announce a flower's construction. (4, 4)
23 Did Miss Morgenstern consider him a high flier? (6)
25 Pithy. (7)
26 Render ineffective. (7)
27 They neither break horses, nor divide the students of 1 across. (6, 8)

DOWN:

1 Mare to rub the wrong way in the nursery? (9)
2 Nietzsche said a man of strong faith can in the luxury of skepticism. (7)
4 and 24 Confer about the end of the speech, by the sound of it. (4, 4)
5 Paint a toad, perhaps, as a way to fit him for his environment. (10)
6 The girl of the opera is not quite natural. (5)
7 Evidently the scene of the fight has been arranged for calls. (5, 2)
8 Usually male, but not in character.
13 and 16 Certainly not robots in the locomotive! (10, 9)
15 Almost a climbing monkey with a twitch, as the belief may be. (9)
18 The bill is large with it—in place, and out of place. (7)
20 Storm, like something inclined to grow old. (7)
21 and 1 across Do they have the same charm as music? (4, 6, 8)
22 Is this where the material is dug up? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 778

ACROSS: 1 Stopwatch; 6 and 22 Lloyd George; 9 Refuser; 10 Rooster; 11, 25 and 30 War and Peace; 12 Insole; 13 Peri; 15 Card game; 16 Irving; 18 Ramrod; 20 Laughter; 24 Berlin; 28 Realtor; 29 Irately; 31 Eagle-eyed. DOWN: 1 Straw; 2 Offerer; 3 Washington; 4 Tiresome; 5 Harold; 6 Loom; 7 and 23 Of Thee I Sing; 8 Derringer; 14 Brigandage; 15 Corn syrup; 17 Tallying; 19 Montana; 21 Tragedy; 22 George; 26 Dryad; 27 Stye.

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LETTERS

India and Kashmir: Comment and Rebuttal

In an editorial entitled "Nehru and Kashmir," which appeared in our June 14 issue, we announced—reluctantly, in view of this publication's long-standing sympathy for the Indian people's struggle for independence and for the general policies of the present Indian Government—that we had parted company with Mr. Nehru on the Kashmir issue. Specifically, we said we favored the position taken by Dr. Frank Graham, who since 1951 has served as U.N. "good officer" in the dispute, and who in his latest report to the Security Council proposed a series of steps looking to ultimate solution through a plebiscite.

Following is a commentary on our editorial by an official of the Indian Government, together with our rebuttal.

—THE EDITORS.

Dear Sirs: I have read your editorial on "Nehru and Kashmir" and would like to point out certain facts which I hope will enable you to continue to show the same understanding in regard to the question of Kashmir as you have shown in other problems concerning India.

You have expressed surprise at our rejection of Dr. Graham's recommendations. The reasons for this are obvious if a country is to adhere to certain basic principles in international behavior. Should a country compromise with aggression or stand up against it? The United States was faced with a similar problem when the British and the French attacked Egypt. In regard to Kashmir, the aggression by Pakistan was on Indian territory and the aggression continues.

Whatever the future may hold for Kashmir, by every standard of international law or morality, the State of Jammu and Kashmir became an integral part of India when, on October 26, 1947, the Maharajah of the state acceded to India. Pakistan and India of today include in their territory over 500 Princely States which acceded in this manner, and any challenge to this procedure, which was drawn up by the British Parliament with the consent of the parties concerned, might well have dire consequences for the territorial integrity of both Pakistan and India.

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks. The next issue will be published on August 2.

If you examine Dr. Graham's report in the light of this principle, and indeed in the light of previous United Nations decisions, it will be seen that India could not but reject it. His first two proposals refer to the creation and maintenance of a peaceful atmosphere. This has been done consistently by India despite grave provocations. On the other hand Pakistan, through her campaign of *Jehad* ("Holy War"), through her continuous threats against India, through her training and arming of the so-called "Azad" Kashmir forces, the invasion of the northern areas of Kashmir, annexation of the territory of the state wrongly occupied by her and, in the last twelve months, organization of subversion and sabotage and bomb outrages in Kashmir, continues to violate this. Is it reasonable for anyone in the circumstances to equate the guilty and the innocent?

Another of Dr. Graham's proposals refers to the withdrawal of Pakistani troops. This is a repetition of what is already provided for in the UNCIP resolution of August 13, 1948, upon which India has been insisting for ten years without success. While withdrawal of Pakistani troops, regular as well as irregular, would have been adequate in 1948, this withdrawal, in the context of the last ten years' consolidation of aggression by Pakistan, has to be a total vacation of aggression.

The proposal to put United Nations troops on the Pakistan side of the Pakistan-Kashmir border, on the face of it, appears to be a concession by Pakistan. In actual fact, such a procedure would, in effect, be another form of military aid to Pakistan, since it would enable Pakistan to divert its forces, arms and equipment to other Indo-Pakistan borders where, in view of the warlike threats constantly uttered by Pakistani leaders and press, the additional forces would be used to enhance tension between the two countries.

Dr. Graham's other proposal, that the Prime Ministers of the two countries should hold a conference under Graham's auspices, again tries to equate the positions of the two countries, and is contrary to decisions taken previously by the Security Council. The Prime Minister of India, as you have noted, has expressed willingness to meet the Pakistan leaders at any time, but not under anyone's auspices.

Dr. Graham has disregarded Dr. Jarring's findings about the changed circumstances; he has shut his eyes to the changing political, economic and strategic factors surrounding the whole of the Kashmir question, together with the changing pattern of power blocs in West and South Asia. Dr. Graham is silent on the far-reaching changes brought about by Pakistan aggression, and the con-

(*Continued on page 33*)

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EDITORIALS

The Lust for Trivia

Once again a Congressional hearing has cast discredit on legislative investigations in general. Even if much of the criticism directed at them has been irrelevant, the source of the real trouble is not difficult to identify. The hearings were addressed to a subject of legitimate legislative concern and one of major importance, namely, the functioning of the regulatory agencies. Moreover, the subcommittee conducting the hearings started with a clear mandate. Two years ago, the Small Business Committee had issued a report on the regulatory agencies—a model of its kind—which led to the formation of the Special Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight. With this report as a blueprint, all the subcommittee needed to do was to follow out the lines of inquiry suggested by the earlier investigation. And this was the original plan or mandate. But from the outset the subcommittee ran into trouble. Initially, there was the pocket-size wire recorder used in an effort to trap a Federal Communications Commissioner. More recently, the subcommittee permitted a vindictive witness publicly to vent slanderous gossip. Now there is the matter of the microphone and the missing files.

Sloppy staff work alone does not explain this debacle. Had the committee proceeded with a proper respect for the high standards of the best investigations, the hearings would have received no more attention in the press than had the earlier ones of the Small Business Committee. So, in order to grab headlines, the staff began to quest about for sordid details, colorful witnesses and "hot" items. The press got interested and so did the public, with consequences that are sadly apparent. Yet every day the press ignores excellent investigations, dealing with subjects of major importance, conducted with scrupulous regard for the rights of witnesses. Indeed, the last first-rate hearings to receive adequate (even if by no means superlative) press coverage were the Pecora, LaFollette and Truman investigations. But let a "sensational" investigation start—and "sensational" investigations are irrelevant almost by definition—and the hearings will be covered to the point of nausea. They will pre-empt the news columns while the editorial pages boom with pious cant about "headline-hunting committees," "disregard of the rights of witnesses," "smears," "irrelevant inquiries" and the rest of it. And, of course, press agentry makes its appearance; everyone involved — witnesses, staff members, committeemen — begin to manipulate the press, and this, in turn, makes the press indignant! Television and radio are even more culpable: cameras and microphones focus only on the vaudeville show, never on the important, properly-conducted hearing.

Make no mistake about it. The debauchery of the Congressional inquiry must be laid, in the first instance, to the lust for trivia of the press, radio and TV.

The Indispensable Institution

Prompt and skillful action on the part of the United Nations has reduced tension in the Lebanon crisis to the point that direct British-American military intervention now seems most unlikely. Returning from a hurried trip to Beirut, Mr. Hammarskjold lost little time in reporting "no foundation" to the Lebanese charges of "massive infiltration." Coupled with the statement of the chairman of the U.N. observer group that "a civil war" exists in Lebanon, this would seem to close the door on direct intervention. The U.S. Sixth Fleet is no longer steaming up and down the Lebanese coast and Mr. Dulles has, once again, been rescued from the brink of disaster. On all sides it is agreed that the Secretary-General acted with remarkable speed and energy. It is also rather reluctantly conceded by some of its severest critics that the U.N. is, after all, a rather useful organization. It was timely U.N. intervention that produced a cease-fire and withdrawal of British, French and Israeli forces during the Suez affair. Suez and Lebanon demonstrate that international power, drawing support from world opinion, is the only power that can be successfully applied in many of today's crisis situations. In Cyprus, massive British power has accomplished nothing; yet even now this senseless tragedy might be resolved if Britain, Greece and Turkey would stand aside for U.N. mediation and possible U.N. control (see Lawrence Durrell's article on page 23).

What is most remarkable about the world organization's action in Lebanon is that Mr. Hammarskjold was able to muster, on such short notice, even the minuscular forces now stationed there. This he was able to do by drawing six or seven officers from the Truce Supervision Observers Corps in Jerusalem and rushing in a hundred or so observers from some fourteen nations. The next time the U.N. is asked to intervene, it may not be able to improvise so brilliantly. There is not too much time left, therefore, as Sir Leslie Munro, President of the General Assembly has pointed out, to organize a permanent U.N. force made up of small member-nations personnel only. Despite the limitations of its charter, and the half-hearted support it receives from the great powers, the U.N. remains the world's indispensable institution.

And Then There Was One

It seems to have escaped public notice that as the Vice President stalks the White House, his Republican rivals pass into rather mysterious eclipse. It was Mr. Nixon, of course, who "solved" the G.O.P.'s problem in California by inducing his bitter enemy, Governor Goodwin J. Knight, to run for the Senate, thereby clearing the way for still another rival, Senator Knowland, to win the Republican gubernatorial nomination. A bevy of political columnists concluded that it was "most generous" of the Vice President to have intervened in an angry quarrel in which his two foremost California rivals seemed determined to destroy themselves and the party. But it has been less widely noted that the Vice President was so preoccupied with weighty matters that he found little time to campaign for either. And it is now clear, in the wake of the California primary, that both rivals will be defeated in November and that Mr. Nixon will be left in more or less undisputed control of the California delegation to the 1960 convention. In retrospect, one might even conclude that Mr. Nixon planned it this way.

But there is another unnoticed meaning in the California primary. The strong showing made by the Democrats promptly triggered the decision of Mr. Nixon's chief backers, and by inference of Mr. Nixon as well, to demand the removal of Sherman Adams, the President's highly controversial chief of staff. Without waiting for Mr. Adams to appear before the Harris subcommittee, both the Los Angeles *Times* and *Time* magazine came out strongly in favor of his prompt resignation. True, Mr. Nixon, as a good "team" man, has gone through the motions of defending Mr. Adams, but his statements have been cautious in the extreme, and a Washington newsletter and several columnists have reported that his first reaction was to tell the President, and bluntly, that Adams should resign. The Nixon "slush fund" of 1952 has been happily forgotten, but the gifts which Mr. Adams accepted — a pittance by comparison with those Nixon received — are certain to figure in the November election. The effect might be mitigated if the Presidential Assistant were to resign; and, in any case, the danger of a tie-in with Nixon's own record as a solicitor and receiver of funds would not be so great. It will be remembered, also, that Adams was said to have played a key role in the "ditch Nixon" movement in the spring of 1956, a circumstance which, for all the Vice President's "team" spirit, relieves him of any embarrassing personal loyalties or commitments. (We know, now, on the authority of Mr. Nixon, that the President did in fact suggest that he not run for Vice President in 1956: see Stewart Alsop's article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, July 12.) With Mr. Adams out, the President might be more amenable to suggestions that he retire and thus clear the way for Mr. Nixon to "rebuild" the party. These suggestions could multiply in the wake of severe reverses for the Republican Party in November.

In effect, the resignation of Adams and the retirement of the President would make them the scapegoats for any losses the party may suffer in November; and Mr. Nixon could run, not so much on the Eisenhower record, which would necessarily include the Sherman Adams record, as on the record he might establish in 1959 and 1960. Should this hypothesis be sustained, January may find Mr. Nixon in possession of the White House, with no rivals in California, with little opposition to his nomination in 1960, and with nearly two years in which to "rebuild" the party.

We've never heard it said of Mr. Nixon, but it will be one day, that "the arm around your shoulder may turn out to be the hand at your throat."

Alan Wood but U.S. Steel Wouldn't

A vote of thanks must go to the unnamed public-relations wizard who dreamed up the idea of tapping the Alan Wood Steel Company, twenty-third among the nation's eighty-odd steel producers, for the honor of testing public reaction to a price hike of $6 a ton in steel. Had it not been for the fact that this much-too-clever ploy quickly boomeranged, the price of steel would have jumped $6 a ton on July 1. There have been eleven postwar price increases in the industry. In the past, U.S. Steel has been willing, albeit with increasing reluctance, to assume public responsibility for increases which the company's dominant position permitted it to dictate. But this time it seemed better "public relations" to let "little" Alan Wood appear to set the pace. Accordingly, the Wood firm, with a rated capacity of 800,000 tons as against U.S. Steel's 40,212,000 tons, announced on June 25 that it would raise prices $6 a ton on July 7, while U.S. Steel maintained a demure "wait-and-see" attitude. But once this ludicrous announcement was greeted with the guffaws and cat-calls it deserved, U.S. Steel decided not to follow suit, and Alan Wood quickly withdrew its own price increase.

This, however, is only the first act; the second will open on August 12 when Congress adjourns. Once Congress, and particularly Senator Kefauver, is out of the way, it will not be surprising if prices for particular steel products—those sold to customers who can most easily pass the increase along to the consumer—will be quietly increased: for example, the price of tin plate, which the can companies can pass along without too much fuss, and the price of piping and tubing, which the oil companies can absorb. Customers who cannot easily pass along price increases—for example, those who must meet foreign competition — will be treated, on a selective basis, with more consideration. All of which goes to demonstrate how the quondam law of supply and demand operates in the steel industry in the era of administered prices. (See Senator Kefauver's article, *The Nation*, June 28, and editorial comment, July 5.)

The Senator from Alaska

In the treaty by which we acquired Alaska from Russia, the United States promised to grant the people of the territory "the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States." It took ninety-one years to redeem that pledge, a long time even by the casual standards of international morality. But redeem it we did, and we can now say that, having discovered so many important resources over the years in that formidable territory, we have at last found that most precious one, our own virtue.

Not that we didn't need help. During the last twenty years or so, the active conscience of the country, so far as Alaska was concerned, was embodied in a bare handful of men who worked indefatigably in the territory's behalf. Among these was Ernest Gruening, in whom *The Nation*, pardonably, has a special interest, for he was managing editor of this publication during 1920-23, editor in 1933-34, and a good friend and contributor over many more years. Mr. Gruening was also, it happens, Governor of Alaska from 1939 to 1953, and the groundwork for the eventual triumph of the statehood idea was laid during his administration. In 1955, he was chosen keynoter for the Alaskan Constitutional Convention, and for the last eighteen months he and William Egan served in Washington as Alaska's duly elected "Senators" and Ralph J. Rivers as its "Congressman." If these three men did not yet have a vote, they had persuasive tongues, as the final ballot on Alaska's admission showed.

It is certain that, once the formalities of admission are completed, Mr. Gruening will become the Senator (without quotes) from Alaska. The Senate, Alaska, and the country will all profit thereby—and so, we suspect, will Hawaii.

Cyprus: Personal Reflections . .

by Lawrence Durrell

Gard, France

CYPRUS—this baleful place-name which once was a synonym for sunlit peace and laughter—is once more in the news; and I fear that no amount of clever phrase-making can repair the damage done by British inertness and lack of diplomatic *souplesse*. It is possible that my views are too pessimistic. I set down only what I think, in the light of the current disturbances, which have initiated a new phase — and the bloodiest—in the island's recent history. Am I wrong in thinking that five years ago a diplomatic formula would have enabled the Athens Government to discourage the Greek Cypriots from armed revolt? Perhaps. Am I wrong in thinking that now we have completed the job by losing the Greeks' affection as well as Turkish respect? At any rate, the delaying tactics, the tergiversations, were the chief factor in bringing about the present appalling imbroglio.

Five years ago, any decision might have been accepted. Athens was most reluctant to encourage Cypriots to armed revolt against Greece's oldest friend and ally. Their attempts to stall in the hope of some British formula were almost fatal to the monarchy in Greece; at this time, too, metropolitan Turkey had not yet been mobilized on behalf of the Turkish minorities in Cyprus. Turkish feeling moves slowly, and the build-up of anti-Greek feeling took several years to reach flash-point. The quest for formulas was endless, and on paper the British Government showed great resource. Most of the larger and vaguer formulations were produced from London. "Self-determination" was one; an ironical British officer once told me that it should really have been called "self-procrastination." Then, as the Turkish case hardened, the fatal word "Partition" was dusted off and put into use. And now the Turks, who are nothing if not resolute, have decided to put the word to work for them. Unlike Greeks, they are single-minded and disciplined; they act on decisions without bickering. ("There are at least three EOKA's," said a Greek to me, with a sigh, "all with their own personal programs." But there is only one VOLKAN, of that I am sure.) If the Turks decided to murder

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Greeks on a large scale (and vice versa) it is going to be very difficult to stop them.

The really sad thing is that Cyprus is strategically useless to the British and the Turks, and of only sentimental value to the Greeks (whose sense of history, thanks to their educational system, has stopped somewhere around 1824). The island is not worth the life of a single Greek, Briton or Turk.

But the dangers that the present situation presents cannot be overestimated; the first blow struck by Turks against Greeks in Cyprus is potentially the first blow struck in a new Balkan war. Greece and Turkey have been thrown back emotionally a hundred years. Passions have been revived which have slept for so long that it is generations since the Orthodox hated the Moslem—or vice versa; but now?

It is because I fear this latter development that I think Cyprus merits the attention of the U.N. Morally and psychologically, the problem has passed out of British hands, just as Palestine did. The sooner some international power can step in, the better for us all; at all costs, the danger of a Turko-Greek conflict outside Cyprus must be obviated. "Partition" is no solution, for precisely this reason: any conflict of Greek and Turk in Cyprus would find an instantaneous echo in Athens and Ankara. Cyprus partitioned would represent the feeblest point in the structure of NATO—a real *point neuralgique.* We can see it in action already today. A single community disturbance could inflame Turko-Greek sensibilities. One trembles for the 200,000 Greeks in Turkey, no less than for the 300,000 Turks in Thrace; clearly, the latter would have to be "liberated." If such a terrible development took place, who can gauge the secondary results upon the Balkans? Tito's position, not very secure today, might be badly rocked. The Russians would find another fertile field into which to infiltrate their propaganda or even "volunteers."

These are sad reflections for a British Conservative, but they are my own honest opinion on this much debated topic. In the past there were happier solutions to Cyprus. That time has passed. Once Cyprus was a British problem. The stark dangers presented by the Cyprus situation today make it of urgent and immediate concern on the international level, and I shall breathe a sigh of relief if I am told that the British Government has begun to realize the fact.

I sincerely hope that these somewhat depressing views may prove to be exaggerated—but I fear not. At any rate, there would be little pleasure in that most pleasurable of all things—being able to say: "I told you so."

THE TIMID SCHOOL BOARD . .

by David G. Salten

Little Rock

JUDGE HARRY LEMLEY's decision on June 20, delaying integration in Little Rock for two and a half years, has placed a roadblock in the continuing progress of our American public schools toward equality of educational opportunity. If this decision is not reversed in the higher courts, an obscure federal judge who once declared the South "is almost a religion with me," will have accomplished something that neither Orval Faubus and his troops nor mob violence could achieve—the removal of eight Negro students from Central High School.

Both sides in the three-day hearings which preceded Judge Lemley's decision agreed that the eight Negroes had been guiltless of wrongdoing. The fault admittedly was on the side of a small group of white supremacists who displayed their contempt for law and order. Yet it is the Negroes who are being sent away. Apparently we delude ourselves when we consider scapegoat justice a phenomenon of the past. In Little Rock, the sin of a community has been ceremonially attached to a group of eight Negroes—themselves the victims—who will now be driven out to dispel the evil.

The hearings, held June 3-5 on a petition of the school board to delay school integration for two and a half years, resulted in somewhat less than 500 full pages of testimony. As a school superintendent called in as an expert witness on behalf of the NAACP, my chief concern and field of special competence was the practical problem of administration of Central High School. In any American community, however, and especially in Little Rock today, school administration is intimately related to the prevailing political climate of a community and the broad educational policy of its school board. To get a clear picture of the internal situation and school-board planning. fore, it is necessary to view the collapse of its discipline against the background of failure in the disparate but related areas of political action and school-board planning.

The 1957-58 school year was due to commence on September 3. The Little Rock Board of Education had arranged to enroll nine Negro students in the formerly all-white Central High School. On September 2, Governor Faubus announced that "in the interest of preserving the public peace and tranquility," he had called out units of the Arkansas National Guard and had directed that the white schools be placed "off limits" to Negro students and that the Negro school be placed "off limits" to white students.

Subsequent events indicated clearly that Governor Faubus' method of "preserving the public peace and tranquility" was about as inept an example of governmental adminis-

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tration as can be found in recent American history. One is compelled to accept either the fact of Faubus' amazingly poor judgment, or the theory advanced by some local political sages that his action was designed to make him a symbol of resistance to the Supreme Court decision and assure him a rare prize in Arkansas—a third term as Governor.

Only the most naive of Americans can view the Little Rock controversy as a local rather than a national issue. Traditionally, long-term planning for the solution of national problems is a responsibility of the Executive Branch of the Federal Government. President Eisenhower took firm action on September 24 when he ordered troops of the 101st Airborne Division onto the grounds of Central High. Since then, the President has maintained the position that the responsibility for implementing the decision of the Supreme Court belongs to the courts, and that the Justice Department and the Executive Branch generally will not intervene unless their help is actively sought by local authorities. Thus, the rate of compliance with the Supreme Court's decision will be determined, in effect, by litigation in district federal courts. In the present state of affairs, Little Rock School Superintendent Virgil Blossom's plea for federal legislative assistance is disingenuous because of the attitude of the Southern bloc in Congress.

IN LITTLE ROCK, not one but a whole series of errors has been made—at federal level, at state level and within the school district. My experience and training qualify me to speak on problems of school administration, not on government; and it is therefore to the field of my special competence that this article is addressed.

The three-day hearings before Judge Lemley yielded numerous indications that the Little Rock Board of Education planned poorly for desegregating Central High School, and that some trouble might have been expected even without Governor Faubus' colossal blunder. Either through ignorance or design, the board failed to take into account what has been learned elsewhere about desegregation. Wherever desegregation has taken place smoothly, it has been the result of vigorous school-board leadership on three fronts: (1) genuine and intense support of democratic ideals, (2) involvement of the moderate and responsible elements of the community, and (3) refusal to be intimidated. The Little Rock school board struck out dismally on all three. From the outset, it adopted a philosophy of despair and defeat. This was dramatically expressed in the board's pre-trial petition to Judge Lemley, wherein it was plaintively argued that segregationists were continually implanting in the minds of the citizens that a federal court order is a nullity and that nowhere in the South has a plan of integration been put into effect except where the school officials have "supinely [!] acquiesced to the orders of the court."

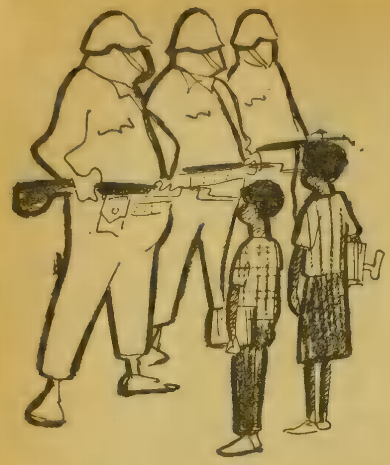
What few steps the board and the school administration did take to prepare the community for gradual desegregation showed little evidence of a commitment to the democratic ideal of equal educational opportunity. Superintendent Virgil Blossom spoke to some 200 groups of Little Rock citizens. But his plan treated integration as an unavoidable evil which could be minimized by skillful management. The community was assured that school-building plans and zoning regulations would be arranged so as to continue, *in fact*, a segregated school system which would no longer be maintained *in law*. There was no attempt to make clear the basic reasoning of the Supreme Court, i.e., that racial discrimination in public education is unconstitutional because racially separate educational facilities are inherently unequal.

In effect, the school authorities told the community that its plan was designed to avoid integration as much as possible. Before Judge Lemley, Superintendent Blossom testified that there had been room for 400 Negro students at Central High, but that he had screened this number down to approximately sixty, and then down to seventeen—of whom all but nine withdrew. On cross-examination, Mr. Thurgood Marshall, the NAACP's chief counsel, asked, "Wouldn't you agree, Mr. Blossom, that you deliberately kept it as low a figure as you could?" "I've admitted that a dozen times," Mr. Blossom responded.

With an air of scholarship and conservatism characteristic of school superintendents, Mr. Blossom defended his view of what the Supreme Court meant by "deliberate speed." During cross-examination, he stated: "Now we're speaking about something that the Negro race cannot help. . . . The history that I recited to you does not reveal the centuries of opportunity, of culture, and all of those opportunities that are wrapped up in that phrase 'socio-economic background.' This generation of Negro children is not responsible for that, but it is a factor in maintaining the educational program and standards."

THE BOARD assumed that the Little Rock situation was unique and that little was to be learned from other districts in the South where school integration had taken place smoothly. In his testimony, Wayne Upton, president of the board, seemed unaware that widely divergent reactions to school integration had taken place in Southern communities which were relatively close together. Clinton and Oak Ridge, Tennessee, are both "Southern"—in fact, they are only six miles apart. Yet the Oak Ridge schools were integrated with relatively little difficulty, while the Clinton schools were scarred by strife and turmoil. The school board of Louisville, Kentucky, developed a plan of desegregation which worked smoothly, while in the Kentucky towns of Clay and Sturgis, desegregation created violent opposition. Mr. Upton knew little of how integration had been effected in Hoxie, Arkansas.

Superintendent Blossom stressed, in the course of his testimony, that curriculum planning, which had been previously emphasized at Central High, had been seriously impeded by the admission of the Negro students. Indeed, the single point made most



frequently and emphatically by him was that the quality of education had been substantially impaired by the presence of eight Negroes (one of the original nine, Minnijean Brown, having been expelled).

Admittedly, the responsibility for developing and maintaining a program of high educational quality should be the chief concern of any board of education. But it is meaningless to discuss quality in education unless there is a preliminary agreement as to what constitutes a good curriculum. The policy-making responsibilities of a local school board require that the purposes of the curriculum be made explicit so that the board, acting for the people of the community, may have some set of standards against which to evaluate the effectiveness of the school program. There is almost universal acceptance among the thousands of school boards in the nation that preparation for good citizenship is at, or close to, the top of the imperative needs of youth. It was the duty of the Little Rock Board of Education to establish the goals of Central High School in terms of the knowledge and skills, and more important, the behavior and overt actions, which are essential for good citizenship in a democracy. Only in the light of these goals can educational quality be measured.

ONE does not have to be a professional educator to recognize that students learn more in school than is to be found in their textbooks. The most valuable addition the school board could have made to the Central High curriculum was to give white and Negro students an opportunity to learn they could go to school together harmoniously. Conversely, the reluctance or inability of the Little Rock Board of Education to carry out the supreme law of the land in the operation of Central High taught the students disrespect for law and order by demonstrating that a hard core of student troublemakers could repeatedly break the law with impunity. This was a disastrously immoral lesson to teach—and one which will take much unlearning.

The truth is that the board simply refused to accept the findings of fact on which the Supreme Court decision of 1954 was based, namely, that racially segregated schools are inherently unequal. White students as well as Negro students need to have the experience of studying together in an integrated cultural environment. The Little Rock board's measure of quality in the up-to-date Horace Mann High School for Negroes included physical facilities, teacher preparation and instructional supplies. But the essence of a good curriculum is the total school experience to which a student is exposed, including measures of student behavior which will indicate whether desirable changes in attitude and conduct have taken place.

MUCH OF THE testimony presented to Judge Lemley dealt with the collapse of discipline at the school. The first witness was Mrs. Elizabeth Huckaby, vice-principal in charge of girls, who has been at Central High since 1930. She testified that all through the year she had been apprehensive, not sleeping well, and that her social life had dwindled to nothing. "On weekends," she testified, "I would usually go to the country with my husband and just sit for about a day and usually by noon Sunday I would begin to revive enough to face the next week." On cross-examination by Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Huckaby admitted that she had not had any professional training in discipline. "I am afraid," she said, "my limit has been a workshop course in the summer."

J. O. Powell, vice-principal in charge of boys, characterized the discipline as chaotic, but ascribed the turmoil to a lack of prompt, firm and effective action. Although he was the school board's own witness, Mr. Powell, on cross-examination by Wiley Branton, counsel for the NAACP, gave evidence that was extremely damaging to the board's position. He testified that no disruption had taken place inside the classrooms and continued: "I wish that we, as administrators, had followed the teachers' example in being able to control and maintain order as admirably as those teachers have in the classrooms." He asserted that he had received no specific instructions for coping with the special problems which might confront him as a result of the integration controversy with the exception of a board policy statement on discipline *which did not appear until the second semester had already started.*

The high point of this witness' testimony was the disclosure that he had recommended suspension of a small group of habitual offenders involved in incidents with Negro students or in acts of vandalism. These recommendations were not adopted by the principal. Mr. Powell expressed his personal conviction that if the group of some twenty to twenty-five ringleaders and "repeaters" had been removed by juvenile authorities, or by some appropriate police action, the entire disciplinary situation would not have deteriorated.

The school board's next witness, A. F. Lake, Jr., director of the band, testified that Negroes had never been in the band, but that their presence in the future would create a serious problem. "Do you think it would hurt to put Negroes in the band in 1961?" Mr. Marshall asked. "That is rather speculative; I don't know," responded Mr. Lake.

The school board called upon O. W. Romine, Director of School Plant Services, as one of its star witnesses. Mr. Romine spent considerable time on the stand describing the conditions which Judge Lemley later found "intolerable." Mr. Romine had organized forty-three bomb searches during the course of the year. These were very costly because some children persisted, in violation of school regulations, in using locks with unregistered combinations for their lockers. When these unauthorized locks were cut off by the bomb-searchers, the students were reimbursed. Pressing home the enormity of this expenditure, board counsel Butler asked, "Do you know how much these locks cost individually?" "They cost us a $1.25 per each," Mr. Romine responded. "So that every time you would have to saw a lock off and replace it, it would cost the school district $1.25?" Butler continued. "That is right," Romine answered. Later, Judge Lemley in the memorandum accompanying his decision, noted that Mr. Romine "saw a bushel basket full of locks and that it cost the Board $1.25 apiece to replace them."

Mr. Butler asked Mr. Romine why radiators had been removed from rest rooms.

A. These were floor radiators and the fact that students urinated on those radiators when they were hot caused fumes to go through the entire building.

Q. Did that create quite a stench?

A. It did.

Q. Was there any way you could remove that stench effectively?

A. By leaving the radiators cold it could not happen.

Q. What did you finally resort to doing?

A. We removed them.

Q. Did that leave the rest rooms cold?

A. It left the rest room areas without heat.

On cross-examination, Mr. Branton asked, "You have testified at length about the obliteration, mutilation of public property at Central H. S. and destruction of physical facilities attached to the building. Is there anything as a result of your investigation that would lead you to believe that any of these acts were committed by Negro students enrolled at Central High School?" Mr. Romine responded, "It would be very difficult to tell, but my personal opinion would be that they were not."

W. P. Ivy, a teacher of mathematics for thirty-four years, testified that he didn't even know about some of the "things that went on up there until I got home and read it in the paper or saw it on television." Mr. Ivy had one Negro in each of two classes and three classes which were all-white. He testified that the grades in the two mixed classes were not as good as those in the three all-white classes. But, of course, he himself had given those grades. Presumably, too, a teacher of mathematics would know enough about sampling theory and statistical inference to realize that these data, even if achieved on objective tests, proved nothing.

The board's next witness, Miss Shirley Stancil, "guidance counselor for A through C of the tenth graders, and H through P of the eleventh graders," testified that this past year she was "more exhausted at the end of the day," and that standardized achievement tests in science had not been given because the teachers felt that the classes had not covered enough material in science. On cross-examination, Mr. Marshall asked how test results in other subjects compared with past years. "About the same," Miss Stancil said, "the results were good."

Lawrence Mobley, basketball coach and teacher of physical education, testified that the presence of one Negro in a class of 150 students created problems. To avoid trouble, he had eliminated exercises and contests involving bodily contact between students.

THE NAACP called two expert witnesses to the stand, Dr. Virgil Rogers, Dean of the School of Education of Syracuse University, and the writer. Reduced to essentials, the testimony of the two administrators pointed up the demoralizing effects of permitting a small group of habitual troublemakers to remain in school and continue to flaunt the law with impunity. During a critical and abnormal situation, the customary discipline measures for misconduct should have been carried out more promptly and severely, rather than the reverse. The statements made by several of the board's witnesses suggesting that the staff didn't know how to handle an unusual situation because there simply had not been any discipline problems in Central High prior to the admission of the nine Negroes are, of course, untenable.

The techniques of good discipline need not be detailed here. Obviously, children will continue to use unapproved locks if their disobedience is rewarded by cash payments. Bomb scares in most schools have been brought under control quickly by adding to the length of the school day the time lost in searching lockers. Most high school students are occasionally mischievous; some are rebellious; a relative few are vicious. No teacher ought to become a high school principal before he can recognize these various types of misconduct and deal with them appropriately. School regulations are not a substitute for the state penal code. A person who commits a crime in high school should be summoned before the proper court.

JUDGE LEMLEY ruled that he was unwilling to substitute his judgment for that of the school administration in deciding what disciplinary steps should have been taken. Yet, since the principal of Central High School was not called to the stand to testify (a most significant fact, in itself), the judge should have given great weight to the testimony of the vice-principal in charge of boys. It is most significant that Mr. Powell's recommendations for stricter discipline coincided with the findings of the two expert witnesses called by the NAACP. But Judge Lemley discounted the testimony of all three, claiming that the two Northerners were too far from the situation in Little Rock—and that Mr. Powell had been too near.

In his decision, Judge Lemley admitted that under the Supreme Court decision the eight Negroes in Central High have a Constitutional right not to be excluded from any of the public schools on account of race. But the learned judge reasoned "that the time for the enjoyment of that right has not yet come." His agreement with the school board that any Negro in Little Rock could get a good high school education by attending a colored school is a denial of the role of the free public school in making a reality of our American Dream.

Lebanon: Revolt in Waltz Time . . *by Edward Wakin*

A LEBANESE Cabinet Minister was once asked why his country did not make peace with Israel, whose powerful army could crush the 8,000-man Lebanese force. "What would you do," he was challenged, "if Israel attacked you?" The reply (no doubt apocryphal): "I don't know, but it would be good for business."

From the beginning of the Lebanese crisis, this dollar-and-cents factor permeated the situation, and it was obvious that the opposition strategy was to undermine the pro-Western regime of Camille Chamoun by undermining business. Using as an excuse the now-forgotten assassination of a pro-Communist newspaper publisher, the opposition called a general strike in a country where government's main job is to act as a commercial agent for the national occupation of buying and selling.

At the outset of the strike, the pro-Government Lebanese, mainly Christians, simply could not believe that the country was being brought to a standstill. But when the rebels, mainly pro-Nasser Moslems, started throwing bombs, things became clear very quickly. The shopkeepers, with a prudence that characterizes them all over the world, pulled down their corrugated iron shutters and prepared to sit things out. The breakdown of the population into Moslem and Christian was underlined every time you got into one of the few taxis left operating in Beirut. The driver, defying the general strike, displayed his Christian trademark, a religious picture on the car's visor.

In a twilight zone between general strike and general rebellion, the Lebanese carried on what looked like a comic-opera revolution. Soldiers and rebels held amiable phone conversations with each other. Army units fired only in response to rebel attacks, and then transported rebel wounded to the nearest hospital in Army ambulances. Rebel leaders had Government permission to move freely about the country in order to transact their business. When one of them was asked why the Army let his supply trucks pass military checkpoints, he replied that it was a "strange revolution." Indeed it was. It was a revolution in waltz time.

THE LEBANESE, whose modern history of independence adds up to twelve years, did not need long memories to recall the earlier strike of 1952. It was done so casually then; why not again? Even the starring characters are the same: Chamoun, now President; Sami as-Solh, now Premier, and Kamal Jumblatt, now leading his so-called army of Druse against the Chamoun regime.

When President al-Khoury resigned following the 1952 strike, Chamoun and Jumblatt were political bedfellows as leaders of the Nationalist Bloc. As-Solh cooperated by publicly criticizing al-Khoury, and then resigning as Premier. General Fuad Chehab, as commander of the Army, stood by Chamoun and Jumblatt and took over as caretaker Premier. A little later, Chehab resigned to permit Chamoun, who had been elected President by Parliament, to take office. The next year, Saeb Salam, who today leads the Lebanese opposition, was Chamoun's Premier.

Insofar as the latest Lebanese crisis reflects this rotating door of Levantine politics, no Lebanese worthy of his country's live-and-let-live philosophy was going to upset his family by getting shot. From Beirut to mountain villages north, south and east, the telephone operators were kept busy with calls reporting the comforting news: "Cousin George phoned from Tripoli. He is safe. Everyone here in Beirut is fine. Don't worry. We will try to drive up to the mountains this weekend to see you."

The Lebanese are conditioned to look at life in such personal and practical terms relating to family, village and religious sect. To slogans, logic or flamboyant arguments in behalf of national fulfillment, they react with what can be described as a Lebanese smirk, indicative of their political sophistication. As between a Sten gun and a cash register, there was never any doubt how they would choose. Against both Israel and the pro-Nasser rebels, the Army dragged its feet.

Lebanon's role as the Switzerland of the Middle East is dictated by the inescapable facts of geography. Located at the crossroads of Africa, Asia and Europe, the prosperity and political attitudes of the Lebanese arise out of their historical role as traders. Their resources, otherwise, are meager; the population is small (1.5 million); the area is less than the state of Connecticut. Four parallel lines on a map sum up the physical face of the country—Mediterranean lowland, a mountain range, a fertile plateau and a second mountain range spilling into Syria. From north to south the country extends 120 miles, and from west to east thirty to thirty-five miles.

IN THE FIRST strip of mountains overlooking the Mediterranean, the Mount Lebanon range, the Ottoman Turks created the pre-World War I autonomous Sanjaq of Lebanon. It was mainly Maronite Catholic, now the largest single religious minority group in the country, and Druse. In the fertile pockets of mountain land, impenetrable to outsiders, religious minorities and political dissidents created their own little enclave and built Lebanon's tradition as an asylum.

To this day, a Lebanese worries more about his village than about the nation, and looks upon the government as a guardian of mountain villages that are no longer impenetrable. He is *par excellence* a man without a country. The bulk of Beirut's population, comprising one-third of Lebanon, still maintains village roots. Once a friendly policeman on the beat was described to me as "a nice fellow, but unfortunate. He's from Beirut. He has no village."

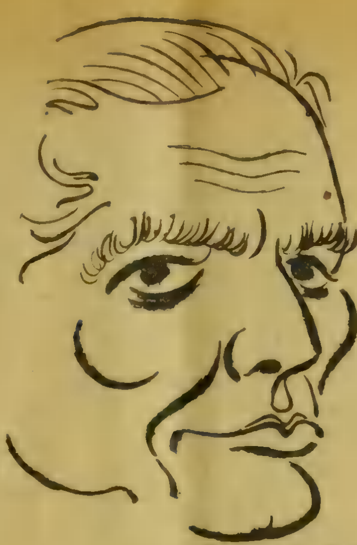
EDWARD WAKIN, a New York newspaperman, has just returned from a six-week tour of Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Lebanon. This was his second visit in recent years; he spent most of 1955 in the area.

France, traditionally the protector of the Lebanese Christians, took over from the Turks after World War I as the mandatory power for Syria and Lebanon. In creating "Le Grand Liban," France added to the Sanjaq of Lebanon the coastal towns of Beirut, Sidon, Tripoli and Tyre, and eastern and northern areas—all focal points of the present troubles, especially Sidon, Tripoli and Tyre.

"Le Grand Liban" included a variety of religious sects: Maronite, Greek, Armenian and Roman Catholics; Greek and Armenian Orthodox; Jews, Druse, Protestants, Shii and Sunni Moslems, and even Jacobites, Chaldeans and Nestorians. Most of them have been established in their individual locales for centuries. Traditionally, local authority was divided among them. The National Pact of 1943 formalized this religious framework, providing for a Maronite Catholic President and a Sunni Moslem Premier, with the parliamentary seats divided proportionately among the sects.

YET A REMNANT of the days of French protection of the Christians and its mandate still clouds Lebanese confessionalism. The Christians had initially a place of dominance as the better-educated, the more Westernized, and therefore usually the most prosperous community. Lebanon was pro-Western because the Christians, in keeping with their business and cultural interests, made it that way. The closeness of the Christians to the Western world was intensified by the large number of emigrants they sent abroad. According to the Levantine system of counting, some 350,000 Lebanese in the United States can still vote in the homeland. You can go to Detroit, Boston or Brooklyn and use your village affiliation as a passport among the large Lebanese groups in those cities. Before Alaska interfered, the Lebanese used to talk of becoming the forty-ninth state.

At home in Lebanon, the attitude of Christian villagers toward the Moslems is transparent. The Christians consider themselves the mainstay of Lebanon, and it is an attitude that is only thinly disguised throughout the country.



Drawing by Berger

Camille Chamoun

Neither public opinion polls, nor even a recent census, exist in Lebanon, but there are handy indicators of the national division. The first thing a Lebanese knows about his fellow is whether he is a Christian or a Moslem. If a Moslem works or lives in a Christian village, he feels inferior or is regarded as such, while a Christian in a Moslem village will tell you right off that he is "better than them."

The fragmentation of the population along these lines of religious sects is now being simplified into Moslem versus Christian. The current crisis demonstrated this, as most Christians side with Chamoun and the Moslems oppose him. Eventually, the Moslems were bound to become dissatisfied with the Christian dominance in politics and the Army; Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser merely accelerated the process.

Nasserism, with its emphasis on Arab unity and anti-Westernism, appeals to the Lebanese Moslems as it does to those of other Arabic-speaking countries. In the Middle East, if not in Africa, Arab unity is trying to steer clear of a pan-Islamic label, but to any non-Moslem it will mean dominance by the Moslems. Nasser's popularity has swept the Lebanese Moslems into this movement and furnished the occasion for asserting themselves against "Western imperialists" and their adopted children, the Lebanese Christians. It is enough to repeat—even with reservations for Oriental arithmetic—the estimate that one-third of the Lebanese adult population went to Damascus to cheer Nasser last March.

At the same time, the Moslem resurgence has tended to unify the Christians, so often at odds with one another. Disappearing are the days when a Maronite would insult a neighbor with "May an Orthodox donkey trample your garden!" Even intermarriage among Christian sects and between Christians from different villages, so long frowned upon, is reducing traditional localism.

WHATEVER THE outcome of the latest crisis, Lebanon must renegotiate its Christian-Moslem partnership. Genuine fear that the partnership would disintegrate and produce a bloody religious war, more than any other factor, has accounted for the restrained tone of the revolution so far. Responsible Lebanese strive on both sides to confine the issue to politics; even the rebel leaders stress that there are Christians on their side. The Christian-dominated Lebanese Army could easily have crushed the rebels, but its commander, Chehab, realizes that in doing so, he might create a religious upheaval for the sake of a politician in trouble.

The politician, Camille Chamoun, tried to defy the accelerating emergence of the Moslems under Nasser's siren call. The so-called popular vote of confidence in the 1957 parliamentary elections for Chamoun's pro-Westernism was nothing but the result of high-pressure political maneuvering. Throughout Lebanon, Chamoun manipulated the system of proportional representation so that he won overwhelming control of the Parliament and the necessary two-thirds majority for amending the constitution to permit a second presidential term.

Many pro-Western moderates saw the danger of a parliament that was not truly representative and gravitated into something called a Third Force, which stood half-way between Chamoun and his enemies. The outright opposition to Chamoun was led by ambitious politicians and defeated candidates, like Jumblatt, seeking revenge. The hodge-podge of overlapping political ambitions put Moslem leaders like Premier as-Solh into Chamoun's camp, and prominent Christians like the former foreign ministry head, Fuad Ammoun, into the opposition.

But the basic religious danger was foremost in the mind of Patriarch Paul Meouchi when, defying most of his followers, he opposed his fellow Maronite, Chamoun. Meouchi was courageously looking beyond the immediate crisis and superficial groupings of politicians, and espousing a policy of peace with the Moslems based in part on recognition of their minimum demand for neutrality in the cold war. Those close to the situation say that the Maronite leader is the Vatican's chief negotiator with the resurgent Moslems. Meouchi argues pointedly that there are "too few of us and too many of them" in the Middle East.

MEANWHILE, the bankruptcy of U.S. diplomacy in Lebanon, as in the rest of the Middle East, stems largely from our failure to look at things from the Middle East point of view. We admire Lebanon's Foreign Minister, Charles Malik, but in the Middle East and in his own country he suffers from the Dulles malady. His voice is not heard by his own people and popular leaders in other Middle Eastern countries consider him treacherous. This goes on while his President gives him *carte blanche.*

Malik still has not learned that it is no longer possible to be more Western than the Westerners or more American than the Americans. During his earlier headline days at the United Nations, he was respected among diplomats as a philosopher and among philosophers as a diplomat. It may even have been Malik's Ph.D. from Harvard that really sold him to us, but back home in Lebanon many, if not most, of the people think he is placing his own country second to the United States.

Certainly, Malik's acceptance of the doubtful Eisenhower Doctrine was the kind of political folly that no realist in the Middle East would commit. Malik and Chamoun apparently even expected the United States to help them in domestic politics for favors rendered. It is not enough that Malik is with us. The question is, can he deliver the goods? Can Lebanon be held together and still be totally committed to the West?

In the long run, Lebanon's neutrality is a requirement for keeping the Moslems in partnership with the Christians. Beyond this, it will be necessary to renegotiate the situation of the Moslems. Governmentally, the Christians must work hard at cooperation with them: the partnership will really have to be fifty-fifty in parliament, in government patronage and in policy-making. And in the give-and-take of the political and economic marketplace, the Moslems' progress will come about naturally.

The alternative—and it is being quietly discussed by many Christian Lebanese—is partition back in the direction of the Turkish Sanjaq of Lebanon. The tiny independent state that remained would probably be prosperous, since it would no doubt include Beirut; it would be overwhelmingly Christian, and even nationalistic; and it would certainly be the kind of pro-Western Lebanon that Malik and Chamoun have been talking up. In this event, the Christians of the Middle East would have an Israel of their very own.

WALDEN ON TRIAL . .

by Truman Nelson

FOR SOME TIME now I have been looking for a small, Archimedean piece of earth on which to base a larger-than-life thrust against the cloying and crushing inertia of people who can no longer be outraged, who simply do not care any more. Having burned my fingers often in dangerous causes, this time I wanted a cause to suit my natural timidity, restricted spare time and peaceable mold of mind — something pear-shaped and inoffensive, without coloration from the Left or from the Right, and preferably without any political content at all.

On July 13, 1957, I thought I had found it when, at the annual meeting of the Thoreau Society, we were all shocked by the news that Walden had been invaded by chain saw and bulldozer and that over an acre and a half of the beautiful slope and scalloped shore line had been stripped of its trees and undergrowth and its top soil excavated to a considerable depth and dozed into the clear waters of the pond to make an artificial beach. Visiting the pond later as a member of the Save Walden Committee, I found that this dusty wound was only the incision for perpetual disfigurements; that a cinder-block bathhouse, one hundred feet long, twenty feet wide and twelve feet high, would be set along the water's edge. From it would come the creeping horror of a black-top road twenty feet wide, snaking up the ravaged shore in a deep bend to an enlarged parking lot where up to now there had stood a thick screen of ancient oaks against the abrasive intrusion of a mechanical world.

Never, it seemed to me, had there been a clearer call for action from principle; never a more gross violation of public trust. This land had been given to the people of Massachusetts by Emerson's children and friends as an evergreen memorial to the two great and noble men. There have been bathing facilities there for years, a concession faint-hearted purists have made to public administration, but they were cautiously installed on a natural beach without destruction of the enveloping tree screen or the natural slope and cover. It said in the deed of gift, "the sole and exclusive purpose of the conveyance is to aid the

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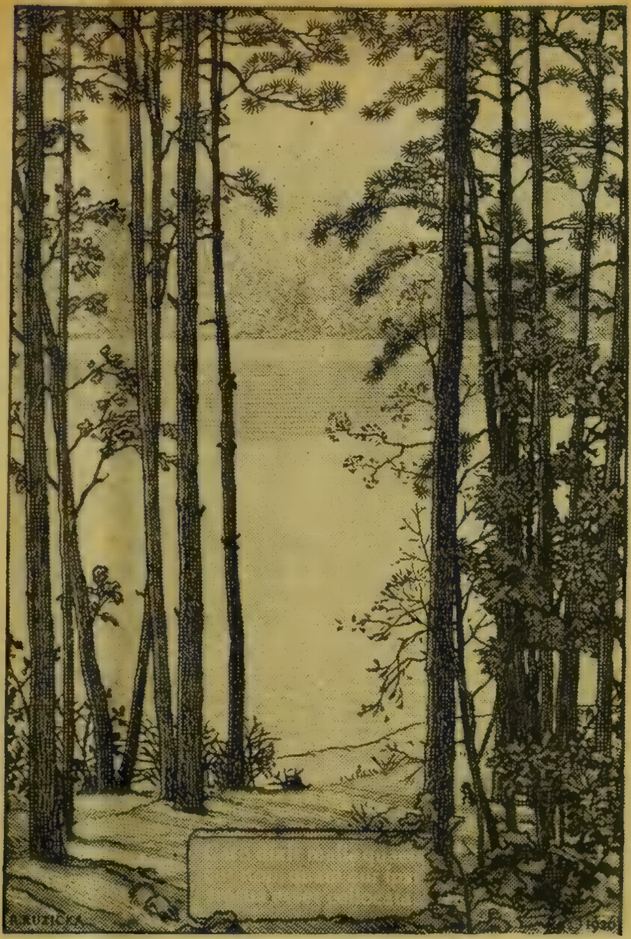
Commonwealth in preserving the Walden of Emerson and Thoreau, its shores and woodlands, for the public who wish to enjoy the pond, the woods and nature."

NINE MONTHS later I sat on a hard seat in a hot courtroom in East Cambridge, sadly pondering the high cost of action from principle as five lawyers, a Master and a court stenographer ground out ten days of small legalisms at the staggering collective expense of $1,000 per day. The man for whom this site is venerated had already put its values on trial, 130 years ago. *His* budget for truth-seeking was $28.12½ for a house, $18.14 for eighteen months' subsistence. The land itself had been bought by Emerson for $8.08 per acre; the rent paid by Thoreau was a masterpiece.

We tried to explain the lien of immortality on this little Yankee woodlot to the men behind the bulldozers in three rather tense meetings. They listened politely but uncomprehendingly and at last we had to sue for a temporary injunction against the Middlesex County Commissioners, the custodians of the pond, restraining them from altering or destroying the shores and nearby woodlands. This was granted by a Superior Court judge, after viewing the havoc, in a matter of minutes. But we were told that a permanent solution involved questions of law which should be decided by the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth.



Picture Collection, N.Y. Public Library

Walden Pond (Drawing by R. Ruzicka)

To save time and money, His Honor suggested that the facts in the case be stipulated by both parties and a trial avoided. We agreed, believing the facts were clear enough; no one would deny that the trees were down and the bank scooped out; and the commissioners had supplied the plaintiffs with a blueprint of future plans showing the location and the girth of every tree removed and the altered contour of the slope.

The judge's practical suggestion was adamantly resisted by the commissioners, who insisted on going through with the trial in the hope perhaps that the society, with its resources based on dues of one dollar per year, might fall by the wayside, worn out by this contrived attrition. It did not seem to bother them that this was sheer cannibalism, for the commissioners' legal expenses would also have to be paid by us and the other citizens of Massachusetts who have already lost nearly a hundred beautiful trees and their uniquely historical setting.

On April 7, the trial began and the commissioners' lawyers at once created a turbulent atmosphere of combat and tension, although there was no jury to be emotionally affected, not even a judge, but a most patient and forbearing gentleman-Master, so mindful of the historic significance of his stint that he allowed the fullest latitude possible under the law to avoid a time-wasting review later on under some technicality.

For instance, the commissioners' lawyers, with the ferocity and cunning required to keep a client out of the electric chair, resisted the introduction of a report in which twelve distinguished men of letters, four of them Pulitzer Prize-winners, agreed to meet with the commissioners and discuss the significance of Walden. The document also contained recommendations made by Walter Gropius and Norman Newton, who is president of the American Society of Landscape Architects, as to the condition and future of the pond, made on the spot at our request and at a survey arranged for the accommodation of the chief commissioner, who did not show up. Our lawyer and members of the committee had seen this report handed to the commissioner, or laid on his desk. Now he rejected it out of hand; said he did not read it because it had not been properly signed. It was kept out of the trial record for the same reason: certain objections by the commissioners' lawyers made it mandatory for the Master to exclude it unless we fulfilled some technicalities which, at that stage, could drag the trial on another day. So the point was dropped while one of the commissioners' lawyers shouted, "The people in the report are nothing but rabble-rousers!"

The personality of this lawyer set the tone of the hearing. He adopted the role of Public Prosecutor, defending the right of elected officials to use their judgment in any matter under their jurisdiction without being questioned and harassed by a mere citizen. He implied that there is something sinister about calling commissioners to account. He was tiresomely loud-mouthed, swaggering and pompous. No trick of the criminal courts was too coarse or brutal for him to use against our witnesses. His first question put to them was: Are they not prejudiced because they belong to the society and are appearing as experts for nothing? (As if getting paid for their opinions would have made them impartial.) Then he calls them evasive because they cannot answer all his questions yes or no.

He kept our landscape architect, who holds a Master's from Yale, under cross-examination for six and a half hours, sometimes catechizing her from a book—which he had purchased the night before—with such primitive absurdities as, "What are the three elements of Landscape Architecture?" and expecting her to answer in the exact words on the page. He demanded the names and addresses of her clients, writing them down as if he were going to investigate them all as to her competence. For a whole day, he tried to get her to admit that if she knew her job, she could restore the stricken area to its former natural appearance, questioning in such a way that denial would be tantamount to admitting personal failure in her profession. Heroically she said no, she could not, not for a generation; and with the bathhouse there, never. He forced her close to tears when, after asking if she had ever worked for the county as a horticulturist and receiving a yes answer, he triumphantly produced a card he had ransacked from the files made available to him at the commissioners' office, listing her as a Home Demonstrator. She explained to him that this misnomer was due to some arcane arrangement of the payroll department. But she stood as a perjurer until she brought in the retired chief of her department the following day who swore that she was, indeed, employed as a horticulturist.

WHILE this licensed brutality was going on, Edward Forbes, a grandson of Emerson, came into the courtroom. He is a tall, erect man of eighty-five with an incomparable gentleness of manner and a striking resemblance to his grandfather. He quietly took a seat in the front row beside me, but the prosecutor, now so absorbed in his inquisitorial role that he could no more be cut off than a siren once the string is pulled, whirled around and advanced on him with heavy, perhaps unconscious, annoyance at the extraneous movement. Mr. Forbes, startled at this threatening approach and never having been in a courtroom before, got to his feet to defend himself. The prosecutor then rudely turned away and went back to his browbeating examination while Mr. Forbes again sat down with a baffled look. "Can't somebody stop him?" he asked me after listening a moment or two.

Later, Mr. Forbes was put on the stand and was questioned very gingerly by our lawyer so as not to bring down an attack from the ravening wolfpack on so sensitive a witness. His evidence was that he had been at Walden in 1922, the time of the gift, and recently, and that there had been changes. Even so much was admitted only under a tommygun fusillade of objections. He reached into his pocket for a piece of paper and the commissioners' lawyers closed in on him as if he was drawing a six-shooter. After a squabble, he was allowed to read it. It was no more than an affecting story told him by his uncle Edward, one of the donors, (his mother, Edith Emerson, was the other) about being taken out on the pond by Thoreau, who had slapped the water with his oar to make thunder in the far-off hills. Their second-string lawyer then asked him some trifling questions about his residences in Milton and Naushon, and he was dismissed with a look of massive frustration on his face, an expression well understood by me, for although I cannot claim close acquaintanceship with him, I know the Prophet's blood of his grandsire was deeply stirred in him by the sack of Walden and its uglification over the years.

This egregious evasion of truth disgusted me; surely the people of the state, who are actually paying these lawyers' fees, have the right to know the opinions of the man who by the strongest ties of blood and recollection, could give the best evidence of what the preservation of Walden really means.

OUR last witness was a gifted architect and planner, with a Master's from Harvard, and who lives a half-mile from the pond. He has been so wrought up over the desecration (he calls it man fouling his own nest) that I thought he would shatter like crystal under the hammer of the Philistines. The prosecutor accused him of being a racist and a snob. "You say unauthorized people go in there. By unauthorized people you mean the newer races, don't you?" After a stunned look at the author of this vulgarity, our witness said with precision, "I do mean races. I have seen motorcycle races being held on the path around the pond." He then proceeded to put into the record clear evidence that every canon of conservation, engineering and park management had been violated at Walden for years.

Then came the commissioners' defense, already indicated by the constantly recurrent and atrociously-phrased question of the prosecutor, that was it not possible "to re-forestrate the new beach so that it conforms or assimilates to the configuration of the contiguous area"? Upholding this was a self-taught arborist who admitted to having been employed by the commissioners and looking for more work. He suggested that Walden be planted "with dogwood and colorful plants like that." There also appeared a man with a shop in which he sold seeds and artificial manure, and described by the prosecutor as an "expert's expert." But even he could not claim to be able to grow trees on roads and bathhouses. Their last witness was the Chief County Commissioner himself, who said bluntly that he had not the slightest notion of what was meant by the "Walden of Thoreau and Emerson." He "was not contemporaneous with them." "That's right," cried the prosecutor. "Furthermore, Thoreau never owned an inch of land there and he has absolutely nothing to do with Walden now."

So it was on this piddling defense that this tragic waste of money and human powers had been expended! Judgment is now pending.

The record alone of this litigation will cost $1,800. Total legal costs to the society have now reached $4,494, of which we are many dollars short. The cost to the taxpayers is well over $50,000, and no restoration of damage has yet begun. What has made a simple act of principle so costly in this country today? Don't the people of this nation hold title to its natural resources and the great public sites that have shaped their destiny? And yet these beachheads, these commanding heights of our heritage, are almost always controlled by politicians who use them as their private property, who are generous about giving away that which they do not own and which costs them nothing; who will surrender anything at the drop of a tax rate to any promoter who can make a fast dollar from them, or to any contractor who can release, like the *Sorcerer's Apprentice,* leveling tides of black-top which engulf ancient strongholds of the people and drown them in oblivion. The beautiful profiles of old cities, the wild and tonic places of our youth, are eroding away forever; our children will never know them. Likewise our liberties.

So we must resist! In court, out of court, at any cost. These things are intended to be *inalienable.* The wholeness, the evergreenness of Walden Pond, a monument to a book—what are court costs compared to the preservation of this? For the beauty and the genius and the replenishment Thoreau and Emerson have created is, for mankind, inalienable.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

solidation of that aggression on India's frontier. He has paid no attention to the explosive dangers of religious fanaticism.

In short, Dr. Graham, by disregarding all these vital aspects, (1) asks India to condone aggression; and (2) offers Pakistan the enjoyment of the fruit of its aggression.

You have referred to the question of plebiscite. All the statements of the Government of India and of the Prime Minister with regard to this were conditioned by one important principle, viz., that India would not compromise with aggression.

Thus Lord Louis Mountbatten, Governor-General of India, in his letter of October 27, 1947, insisted that consulting the wishes of the people of Kashmir would take place "as soon as law and order have been restored in Kashmir and her soil cleared of the invader."

The Prime Minister of India reiterated, on October 28, 1947, in a telegram to Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, "the Government of India will abide by the peoples' wishes, but these cannot be ascertained until peace and order prevail."

On October 31, 1947, again the Prime Minister of India telegraphed to the Prime Minister of Pakistan: "As soon as the invader has been driven from Kashmir soil and law and order restored, the people of Kashmir would decide the question of accession."

How India and the people of Kashmir waited, and for how many years, for the vacation of aggression, is now a matter of history. The progress of democracy in India—typified among other things by two general elections—could not wait forever, and particularly on the will of a Government which had precipitated the Kashmir question by aggression, and which itself has had no general elections, no ascertaining of the wishes of its own people, since its birth eleven years ago.

Since 1951, when the people of Kashmir on adult franchise elected a Constituent Assembly, the same democratic progress as in the rest of India has prevailed in Kashmir.

V. R. Bhatt
Public Relatians Officer,
Permanent Mission of India
to the United Nations

New York City

The core of Mr. Bhatt's argument would seem to be that, since Pakistan was clearly the aggressor in Kashmir, to hold a plebiscite there would be to condone aggression. This is, theoretically, a defensible thesis; but it is one which India abandoned ten years ago. On August 13, 1948, and on January 5, 1949, the United Nations Commission for India and Pakistan passed two resolutions, *both of which were accepted in principle by India* as well as by Pakistan. The resolutions provided, in essence, for (1) the establishment of a cease-fire and truce in Kashmir; (2) the total withdrawal of Pakistani troops and the withdrawal of *the bulk* of India's military forces; and (3) a plebiscite to settle the future of the state. A bloody and costly war was thus brought to an end, and no doubt this humane purpose was uppermost in Mr. Nehru's mind when he accepted the formula. Whatever his motives, he did accept it; and he cannot now disengage himself from the responsibilities involved.

Mr. Bhatt is on firmer ground when he argues that as long as Pakistan fails to adhere to the provisions of the resolutions which call for the total withdrawal of Pakistani troops, there is no moral or legal obligation on India to adhere to the plebiscite provision. The question of troop withdrawal is complex; what is important is that Dr. Graham, as U.N. "good officer," has suggested that, after the withdrawal of all Pakistani soldiers, a U.N. force should be stationed on Pakistan soil along the Pakistan-Kashmir border. Karachi has accepted the idea; we do not believe that Mr. Bhatt's objections to it will convince the thoughtful reader.

The evidence seems clear that, whatever Mr. Nehru wanted ten years ago, he does not now want a plebiscite in Kashmir. And it is ironic that this remarkable man, who time after time has so obstinately—and so admirably—clung to the moral position with regard to the world conflicts swirling about him, should resort to legalisms (including the legalisms of that British Parliament which he spent a lifetime fighting) to justify his stand on Kashmir.

The Editors

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Terrible Truth

THE QUESTION. By Henri Alleg, with an introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by John Calder. George Braziller, Inc. 123 pp. $2.95.

Jerrold Lanes

THE FRENCHMAN Henri Alleg was editor of the independent, pro-FLN *Alger Républicain* from 1950 to September, 1955, when the newspaper was banned. In November of 1956, Alleg went into hiding to escape internment. He was arrested by men of the 10th paratroop division on June 12, 1957, held for a month at the "clearing center" of El Biar, and then transferred to the internment camp at Lodi. Still another month later, he was finally brought before a civil magistrate and charged—he was a Communist—with endangering the safety of the State. Since that time, he has been held in the civil prison of Algiers, while his case awaits investigation. *The Question* is a soberly written account of the tortures he underwent at the hands of the paratroops of El Biar.

It is a horrifying book. In addition to the classic ordeals of fire and water, hunger and thirst, Alleg came to know a modern classic, the magneto. And there were obscene tortures, although perhaps not as many in his case as in others. All this bestiality does not go without a certain exaltation. Alleg expresses it at one point, at the thought of having held out; Djamila Bouhired, a twenty-year-old Moslem woman who had been a liaison agent for the FLN before her capture, also expressed it when she said: "Those who tortured me had not the right to humiliate humanity as they did, physically in my person, morally in themselves." We may feel it with them; but if this is a noble and in a sense ennobling book, the dominant impression it leaves is one of a progressive and finally an almost total degradation, a degradation both of persons—except for the tortured, the outlawed—and of social institutions. *The Question* is far more than an account of atrocities, however spectacular.

It is on the degradation of persons that Sartre insists, in a perceptive introduction whose thesis is best illustrated by quotation:

> During the war, when the clandestine press spoke of the massacre of Oradour, we watched the German soldiers walking inoffensively down the street, and would say to ourselves: "They look like us. How can they act as they do?" And we were proud of ourselves for not understanding. Today we know that there was nothing to understand. The decline has been gradual and imperceptible. But now when we raise our heads and look into the mirror, we see an unfamiliar and hideous reflection: ourselves.

The French have discovered a "terrible truth," that "anybody, at any time, may equally find himself victim or executioner"; that, despite what some may say to soothe their uneasiness, you do not have to be of a peculiar breed of sub-men to torture other men, because "the 'Question' is not inhuman; it is simply an ignoble and vicious crime committed by men against man. . . . We would be almost too lucky if these crimes were the work of savages." For Sartre they are far from that. "Disavowed—sometimes very quietly — but systematically practiced behind a facade of democratic legality, torture has now acquired the status of a semi-clandestine institution."

Sartre's explanation of how the Algerian situation caused it to achieve that status is certainly the correct one, and is well worth emphasizing.

> The question . . . is indissolubly allied to the secrecy of the resistance. . . . Our army is scattered all over Algeria. We have the men, the money and the arms. The rebels have nothing but the confidence and support of a large part of the population. . . . The "forces of order," hindered by their own might, have no defense against guerrillas except punitive expeditions and reprisals, no defense against terrorism but terror. . . . It is the executioner who becomes Sisyphus. If he puts "the question" at all, he will have to continue forever.

It inevitably happens that the situation which permits this "institution" is not only psychological, but institutional as well. For the whole logic of the Algerian War and of the French policy, at least as practiced until recently, allows no compromise between constant, totalitarian repression and total evacuation—including private persons, as in Indochina. And liberal writers have often pointed out that the totalitarian system in force in Algeria had sooner or later to spread to France—just as basically it had originated in France, with the abandonment of republican authority by the administration in Paris. On the day-to-day level of the *fait divers*, this process is difficult to analyze in any detail — it tends rather to be diffusely infuriating. Yet these thousand and one incidents, precisely because they are so routine, are what really determine the course of such great events as those we saw two months ago. Independent or opposition newspapers are confiscated even for publishing something known, or something obvious, or something also reported elsewhere—now, because these are critical newspapers, they are the ones to be confiscated. Alleg publishes a narrative which is beyond the scandalous; the book is not refuted, still less is it legally prosecuted, yet neither is there any trial of the torturers. The tortures continue while the book is confiscated. As Maurice Duverger wrote, "Frenchmen . . . who declare themselves officially republican . . . advance an ultra-nationalist argument whose character is clearly *totalitarian, since its conclusion is to make the raison d'état the highest criterion of values.*"

NOW it was this complicity of Paris in what was going on — "in its name," as Alleg says — at Algiers, and the way this complicity was translated into even the legal status of institutions, that finally brought down the Fourth Republic. Of this process, there is no more telling example than the famous "Commission for the Safeguard of Individual Rights and Liberties" — which was formed to investigate, rectify and in future prevent just such cases as Alleg's. Its failure was pitiful: at one point in Alleg's narrative, he tells how the paratroops kept transferring him from one building of the "clearing center" to the other, and how he learned from snatches of overheard conversation that they were expecting the visit of a com-

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JERROLD LANES has studied at the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris, a school attended also by both Soustelle and Sartre. Mr. Lanes has published criticism of French literature in the Kenyon Review; *he is at present Associate Editor of* Natural History.

mission; he didn't know which one, and only later found out that it was the Commission of Safeguard.

The history of this group goes back to April of 1955, when a state of emergency was declared in Algeria, and to March of 1956, when the famous law on special powers was passed, endowing the government with "the broadest powers to take any exceptional measure which circumstances may command" in Algeria, and leaving it up to the local authority to decide what these measures might be. Then, in April, 1957, Lacoste formally delegated these powers to the Algerian prefects, whom he empowered to "subdelegate" them to the military if they saw fit — in doing which he only legalized "the procedures [already] in effect." Parliament had thus granted "the broadest powers" of a discretionary nature to the government, which in its turn had passed them on to the civil administration in Algiers, which gave them to the army. The democratic bodies, then, had divested themselves of all authority, and it is interesting that no provocation, no crisis was great enough to cause them to resume it. And this was why, for the *normal* exercise of parliament's supervisory functions, there had to be appointed a special body not provided for in the regular course of republican affairs, and indeed not needed there: the Commission for the Safeguard of Individual Rights and Liberties.

For by May of 1957 reports of torture had become sufficiently frequent, detailed, prominent and generally horrible that they could not be ignored. The government suddenly found in itself the virtues of St. George. Mollet, in a preliminary debate on the matter, "wished the Assembly itself would join in [the government's] quest for truth. There will never be enough efforts to reach it; there will never be enough investigations." The very day the Commission was officially invested, he reminded them that "France is the very home of the rights of man. There are methods which her children may not use without casting a slur on her honor." He later promised that the Commission was to act "in entire freedom," that it would "itself determine the extent of the powers which seemed necessary for the accomplishment of its mission."

BUT just what *was* this mission? Originally, the idea had been for the group to consist entirely of jurists, these being the men best qualified to judge questions of legality, to be independent of the power that created it and authorized to carry out any investigation it wished in whatever way—it was to be answerable only before justice and the nation. Yet now, the jurists were in a minority and Mollet, while giving the group "entire freedom," also declared that it was dependent on the minister resident in Algiers — for of course it could imply no suspicion of that august personage. The group was thus under the jurisdiction of the very official declared responsible for the atrocities it was supposed to investigate. Investigate? As the Commission's report was later to note, "The Commission is without powers. It has no judicial power and can proceed to no investigation . . . can neither give orders or instructions to the civil or military administrations, nor set the public process in motion, nor take whatever sanctions it might feel necessary." In brief, it was set up in such a way that the last thing it could do was the task it had been created to perform.

This is, of course, just one episode out of many, but a particularly significant one; and not so remote from Alleg, either, since the Commission's success would have spared him much suffering, and others, their lives. What it proves is that the events in Algiers, during the recent crisis as well as before, were not instances of insubordination toward Paris, still less a coup d'état against the Republic. The forces in Algiers were merely exercising the totalitarian jurisdiction the Republic had been giving them, for more than two years, as it abdicated.

Résumé

(*In Memoriam T. R., Jr.*)

I said to my old teacher,
"I was just a child.
That's why I was wild."

I said to my old mother,
"Mother, I was right
Though you have won the fight."

I said to my old girl,
"It's lucky we lay
Then, that way."

I said to my old self,
"Throw away those shoes."
Now there's nothing to lose.

M. L. Rosenthal

Memorandum Scholarship

SOVIET EDUCATION FOR SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY. By Alexander G. Korol. M.I.T.-John Wiley & Son. 513 pp. $8.50.

SOVIET EDUCATION. Edited by George L. Kline. Columbia University Press. 192 pp. $3.50.

Ivan D. London

IN THE general acclaim accorded to Korol's *Soviet Education for Science and Technology* questions concerning its soundness as a piece of research and scholarship have somehow got lost. It has been taken as a warning and spur to our own educators in these fields, but its findings have not been examined with impartial care. Yet, one must finally ask what is the intrinsic merit of this book?

Where do we get the answer? One cannot expect that overworked jack-of-all-trades, the Russian expert, to render the sort of judgment critical students of education would like to have. The key to the evaluation of reports on Soviet education is less academic journalism and tourism and more research — by *researchers* and not research assistants or assignees. This calls for men qualified by training and accomplishment and not near-amateurs who happen to know the Russian language. It also calls for such men personally to undertake or share the so-called chores and routine of research, rather than to depend on the output of memorandum-writing proxies-in-research; for the researcher can spot major items of interest, as well as clues, where his assistant or assignee will detect nothing. Unfortunately, the research arena everywhere has its influential representation of those who do not depend on their own efforts and inner resources; and delegated scholarship — memorandum-scholarship, if you will — is an established practice in the pursuit of publishable findings.

Research indicates that, as a piece of serious scholarship, Korol's book is variously defective at intervals throughout its length, and that it does not carry the subject much further than Nicholas DeWitt's excellent pioneering study on education in the USSR, *Soviet Professional Manpower*, which had the misfortune of appearing in 1955 before sputnik. The pervasive defectiveness of Korol's book springs from his inexplicable failure to abide by one of the elementary principles of scholarship, namely, to survey and utilize all the relevant literature,

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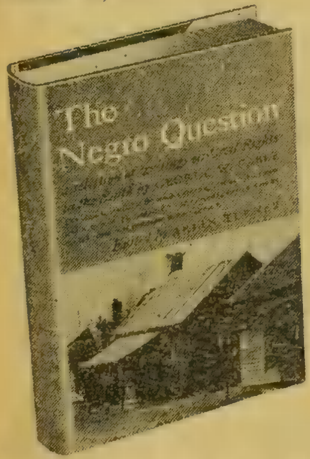
IVAN D. LONDON, Associate Professor of Psychology at Brooklyn College, is a researcher in Soviet affairs.

School Integration?

We have been making too much ado over this matter of mixed schools. . . . The schoolroom neither requires nor induces social equality; that is a matter of personal preference. . . . My boy may go to public school, mixed or unmixed for twenty years, and never happen to sit next to an exact equal, either physically, socially, mentally or morally.

Letter to the *New Orleans Bulletin*,
by a Southern Gentleman
September 26, 1875



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not defining relevance *a priori*, but allowing it to emerge in the course of the research itself. This is especially important in dealing with Soviet material on education, since data here rarely appears in neatly packaged form, but must sometimes be sought out and found in the most unlikely places. In Korol's study such important journals as *Mathematics in the School* and *Physics in the School*, for example, are almost totally ignored.

This leads Korol to announce from time to time that no data is available, and to fill the gaps with logical deduction, when these data could have been amply had merely for the systematic looking. Thus, he declares the unavailability of sample questions drawn from the standard written examination in trigonometry, taken to qualify for graduation from the Soviet secondary school, but hazards that these must be as difficult as those comprising the standard examination in algebra. Yet, sample questions are to be found in the professional literature, and these show that they are part of, not a trigonometry test, but a test in "geometry with trigonometric application." Further investigation shows that even this test is now oral and not written; that the test is standard only insofar as the topics to be tested are nationally prescribed; that the teachers know in advance what these topics are and engage in year-long drilling thereon; that it is these teachers who make up the terminal test questions, adjusting them to reasonable local expectations; etc., etc. No wonder so many Soviet students appear to perform so well in their secondary examinations, to the envy of misled American educators, and perform so poorly in equivalent entrance examinations to Soviet institutions of higher learning, to the alarm of Soviet educators who report in the Soviet pedagogical press their concern at the steadily downward leveling of standards and performance.

The result of the key defect in Korol's study—failure to ferret out the critical data in sufficient measure—leads to a presentation which goes through the motions of giving a balanced picture of Soviet education, but which leaves one with an overall impression of high accomplishment and determined, rapid progress. The fact is that Soviet education on all levels has not been spared the same problems which beset educators everywhere; nor have the Russians found the answers. Actually, with Khrushchev's program of vocationalizing the secondary schools and the *de facto* deprivation, for all but a few, of opportunity to advance through enrollment in higher institutions of learning, Soviet education on the secondary level is in a state of acute crisis and, as of now, the prospect for the future is not good. One would not suspect this from reading Korol.

AN especially fruitful source of insight into the Soviet system of education is the human product thereof, and particularly the ex-Soviet educator, accessible as an exile in the emigration. This source has been unexploited in any systematic way, but some insight into the possibilities is afforded by the small collected volume, *Soviet Education*, edited by George Kline. Though it mainly pictures prewar education in the USSR, and does so, of course, in personal terms, many of the problems and situations are, without a doubt, still unchanged these many years afterward. This book is especially commended to the reader interested in the human effect and feel of things. For those who choose to read Korol's book as an introduction to the Soviet educational scene—and this may be profitably done, but with circumspect reservations — Kline's volume is a good supplement.

Malady of Thought

FOSSILS AND PRESENCES. By Albert Guérard. Stanford University Press. 270 pp. $5.

Lewis Gannett

ALBERT GUERARD, one of France's great scholars, has, for more than half a century, been one of America's great teachers. He came of age in Paris in the decade of the Dreyfus case, which rocked the conscience of France as neither the Sacco-Vanzetti nor the Hiss case has yet roused America's. Coming to America in 1906, he taught French from Massachusetts through Texas to the Pacific, and in 1925 became "professor of general literature"—his own choice of title? — at Stanford. At seventy-eight he expects this little book to be his "farewell"; it is both scrapbook and summation.

"Faith in fearless doubt" is the creed Guérard announces on his first page; it has been the key to his life's thinking; it is his distillation of the meaning of history. History teaches us, he says, first of all the constancy of change. He

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LEWIS GANNETT, for many years daily book reviewer of the New York Herald Tribune, *is editor of the* Mainstream of America *series.*

is no antiquarian: "It is not art or literature that the pure antiquarian loves; it is decay." But he is also no revolutionist; his best known book is in praise of Louis Napoleon as contrasted with the fanatics of 1848. His hope is for "creative, conscious, experimental, accelerated gradualism"—and every one of those adjectives is as significant as the noun. He is, he tells us, with the planners, not with the drifters; with those who, doubting, think.

So he denounces the "formidable idols" of racial pride, the leviathan state, the party system, the profit motive (sometimes called by non-historians "the American way of life") and sectarian churches. He is anti-nationalist: "Nationalism is not love of our countrymen; it is militant hatred." A born Frenchman, American by choice, he is, both instinctively and intellectually, a world citizen.

WITH characteristic versatility Mr. Guérard includes in this farewell scrapbook along with the contemporary, an analytical essay on Dante and the Renaissance written in 1921, a tribute to the poet De Vigny, a prescient series of pre-war meditations on the problems of North Africa, and a citation of Thomas Mann as, along with Dante, Goethe, Voltaire and Tolstoi, one of the Kings of Humane Letters. Such kings, Guérard says, "must win the respect of the artists while acclaimed by the untutored." (Do the untutored read Mann?)

All this, you may say, has a sturdy old-fashioned, nineteenth-century ring, and that is true. But do the pronouncements of the angry young men, the beat generation, the smartly smug and the smartly pessimistic sound as sensible or as pertinent to 1958? "Pessimism," as Guérard says, "is no badge of nobility," and never has been. It might turn out that Guérard had lived long enough to see his "minority report" acclaimed as an invitation to a new age of reason. Glorification of instinct and of the unconscious and unreasoned seems to be wilting.

One of the timeliest pieces in the book was written in response to a London paper which asked Mr. Guérard how Americans thought of life.

"America is singularly free from the malady of thought," he replied. "The key to America's magnificent progress is that she stopped thinking in 1776. . . . We specialize in contentment."

That piece was dated April Fool's Day, 1929. It is good reading on April or any other fool's day in 1958.

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His Own Bowdler

TRAVELING WITH THE INNOCENTS ABROAD: Mark Twain's Original Reports from Europe and the Holy Land. Edited by Daniel Morley McKeithan. University of Oklahoma Press. 319 pp. $5.

Dilys Laing

THOSE who have never read *The Innocents Abroad* can read Dr. McKeithan's book with lively pleasure. A greater satisfaction is in store for those who either know the famous travelogue or are prepared to turn to it for comparison.

Collected here are the original letters commissioned by the *Daily Alta California* of San Francisco in 1868 and describing "The Steamship *Quaker City's* Pleasure Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land." Six letters appeared in the New York *Tribune* and one in the New York *Herald*. These are the lively reports which, in the year following the excursion, were toned down, polished up and included in the book. Each letter is followed by meticulously collected data, with a minimum of commentary.

In the introduction Dr. McKeithan observes: "Nearly every revision which Twain made in the letters was an improvement." This is a matter of taste and of fashions in wit. When Twain was faced with giving his fugitive newsletters the permanency of hard covers he got scared. By changing the last two words of that sentence to "became alarmed" one has an illustration of the kind of shift from immediacy to elegance which Twain and his advisers thought necessary. The word "got" is one of the villainies which persistently "got" stamped out in the suddenly self-conscious search for a more refined kind of diction. There were many similar changes: "reckon" to "think," "he don't" to "he does not," etc.

The incorporated letters, after a few deletions, comprised more than half the book. New matter, descriptive, humorous and informative, was added fore, aft and amidships. The character, Brown, considered too crude for politer audi-

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DILYS LAING is the author of a novel, The Great Year, *and three books of verse:* Another England, Birth Is Farewell *and* Walk Through Two Landscapes.

ences, was discarded, and many of his sallies were divided between the doctor, Blucher, and the author.

In the book we find: "the irrepressible muleteers . . . shouting the everlasting 'Sekki-yah', and singing *John Brown's Body* in ruinous English." This is a poor substitute for the actual words given in the newsletter:

> We 'ang Jeffah Davis on sowlah applah tree,
> We 'ang Jeffah Davis on sowlah applah tree,
> We 'ang Jeffah Davis on sowlah applah tree,
> So we go molloching on!

The pungent bit: "makes his breath smell like the sigh of a buzzard," is reduced to: "makes his breath bad"; the description of a dancing dervish "spinning away like a granddaddy-long-legs with one foot fast in a candle" is watered down in the book to "spinning away deliriously." "Loafing around in Paradise hobnobbing," (the reference is to the Medici ladies sororizing with the Virgin Mary and the angels) becomes limp in the phrase "seated in Heaven and conversing."

"Spit across" becomes "almost jump across" in the description of the Bridge of Sighs Canal. "Saloon" becomes "salon," "a born ass" becomes "a good natured, enterprising idiot." In describing a nag he had to ride, Twain thought better of "His tail has been chopped off or driven up," and prettified it to "his tail has been chopped off, or else he has sat down upon it too hard." One of the most striking revisions is in a passage on Morocco. In Twain's notebook the entry runs: "Many of the blacks are slaves to the Moors: — when they can read first chapter of Koran, can no longer be slaves; — would have been well to adopt educational test for nigger vote in America." In the newsletter the sentence is recast (properly omitting the improper word) to: "Many of the negroes are held in slavery by the Moors. But . . . as soon as a male slave can read the first chapter of the Koran . . . he can no longer be held in bondage. It would be a good idea to apply this educational test to his race in America." There were no further revisions of this passage for the book, but the final sentence was deleted.

Thus the river pilot, mining prospector, journalist and blunt American softened his diction and clothed the nudity of his first impressions so as to wound as few sensibilities in as wide an audience as possible. Grammar and Mrs. Grundy were at his elbow, suggesting what would be digestible for a public more civilized and elegant than the readers of a Western daily paper. Something was undoubtedly gained, but much was lost which is here happily retrieved in Dr. McKeithan's admirable book.

Readers who find long passages in *The Innocents Abroad* tiresome because of their laborious and dated facetiousness will be refreshed to find the humor of the letters more satirical, more savage and more germane to the account, stemming as it does from the moral indignation of a free man more disgusted by the iniquities and inequities of the old world than pleased by all its treasures.

THEATRE

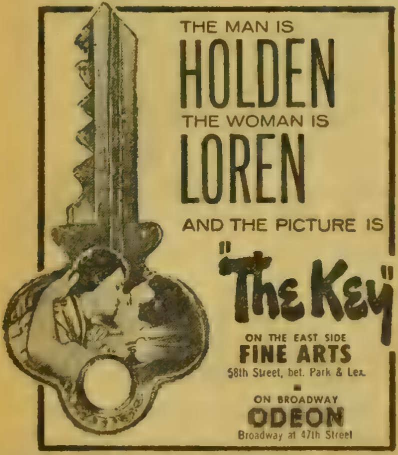
Harold Clurman

CERTAINLY *Ulysses in Nighttown* (Rooftop Theatre) is a thing to see. Like *Godot*, *The Chairs*, *Endgame*, it satisfies our need for "crazy" plays. It is provocative theatre, not merely a departure from Broadway routine, but actually an imaginative venture into a creative domain.

Chief among its assets is its dramatic intelligence. Burgess Meredith, who directed with the assistance of Valerie Bettis under the literary supervision of Padraic Colum, has taken a section of Joyce's *Ulysses*—barely intelligible to many—and converted it into a fascinating stage piece with a continuity that has both psychological and narrative coherence which can be followed by the audience with interest and, for the most part, pleasure. The focus of our attention is Joyce's bewildered anti-hero Leopold Bloom, embodied in the extraordinary person of Zero Mostel—without whose vividly pathetic clowning the enterprise might have proved a calamity.

Meredith's achievement as a director deserves special attention because he makes theatrical sense of material which, despite its violence of action and pungent dialogue, is essentially non-theatrical. As I shall explain further on, Meredith did this by examining each scene and almost every line to find out how they might be visualized, that is, lucidly conveyed in stage terms. It is the opposite of what happens with most productions of Shakespeare where familiarity with the texts leads many of us to assume that the play is being staged when it is only being spoken.

It is true that some previous knowledge of Joyce and his great book helps orient the audience in their appreciation of the show: it would be worthwhile to issue a questionnaire to learn how many of the spectators were able to enjoy the performance without any acquaintance with its source. But there can be no doubt that in the main the



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audience fully responds to this *Ulysses* which can hardly be as well known to it as Shakespeare's plays.

What I have just written is more like publicity than like criticism—the distinction for American writing about the theatre is crucial—and if I have begun my review as though I intended to "push" the show, it is to make clear that what I have to say in a contrary sense is not designed to "knock" it. (Readers of *The Nation* probably have little idea how difficult it is to divorce the theatre world from the concept of reviews as either "raves" or "raps.")

Much of the detail—characterization of minor bits and the stylized movement—is crudely amateurish. This is probably inevitable, since the circumstances of production are even worse off Broadway than on. They do not permit the extended and meticulous rehearsals needed to make a good deal of the performance more than a coarse kaleidoscopic synopsis of the material.

When theatrical expressionism is projected in blunt conventional indications the result is often embarrassing. What is required is sharply etched and originally conceived figures moving with effortless fluency so that they coalesce into a phantasmagoria as authoritative as one of the nightmares of Hieronymus Bosch.

The problem is particularly knotty here because Joyce's *Nighttown* episode, though mainly written in dialogue and "stage direction," occurs in the subconscious rather than in the objective world — even the objective world of dreams. Hallucinations can be staged, but Joyce's writing—even in a realistic play like *Exiles*—is so peculiarly the articulation of an inner state that its outward representation seems somehow to betray its artistic nature. The images, sounds, utterances recorded, though sharp and violent, were never meant to be concretely seen or heard but only sensed as ideas, disturbances of the soul, a forever private or solitary evocation. All the words and the vision emanate, as it were, in silence from silence. Hence there is something aesthetically repellent in presenting *Nighttown* as a public exhibition.

The situation, I repeat, is saved by Zero Mostel who is theatrically as right as can be to the very "boiled eyes" which Joyce gives Bloom. I do not want to see Bloom in the flesh—he is such a character as dreams are made on—but Mostel's "flesh," expanding and contracting like some heartbreaking ogre of human anguish and absurdity, is equivalent to, though essentially different from, the author's more covert and spectral creature.

AND now we come to the *matter* itself—the content of Joyce's so-called novel. As Voltaire said of God, if there had been no such book it would have been necessary to invent it. It represents the end of a line, not only in literature, but in culture. In it all the stuff of our civilization—moral, intellectual, psychological—has been turned into a colossal dung heap. Vastly comic, it is also agonizing, the catastrophic explosion of a guilty conscience. A library of learning is erupted by a volcanic genius, formidable but narrow, making a work which represents either the best-be-forgotten debris of an ancient world or the seething compost of something to be reborn after the final atomization.

Joyce, the spoiled priest, the Jesuit saint whose religion was injected the wrong way, the soiled deity of the contemporary literary intellectual, because he created from a "country full of rotten teeth rotten guts living in a bog swamp, eating cheap food, paved with dust, horse-dung and consumptive's spit" and a classical education tormented by self-accusation and universal doubt (except perhaps for the vaginal affirmations of Molly Bloom) so that in the end nothing was left but a fixation on pure style—this Joyce has fashioned the greatest monument or master tombstone of our time. I have never made up my mind whether I loathe him as much as I love him. There is now only a doggedly dissatisfied awe and veneration.

Too Old To Read

The quickest movement of the quickest bird
That comes in winter, then is gone again
(But comes again, finding our suet good;
Then off; then back; and now he wipes his bill)—

That quickest movement marks the flick of time
Mankind has been here (now he brings his mate:
Less gay, more greedy; and the two contest;
Not with each other; no, the stranger there)—

Has been in houses that the wildest dream
Of the first wing, before the world was cool,
Could never have imagined standing (six
More strangers: they descend; they have it all)—

Standing here this moment, this ticktock
Of cosy time; then gone again (Oh, God,
Oh, history. These little darting eyes:
Too old to read. Nor mind, mind to remember).

MARK VAN DOREN

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

WHAT Paddy Chayefsky needs for his work is a laboratory, not a stage; he does not create people, he operates on them. This is eminently scientific, and thus harmonious with our times; but the purpose is not evident and vivisection without a goal may worry observers of less highly-developed experimental bent.

Thus in *The Goddess* Chayefsky crushes his heroine's ego in the opening sequence and then devotes the rest of the picture to the spectacle of slow degeneration into madness occasioned by the loss of this vital organ. The clinical situation is brilliantly documented and I do not doubt that it accurately describes the possible history of a woman who had been brutally rejected by her mother and left to grow up in solitude. But it cannot be called drama, for that would imply some struggle, some hope, an issue in doubt. Chayefsky does not present a human being struggling against adversity; he presents a fly with its wings pulled off.

It is curious that this sort of thing should be so well received. Of course, Chayefsky is, within his own terms, skillful and resourceful, and John Powell has directed Kim Stanley (and Lloyd Bridges) with aching realism. The plot is not a fresh one — the story of an actress remotely adored by multitudes, yet living in a personal world of loneliness, sterility and despair — but this version of it is constructed with a remorseless detail that makes the hair crawl on your spine. Whether or not it is good psychology, it convinces by the intimacy of its horror.

Still, why should people be entertained by the history of a wasting disease of the mind? Well, why are they entertained by close-up pictures of surgery in the big picture magazines? Perhaps because such spectacles stimulate the nerves (the hair crawls) but do not enlist the heart. We are chary with our hearts these days (you need a degree of security for yourself before you can weep for others). We can observe with some glandular pleasure the impersonal violence of surgery, but the clash of man against man — drama working itself out — may elicit allegiances we are no longer prepared to give.

But this is no way for men to live, whatever the future. Sympathy is the mark of grace and we might as well wear it to the end. What we need is not surgery but lamentation, not *The Goddess* but *East Lynne* — and someone to rise in the audience and cry "stop, knave!" at the mustachioed villain.

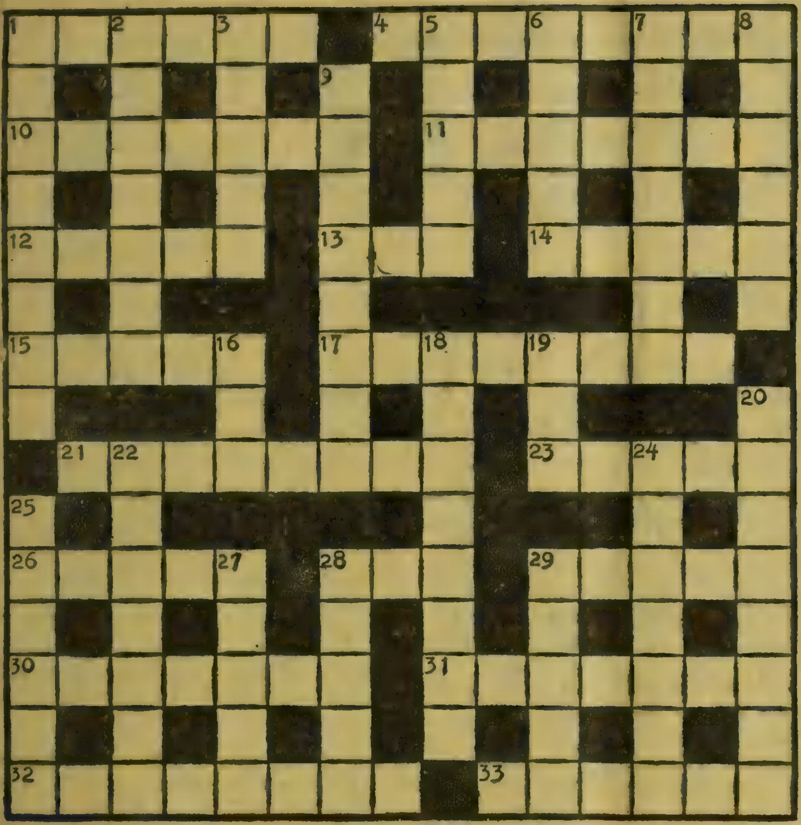
RECENT tales of the war at sea have had in common rather silly love stories ashore. The love story in *The Key* may not be entirely sensible, but it is winning, poignant, bizarre yet believable. The men of the story (principally John Wayne and Trevor Howard) command rescue tugs which go out from a British port to bring in disabled ships that have fallen out of convoy. Submarines wait by the lame ducks and the tugs carry obsolete guns. The key in question is to the flat of a girl (Sophia Loren) who lost her tug-captain fiancé early in the war; it now passes from captain to captain as the submarines do their work, each man finding a temporary nirvana in the company of a girl who still has that to give. As I say, it is not perhaps a wholly sensible idea, but Carol Reed has directed it with a decent sentimentality and it combines with the more usual scenes of battle fury to make a good entertainment.

UNLIKE *The Goddess*, the French picture starring Jean Gabin, *The Case of Dr. Laurent*, is a clinical exercise with an entirely specific purpose. It is a pamphlet advocating a technique of obstetrics known popularly as Natural Childbirth. The public health motive has been clothed, I suppose to attract the widest possible audience, in a sweet, trite little story of village life in the beautiful Alpes Maritimes. It is all done with the rather self-conscious good taste of a frank talk to school children, and my resistance to it is provoked only by a feeling that the method is inappropriate to the purpose. Jean Gabin is a fine actor, but I know perfectly well that he isn't licensed to deliver babies. So when I seem to see him delivering one (in such intimate detail as to make *Life's* editors throw their caps in the air), I wonder why I should be persuaded by any of the other apparent facts in the picture. As an educator, Gabin is here on the level of a photographer's model who straps a mirror to his forehead and announces that a new laxative has soothing action.

The picture is doing good business in New York. Are all these customers really interested in a new approach to obstetrics (actually it isn't new in this country), or are they hunting for still another demonstration of the nervous excitement of manipulation?

Crossword Puzzle No. 780

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A rather doggy place, considering it sounds like a worthless castle.
4 See 2 down
10 Cloister. (7)
11 See 2 down
12 Circuit with an early walk-on part?
13 In the main, it used to be part of the bank. (3)
14 He certainly seems to be no guy for the teen-agers! (5)
15 The reason for one's expecting pieces of eight? (5)
17 "Come lovely and soothing death, ———— round the world . . ." (Whitman) (8)
21 Is the tundra this plain? (8)
23 Recommended instead of a niblick for the student? (5)
26 Counterfeit notes, at start. (5)
28 Is it a barrier to pass in 19? (3)
29 Half hoops and lades. (5)
30 Rose-red screen. (7)
31 Breaking up a possible A & P monopoly? (7)
32 Getting one drink in another? Not honestly! (8)
33 Causes to coalesce. (6)

DOWN:

1 and 25 The way a resident down under makes love in unorthodox bars? (8, 6)
2, 16, 29 down, 4 and 11 Evidently only people like Sitting Bull warrant exposition. (4, 3, 3, 5, 8, 3, 4)
3 This happens to be level and square!
5 and 24 It might be daring to come on stage using a crowbar! (12)
6 What belonged to Perry after he met them? (5)
7 How tears course? (7)
8 Shoots spray, perhaps. (6)
9 Attractive center, but one might put it to a rather corny use. (8)
16 See 2 down
18 Distinction makes a thing so circumspect, by the sound of it. (8)
19 The thing Mr. Bumble said was an ass and idiot. (3)
20 Bodes a lot of time in the papers!
22 This should be more or less liquid.
24 See 5 down
25 See 1 down
27 and 28 A sort of 29 across and it might be full of craft. (5, 5)
29 See 2 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 779

ACROSS: 9 Bedevil; 10 Arrange; 11 Rulers; 12 and 3 It pays to advertise; 14 Evident; 15 Ample; 17 Maple; 19 Hoosier; 21 Well done; 23 Airman; 25 Laconic; 26 Vitiate; 27 Animal crackers. DOWN: 1 Arboretum; 2 Indulge; 4 and 24 Talk over; 5 Adaptation; 6 Norma; 7 Rings up; 8 Hero; 13 and 16 Mechanical engineers; 15 Animistic; 18 Pelican; 20 Rampage; 21 and 1 across Wild animal trainers; 22 Denim.

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THE NATION

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FROM BEACH TO SUMMIT

ANARCHY of the JUNGLE *Geoffrey Barraclough*

THE KINGS DEPART *Harvey O'Connor*

IRAQ'S EXPLOSIVE OIL *Charles Edmundson*

SUCH a LITTLE COUNTRY *Carleton Beals*

LETTERS

Verdict on Churchill

Dear Sirs: Georg Mann's article "Churchill: The Last Hussar" [July 5] will doubtless be closer to the verdict of posterity than the adulatory ravings with which we have been so long afflicted. War has been the essence of Churchill's life. It is evident in everything he has ever done—from a boy playing with hundreds of toy soldiers, to a youth spreading a map of the world on the floor to see where there was a war he could get into, to the day his country entered the most terrible of all wars, when he took his place in Parliament with "a very strong sense of calm."

The tragedy for England is that, in the early days of this century, when the world, particularly Africa, could have benefited so much from British colonial genius, Churchill entered into the great swindle, fostered by the Francophiles on an unwitting people, that turned British foreign policy back to the bloody days of the Plantagenets.

We are asked to praise Churchill's independence as a back-bencher before World War II. How can an intelligent being do so when it was his intention to plunge Britain into war at every crisis, regardless of how unprepared it was? Even the crisis of August, 1939, was the very worst occasion for intervention. But Churchill, heedless as always of consequences, clamored for war. And the burden, as always, fell upon the people.

John Sampson
Chief U. S. Correspondent
London Daily Herald

New York City

Etiology of Schizophrenia

Dear Sirs: The article by Mr. Wakefield in your issue of July 5, hardly does the subject justice. The problem of the etiology of schizophrenia, and the evidence favoring the idea of a chemical etiology, are worthy of much more thorough discussion. I regret particularly that the article was not shown to me before publication; if it had, the errors of fact and of misquotation would have been eliminated.

Some of these errors (in order of occurrence and not of importance) are:

(1) The material I use is not a serum.

(2) The implication that I do not believe that emotional disorders cause metabolic alterations is refuted in my writings.

(3) My disapproval of the multi-discipline approach in *research* does not extend to *development;* that approach is essential in *development.*

(4) Descartes did not define the role of the pineal as the seat of the soul. The belief that it is has been one of the tenets of the Buddhist faith for over 2,000 years.

(5) I do not know what "degenerative" schizophrenia means. I used the term "deteriorated."

(6) The statement that illnesses are "classified medically" is meaningless. They are classified on the basis of pathological, physiological or chemical changes.

(7) The statement that the Harvard Medical School was the first in this country to introduce both phrenology and Freudism is absurd; the statement is a condensed, garbled version of the following: "An evidence of the strong hold that Freudism now has and phrenology formerly had on medical teaching in this country is the fact that members of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School sponsored the introduction of both into this country. Both are hypotheses that cannot be tested, since the entities with which they concern themselves cannot be defined, much less identified."

(8) Medical research per capita in this country is far behind other Western countries *in relation to our standard of living.*

Mark D. Altschule, M.D.

Boston, Mass.

Seaway Depths

Dear Sirs: David Cort's article, "Seaway To The Midwest," in your June 14 issue, is excellently done. However we did find one noticeable error. The statement ". . . unless somebody moves awfully fast, they will find only ports capable of handling ships of fourteen-foot draught" is incorrect. Enclosed is a chart showing the draughts of Great Lakes ports prepared by the U.S. Army, Corps of Engineers. You will observe that there is no such thing as a fourteen-foot harbor.

Leslie E. Thal, Manager
Industrial Department
Toledo Area Chamber of Commerce

Toledo, O.

Mr. Cort's Answer

Dear Sirs: No reference was made, as Mr. Thal implies, to "fourteen-foot harbors." The size of the ships was dictated, as Toledo's chart says, by the former fourteen-foot depth of the St. Lawrence Channel and also by the narrow width of the locks. The lake ports that have as high as twenty-six-foot depth are Presque Isle, Two Harbors, Silver Bay and Taconite in Lake Superior, and Gary and Calumet Harbor in Lake Michigan. Toledo claims twenty-five feet. This is not enough.

Another of Toledo's interesting charts shows that Toledo is nearer than New York to Stockholm by sea, and nearer than New Orleans to Barcelona.

David Cort

New York City

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JAN 19

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1958
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

WHAT NOW?

THE FIRST phase in the immensely difficult task of liquidating the latest crisis in the Middle East is to secure the early withdrawal of the Marines from Lebanon and the paratroops from Jordan. This can best be done, of course, through negotiation at the United Nations. If agreement cannot be reached through negotiation — if the Security Council, with or without help from the "summit," fails to adopt an acceptable resolution — then we should be prepared to accept the recommendations of the General Assembly. In either case, we will be fortunate to escape formal U.N. censure. But the troops must come out. The longer they remain the more difficult it will be to withdraw them, much less to reverse the disastrous consequences of intervention. Getting them out is always more difficult than sending them in, but the reasons why they should not have been sent in dictate their prompt removal.

"Under the circumstances," the editorials drone on and on, the President had no alternative to intervention. And so he didn't — if he was to adhere to the course which Mr. Dulles had set for American policy in the Middle East. Military intervention was the logical end-result of that policy.

But to state the matter this way, as most of the press is doing, is to give oblique sanction to the President's decision. From the outset we were told, with blithe confidence, that the danger of World War III was "slight," the hazard of Soviet counter-intervention "remote." The assumption may have been justified, but the widespread willingness to accept it is remarkable not only because of the failure of American intelligence in Iraq — need other failures be cited? — but because of the degree of confidence it implies in the calmness and sanity of Soviet leadership. In this sense, Messrs. Eisenhower, Dulles and Nixon (who otherwise don't trust the Russians enough to negotiate even minor matters with them) have exhibited a credulity which is truly alarming. The borders of Lebanon are approximately the same distance from the Soviet Union as the northern border of Guatemala is from Brownsville, Texas. If Soviet forces had "stormed ashore" at the request of the "pro-Communist" Arbenz government to protect the "independence and integrity" of Guatemala, the righteously hysterical reaction that would have been set off in this country need not be described. "Under the circumstances," therefore, the Administration's willingness to hazard the risk of precipitating World War III by its intervention in Lebanon has the flavor of madness about it. The blind, panicky quality of the decision underscores this impression.

SENDING THE Marines into Lebanon was more than a threat to world peace: it was a heavy blow at the United Nations and the principle of collective security. Apologists have been reduced to the pathetic position of arguing that there was nothing really "illegal" about the action — nothing, that is, if one ignores the spirit and intent of the Charter. Member states agree to refrain from the threat or use of force in "any manner inconsistent with the purpose" of the United Nations. Unilateral intervention cannot be reconciled with these purposes. Lebanon had been encouraged to take its case to the Security Council. While it was pending there, we had no right to intervene. The "request" from Lebanon was predated and held for delivery at our convenience. No "armed attack" had taken place and nothing in the General Assembly's "Peace Through Deeds" resolution authorizes unilateral action against indirect aggression. The case for British intervention is even weaker; Jordan had not appealed to the Security Council and, patently, the British are more concerned about Kuwait than they are about Jordan.

To risk World War III in a case in which we had neither U.N. sanction nor the moral support of the organized world community (even excepting the Communist countries), was to exhibit a callous disregard for the decent opinion of mankind. To do so in pursuit of undeclared objectives and in furtherance of no discernible policy was an affront to the intelligence and the conscience of the American people. And this judgment must stand quite apart from any unanticipated benefits that may flow from a summit meeting in or out of the U.N.

IF WE must run the risk of nuclear war, then let it be for purposes which can be defined with clarity and candor. The Marines were not sent to Lebanon to protect American lives. Not one of the 2,500 Americans there had been harmed in weeks of desultory street fighting (much of it "shooting in the air" — reminiscent of the delightful spirit of *Romanoff and Juliet* — intended merely to indicate that no settlement had yet been reached). An airlift could have removed them in a matter of hours or, alternatively, a corporal's guard could have protected them. The crisis in Lebanon, as H. A. R. Philby pointed out in the London *Observer*, was not a rebellion, scarcely even a civil war, but rather "a calculated defiance of authority by at least one-half of the population" — a defiance heedlessly provoked by President Chamoun. A U.N. Observer Group was on the spot to "ensure," in the words of the Security Council, against any illegal infiltration of persons or arms, and the situation was steadily improving. By any reckoning the infiltration could hardly have been "massive"; for two months President Chamoun had held out with at least 50 per cent of the population against him and with only half-hearted support from the Army.

In fact, we didn't bother to assemble or present the evidence of "massive infiltration" until after we had intervened. Either we failed to understand, or chose deliberately to ignore, the Secretary-General's plan of action in Lebanon. The first report of the Observer Group has been dismissed as "myopic and puristic." But isn't it clear, even in this brief retrospect, that the preliminary report could not have been other than extremely circumspect if the observers were to gain access to the remainder of the rebel-held sections? And wasn't it only the most obvious good sense for Mr. Hammarskjold to visit Nasser and seek his help, the more so as elections had been scheduled in Lebanon for July 24?

Nevertheless, the news from Iraq sent us barging into Lebanon before we had received a second report from the observers — before, indeed, we even knew exactly what was happening in Iraq. (Among other absurdities, we had Mr. Lodge publicly lamenting the brutal murder of former Premier and Foreign Minister Fadhil Jamali who, a few days later, turned up in a Baghdad jail, looking a bit downcast but very much alive.) Within two days of our stormy intervention, it was perfectly clear that the Iraq "revolution" had popular backing and that any thought of a Western move into the country was out of the question. Yet for years, now, we have been assured that elaborate precautions were in force to guard against "snap judgments" that might trigger World War III . . .

ONCE THE Marines are out, the United States should, of course, adopt a Middle East policy that has some chance of succeeding. We need not start *ab initio*. At times we have made the right moves. We were moving in the right direction when we gently eased the British out of Suez and, earlier, the French out of Syria and Lebanon. It was largely at our initiative that the State of Israel, which continues to radiate progressive influence throughout the Middle East, was established. We took a wise, far-sighted position at the time of the Suez crisis. Our actions in Tunisia, Morocco and, more recently, in Algeria, reflect an awareness of twentieth-century realities. How then, and why, do we find ourselves today in the position of negating our own values? of citing specious reasons in the U. N. to justify the crassest power politics?

Part of the answer is that American policy-makers have refused to accept the proposition that there can never be any real stability in the Middle East until the Arab peoples are permitted to govern themselves. The regimes we have supported have been misbegotten, corrupt, dictatorial, semi-feudal and fantastically unpopular. But Mr. Dulles and his predecessors found them useful. They were "anti-Communist," they were "reasonable," and they did grant oil concessions. Over the years, the American stake in Middle Eastern oil has grown and, in the process, become closely allied with French, British, Dutch and other interests through a variety of cartel, consortium and joint-stock undertakings. From Mossadegh's action in nationalizing British oil interests in Iran in 1951 to the present time, the oil companies have been haunted by the fear of nationalization. Nationalization implies more than the local loss of profits and control; it threatens the structure of world-wide cartel pricing and marketing agreements. With the oil companies, "stability" has had a special and limited meaning. In their view, the more "popular" the regime, the greater the danger of nationalization. And the oil companies have exerted a great influence on American policy in the Middle East.

But — Mr. Dulles to the contrary — nationalization does not necessarily mean that a source of supply is "lost" to former customers. International shipping still uses the nationalized Suez Canal. The new regime in

Iraq has announced that it will honor prior agreements, although these agreements will unquestionably be modified (they were, in fact, in process of modification before the coup). It should be plain as day that oil can never be obtained peacefully and efficiently without the cooperation not only of the Middle Eastern governments, but of the peoples as well. "Friendly" sheiks and emirs cannot guarantee continued delivery. Even before the present crisis, unnamed oil-company executives were quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as saying that their Middle Eastern operations had a limited time expectancy — some said five, some ten years.

Ironically, Anglo-American oil operations have been a prime cause of revolutionary ferment in the Middle East. Arab nationalism has grown in more or less direct ratio to oil exports. Oil has been the key to nearly every coup since the 1920s. What could be more inflammatory than the contrast which oil has brought between opulent luxury and humiliating poverty? between oil-barren and oil-rich Arab states? While huge oil revenues have resulted in some economic progress, the lot of the people has not greatly improved. But of recent years, oil production has brought into being new middle-class elements with whom the nabobs have been unwilling to share wealth or power. These new elements were behind the coup in Iraq. And they can be the key to political stability; power must be more broadly based if oil revenues are to be effectively used to finance social and economic reforms or, for that matter, if the West is to retain an interest in Middle Eastern oil. For there is, as Aneurin Bevan has pointed out, something "arid and outmoded" about the logic of attempting to ensure stability and efficiency of oil production through the use of military force.

ADMITTEDLY there are dangerous aspects to "Nasserism," as there would be wherever a strong "leader" sets out to unify a group of states. Unity, freely-negotiated, is a legitimate aspiration. Jordan, for example, is an isolated, indigent state without meaning or purpose. But the Turks, Iranians, Pakistani and Sudanese, not to mention the Israelis, naturally have misgivings that "Nasserism" could turn out to be military adventurism and little else. Its methods—particularly the reliance on the coup d'état—do not inspire confidence. But the longer this Arab aspiration for unity is balked, the more dangerous it is likely to become. It can be influenced, perhaps decisively, if we will make it possible for the Arab peoples to identify their legitimate aspirations (which do *not* include the destruction of Israel) with American policies. In the long run, a measure of Arab unity is not merely inevitable: it is a precondition to any serious attempt to solve the social and economic problems of the region. And unless we want to let the whole region fall to the Soviets, retaining only a limited influence in Israel, Jordan and Lebanon, we must encourage Arab neutrality. We will only continue to spread Soviet influence in the Middle East if we elect to support a collection of rickety sheikdoms, dynasties and emirates that are destined for the dustbin of history.

But this does not mean that we should suddenly give all-out, uncritical support to Arab nationalism. For one thing, it remains to be seen how cohesive the movement for Arab unity will be once the Arabs seek agreement among themselves on the division of oil revenues; blood may yet prove to be less thick than oil. The only policy we can safely pursue in the Middle East is to apply American influence and power primarily through the United Nations. We should insist that the U. N. accept responsibility not merely for the maintenance of peace in the Middle East, but also for the solution of certain problems which the U.N. helped to create, i.e., the refugee problem. But the way needs to be cleared for U.N. action. A limited accord with the Soviet Union, recognizing its legitimate interest in the region and implementing the Soviet suggestion for an arms embargo, would help. Perhaps the Soviets might underwrite with us a guarantee of Israel against armed attack as part of a similar guarantee to the Arab states against armed attacks from Israel. To this end, a joint Anglo-American declaration might be made, as the London *Observer* has suggested, renouncing any intention of opposing an Arab unity which is freely negotiated among the governments concerned, and which would respect the neutrality of Lebanon and accept the fact of Israel. As to Jordan, let Hussein be pensioned.

ALL THIS implies that we should stop trying to force the Arab peoples to "choose sides" in the cold war and that we should accept Arab neutrality. The evidence is strong that, other things being equal, a neutral Arabia would prefer to do business with the West rather than with the Soviet Union; at worst, it would try to play one off against the other. In the latter case, the logic of the situation gives us certain advantages. Oil provides the strongest natural tie between the Arab states and the West. Russia does not need the oil, Europe does. And the oil must be sold.

Whether the Arab states merge or federate, some means should be worked out to pool a portion of oil revenues for the development of the region. To this end, with Britain, France and Holland, we should call a conference of the oil companies in an effort to bring their policies into line with the needs and realities of the region. If in fact the "administered" price program of the cartels yields an annual excess increment of $3 billion (p. 51), there is ample margin for readjustment. Moreover, the specific royalty division is less important (see p. 47) than to work out a more cooperative relationship.

And, for a change, let us begin to think of the problems of the Middle East not exclusively in terms of "vital interests," but also in terms of what is best for the Arabs. And on this they should be consulted through representatives, however chosen, who can fairly claim to speak for them. As to the legitimacy of governments, popular support remains the prime test. Who are we, with our revolutionary background, to launch a holy war against revolution in the Middle East? And, finally, let American objectives in the Middle East be such that they can be defended without resort to double-talk. We have no interest more "vital" to defend than our good name and reputation, and both have suffered in the United Nations during the last few weeks. This is the message conveyed in unmistakable terms, though from different points of view, by the articles on the Middle East crisis which follow.

THE EDITORS

FROM BEACH to SUMMIT

1. ANARCHY OF THE JUNGLE..

by Geoffrey Barraclough

London, July 25.

WHEN the United States decided to intervene in Lebanon, the wheel which began to revolve in 1956 in Suez and Hungary came full circle. In 1956, Russia sent troops into Hungary at the behest of Prime Minister Kadar and incurred the odium of the whole world, except its satellites. Today, the United States has sent troops into Lebanon at the behest of President Chamoun—as Britain has sent troops into Jordan at the behest of King Hussein—and incurred the odium of the whole world, except its satellites. There may, or there may not, be minor differences of a legal order. The reality, in all three cases, is that a tottering regime without popular support is being upheld by foreign arms. Like Russia, the United States and Britain have put forward the pretext of subversion from outside; in reality, in all three cases, the government was undermined by hostility and opposition at home. And there is one further parallel. In all three cases, intervention was due not to considered policy but to blind fear and the lack of a viable policy; it stemmed from the failures of preceding years and months.

The parallel with Suez, of which much has been heard in the last fortnight, is not so close as the parallel with Hungary; indeed, it is the contrasts, rather than the similarities, which are sobering and ominous. In 1956, America dissociated itself from the Anglo-French aggression, and thereby laid up a stock of good will in the Moslem world and uncommitted Asia which, rightly used, might have stood it in good stead. It is true that, almost immediately, with the promulgation of the Eisenhower Doctrine and the alerting of the Sixth Fleet during the Jordan crisis of 1957, it began to use up its credit; and now, at one blow, what was left has gone. By acting with Macmillan and Selwyn Lloyd, with de Gaulle and Soustelle hovering in the background, the United States has aligned itself, contrary to every tradition of American policy and every American interest, with imperialism on the downgrade. At the same time Eisenhower and Dulles have confessed, by implication if not in set terms, that America, like Russia, when faced by the bankruptcy of its policy, knows only one expedient—to set up "friendly" puppet regimes in unfriendly countries by force.

About the Author

"Governments and peoples, for example in Iraq, are often at loggerheads," Geoffrey Barraclough wrote in *The Nation* of March 2, 1957, "and support for unrepresentative governments automatically incurs the enmity of national movements." Mr. Barraclough's articles on the Middle East for *The Nation* have been full of such prescient warnings; see "Doctrine for Mideast Disaster," Feb. 8, 1957; "Middle East: End of a Road," March 2, 1957; "The Sixth Fleet Sails East," May 18, 1957; "Syria: a Warning," September 14, 1957.

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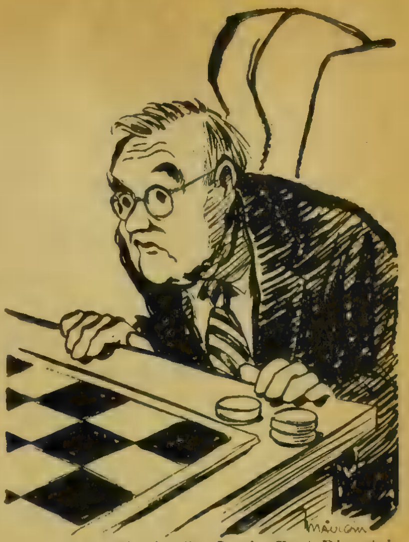
Where there is no policy, there can be only expedients. Because Mr. Dulles squandered the unique opportunities to build up good relations with the Arab world which America enjoyed on the morrow of the Suez war, the inevitable crisis, which had been foreseen and foretold a hundred times, was bound to catch American policy on the wrong foot. For the United States, the Iraq revolution was a question of heads you win, tails I lose. Whatever Washington did, even including doing nothing, was bound to be wrong; and to that degree one can sympathize with President Eisenhower in the predicament in which he found himself on July 15. But the fact remains that the root cause of his predicament was the failure of the State Department, not the revolt in Iraq or the unrest in Lebanon. To do nothing, it is probably true, would have resulted in the crumbling, perhaps the collapse, of the "Western position" in the Middle East. But whether, even at that late date, the only alternative was to do the *wrong* thing, is another and more serious matter. The United States hitherto had kept reasonably immune from the nationalist ferment in the Middle East; it had, for example, prudently abstained from becoming a full-fledged member of the misconceived and misbegotten Baghdad Pact. Now it is embroiled up to the neck, and it is difficult to see how it is going to extricate itself, or to assess what price, in damage to its long-term interests, it will have to pay.

Even worse, America — like the English and French at Suez — has turned the Middle East once again into a center of world tension. In the last twelve months, despite incessant internal unrest within the area, there had been little positive evidence of active inter-bloc rivalry, and it seemed as though the region might settle down as other former storm-centers — Indo-China, for example, or Korea, or Berlin — have settled down, to some sort of coexistence. American intervention has killed that possibility. The Soviet Union, as it has already made clear, cannot remain indifferent to events in an area adjacent to its southern frontier. Everywhere people are asking whether the American intervention, like the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in July 1914, will be the first step towards a Third World War, as unnecessary as the first but a thousand times more destructive. That this question can even be asked is itself a criticism of American and British policy; for, whatever the position of Britain may be, it is certain that the United States has no interest in the Middle East which is worth the risk of even a single Russian H-bomb on an American city.

The risk that American intervention may lead by chain reaction to a world war certainly exists. If, as we must pray, reports are correct that the two governments concerned will not go beyond the occupation of Lebanon and Jordan, the situation may remain under control; for such limited occupation, however repugnant to Russia and to Egypt, does not actually alter the existing balance of power. But when once intervention starts, where in logic does it stop? After Lebanon and Jordan (and let us not forget the British troops sent off posthaste to Aden and Libya, and the deposition of the Sultan of Lahej), what next? If England and America intervene in Iraq, or even encourage or permit Hussein to intervene in Iraq, or Turkey in Iran, the outlook will indeed be black. In any case Russia is already in contact with Egypt; Nasser has gone to Moscow; and before long we may see Russia and Egypt together, or one or the other alone, "protecting" the new Iraqi Government with as good grounds as America is "protecting" Chamoun. Moscow's dramatic call for a summit conference seemed, for a moment, to offer some prospect of a peaceful way out, but should the projected special Security Council session fail to agree on concrete remedial measures, we will be back where we were and Russia will reassert its freedom of action.

The risks, in short, are great; what, if any, are the gains?

THE ANSWER given is curiously negative. It is that, if the United States had stood idly by, it would have meant the end of American interests and influence in the Middle East. If that is really true, it must immediately be said that it is only so because American interests and the way to make American influence felt have been woefully misconceived. America, in the first place, has no conceivable grounds for conflict with Nasser; it has no conceivable quarrel with Arab nationalism; it has no interest in withstanding Arab unity and preserving the senseless structure of a series of succession-states created, largely in the interests of England and France, from the débris of the Turkish Empire after the First World War. Why President Eisenhower should regard the "independence and integrity of Lebanon," of all places, as "vital to the national interest" of the United States is one of the minor mysteries of history. If it could reasonably be argued that, had America remained inactive, this whole region would have fallen prey to "international communism," with the vast shift in the balance of world forces that would involve, then, in the current philosophy of the State Department, intervention would have made sense. But one remarkable feature of the situation is that no serious person has tried to play that card officially. True, the Communist bogey has turned up in Washington reports; and, characteristically, Hussein has already got it out of the cupboard. But President Eisenhower, although the Eisenhower Doctrine gave him an instrument ready to hand against Communist subversion, carefully avoided using it. This time, in fact, no one really supposes that the Middle East unrest can be laid at Moscow's door, though as a result of Anglo-American action it may very well be exploited by Russia. In fact the outcome, whether the Middle East is discussed at the summit or not, is bound to be that Russia will secure a firm foothold within the area. In spite of official denials, the United States this time has plainly and unmistakably come out against Arab nationalism, and the whole policy of a Pan-Arab federation. It has come out in defense of the *status quo* in the Arab world. That is the ominous thing. For, first of all, the *status quo* in the Arab world is too precarious to last; and, second, by demonstrating that the West is the implacable enemy of Arab nationalism, America has in effect given notice to the Arabs that, in a divided world, their interests run parallel to those of Russia. The long-term effect of American intervention is to drive the Arabs, who were making every effort to remain neutral, firmly into the Russian camp.



Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"How can I play without kings?"

NOT THE LEAST serious feature of the situation is that the United States has committed its forces on a completely indefinite, unlimited and undefined basis. It went in,

SUCH A LITTLE COUNTRY . . *by Carleton Beals*

THE RUSSIANS are taking the invasion of Lebanon by American Marines too seriously. They have even compared our aggression to that of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo.

That's absurd. Lebanon is only a little country, one-eighth the size of Austria, less than one-hundredth the size of Ethiopia, and only one-thousandth the size of China. So the American intervention in Lebanon is only an itsy-bitsy violation of international law.

Besides, we were invited in by Lebanon's President. Of course, Hitler was invited in by Austria's Seyss-Inquart; but Lebanon is such a little country, and even the Russians know our purpose is noble and disinterested.

True, the Lebanon President had tried to overthrow his country's constitution and perpetuate himself as dictator. Some even say it was he who overthrew law and order in Lebanon. But that's absurd, because he's pro-Western and has the backing of good Christians and wears striped pants. Those Moslems who oppose him look like sad imitations of Ghandi. Anyway, there are only about a million of them.

No other country has a right to meddle in Lebanon affairs. Only we have that noble privilege. The United Nations said there had been no outside invasion. But we know better; isn't old pin-stripes pro-Western?

THE Russians should realize we're just trying to help the United Nations out by putting a pistol at its head—all its eighty-odd member nations—so it can do what it ought to do and save old pin-stripes. But the Russians are mean enough to say that that is exactly what Hitler and Mussolini did to the old League of Nations—put a pistol at the head of the world. Did we first ask the nations of Asia, the nations of Africa, the nations of the Americas, the nations of Europe what they wanted to do about old pin-stripes? No, all we say, is, if you don't want us to save the old geezer, you save him.

We have precedent, don't we? Ask Nicaragua, and the Dominican Republic, and Cuba and Haiti. We got out of those countries, didn't we—after about twenty-five years of carpet-bagging? We held elections and taught them democracy. So we'll keep in old dictator pin-stripes and teach the benighted Lebanese democracy. It wasn't our fault, or was it, that we left behind us in the Caribbean the cruelest, bloodiest dictatorships in the history of the Americas? After all, they were our buddies—pin-striped Somoza and Trujillo, and now Batista. They shake hands with us like gentlemen, and we don't mind a little blood smearing off on our own palms.

And there's the Eisenhower Doctrine to live up to, isn't there? It was one of those unilateral, nineteenth-century power doctrines as modern as an outdoor privy. Nobody else on earth wanted it, certainly not the Arabs it was supposed to protect.

Besides, our action solves so many problems at home. The little recession is licked. There won't be any bothersome income-tax reduction. The foreign-aid cut will be restored, so we can merrily carpet-bag around the world, and no questions asked as to how the money is spent. The big brass will be back in the velvet again (not that they were ever very far out of it).

The Russians have gotten away with so much for so long now, they ought to give us and old pin-stripes a break and not go starting a third world war. Besides, Lebanon is such a little country. The aggression is such an itsy-bitsy one.

CARLETON BEALS, veteran journalist and author of many books, has spent most of his professional life covering revolutions in, and invasions of, small countries.

ostensibly, to maintain its influence. How is it going to extricate itself without disastrously losing face? How, indeed, is it going to extricate itself at all? Nobody doubts that withdrawal will mean the instant collapse of the regimes dependent on British and American tanks. No one supposes that Arab nationalism can any longer be destroyed either by intimidation or by force. Both Eisenhower and Macmillan, mistaking the Suez precedent, seem to have calculated that they could extricate themselves by saddling the United Nations with responsibility for their folly. No miscalculation could have been more puerile. The United Nations observation team in Lebanon, backed and probably primed by Mr. Hammarskjold, ostentatiously refused to establish any form of contact, "formal or informal," with the American forces in Lebanon. Mr. Hammarskjold himself made it clear that, in his view, there was no justification at all for sending in a protective force under the flag of the United States. Since then any hopes of America getting U.N. backing have faded and vanished. The Afro-Asian bloc is obviously entirely hostile. More symptomatic is the coolness of Japan, the criticism by Sweden, and the defections among the Latin Americans. If one thing has now become clear, it is that the United States is not going to be allowed to escape in stolen garments under the umbrella of the United Nations. Its moral nakedness is exposed for the world to see; and the world has seen.

WHAT, THEN, of the future? First of all, it is hard to see how the United States can ever again recoup the moral stock and moral standing which have been such weighty elements in its favor in the past. Secondly, it is no less difficult to see how it can extricate itself even with the loss of its moral standing. Because its present objectives are the wrong objectives, there is only one way to secure them; and that is to stand pat. American policy has left no margin for negotiation, no opening for compromise. When the troops depart, total collapse will follow. But what so long as they are there? American policy has already succeeded in closing the Lebanese ranks. The President of the Chamber of Deputies and the Lebanese Commander-in-Chief have protested against the landing and demanded immediate evacuation. Sniping has begun; it will not take long to organize it into guerrilla warfare. The least that can be expected is another Korea, or a hopeless, long-drawn-out struggle against an underground resistance, not yet begun, which can never be won. But once begun, it is sure to be accompanied by the destruction of oil wells and installations and the blowing up of pipelines. The one hopeful feature — perhaps the only one — from a world-wide point of view is that neither Russia nor Egypt needs to enlarge the conflict and turn it into world war; the United States has done all that is necessary to further their causes for them.

THE immediate requirement of the situation is obvious; the difficulty, in view of all that has happened, is to see any possible way by which it can be put into effect. What is necessary, and has been necessary for three years at least, is a total re-thinking of American policy in the Middle East; it is to cut away from moribund tactics and moribund strategy. In the end, whether we like it or not, the West will have to act *with* Arab nationalism, if it is going to act in the Middle East at all. The policy of playing off Nuri against Nasser was dead long before Nuri was murdered; it is a sheer hallucination to suppose that it can be continued with Hussein and Chamoun as the puppets. Oddly enough, the most sensible things about the crisis have been said by Glubb Pasha, who unerringly put his finger on the central facts. First, as he said, the Arab nationalists have no desire to become Soviet satellites; they wish to be dominated neither by Russia nor the West. Why cannot we help them to carry out this policy? Secondly, they are "free to choose what form of government suits them best." What right have we to interfere, to foist unpopular governments on them at the point of the bayonet? Thirdly, there is no "adequate reason" why our interests should bring us into collision with Arab nationalism. On the other hand, the economic interests of the oil-producing regions of the Middle East all run in line with the economic interests of the West; and this community of interest is the only sound basis for Western policy. Two years ago, before the refusal of aid for the Aswan Dam, a policy could have been constructed from these basic principles. But today? In view of what has happened, even the most optimistic observer will throw up his hands in despair. And that is the measure of the failure of American policy. At worst, it has inaugurated a shift in the balance of world forces which probably can only be halted by the even more disastrous expedient of nuclear war. At best, it has dealt a blow to America's standing throughout Asia and Africa from which it is impossible to see how it can recover; and it is in Asia and Africa — not in Europe, where America's satellites dutifully cheer—that the future lies.

The Times of India describes America's action as "an act of political insanity"; and with the insane it is impossible to argue. During the last few years British and American policy in the Middle East has been a mixture of incompetence, muddled thinking, inertia, violence and sometimes dishonesty. Now it has reached the point of no return, for now even retreat — which would be the only hopeful course — has become so costly as to be virtually impossible. One thing is certain: American and British action, intended, ironically, to prevent the dissolution of an obsolescent world, has brought a whole era to an end — the era of aggressive imperialism which began in the 1880s. But what will be the character of the age that will succeed it, no one can foresee. A new imperialism directed from Washington, with task-forces everywhere like Roman cohorts vainly defending a crumbling wall? A vast expansion of Russian influence, until the whole of the Middle East is engulfed under a Communist wave? Or a great uprising of the colored peoples against the whites, in whose credentials no one can any longer believe? It is the measure of the folly of Washington and Westminster that it should open up such somber vistas. They have re-established the anarchy of the jungle, in which everything is permissible and anything may happen.

2. THE KINGS DEPART . . *by Harvey O'Connor*

PREDICTIONS, when writing about the Near East, can be foolhardy ventures. Nevertheless, when I began to record my impressions of a recent trip from Cairo to Teheran (including running the barbed-wire entanglements of Nicosia in Cyprus in order to get into Israel), I took the long chance by leading off with "It won't be long now! That about sums up any number of situations in the Near East—the duration of the 50-50 oil concessions, of the Hashemite kinglets, of the Baghdad Pact, of the quasi-sovereign sheikdoms of the Arabian Rim, the medieval autocracy of the Saud regime."

But history moves too fast nowadays, and by the time I got to the fifth page, one of the Hashemite kinglets was a casualty of his own army and the Baghdad Pact had lost its only Arab partner. And I find that another prediction made in my original manuscript, namely that within five years the United Arab Republic will reach from the Nile to the Euphrates, also is subject to revision.

All the way from Egypt to Iraq, one factor dominates events: the drive toward Arab unity. To hear the cry for that unity is to understand the present crisis and the fear that grips the oil cartel as it watches, hopelessly, its bases of exploitation foundering in desert sands. There is no mystery in the news from the "mysterious East"—rather the mystery lies in the fumbling reactions of the West to the rise of a socially-conscious ruling class in the Near East.

Arab unity—the dominance of the new United Arab Republic from the Nile to the Euphrates—is no distant dream, and neither U.S. marines nor British paratroops will stop it.

At the moment, it seems that only the Soviets are determined to move with this tide; the West is commanding that the tide stand still. Or perhaps it is more the ostrich

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HARVEY O'CONNOR, author of The Empire of Oil, *recently returned from a trip through the Middle East.*

than King Canute that comes to mind; the West prefers not to recognize the social-political upheaval. The spectacle has been an amazing one, even to conservative Egyptians, for a long time now. The editor of a leading financial-economic review in Cairo approached the subject in his best professorial manner, knowing that he was speaking to a correspondent from the un-understanding West. He used the simplest possible English.

"We are not Communists," he said, slowly. "We want to be capitalists, like you. But we can't be real capitalists until we develop industries. The Aswan Dam is basic to Egypt's future, both in agriculture and industry. With a few words, your Mr. Dulles blew up our hopes—and his own promises—of Western help for Aswan. Perhaps Mr. Dulles doesn't want a capitalist class in Egypt? Can it be that he preferred the corrupt Farouk and the landlords who spent more time and money on the Riviera than they ever did in their own Delta?

"Your Franklin Roosevelt would have understood our Revolution of 1952. It was like any number of revolutions you have had in the West in the past 150 years, a revolution to shake the fetters from Egypt so it could develop, raise living standards of our workers and peasants, to help us emerge at last into the twentieth century—something like your New Deal, perhaps."

"If you want to be capitalists, why do you turn to the Soviets for help, then?"

"Yes," he said. "They all ask that. It is because when your State Department tried to starve our people by embargoing shipments of wheat, the Soviets sent us boatloads in a hurry. When you froze our credits in New York and London and on the Continent, the Soviets helped us. When the British and French bombed our women and children in Port Said, the Soviets, in a simple diplomatic note, said 'Stop it!', and they stopped. Your international banks will lend us money, yes, if our industries are controlled by foreigners, if we pay high interest rates, if we become satellites to the Western economy. The Soviets lend us at reasonable rates, send us technicians, let us decide what we want and let us do it the way we want it done."

"And you're quite sure you haven't avoided the frying pan just to leap into the fire?"

The editor smiled. "I'll wager you we have more Communists in jail in Egypt today than you ever had under McCarthy."

THE SYRIANS like to consider themselves the most advanced country, politically, in the Near East. Egypt and its vast stability, almost immobility, its social structure not too far changed in the Delta from Pharaonic times, is a main source of strength to the new United Arab Republic; but Damascus prides itself on ideas. It hopes to be the intellectual dynamo of the expanding republic.

Such hopes rest in large measure on the leaders of the Baath (Resurrection) Party, now absorbed as the main constituent of the National Union, which has supplanted all parties. The Baath Party is pan-Arab, with contacts in all the synthetic sovereignties into which Britain and France divided the Arab remnants of the old Turkish Empire after World War I. It is also Socialist, its leaders say. Not by Western standards of socialism, they hasten to add. Words such as capitalism, socialism, democracy, freedom, are used in the Near East with Near Eastern connotations.

Even in Egypt the government of the Revolution describes itself as Socialist; but the word takes on different meanings even as one shifts from Cairo to Damascus. Many Egyptians, when they can swallow their distaste of things British, admit sheepishly that the British Labour Party's brand of socialism is perhaps nearer their own concept—a kind of Welfare State for capitalists and workers and peasants. Certainly not the brand which bears the Moscow label.

The Baathists, however, regard capitalists as a temporary evil to be endured in the republic's development. They aim at a social democracy. They underline freedom, individual as well as social, as a goal. In the hot struggle for Arab unity, perhaps they would not qualify as full-fledged members of an American civil-liberties organization; on the other hand, they decry the Soviet concept of state supremacy over the individual quite as heartily as do the Egyptians.

When President Nasser recently made his triumphal tour of Syria, it was observed that he loitered far longer than the tumultuous demonstrations seemed to warrant. Many Western observers concluded that he was "riveting" his control over the Syrian Baathists; others concluded rather that the Syrians were taking advantage of his protracted stay to indoctrinate the Egyptians with their own more advanced ideology.

That may be the crux in the development of the Near Eastern situation. Will the merely nationalistic tendencies of the Arab Revolution degenerate into a new, adventurist Napoleonism? Or will the new middle-class Army officers, allied with new-type businessmen aspiring to be capitalists, and collaborating—as in Egypt—with controlled labor and peasant organizations, steer the Arab Nation into channels of constructive social and economic reform? Will the Syrian Baathists—who claim to be the true and only and original proponents of the Arab Nation—insist on a thoroughgoing social reconstruction? The fate of Israel, incidentally, hangs on the answer to these questions. For if the Arab leaders face up to their gigantic social problems, there will be less need of waving the bloody flag of anti-Zionism. There might even develop a willingness to sit down and talk about the place of Israel in the Arab world.

NEWSPAPER headlines have long attested the power of the idea of the Arab Nation in Lebanon. But it was not until this traveler reached the banks of the Tigris that the writing on the wall seemed so clear. In bedraggled Baghdad the strength of the Arab Nation was reflected in the weakness of the Iraq monarchy. A rather ugly police state, operated by a man described as a Turkish puppet of Britain, based itself on a landlord structure handed down from Babylonian times.

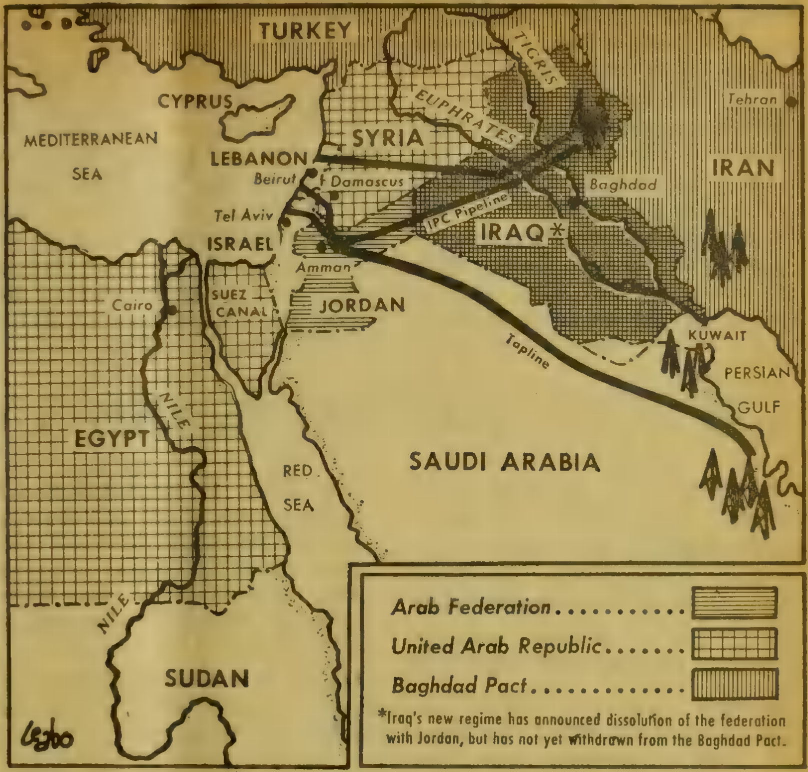
Government spokesmen admitted, indirectly, that they operated a police state. The people — usually referred to as "the mob" — were feared and hated. They were dirty, diseased, uncouth. They were also illiterate, but unfortunately they have ears, and they listened to the siren Voice of the Arabs out of Cairo.

"What can we do?" an official shrugged. "They are uneducated and they believe all that stuff on the Cairo radio."

"Well, don't you have radio stations, too?"

"Yes, but we don't have the musicians, the artists, the singers, the clever propagandists the Egyptians have. So our people won't listen."

"Well," commented an Opposition leader, himself a businessman, "no wonder. We too have singers and musicians and talent, not so much as the Egyptians maybe, but some. But where are they? In prison, or in exile in the southern swamps or the mountains of the north."



*Iraq's new regime has announced dissolution of the federation with Jordan, but has not yet withdrawn from the Baghdad Pact.

IN THE OPPOSITION in Baghdad there were no labor or peasant leaders. The reason is simple — unions were not permitted in Iraq, nor peasant organizations, either. (One wonders whether, under the new regime, this will change.) So the Opposition numbered mostly lawyers, business and professional men, some employers, returned students from the West.

Thanks to the efficiency of the police state, the Opposition, at the time of my visit to Iraq, was poorly organized, many of its leaders in prison, or only intermittently in contact in Baghdad. Many, too, had died before firing squads. It was difficult to get a balanced view of the country, for it was "treason" to give information not pleasing to the Government.

The Opposition placed little reliance on the West, not even on the Western liberals. "Last time Aneurin Bevan was here," said a leading lawyer, "they took him to the Embassy compound, briefed him, led him around to see some of the Development Board's dams. He never once saw anyone in the Opposition. I hear, too, he is a leader of the Left in England."

Jordan's Hashemite monarch is still operating a police state tottering on bayonets, cringing before the blasts of the Voice of the Arabs from Cairo. In Saudi Arabia, the King has gone into retirement and his brother is trying to steer the realm out of the unspeakably debased corruption and bankruptcy that threaten to overwhelm it. (A shipload of girls from Hamburg arrived only recently in Jiddah for the pleasures of the Saudi princes.)

IT'S A HARD life for the Western oil executive in the Near East these days. Soberly (the Saudi Government recently forbade importation of liquor even by Americans), executives of the Arabian American Oil Company peer into the somber future. The famed 50-50 formula shimmers like a mirage over the desert.

For a generation, the Western oil companies conducted what was purely a looting operation along the Persian Gulf. Here lies two-thirds to three-fourths of all the known oil in the free world. Anglo-Persian and Royal Dutch Shell came and took it. The nationalization of oil in Iran marked an end to that era.

For half a generation, the looting operation has been made into a 50-50 deal, half the loot for the companies, half for the local dynasties, whether medieval absolutists as in Saudi Arabia, or landlord oligarchies as existed in Iraq. Now the era of loot draws to a close.

Does that mark the doom of the West? Not necessarily. The future lies not in concessions—a hated word—but in agreements such as those recently signed by the National Iranian Oil Company and the powerful ENI state-owned company of Italy, and by Standard Oil of Indiana, latercomer on the international oil scene. These agreements supply what can be the missing link in stable relations between the West and the Near East. They provide for national participation in ownership and profits, and eventually management, of the oil companies. And when the agreements come to an end, the Near East hopes it will have the competence to run its oil industry unaided.

National participation, and not 50-50, or 75-25, or 56-44, or whatever may be the fraction which characterizes the old system of dividing the loot, is the key to future oil relations. It is toward such an arrangement that the United Arab Republic looks when its control reaches from the Nile to the Tigris. The prospect may not be too pleasant for the oil cartel. On the other hand, from what this reporter learned, the architects of the Arab Nation were not contemplating expropriation. What effect the intrusion of Western force into Lebanon and Jordan has had upon their plans one cannot say, except that surely the augury is not good for the West.

Whatever happens, the Arab Nation means to keep the major part of the usufructs of its oil on its own home territory. Whether these enormous resources will be used for the advancement of the Arab peoples will be determined by whether the United Arab Republic—and Iraq—advance toward social republicanism or degenerate into dictatorships.

In any event, the outlook for Western European and United States consumers of petroleum products will remain as bleak, price-wise, as it has always been under the hegemony of the oil cartel. The cartel has always charged all that the traffic will bear, and it is not likely that Moslem Arabs can be expected to turn Christian and charge less.

3. IRAQ'S EXPLOSIVE OIL . . *by Charles F. Edmundson*

THE MOST perceptive report on the State Department's reaction to the revolution in Iraq appeared on the front page of *The New York Times* of July 18. The headline read:

> WEST TO KEEP OUT OF IRAQ
> UNLESS OIL IS THREATENED

President Eisenhower's press secretary decried the story the same day, but the facts were clear. Two years ago, Secretary of State Dulles told a private meeting of oil-company executives in Washington that nationalization of oil properties abroad should be the signal for international intervention. We were now prepared to fulfill that pledge.

It was in August, 1956, that Secretary Dulles called a meeting of representatives of the major U.S. oil companies doing business abroad. The press was not informed and no records were to have been kept. But A. C. Ingraham, of the Socony Vacuum Oil Company of New York, kept a memorandum which became public when the Senate Anti-Trust Subcommittee subpoenaed Socony documents in another connection.

According to this document, which the State Department never repudiated, Secretary Dulles knew "the oil companies were interested in the nationalization issue and wanted to put forth his views." The nub of the memorandum is this:

> Therefore, he [Dulles] indicated, nationalization of this kind of an asset [oil properties] impressed with international interest goes far beyond the compensation of shareholders alone and should call for international intervention.

On the Senate floor, Senator Kefauver read the memorandum and inquired prophetically:

> Who is going to do the intervening? There is no indication that U.S. troops would not be used for this purpose. And what, may I ask, would Russia's reaction be to that?

IT APPEARS that Mr. Dulles' latest exercise in brinkmanship was spurred not only by Iraq's 250 million barrels of oil a year, but also by the fear that if Iraq could become master of its own oil, so could Saudi Arabia and Iran.

Title to exploit Middle East oil rests almost entirely in the hands of the American, British, French and Dutch companies which comprise the international oil cartel. And while Mr. Dulles is using the Army, Air Force, Navy and Marines to defend the cartel, the U.S. Department of Justice is prosecuting it for violating federal anti-trust laws. The Anti-Trust Division has been suing to break up the cartel since 1952. The suit now drags its weary way through the Federal District Court in New York.

The Anti-Trust Division exhausts most of the alphabet — from "a" through "q"—to itemize the devices by which the defendants "monopolize trade and commerce in petroleum and petroleum products between the United States and foreign nations." Still more of the alphabet—from "a" through "w"—is required to detail specific violations. All told, the charges run to nineteen legal-size, typewritten pages.

In essence, the Department of Justice charges this: that the oil companies pump crude oil from the fabulously productive Middle East wells at a cost of 20 to 30 cents a barrel — exclusive of profits, which are usually divided 50-50 with the producing country—and sell it at a collusive price varying over a period of years from $1.75 to $2.16 a barrel f.o.b. the Persian Gulf.

A reasonably bright high school student can take the published figures of the Iraq Petroleum Company and find that the crude oil pumped there brings a net of about $1.55 a barrel, to be split between the Government of Iraq and the participating companies. At a production rate of 250 million barrels a year, this gives the two sides some $400 million to divide.

Iraq accounts for somewhat less than a fifth of Middle East oil production, but the profit pattern is much the same throughout except for the recently arrived smaller companies, such as the Getty Oil Company and American Independent Oil. They have had to pay a stiff price for their concessions, and enjoy a considerably smaller profit margin.

Both at home and abroad, U. S. oil companies get the benefit of a 27 per cent annual allowance for the depletion of reserves. In the case of

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CHARLES F. EDMUNDSON, a former associate editor of Fortune, *is the author of* "The Dulles Brothers in Diplomania," *which appeared in the November 9, 1957, issue of* The Nation.

the oil companies producing abroad, income taxes which would be due the United States Government are drastically reduced by converting royalty payments into income taxes paid to the host country. Thus direct U. S. income taxes dwindle almost to nothing.

From 1953 to 1955, the biggest of the U.S. companies operating abroad —Arabian-American—paid no U. S. income taxes at all. In 1956, Aramco paid $200 million to the King of Saudi Arabia—which is approximately 700 times as much as the $282,000 which Aramco paid in income taxes to the United States.

Besides maintaining the vast military forces which help to secure oil company properties, the U. S. Government picks up the tab for any extraordinary operating expenses involved in keeping the Arab sheiks content. During the Second World War, when oil could not be sent to the West, King Ibn Saud's income dwindled. The U. S. Government was touched by this royal distress—touched for a total of $99 million.

TO PROTECT exorbitant profits, contrived in a manner which the Department of Justice says is illegal, Secretary Dulles is willing to risk war. To whip up public support for this policy, the press, except for a handful of newspapers, has encouraged the false notion that "Middle Eastern oil is vital to the defense of the Western World."

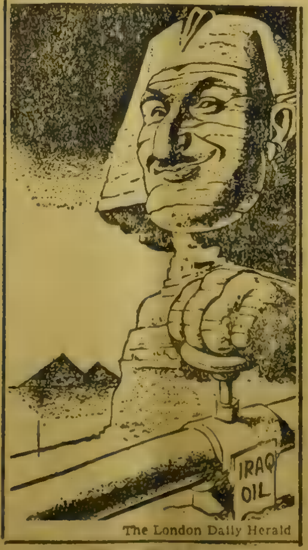
In World War II, Middle East oil was lost to the Allies as soon as Italy entered the conflict. And this was before the nuclear bomb, or even the old-fashioned "blockbuster," had been developed. No informed person anywhere believes that the West will have access to Middle East oil if and when World War III breaks out.

There is no lack of oil in the Western hemisphere to serve all the needs of the Western allies. New fields are being discovered all the way from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego. Moreover, experts of the U.S. Bureau of Mines estimate that shale-oil deposits in the Rocky Mountains contain 960 billion barrels of oil — *twenty-nine times as much as all the known reserves of the United States.* Oil from shale is no longer a doubtful experiment. Union Oil Company of California, which operated for many months a huge experimental retort, alleges that its plant produced oil from shale at a cost virtually competitive with oil pumped from wells. The Research Institute of the University of Denver goes further. It reports the development of a new process which can deliver shale-produced oil to California at prices one-third to one-half less than the current California price for crude.

Newspaper writers who parrot the cry that Middle East oil is vital to Western defense actually endanger their country's security. General Lawton Collins, and many others who should know, say: "Write off Middle East oil if war comes." False military stress on Middle East oil detracts attention from the need to increase supplies nearer home.

SENATOR HENNINGS of Missouri, a cautious middle-of-the-roader, estimates that the international oil cartel collects excessive profits adding up to $3 billion a year. Except for this profiteering in oil, he points out, the U.S. Government could reduce its foreign military and economic aid programs by hundreds of millions of dollars a year.

The writer was in the capital of Saudi Arabia a few years ago. An American-educated Arab official told him that he thought the oil companies and the Saudi Arabian Government both should materially reduce their "take" in order to make oil available to the underdeveloped nations at prices more nearly within their reach. He estimated that Saudi Arabian crude was being produced at a cost of no more than 25 cents a barrel. But the California-Texas and Standard-Vacuum refineries in Bombay were paying $2 a barrel, f.o.b. the oil field.



The London Daily Herald

The Sphinx

The principle at stake involves much more than the Arab nations. It is the right of *all* nations to reasonable access at equitable prices to the raw material resources of the world. It is a principle which the United States subscribed to in the Atlantic Charter and in the Declaration of the United Nations. But even if these documents did not exist, American, British, French and Dutch companies would have no moral right to stand astride the Middle East oil reserves. Here lie nearly 90 per cent of all known oil reserves outside the United States and Russia. To dole out this oil at "administered prices" so high as to call for action by the U.S. Department of Justice clearly constitutes an unjustifiable tax on the wealth of the whole world.

In 1954, while India was paying the oil companies and the oil-host countries a joint profit of about 700 per cent, the United States gave India $82.5 million in Point Four assistance. Indirectly, the American taxpayer was bearing the burden of the bloated profits of the oil companies and the fantastic extravagances of the petty kings and sheiks of Arabia.

IN 1939 and 1940, when he was trying to keep the United States from entering the war against Germany, Italy and Japan, John Foster Dulles spoke feelingly of the "selfish and possessive attitude of the *status quo* powers"—i.e., the Western democracies:

> Does the Almighty [Mr. Dulles asked] reward with iron, copper, oil and rubber those who adopt the democratic processes? . . . As regards the vast colonial areas, why should the minds of statesmen still be closed to devising some scheme whereby, in the spirit of President Wilson's man-

dates, their economic resources may now be effectively opened up?

For Mr. Dulles, the *status quo* is now on the other foot.

In indoctrination classes conducted in World War II, soldiers were taught, among other things, that they were fighting to provide fairer and more general access to the world's raw materials. They were given leaflets quoting the pledge of the Atlantic Charter powers that

> . . . They will endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment of all states, great or small, victor or vanquished, of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world which are needed for their economic prosperity.

Failure to fulfill this pledge helps explain, perhaps, why countries like Germany, Japan, Austria and India have rebuffed the United States on the Lebanon issue. It may explain why Sweden, which has prestige far beyond its size, sponsored a Security Council resolution, aimed at embarrassing the United States, which called for the withdrawal of the U.N. observers from Lebanon.

The State Department is almost pathetically solicitous concerning the problem which England might face if Middle East oil were cut off and the British had to pay for their petroleum in dollars. But it displays no concern over the foreign-exchange problems which non-cartel countries face in buying oil, whether from the Middle East or the Western Hemisphere.

The British Government owns 54 per cent of all the vastly profitable British oil operations in the Middle East. At the present operating rate, this brings into the British Exchequer some $300 million a year from crude oil alone, and a large additional sum in profits after the crude is converted to gasoline, lubricants and other finished products. The remaining 46 per cent is owned by the stockholders of the British Petroleum Company. It is evident that both the British Government and the stockholders would lose if prices were brought down. (The French and Dutch holdings in Middle East oil are smaller, and their readjustment would be less painful.) But readjustment is needed for the sake of fairness to non-cartel countries and to fulfill the pledge of the Atlantic Charter and the Declaration of the United Nations.

As for the United States, our international companies produce so much oil that the repatriation of profits becomes a factor limiting U.S. exports. If the rest of the world has to find several hundreds of millions of dollars a year to pay for oil produced abroad, that much less dollar exchange is available to buy American wheat, cotton, bobby pins and farm machinery.

The oil cartel has fostered the impression that for Russia to share access to Middle Eastern oil would be a calamity. To judge from a United Nations study of the international oil industry, the advent of Russia as a major oil supplier might, on the contrary, lend some capitalistic flexibility to oil prices.

According to the U. N. study, the largest real oil-price competition in Europe occurred in Sweden from 1930 to 1933. This was forced upon the Western companies by *Naftsyndicat,* a subsidiary of the Russian oil monopoly. A study of oil prices by the Swedish Government, quoted in a U. S. Federal Trade Commission survey, reports that *Naftsyndicat,* which accounted for 27 per cent of the Scandinavian oil trade, "was the largest and most vigorous competitor."

WHETHER or not Russia gets a foothold in Middle Eastern oil, it may soon give the Anti-Trust Division an assist in Washington by challenging the cartel's monopoly prices. The Soviet Union has doubled its oil production in the five years ending in 1957, and expects to double it again by 1962.

As the Washington *Post* remarks editorially, "The severity of the (potential) oil crisis could be alleviated by more attention to alternate sources, more development of oil shales in this country and elsewhere, more sensible oil import and trade policies and the like." If this advice were followed, the knotty problem of what to do with Canadian and Venezuelan oil might be solved automatically.

Our "gunboat diplomacy" in the Middle East has alienated public opinion in most of the free world. In South America, several countries —notably Argentina and Brazil—are offended because the United States has prohibited loans for a government-operated oil industry. (But if the majority interest in British oil operations is government-owned, it does not seem to matter to us.) In Venezuela, our assiduous courtship of Dictator Perez Jimenez, favorite of the oil companies, brought us the unparalleled humiliation of seeing our Vice President and his wife spat upon in the streets.

WHAT prompts the State Department to adopt policies so disastrous to the moral leadership and prestige of the United States? In the Congressional debate which followed our military intervention in Lebanon, oil was hardly mentioned. When the Eisenhower Doctrine was debated in 1956, however, a few of the hardier souls got down to basic issues. Senator Kefauver was one of these. He said, "When the big oil companies take snuff, the State Department sneezes."

In a still earlier crisis, when the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency set up the coup which overthrew Prime Minister Mossadegh of Iran (*Saturday Evening Post*, November 6, 1954), Senator Hennings and others called for a Congressional investigation to determine whether the oil cartel "undermines the integrity of the ideals professed by Americans in their relations with friendly nations." He added that the existence of the cartel "tends to give substance to the Kremlin's unceasing propaganda that American interests abroad are sponsored by 'Wall Street's ambitious plans of capitalistic imperialism and exploitation of foreigners.'"

Secretary Dulles' contention that nationalization of American-owned oil properties abroad "should call for international intervention" contrasts vividly with Franklin D. Roosevelt's acquiescence in the nationalization of oil in Mexico. In Mexico a progressive middle-of-the-road economy was stimulated; today, the country sets a pattern for other countries of Latin America.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Post-Mortem on San Francisco

Guy Daniels

THE recently-published documentary proofs that the San Francisco "Renaissance" was nothing more than a rummage sale have produced a situation reminiscent of the first days following the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact. On the one hand are those poor souls who, only yesterday, were ranking Allen Ginsberg with Whitman and who, today, are desperately twisting their words to prove that what they *really* meant was ten other things. On the other hand are the members of the "I-told-you-so" club, who are sitting back and enjoying themselves. And in between are those who keep asking, anxiously: "But wasn't there *something* to it? I mean, I never really *sympathized*. But wasn't there *some* reason for it?" Yes, all very much like 1939.

Probably the single document which corresponds most closely to the infamous pact of 1939 is a poem published in the Winter (1957-58) number of *The Partisan Review*. That document begins:

READY TO ROLL

To Mexico! To Mexico! down the dove-grey highways, past the police of atomic cities, past the fiery border to dream cantinas!
I see myself standing on the sunny metropolitan plateau, a stranger and prince on the street, dollars in my pocket, free, alone, genitals and thighs and buttocks under skin and leather.

The astounding thing about this document is not its monumental ineptitude: even more ludicrous "poems" by its author (that's right: Allen Ginsberg) and his San Francisco soulmates can be found in the Spring (1958) number of *The Chicago Review* and elsewhere. The really astounding thing is that this squeal by the author of *Howl*, whom Kenneth Rexroth has called "a poet of revolt if there ever was one," should have appeared in *The Partisan Review*, which archpublicist Rexroth has repeatedly labeled "The Enemy."

But if the San Francisco "rebels" were quick to make common cause with this Enemy, they were even quicker to surrender without a sign of struggle to an even bigger Enemy: Madison Avenue. By now, even the Zen-engendered serenity of Mr. Rexroth is giving way to anxiety over the collapse on this broad front, as witness the admonition with which he closes a recent (April 28th) article in *The Nation*: "Be very careful you don't become what Madison Avenue wants every artist to be — a wild man."

But this fluffy note of anxiety blown by Jazz-Poet Rexroth is a relatively new sound, and is heard only rarely. For the most part he is still jubilant as he recounts over and over again, how San Francisco saved poetry for America.

Rexroth's is by all odds the most widely-circulated account of the rather startling developments which have taken place in American poetry during the past couple of years. Therefore, any attempt to interpret those developments and give a prognosis for the health of the American Muse (the purpose of this essay), must include a brief recapitulation of the Tale Told by Rexroth.

The time is the latter part of 1956. As the tale opens, we see a desolate landscape, with much barbed wire in evidence. The Land of Poesy, one of the "realms of gold" of which John Keats once sang, has fallen upon evil times and become an Occupied Country. Wheresoever one looks, one sees the stony, bespectacled faces of the occupation troops (academic critics and poets drilled by Master Sgt. T. S. Eliot). And at one's back one always hears the heavy iambic trâmp, trámp of their boots as they patrol the pages of the literary quarterlies, armed with Seven Types of Ambiguity.

But every Occupied Country has its Underground, and the Land of Poesy was no exception. This Underground consisted chiefly of poets loyal to the memory of Good King Walt. They had their headquarters in San Francisco, and a clandestine radio hookup with Black Mountain College. (Apparently, they also had a few fifth columnists on Madison Avenue, but this has never been avowed.) Quite suddenly one night, at a secret signal from a saxophone, the underground poets rose up with their poetry-jazz and discomfited the Philistines in their chariots. By the time the next *New Directions* annual had appeared, the Philistines had been completely routed and the Land of Poesy was once again a realm of gold, with San Francisco its silver-spired capital.

Such is the Tale, as told in *The Nation, New World Writing, New Directions, The Evergreen Review, Esquire,* etc.* But it is only one account. There is another version of the story — one rather fragmentarily told in the conservative quarterlies. This version, too, has a happy ending (indeed, it goes Hollywood one better by having a happy *beginning* as well); but in all other respects it is the exact opposite of the tale we have just heard.

ACCORDING to this version the Land of Poesy was, in the year 1956, a smiling, prosperous realm with an ancient and revered capital known variously as Kenyon College and Gambier, Ohio. So abundant were the harvests of poems from the campuses, and so righteously did the poets walk in the ways of their New Critic fathers, that it was *almost* a Golden Age. In fact, it *would* have been a true Golden Age were it not for an occasional annoying cacophony borne to one's ears on the west wind.

However, an almost-Golden Age was still pretty good: certainly it was better than anything *Europe* could boast of. And as for that annoying cacophony, well, one resignedly supposed that bad poets, like the poor, would always be with one. Still, it would have been *much* more pleasant if. . . .

Then, lo! the *if* became a reality! Miraculously, the demons inhabiting the bad poets did make them to perform all manner of mad revels whereat they were espied by *Life* photographers. And now they have all become nightclub entertainers, and hence permanently exiled from the Land of Poesy, which has entered into its true Golden Age.

For all their fancifulness, there is a good deal of truth in each of these tales. To take the second one first, I agree that most of the noise coming from San

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***Interestingly enough, the same issue of *The Nation* that contained Rexroth's famous (infamous?) "Mature Bohemians" article, also carried the only really moderate review of Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* (by M. L. Rosenthal) that I have seen.**

Francisco is cacophony. Also, I am inclined to regard nightclub entertaining as a form of (self-) exile from the realm of gold (though by no means from the gold of the realm). About the perfect state of poetry in America, however, I'm not so sure.

The Tale Told by Rexroth is not so simply disposed of. It contains (as I believe) a pretty large piece of the truth —but a piece from which several distorting protuberances must be hewn away. At the same time, its omissions are vast. Such a situation is a clear invitation to comment, and that is precisely what I purpose to do for the remainder of this essay. I shall try to answer some of the anxious questions of the in-betweeners mentioned in my first paragraph, plus one more that is frequently heard these days. Namely: "Why were so many apparently intelligent people taken in by this San Francisco thing?"

FIRST, to the hewing. The general description of American poetry as an occupied country (prior to 1956) is, I think, accurate in most respects. (The figure of the occupied country is my own; but it is merely the logical corollary of the widely-used expression, "underground poetry.") True, there is considerable exaggeration (not to mention bad taste) in Rexroth's repeated references to certain poets, critics and quarterlies as The Enemy. After all, several of the academic poets are decidedly unprofessorial and free-wheeling when they have a mind to be (Roethke, Ciardi), and there is more social consciousness in Robert Lowell than in any ten San Francisco poets. As for the "enemy" quarterlies, their policy of discrimination is (was) not quite so rigid as Rexroth makes it out to be.

Nonetheless, it is certainly true that prior to 1956 most of the big quarterlies and the anthologies were controlled — as many of them still are — by partisans of academic poetry. In other words, a poetry written by professors: one that is preëminently "polite," exclusive rather than inclusive, inclined toward formalism and (usually) heavily indebted to the New Criticism. Moreover, many of these quarterlies indulged gluttonously in articles with titles like "John Doe on Richard Roe on Donne's Prosody."

All this criticism of criticism of criticism, and this very polite poetry in an age of rather impolite bombs, could not help but exasperate anyone with even a modicum of social awareness and emotional needs. It was precisely this exasperation which led many critics and poetry-readers to embrace (in the dark, and with their eyes closed) the "wild poetic vision" of the San Francisco School.

But *long before that*—and this is one of the gaping omissions in Rexroth's tale—this same exasperation on the part of many practicing poets and editors had set in motion the movement which came to be known as the Underground. For several years, pretty much all over America's little mag circuit, but predominantly in the West, poet-editors like James Boyer May of Los Angeles (*Trace* magazine), Leslie Woolf Hedley of San Francisco (*Inferno* magazine and Inferno Press), William Margolis of Berkeley (*Miscellaneous Man* magazine), and Lilith Lorraine of Alpine, Texas (*Flame* magazine) had been active in this movement.

During this early period (roughly, from 1950 to 1956) the battle lines were clearly drawn between Academe and the Underground. Few, indeed, were the neutral zones where the belligerents could meet face to face, as they could in that little literary Switzerland, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*. Later on, however, several new magazines with an equally catholic editorial policy emerged. Some of them, like *Whetstone* (Philadelphia, 1955), *Coastlines* (Los Angeles, 1955) and *Mutiny* (New York, 1956) were very much "little" magazines. But others, like *The Colorado Review* (Fort Collins, 1956) and *The Literary Review* (Teaneck, N.J., 1957) were big enough in both circulation and format to challenge the older quarterlies successfully.

Forbidden Equation

Danger! Danger!
Dream lone not too lone. . . .
Or find how, lonely dreaming,
one may drift to awful knowing:
valenced, no one drifts alone. . . .
How all turn . . . and comprehensive,
all, in merging ambient spheres,
encentered, yet untouching . . . .
blue *montage*, shown only real. . . .
O! sightless visions, timeless
multiples of love.

Falling, falling,
OPEN, where all those,
as others, darkly fractioned,
see no blue-lit limitless and
luminous abyss—but know.
WHAT is known to them? Just swaddling
sheets of mists, blown falsely vast,
from births maturing loneness—
frames of finite sequences. . . .
O! then, so blessed with knowing,
death's sole means to tell.

JAMES BOYER MAY

In the meantime, there was a change of editorship at *Poetry* and it, too, became more catholic.

N.B. By "catholic editorial policy" I mean something more than merely the occasional inclusion of a maverick poet. Thus *The Beloit Poetry Journal* some months ago published a special issue devoted to the American Underground and the British Movement (Winter, 1957-58), while Vol. 1, #1 of *The Colorado Review* (Fall, 1956) was widely hailed for effecting the first significant "confrontation" of East Coast poets and the West Coast Underground. Likewise, the editors of *The Literary Review*, while being most generous toward Academe, have at the same time been bold enough to devote an entire issue (forthcoming, Winter 1958-59) to the decidedly unacademic poet and playwright, Gil Orlovitz.

ALL THIS is familiar history to most West Coast poets and quite a few in the East; yet it was entirely ignored in the big-magazine coverage of the San Francisco affair. So far as I know, the Underground as a whole received extended mention in only *one* Eastern magazine; namely, in *The Nation*, where Lawrence Lipton published, in 1956, a series of articles on what he calls "Disaffiliation." (Unfortunately for Mr. Lipton and his movement, most of the poets he named in his articles — e.g., James Boyer May, Leslie Woolf Hedley, Gil Orlovitz, William Pillin — subsequently disaffiliated from Disaffiliation.)

It now becomes apparent that the San Francisco earthquake of 1956-57 was only a late phase of a seismographic phenomenon which had been building up for a long time. Moreover, this late phase was far from being characteristic of the underground movement as a whole. By that I mean that, Rexroth and Ferlinghetti excepted, the poets who are known as "the San Francisco School" (according to Jack Kerouac, they are: Ginsberg, Kerouac, Rexroth, Ferlinghetti, McClure, Corso, Snyder, Lamantia and Whalen) played a negligible role in the Underground. Generally, they had written and published very little poetry at all, before making their debut in the picture magazines.

Why, then, were so many "apparently intelligent people" taken in?

First of all, I think we must recognize that despite all their protestations to the contrary, a good many American "intellectuals" are (quite naturally, after all) impressed by publicity in *Life* magazine and some of the other slicks. Witness the number of quarterlies which, formerly contemptuous of the San Francisco wild men, have opened their pages to these unruly delinquents now that *Life, Esquire,* etc., have made them Names.

Second — and more important in the long run — is exasperation with the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" school of polite poetry. Wearied by cautious, contrived verse, and emotionally starved after years of this jejune diet, they clutched desperately at "SF poetry" as at a straw through which they might suck some of the juice of life. Their really desperate state is clearly indicated by the "rage for rage" which runs through all of the favorable reviews of San Francisco poetry. Thus Mr. Frederick Eckman, reviewing Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* in *Poetry,* was brought in his extremity to state with some naïveté: "The question of literary merit is almost irrelevant."

ALMOST, but not quite. And since (perhaps unfortunately) literary merit will always be "relevant" to a work of literature, I'm afraid we must ask the critics, however desperate their own rage for rage, to withhold their recommendations until they have looked long and hard enough to find a work that has both rage *and* literary merit.

The critic who is willing to do this rather arduous job of searching for us is, of course, a rare bird. But let us assume we had had a really hard-working critic on duty at the time of the San Francisco explosion. (So far as I can see, we had none such.) What would he have done?

Well, for one thing, he would not simply have sat back and tittered contemptuously at the whole thing. Why not? The poetry was mostly pretty awful, wasn't it? Yes, of course it was. But the fact remains that conditions had to be pretty bad before that explosion took place. Moreover, at least a few of the San Francisco poets were trying sincerely (however ineptly) to say things that needed saying.

A hard-working critic, then, would have taken due note of the conditions which produced the San Francisco explosion (the aridity, orthodoxy and inaccessibility of academic poetry), after which he would have dismissed the "SF poets" with an E for Effort and gone in search of the real thing. Or, if he were the ideal critic, he wouldn't have found it necessary to make a search at all. He would have known beforehand (from looking at *The Beloit Poetry Journal, Whetstone, Inferno, The Colorado Review,* etc.) the work of several underground poets where true poetic "rage" was fused with (relevant) literary merit.

This is not really so arduous as it sounds — the work of detection, I mean. In fact, even the critic who ordinarily disdains to look at these unannointed "off-beat" magazines might reasonably be expected, upon encountering the superlative sonnets and lyrics of a Gil Orlovitz in some of the "approved" magazines, to take up the scent and pursue the quarry into the brambles of the little mags. If he were to do so he would find, to his delight and our own gratitude, that a full measure of "rage" is not incompatible with high poetic achievement. And the same procedure would yield fruitful results in the case of several other underground poets: Leslie Woolf Hedley, James Boyer May, William Pillin, Thomas McGrath, Curtis Zahn, George Abbe, Henry Birmbaum, *et al.* Or, for that matter, a poet like William Stafford, who though he has sinned grievously in the eyes of his West Coast compatriots by appearing in "enemy" quarterlies like *The Hudson Review,* has written some of the most quietly (and often, wittily) effective "poetry of protest" of recent years.

All this is not to suggest that "underground" poetry offers us total salvation. On the contrary, much of it suffers from a certain cantankerousness precisely because it *is* so much concerned with revolt. Moreover, some of these militantly rebellious poets (including several in San Francisco) practice a curious kind of literary guilt-by-association. To them, all "culture" is contaminated from contact with the New Critics. Consequently, they resolutely refuse to be literate.

This, I think, is just one more symptom of the great division in American poetry which dates back to Poe and Whitman, and which has grown even wider in our own day, with (roughly) the academicians continuing the tradition of Poe, and the Underground the tradition of Whitman. In a sense, however, the "San Francisco Renaissance" may have helped to narrow this gap a bit by means of the self-exile of the wildest to the nightclubs. If so, perhaps we can look forward to more of that poetry which represents a fusion of these two traditions: the strength and all-inclusiveness of Whitman, plus Poe's sense of form—preferably filtered through the Eliot-Pound heritage.

In the meantime, we must not forget to be grateful to the nightclub entertainers: to a very few of them (like Kenneth Patchen) for miraculously keeping the poetry in poetry-jazz; to the rest, for gracefully retiring from poetic practice; and to all of them for helping to remove the stigma from a bad word (poetry) by coupling it with a good word (jazz).

The Orator and the Constable

DEMOCRACY AND CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA. By Currin V. Shields. McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. 310 pp. $5.

Walter Kaufmann

ON THE jacket to Currin Shields's book we are told that it is "an answer to Paul Blanshard's *American Freedom and Catholic Power*"[1] and an "incisive critique"—apparently of Blanshard. The author makes no comparable claim but refers to Blanshard twice. The first time he calls him "the high priest of American anti-Catholicism" and ridicules the "near-hysterical charge that 'Catholic power' . . . threatens to destroy 'the American way of life.'" The second time he says:

> Certainly Blanshard's virulent attacks against the Church are reminiscent of the hysterical anti-Semitic propaganda that the Nazis engaged in. In his *American Freedom and Catholic Power* (1949) Blanshard goes so far as to impute to Catholicism certain teachings which the Church has never endorsed, in fact views which prominent Catholic officials have explicitly disavowed, even condemned. What Blanshard mistakenly assumes to be "Catholicism" is for the most part, it seems, what Blanshard opposes rather than what Catholics favor.

From a critique, incisive or not, one might expect a substantiation of such charges; but Shields does not make the slightest effort to do this. His book, in spite of its twenty-three pages of Bibliographical Notes (there are no footnotes) does not meet Blanshard's on the plane of painstaking documentation. The author describes to us "the Westside Civic Improvement League which meets the first Monday of every month at the Westside Elementary School" — then, after two-and-a-half pages of this, comments: "You have never before heard about the Westside Civic Improvement League. For that matter, neither have I." But he is writing—all this is from the preface—"for people who are members of organizations like the Westside Civic Improvement League." That leaves out a lot of us, but sets the folksy, crew-cut tone for the rest of the book.

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[1] A "second edition, revised and enlarged," has just been published by the Beacon Press. 402 pp. $3.95.

WALTER KAUFMANN teaches philosophy at Princeton University. His latest book, Critique of Religion and Philosophy, *has just been published.*

SHIELDS is, he tells us, neither a Catholic nor an anti-Catholic, but an American Democrat. His central thesis is that Democracy and Catholicism are entirely compatible, though they in no way entail each other; but Liberalism is "the creed and movement both the Catholic and the Democrat reject." That Liberalism and Catholicism are incompatible will be news to Robert D. Cross, also a non-Catholic, who has just published a carefully documented study, with sixty-seven pages of notes and, in addition, an impressive bibliography, on *The Emergence of Liberal Catholicism in America*.[2] According to Shields, however, Democracy is not merely incompatible with Liberalism, but "the Democratic movement in this country arose in reaction against Liberal beliefs and practices about the exercise of authority."

Liberalism is never defined, but it gradually becomes clear that the American Constitution was drafted by a lot of Liberals and embodies many Liberal principles. Moreover, Liberal principles flourished during the administrations of Presidents George Washington and John Adams; John Marshall was a Liberal, too. Jackson was a Democrat. Thus Shields calls Liberal the very men whom Peter Viereck has long called Conservative, and gives no reason for using the term the way he does. One gathers that since World War II the word Liberal has become an opprobrium.

Shields shows exceedingly little understanding of Democracy, of Catholicism, and of Liberalism; but his confusions are sufficiently widespread today to merit at least brief analysis. He is clearest on Democracy. It means rule by the people, and there are three Democratic principles:

> (1) that authority to make decisions binding on the members is located in the group itself; (2) that in arriving at a group decision, each member counts for one and no more than one; and (3) that the group's decision is finally determined by a vote of a majority.

What is in line with these principles is Democratic; what is not, is not Democratic.

It would seem to follow that the organization and the decision-making of the Catholic church are thoroughly un-Democratic, and that the American way of political life is somewhat un-Democratic, too. The latter point is admitted, and stressed, by the author:

> The American political system designed in 1787 at Philadelphia was not intended to be Democratic; the founders of our constitutional scheme deliberately sought to curb the rule of the people. During a century and a half of American political development, reform groups have struggled to change features of our political system to make it conform more closely to Democratic principles. These struggles have not yet ended. Despite the impressive achievements of such movements . . . some distinctive features of our political system do violence to Democratic principles.

For example, "the practice of judicial review." (33f.; cf. 225ff.) Also, it would seem, having a Bill of Rights which cannot simply be set aside by a majority vote.

It is implicit in Shields's conception of Democracy that the majority has every right to decide what the people may read, how they shall worship, and how their lives are to be regulated in the utmost detail, provided only that the majority should decide to regulate these matters. If the Catholic church were willing to wait until a majority of the American people went along with its policies before it laid down the law for all of us, then Shields would have to say that it was being completely Democratic.

To make the United States "Democratic" in Shields's sense of the word, abandoning our "un-Democratic" heritage of Liberalism, which he scorns, would eliminate all safeguards against the destruction of "the American way of life."

SHIELDS's treatment of Catholicism is admirably sympathetic, but completely blind to the issues that concern Blanshard and others who think that, if Catholicism ever became the religion of half, or anywhere near half, of the American people, it would spell the end of our traditional liberties.

Lament for Our Failure To Improve on Ancient Skills

No new ways to bring death on
  have been invented.

Great Charles or the Khan
  were equals at it;
  excellently letting life
  unwrist itself.

Alex could belly a spear
  with the best, and, my Lord,
  Peter was accomplished!

They were all good,
  the old masters.

Even if any diplomatic fellow
  can pull the plug out
  of the world now,
  with that gratifying guggle
  old enamel tubs make
  when unstopped,
  there's no art in it.

W. H. GASS

These shortcomings of his lengthy analyses of Democracy and Catholicism deprive the book of its point. Since unsupported slights against Liberalism are the order of the day, one final illustration may show how completely this author fails to understand his whipping boy.

To show that Liberalism is "a bundle of logical inconsistencies which cannot be concealed in practice," he takes us back to

> the Westside Civic Improvement League. I decide to exercise my right of free speech by exhorting the membership to burn you at the nearest stake because you practice a religion I do not like. I charge that you are a menace to the community, that you are corrupting the youth, that you are inhabited by the spirit of the devil, and that everyone who associates with you is risking eternal damnation. The constable of the peace hears the commotion, enters the meeting, decides enough is enough, and off he hustles me to jail. But being a good Liberal who believes in individual rights, I protest the constable's high-handed action.

Here, allegedly, "is a real dilemma for the Liberal." Should the government protect your "religious freedom" or my "right of free speech"?

Shields fails to see that a Liberal would disapprove both of the orator and of the constable. The latter, according to the Liberal, has no right whatsoever to arrest the speaker unless a clear and present danger is demonstrated — e.g., that the rhetoric may lead to a lynching bee or a riot which, once allowed to start, could not be stopped in time.

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[2] Harvard University Press. 328 pp. $5.50.

This brings us back to Shields's irresponsible comparison of Paul Blanshard's book with "the hysterical anti-Semitic propaganda that the Nazis engaged in." The whole atmosphere of Blanshard's books is completely unhysterical. He calls not for lynching, not for some sort of Inquisition, not for any kind of religious persecution, but for discussion of important issues which too many people refuse to consider dispassionately. People prefer to counter with emotional charges of bigotry or, like Shields, with insulting and misleading comparisons.

Author Bites Critic

MAN IN MODERN FICTION. By Edmund Fuller. Random House. 171 pp. $3.50.

Nelson Algren

EDMUND FULLER is an Ivy-League Calvinist whose specialty appears to be the divination of the wellsprings of True Compassion in recent American letters.

"There is no true compassion in these modern works," is his final verdict, "the degraded, the criminal, the anti-social are sentimentalized over, wept over, identified with."

Somebody must have knocked just then—the sentence is unfinished, but the warning still rings clear: avoid shabby companions. Forget Walt Whitman saying, "I belong to those convicts and prostitutes myself/Henceforth I will not deny them/For how can I deny myself?" Or Scott Fitzgerald crying out, "Why was I identified with the very objects of my horror and compassion?" Or such mere sentimentalities as David Copperfield — we've had enough of valentines and tears. What is needed, it seems, is the dry-eyed chap who can coldly stand aside and coldly create. Flaubert, let us say, modeling Madame Bovary. But no, that won't do either—"just to look on non-committally and shrug — this is not compassion."

Compassion hot or compassion cold, he's got you either way, this waterish boy.

"You have to be a pervert or a savage," he decides, "to elicit sympathy."

Now we're getting somewhere: compassion is too good for some people. It's not for the unloved, the lost or the badly-mannered. It's a dividend distributed to the well-adjusted, those who sleep safe from the beetles and the rain, who rise to tote the brief case that earns respect, down to the office space occupied by the righteous.

"Oh, undeniably, much of the horrible picture they [modern writers] draw is true," he explains in his own strange tongue, "in the sense that it *exists*." In what sense it might be true and not exist at all he doesn't indicate. "What I object to," he objects to, "is the writer who offers me the world's horrors and offers no solution."

Actually I don't recall offering this fellow either horrors or joys. I have not yet written a novel in the explicit hope of pleasing him. But his demand for a solution has a familiar ring: this is the same condition the Communist press here once imposed upon salvation: kindly attach profile of the future with each contribution or be damned with the damned bourgeoisie.

Yet the great pride of American letters in this century has been the light it has thrown upon routine American lives, in which horror is lived through by the day; from *Maggie* to Blanche DuBois.

FULLER flatly refutes an old friend of mine, Frankie Machine, because he is a frightening character, without alternatives, without a larger frame of reference. "I declare these to be false implications of society. . . . You see," he explains, "the question of whether a writer's picture of life is true or false is very important to me."

I declare Fuller to be a false implication, period. How in the name of sense is a gingerbread boy popping out of a ribbon-bound cookie-box, a jack-in-the-box with a beard, to tell what is true and what is false of any aspect of American life? What can he know of the millions who live out their lives behind numbered doors in the nation of furnished rooms? Or of those penthouse lives where a superfluity of luxuries is companioned by such a dearth of emotional necessities?

Of course Frankie had no alternatives: that was the very reason I wrote about him. His frame of reference was the street he worked on, the army he served in and the needle he died by.

I think that Frankie would be pleased to know he had finally frightened somebody. It doesn't take much, it appears, to frighten a Fuller. Yet actually, if Fuller walked into the bar where Frankie and his friends once drank, with his beard, his degree and his true or false questionnaire, he'd be easily the most sinister party in the joint. They were men and women like men and women everywhere, with a little less luck than most. But they knew a fink when they saw one.

"But doesn't Christ preach forgiveness of sins?" he is asked. "Why shouldn't the modern artist forgive too?"

"Compassion and mercy, if they mean anything at all, *follow* judgment," is

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NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

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the answer to *that*. He throws the book at the accused, tells the next of kin "I'm sorry" and says: "call *that* mercy."

The tools of Frankie Machine's trade were a deck and a cue, and he mastered both. The tools of the critic's trade would seem to be lucidity of thought, liberality of spirit and a decent command of his native tongue. Fuller's thought is larded, his liberality befits a railroad dick anxious to make a pinch, and his English is ambiguous.

As Frankie might say to Sparrow: "life isn't like that."

The Lost Audience

THE SUNDIAL. By Shirley Jackson. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 245 pp. $3.75.

THE GREAT DAYS. By John Dos Passos. Sagamore Press. 312 pp. $4.50.

David L. Stevenson

SHIRLEY JACKSON'S *The Sundial* and John Dos Passos' *The Great Days,* both published early this spring, give one the impression of novels striven for but not quite attained. *The Sundial* is an extended and much more complex fantasy than Miss Jackson's most famous story, *The Lottery.* It is a horror comic for intellectuals, the intelligibility of which is dependent, at least in part, upon one's knowledge of this writer's previous, and less abstract, psychological fiction. And *The Great Days* is only a torso of a novel. It is Dos Passos' *Timon of Athens,* perhaps; his misanthropic lament for the vanished social awareness of the 30s and 40s when his own individual social conscience was alive and flourishing in *U.S.A.* But both novels have a special claim on our attention because of the stature of their writers. They are symptomatic, I think, of the truly serious novelist's difficulties in imagining and finding a suitably complementary audience for his art in the present days of sluggish cultural drift. When he attempts to create autonomous and richly satisfying images of human desires and fulfillments, he may give us, instead, the thin contrivances of his enervation (Miss Jackson), or the waste products of his private anger (Dos Passos).

The Sundial is an artist's abstraction, based on familial themes found less nakedly in Miss Jackson's earlier novel *Hangsaman* (1951), and especially in her short story "The Lovely House" (1952). It is a macabre and comical morality of the human id, in which all the characters are articulate and capable of decision only at the level of their most primitive wishes for power, their subliminal feelings of hate, greed, lust. The central character of *The Sundial* is a Mrs. Halloran, a Medea of the tea table and the cocktail hour, dictator of her little kingdom, a well-tended, walled-in country estate. She has dispatched and buried her only son who was a possible challenge to her power. She has reduced her husband to wheel-chair impotence, and has assumed full control over the day-to-day lives of her ménage: a daughter-in-law, a granddaughter, a sister-in-law and a few servant-companions. The novel's action is slight, and revolves about prophecies uttered by the sister-in-law that all the world outside the Halloran estate will be destroyed. It ends with Mrs. Halloran's murder, presumably by her cheerfully greedy granddaughter and legal heir, and with the assembling of the remaining characters to await the oncoming holocaust.

One may take a certain giddy pleasure in Miss Jackson's cold mirroring of everyman's hidden, mad notion that *he* will survive though the rest of the world disappear, that *his* ego is all that really exists. One may also note that *The Sundial* is excellent of its kind. It is as carefully contrived as Tennessee Wilians' *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* or Jean Stafford's *The Catherine Wheel* for a restricted audience of intellectuals, discretely bored by all radical concern with large problems of elemental probity. It is as carefully directionless, as evasive a fantasy, as Truman Capote's *The Grass Harp.* Its comedy, which depends upon the boldness and the innocence of its characters' preying upon one another, exists in the separate scenes and does not accumulate any unnecessarily raw vigor as the novel proceeds. But the cultivated emotional debilitation permeating *The Sundial* seems to have irritated rather than to have charmed its first reviewers this spring, and one is tempted to think that we have now had a surfeit of elegant sensibility and formal artistry in fiction. One wonders if, to Miss Jackson's dismay, the small audience brought into being with Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948)—an audience of superb detachment and restrained enthusiasm, fascinated by verbal designs for emotion, rather than by emotion itself—has grown restless and walked away.

IF *The Sundial* marks the end of a decade of delicately phrased fictional toying with the nuances of the human predicament, Dos Passos' *The Great Days* is a reminder that the monumental sociological novel written between the wars has been moribund, now, for almost twenty years. Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust,* it is true, was a deliberate fictional treatment of the racial problem in the South, as were the more recent and much more didactic *The Big Boxcar* by Alfred Maund, and *Deadline* by Paul Darcy Boles. But these novels, narrowly propagandistic, are obviously of lesser intent and achievement than such old masterpieces as *U.S.A.*, *The Grapes of Wrath, For Whom the Bell Tolls,* and not the revival of a pre-war genre.

The Great Days is really a nostalgic monologue given the shape of a novel. It has but one fully developed character, Roland Lancaster, an aging journalist in a belted raincoat of the 30s, whose reminiscences of the exciting tempo and mood of America up to the end of World War II make up the bulk of the book. It is set in time present, and its small action concerns Lancaster's squandering the last of his bank account on a long weekend in Havana, hoping through sex and drink to recapture a sense of belonging in today's world. At the novel's end, he faces up to the bleak fact that he is an outsider, that he has outlived both his youth when his private life had meaning, and the age of political experiment when a journalist's commitments were part of a coherent society. His feelings of outrage and defeat make

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DAVID L. STEVENSON teaches contemporary literature at Western Reserve University He is the author of The Love-Game Comedy.

Her Love As a North

There is nothing no nothing like it
The pomegranate not set
With the sweet pod split
Nor the carapace of vines,
Full and over,
On the convent wall.
Everything here is sharp
Hard come-by
But deliberate
Like fieldrock brown
Against the turning blade.
Within the deliberation of her love
Her hair is butternut
She has the winter of content
The need against
The locked white taken.

RALPH GUSTAFSON

The Great Days more of a memoir than a novel. His survival into a new world where his function is gone, suggests that Dos Passos himself, as the great fictional-journalist of *The 42nd Parallel, 1919,* and *The Big Money*, has outlived the time when his novels clearly held for his readers, in Lancaster's words, "the diagnostic finger on the pulse of power."

THE "achieved content" of Dos Passos' trilogy *U.S.A.*, along with Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms, To Have and Have Not,* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, was sociological in the largest sense of the word. This fiction written between the wars created usable points of view, large images of American life, for a generation eager for instruction, anxious to lose its provincial morality, its political and cultural innocence. But for today's serious reader, the novelist-as-spokesman has lost utility. The tone of protest and regret which pervades *The Great Days* is, I think, Dos Passos' acknowledgment of this fact.

The Sundial may mark the obsolescence of its kind of writing, and the novel of social awareness is obviously dead. We do have a body of significant post-World War II fiction, but it would be difficult to name a common denominator for the novels written by the new young men, and equally difficult to isolate the kind of response to their work made by the new audience which they have found. Is there some shared element in Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*, Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm*, Bellow's *Augie March*, Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness*, Gold's *The Man Who Was Not With It?* "Disenchantment" is tempting, but not quite right. Perhaps one could call it a piercing awareness of the contemporary individual's need for a coherent identity, his need to explore the possibilities of self in a time present, overly conscious of the chanciness of event. At any rate, the novels of these young writers, unlike those of their forbears, do not offer salvation through understanding large issues. Their work, being strictly unsociological (even that of Algren, I think), is rarely mentioned on editorial pages. And, with the possible exception of Salinger's fiction, it is not part of the general discourse of their audience. Today's serious reader, as nearly as one can tell, broods over his serious fiction in private.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE PROGRAM of Eugene Ionesco's one act plays, *The Bald Soprano* and *Jack*, at the Sullivan Street Playhouse interested and entertained me. The question raised by most people who have seen Ionesco's plays here, in London and in Paris is, "Are they a manifestation of a significant new dramatic personality or mere French flummery?"

The first thing that strikes me about Ionesco's work is its theatricality. What Ionesco does is to take ideas which are now in the air—some people would say à la mode—and make arrestingly vivid stage images of them. The effect in general is usually macabre and witty while the writing is both sprightly and sharp with overtones of pathos.

Overlong, *The Bald Soprano* illustrates the featureless inanity of lower middle-class domestic relations: the lack of connection between man and wife, among neighbors and between individuals and their ordinary environment. Men and women today, Ionesco implies, hardly recognize each other, especially if they have lived together a long time: their homes are blank spots in space and all live in mechanical response to one another and to the world. The fashionable word for this state of being is alienation.

Kafka gave this mood its classically contemporary expression. The surrealists have added something to Ionesco's palette and the perennial Parisian flair for spicy nonsense (nonsense may have meaning) has added to the recipe.

Jack is a fiercer, rather than funnier, variation on the basic theme. It is also more ambiguous, for Ionesco will not be pinned down so that anything altogether precise may be deciphered in his plays. There is a constantly waggish elusiveness to avoid any completely rational or logical connotation. This adds an element of mystery (or mystification) to the picture.

Jack might be called The Family Nags the Son Into Marriage. After the discontented and uncommunicative boy has been bullied into seeing his prospective bride—child of a rich bourgeois household—and he begins to speak with her, she overcomes his reluctance or fear by a wild outburst of erotic wooing to which he finally succumbs. At the end we see him prostrate under the solemnly ritualistic gaze of both families. Has sexual contact with his bride killed him or has he just passed out with passion? The answer is perhaps more pertinent to a psychiatric investigator than to an audience.

All this is very colorfully communicated—the family in this instance are circus folk—and with fundamental (artistic) clarity. My saying this may strike the reader as a pose. *Godot* clear? *Endgame* clear? And now this Ionesco clear? Attentive spectators will find these plays understandable—particularly those I am now reviewing—if they do not seek to grasp every word in a literal or information-bearing sense. What must be followed is what the eyes take in (for example, the weird clock in *The Bald Soprano*) and the *line of action* in each scene. The form of the plays rather than the details of each speech carries most of the message. The speech is understandable too but in a suggestive or "symbolic" rather than a strict sense. The whole is related to meaning as we know it in contemporary painting and in modern verse. What is mainly to be noted in such a play as *Jack*, for example, is that traditional scenes from bourgeois drama with almost conventional action (the mother entreats, the

The Best Way
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sister reasons, the father moralizes, the boy protests, the would-be in-laws storm, the boy begins to yield, the bride cajoles, love scenes ensue, etc., etc.) are transformed into grotesqueries by the author's thematic intention and poetically stylized dialogue.

It may be difficult to determine at present whether Ionesco's plays will eventually seem more clever than truly felt. His view of life is certainly not mine. But every phase of feeling, every aspect of truth—no matter how strange—ought to find articulation in the theatre. Ionesco utters his truth in specific stage terms which are startling and often brilliant. What he has to say moreover is justified by the routine of our daily living. The lack of spiritual content in our civilization has been the major outcry of European drama since Ibsen. Ionesco has carried this idea to the climactic point of savage caricature.

BY THE time this issue of *The Nation* appears, *Othello* will no longer be playing at the *free* Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, but will have given way to a new production there of *Twelfth Night*. The interesting thing to be remarked about the *Othello* production was that, though its press reception was less enthusiastic than that accorded the productions which preceded it, many hundreds were turned away at every performance. Once a worthy theatrical institution establishes itself—particularly outside the commercial theatre centers—interest is cumulative so that an audience comes to such an institution because of its policy rather than because of the merit of the individual show. Which is as it should be.

The same is happily true of the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford, Conn., where attendance has been good this season without the aid of "name" players (Katharine Hepburn, etc.).

The latest production there—*The Winter's Tale*—let us call it Will Shakespeare's merry prank—is a pretty and pleasing one. In this play Shakespeare, on the verge of retirement and the dreamy reconciliation with life voiced in *The Tempest*, toys with old themes—jealousy, etc.—and the various tricks and dodges of his craft. In the first part of the play Shakespeare seems to be returning to some ancient ache and then changes his mind, whimsically shrugs his shoulders and proceeds to make a joke of it all. Or was he kidding all along?

Two Nancys — Wickwire and Marchand (Hermione and Paulina, respectively)—struck me as particularly good in a generally amiable company.

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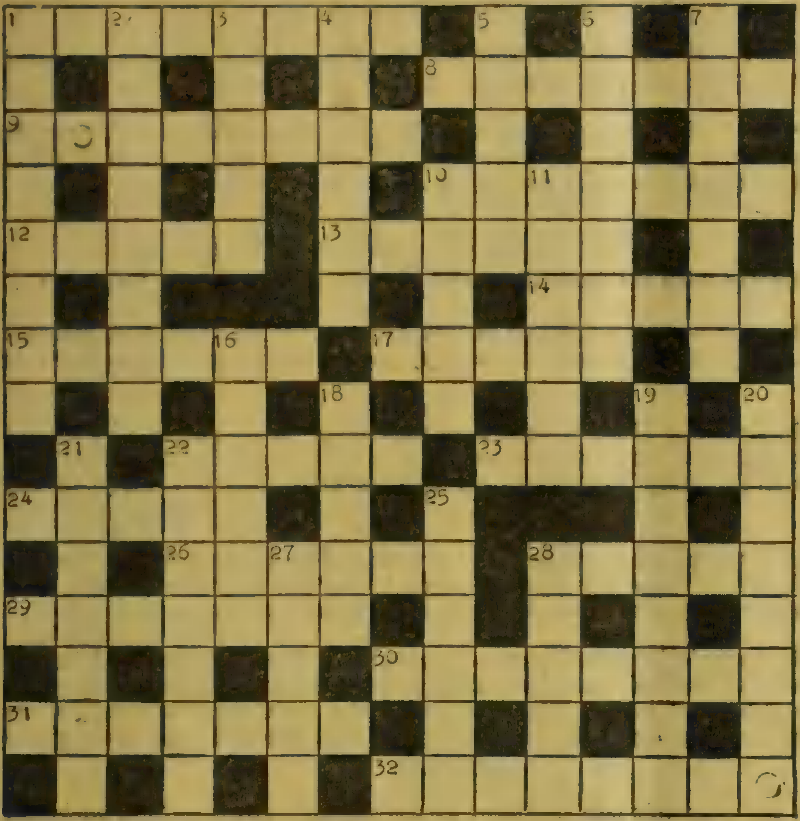
Crossword Puzzle No. 781

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Such a person might be surprised to look other than traditionally 20. (4-4)
9 Sticking to the last. (8)
10 A sort of ball that might be fielded, but running it is probably not the skipper's intention. (7)
12 It might mark the beginning of a relatively new development. (5)
13 Is a man so disturbed by the purest of his type? (6)
14 Struck with an important occasion in mind? (5)
15 and 26 Adder found in New Delhi at the time of its fall? (6,6)
17 Turnpikes? (Associated with the heads of the military forces.) (5)
22 Caesar didn't imply his friend was unthinking! (5)
23 and 28 Pardon me, but your vacation is so obvious! (2,4,5)
24 This might be a relief, in a small way. (5)
29 Common carrier? (7)
30 With this done, even the most happy fella is out of sorts. (8)
32 Bronte's sweetest flower. (8)

DOWN:

1, 5, 31, 2 and 8 Not exactly questions of parental anxiety, with the answers three strikes and zero. (5,3,3,2,3,4,3,3,2,7)
3 10 across without a case of heart trouble? (5)
4 Sterne's other name. (6)
6 Not exactly intended for the heads of state! (7)
7 A series of two articles is about a third man—don't trust him! (7)
10 The color of a sort of European fish?
11 Branch out. (6)
16 What one might do for stuffiness suggests an insurmountable defeat. (3,3)
18 Foil what a politician has to do now and then. (5)
19 You might light, but it doesn't make it cold! (8)
20 Sir William Osler said the quest of righteousness is this. (8)
21 Soldiers welcome it—some civilians fear it. (4,3)
22 Gives what might be a prize-winning sort of pig. (7)
25 His literary year is yet to come.
27 An individual sort of nomad! (5)
28 Certainly not fast. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 780

ACROSS: 1 Kennel; 10 Nunnery; 12 Ambit; 13 Oar; 14 Young; 15 Octet; 17 Undulate; 21 Treeless; 23 Wiper; 26 Onset; 28 Bar; 29 Bails; 30 Reredos; 31 Tearing; 32 Stealing; 33 Merges. DOWN: 1 and 25 Kangaroo Courts; 2, 16, 29 down, 4 and 11 None but the brave deserves the fair; 3 Event; 5 and 24 Enterprising; 6 Enemy; 7 Viaduct; 8 Sprigs; 9 Cynosure; 18 Discrete; 19 Law; 20 Presages; 22 Reserve; 27 and 28 Tidal basin.

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The Author Is In Jail

Jim Peck won't be available to attend any literary tea parties in honor of his forthcoming book, *We Who Would Not Kill.* He is serving a sentence in the Honolulu City Jail.

Peck was one of the five crew members of *The Golden Rule* who tried to sail into the atomic testing waters at the risk of their lives, to dramatize their protest against war and use of mass murder weapons.

Others in the crew had previously received suspended sentences for their first attempt. This was the second voyage. The others were remanded to jail, and Peck was offered a 60-day suspended sentence if he would sign probation papers that contained a *promise not to try it again.*

Peck refused.

Jim Peck has been refusing to cooperate with the warmakers and the war planners for a long time...

We Who Would Not Kill is his story. It will be published in late August, but we believe its message is so timely and its content so fascinating, that we are offering prepublication copies to readers of *The Nation.*

The individualist is all but gone in America. Most of us are terrorized by "what people will think." In wartime, our need to conform is increased a thousandfold, and it is incredible to find men with convictions so certain and courage so great that they will stand up against an outraged society to say "I will not kill."

We Who Would Not Kill is the story of what happened to a group of such men who went to jail for their beliefs during World War II. These were the men whose pacifism was so consistent that they refused not only to kill but also to do any work which would contribute toward the war.

For a few of them, the fight against man's inhumanity was continued and even intensified behind prison walls. Using Ghandi-like methods of passive resistance, they carried on a constant campaign in defense of their principles. They were subjected over and over again to the most extreme punishments available to Federal prison officials, but their techniques were ultimately effective and their accomplishments were sometimes monumental.

The story is told by a reporter in the dispassionate language of the skilled newsman. It is an inside story, for the reporter was there. He was there not as a mere observer, but at dead center of every dramatic episode. He emerges as almost unique even in this group of unusual men, for most conscientious objectors are sparked by either religious or political zeal.

Jim Peck leans not upon religion nor political cause. He is an individual, unlabeled, guided on every step by his own inner convictions. His life is an uncompromising search for a better life for all men.

His book is a prologue to peace.

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THE
NATION

AUGUST 16, 1958 . . 25c

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Psychiatric Reports Reveal

SACCO'S STRUGGLE for SANITY

by Ralph Colp, Jr.

JIMMY HOFFA'S COMEBACK

by B. J. Widick

LETTERS

Historic Function

Dear Sirs: Your analysis of the Middle Eastern crisis in the issue of August 2 should make all liberals rejoice that *The Nation* is still performing its historic function in saying the things that need to be said while standard journals are equivocating. An independent journal exists for just such emergencies, and this is an emergency. Millions of Americans believe with you that "the troops must come out" of Lebanon.

It seems to me there are two items, one cheerful and the other gloomy, to be added to your able analysis. While the top leaders of the Democratic Party have muffed a chance to make the party into a genuine opposition on the Lebanon issue, several Democratic Senators do deserve some praise for reasonably frank criticism on the floor of the Senate, notably Humphrey, Morse, Proxmire and Fulbright.

The gloomy item is that religious pressure groups are already at work, as they were during the Spanish Civil War, to support a reactionary policy, and they can claim the excuse that Lebanon operates as a kind of bi-religious commonwealth in which the Roman Catholic segment — now estimated at about 40 per cent — might be in danger if the Moslem segment attained supremacy. The leading Roman Catholic diocesan paper in the United States, *The Register*, carried an editorial column in its issue of August 3 declaring that "Nasser's attempt to subvert Lebanon makes our effort to save it a recapitulation of the Christian struggle to save or regain the Kingdom of Jerusalem. . . . Whether we wish it or not, we have inherited the responsibility of those who saved Christendom in Crusader times."

Annointed with oil, Mr. Dulles may still go down in history as the Leader of the Last Crusade.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Thetford Center, Vermont

Mr. Goldfine's Subtlety

Dear Sirs: Well, it seems Ike was not the first President to be vicunaed. The Spanish Ambassador gave a vicuna coat to George Washington in 1783 and the Embassy will show you the General's letter of thanks. But what particularly bugs me is that along with the vicuna went the gift of a male jackass.

What has now happened to dissolve this intriguing, perhaps symbolic, association of gifts? Mr. Goldfine is hardly a man to count the cost when it is a question of doing the job properly. And a President with a farm so liberally stocked by the bounty of his admirers could surely find a niche, if not a use, for this sturdy animal. But then I realized that Mr. Goldfine's grasp of the situation was more subtle than mine. There was no need to send Ike a jackass. He has Sherman Adams.

D. L. HARDY

Martinsburg, W. Va.

To *Nation* Subscribers

During July and August, *The Nation* is appearing on alternate weeks. The next issue will be published on August 30.

Saving Walden

Dear Sirs: Re Truman Nelson's article on Walden Pond in your July 19 issue . . . is there no way to keep the pond a revered national monument? If money would help, I would be glad to contribute what I can. . . .

PATRICIA HUTSON

West Haven, Conn.

[*Checks should be drawn payable to the Save Walden Committee and mailed to Professor Walter Harding, Treasurer of The Thoreau Society, Inc., State University Teachers College, Geneseo, New York.* —THE EDITORS]

Small Voice from Tokyo

Dear Sirs: I am a Japanese girl and seventeen years old. The March next year I will graduate. I like dress design very well. I want to be a dress designer. I want to go to America and want to study dress designing. But, I have no money to stay in America, so I am looking for a home that has charge of me. If I can go to America and to study of dress design, I am very very glad. Please introduce me the home that has charge of me. I want to the home of understanding that about this study in design.

I beg your pardon that I said for myself things. But I am a real sword.

Good bye, from

KEIKO AKAMATSU

P.S. My address: Miss Keiko Akamatsu, 265 Jiyugoaka Meguo-ku, Tokyo, Japan.

Caustic Friend

Dear Sirs: In many respects, you have failed to live up to expectations as an intelligent, liberal paper. . . . Yellow-dog contracts were violently opposed because they impinge on man's freedom to earn a living. But a closed shop meets with your blind support. . . . The immorality of constant inflation and deficit financing seems to be the keystone of your economic thinking.

Yes, there are many things I like in *The Nation*. That is why I have stuck with it for twenty-five years. But wake up! Don't be a house organ for labor tyranny and tax-eating psuedo-liberals. . . .

MEYER FIELD

Chicago, Ill.

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JAN 24

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 4

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Obsolescence of Bipartisanship

The General Assembly's special session on the Middle East will provide a circus for the propaganda gladiators, but out of it may also come a few scattered bits of constructive wisdom of a kind that often redeems otherwise banal international conferences. It is in this context that Senator Fulbright's brilliant attack on American policy, delivered in the Senate almost on the eve of the U.N. session, was perfectly timed. It serves notice on our Western friends in the Assembly that while Mr. Dulles may represent the White House, he does not represent all of Washington or all of the country. And it should give new heart to uncommitted delegations who have repeatedly been pushed out of their neutrality by the bunglers in Washington.

Mr. Fulbright pinpointed our ghastly failures all over the world, from Shanghai to Syria, from Sputnik I to the Sahara and points East. "If there is a single factor which more than any other explains the predicament we are now in," he added, "it is our readiness to use the specter of Soviet communism as a cloak for the failure of our own leadership." He might have added another specter which has plagued Washington: the specter of bipartisanship — the last refuge of the apathetic, the ignorant and the ward-heel politician. If Senator Fulbright has done no more than tear away the veil of sanctity from the architects of brinkmanship, he has done a notable service. Will the Democratic Party have the wit to see that it can best serve the country by following his lead?

The Third Specter

Talking about specters, a third — and familiar — one now hovers over the United Nations. Red China will be sitting alongside the Soviet delegation, although — in accordance with an optical principle propounded in Washington which has made a country of 600,000,000 people disappear — it will be invisible. What Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung talked about in Peking may not be known for a long time, but certainly some guesses are justified. One is that China now has the promise, if not the substance, of the nuclear warhead from its Soviet ally. If this is true, it does not require shrewd political insight to recognize that the United States is faced, or shortly will face, an entirely new situation *vis-à-vis* Formosa. China will be able to bargain from strength. And it would not be surprising if the bargaining begins at this session of the Assembly, with the Russians — perhaps in the person of Mr. Khrushchev — doing the talking for Mr. Mao. What more natural *quid pro quo,* from Peking's point of view, than an acknowledgment of legitimate Western interests in the Middle East in return for an acknowledgment of legitimate Chinese interests in Formosa?

If it seems odd that China should suddenly pop up as a major factor in a U.N. session supposedly devoted to the Middle East, it is only because all of us have fallen into the habit of compartmentalizing problems. They are easier to see that way, but much harder to solve. And the fact is that, almost by definition, the Middle East is half-way to the Far East; and a glance at the map will show that Washington is at least twice as far from Baghdad as Peking. There will come a time, there must come a time, when Washington will recognize that no international political conference can lead to fruitful results without China's participation. The sooner that time comes, the better the prospect for a peace that is de facto as well as de jure.

The Smell of Violence

Not the Faubus victory, but its extent, shocked many Northern liberals, including the editors of *The Nation*. Now a Southern, white anti-segregationist, long a friend of this magazine, rebukes us savagely for having harbored any illusions whatever about the temper of today's South:

> I know nothing is more obnoxious than to say "I told you so," but I hope that Faubus' victory will awaken Yankee liberals to the facts of life. All that "silent vote" that did not appear, the trust that "the good people of Arkansas" would repudiate Faubus. . . . What we are faced with down here is insurrection, not so violent right now, but bearing the seeds of violence. Is the writ going to run, or not? Are we to continue to have a government of law, or not? That is the question. We certainly are not unless the people in the rest of the country make up their minds that they are going to do something other than mouth pious platitudes. . . .
>
> You Yankee liberals seem to have your eyes overseas and feel that, instead of a domestic solution, we are going to have our problems settled by international events—by a kind of international class or color war. What you do not seem to realize is that the kind of foreign war our reactionaries would like to wage cannot be waged until this country is terrorized and dominated—and the South is being used as the spearhead of that domination.
>
> P.S. Get a map showing the U. S. military installations in the South.

What the writer is implying is clear enough. The country has enemies much closer to hand than in the Middle East, he says in effect; what then are we waiting for? It is not easy to answer. Are we waiting for the people of the South to be "educated" into reasonableness? Educated by whom? Governor Faubus? Collins? Hodges? Or by the tutor in the White House who so ardently believes in education but refuses to educate? Shall we place our faith in an appellate reversal of Judge Lemley's order delaying integration at Central High? But even if the reversal comes, is there reason to assume that the Department of Justice will move to enforce it with more zeal than it enforced the original desegregation order in Little Rock? Or shall we, on the amiable advice of Senator Eastland, "just plain wait for a couple of centuries"?

How appalling that such questions must be asked! The bitter fruit of "gradualism" is extremism. On the one hand, the white supremacists, heady with Faubus' victory, are prepared now to battle all the way down the line in every corner of the Southland; and, on the other, the militant anti-segregationist sees no answer but the boyonet. There is the smell of violence whichever way one turns, and even if the whites can be persuaded to stay their hand, the Negro will not wait forever.

Wall Street and Main Street

During a recent Security Council debate, Ambassador Lodge countered a Soviet accusation that the United States was run by monopolies with the statement that the USSR was, in itself, the biggest monopoly the world has ever seen. Ambassador Sobolev did not refute this solemn charge that his country was failing to observe the Sherman Anti-Trust laws, although in good conscience he could have pleaded guilty with extenuating circumstances. Monopoly in the USSR, he could have said, is subject at least to overall planning in a competitionless economy. In the United States, as the recent $3.50-per-ton increase in steel prices shows all too clearly, we have monopoly pricing in a competitionless economy — but without any planning. The old laissez-faire argument that cut-throat pricing to satisfy the laws of supply and demand was an adequate substitute for overall planning has now lost its pertinence; the only price competition in steel is *upward* to meet the boost of rival companies. Even a relatively minor giant such as the American Rolling Mills can raise prices today with absolute assurance that its mammoth rivals will follow suit tomorrow, no matter how badly production or sales may be lagging.

The inevitable result of this amiable imitating of the monopoly aspects of the Russian system is that we again face the specter of sharp inflation, and this almost before the current recession has even "bottomed out." The frantic activity in the securities market in recent weeks — the downs as well as the ups — has been due in large part to investors and speculators trying to guess at the exact timing of the inflation spiral. Regardless of prices on Wall Street, the prices on Main Street are going to stay up, and maybe go a lot higher.

The Case That Won't Die

In a special sense, the case of Sacco and Vanzetti represents a high water mark in the American pursuit of justice and fair play. "Not since that time," to quote from a statement issued last year marking the thirtieth anniversary of the executions, "has there been an effort by so many people in so many places to bring about what they conceived to be justice in a particular case." But it should be noted, also, that interest in the case continues to grow. "More has been written about the Sacco-Vanzetti case than any other criminal case in the history of the United States," writes Dr. Robert P. Weeks in an introduction to a fine collection of the relevant documents *(Commonwealth vs. Sacco-Vanzetti*, Prentice-Hall, Inc.). And this is as it should be. For as Albert Einstein wrote, on still another anniversary, "Everything should be done to keep alive the tragic affair of Sacco and Vanzetti in the conscience of mankind. They remind us of the fact that even the most perfectly planned democratic institutions are no better than the people whose instruments they are." In this spirit we have published from time to time material designed to keep this "tragic affair" alive and vivid (see *The Nation*, August 23, 1952), and Dr. Colp's unique study of Sacco, which appears on page 65 of this issue, does not mark the last time that we shall return to the subject.

JIMMY HOFFA'S COMEBACK . . *by B. J. Widick*

WHEN THE AFL-CIO Executive Council meets on August 18, the biggest challenge it faces will be the resurgence of James Riddle Hoffa. A bare six months ago, the Teamsters Union had been thrown out of the merged federations, Hoffa's "respectable" labor colleagues were denouncing him as a menace to the labor movement, he was under indictment by a federal grand jury, and powerful forces were threatening to oust him from the leadership of the teamsters.

In these six months, the pugnacious Jimmy has achieved a series of sensational personal and legal triumphs which have put him back near the top of the labor heap. True, he is by no means out of the woods; the law, Senator McClellan and President Meany of the AFL-CIO are still after his hide. But he remains head of the teamsters, and his union is expanding aggressively at a time when most other unions, hampered by the depression, are fighting defensive battles. And, most perplexing to the AFL-CIO Executive Council, many of the unions which publicly and collectively voted him into exile are privately and individually negotiating agreements with him which enhance his prestige and power.

His greatest victory — and most important challenge to the AFL-CIO — is the progress he is making toward establishment of a united labor front in the transportation industry. Through a series of mutual-assistance pacts, he is bringing together such diverse figures as Paul Hall, head of the AFL-CIO Maritime Department; Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union (and a member of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee); William V. Bradley, president of the International Longshoremen's Union (another AFL-CIO expellee), and perhaps Harry Bridges, leader of the West Coast longshoremen. Thus in the key transportation industry, which has been torn by industrial strife for two decades, Hoffa seems well on his way to achieving something that the AFL-CIO could not accomplish on its own.

NO DOUBT external circumstances have eased the way for Hoffa's sensational comeback. In the first place, the anti-labor sentiment whipped up in Congress by the McClellan hearings, and the suffocating effects of state right-to-work laws, have placed the labor movement on the defensive and in a mood to seek help wherever help can be found. The strategic role of the Teamsters Union, in this respect, is greater than any other union in the country. Secondly, whatever moral effect the McClellan committee achieved when it put Beck and Hoffa on the witness stand was dissipated by its handling of the Kohler strike; if the committee could be so wrong about Reuther and the U.A.W., could it have been so right about Hoffa and the teamsters? Moreover, and with obvious reason, the Goldfine-Adams affair has blunted the edge of any and all moral pronouncements emanating from Washington.

Hoffa has shrewdly exploited these facts, and most particularly the "defensive psychology" of the labor unions, in his climb back to power. Instead of plunging the movement into civil war, he has used the period of his expulsion to mend his fences and make peace. With the vast and strategically-placed agreements with the teamsters at his command, he has maintained working agreements with at least ten AFL-CIO affiliates, including the Machinists Union headed by Alan Hayes, who is also chairman of the merged federations' Ethical Practices Committee. Recently, he helped the Retail Clerks Union solve a five-month strike at Montgomery Ward, and he is reported in Detroit to be toying with the idea of helping his bitter rival, Walter Reuther, settle the Kohler strike. His recently announced plan to help other unions organize the 200,000 Sears-Roebuck employees is the first sign of organizational life the labor movement has seen in some years.

According to reports, the successful settlement which the American Newspaper Guild recently achieved in a strike against the Philadelphia *Inquirer* was in large measure the result of substantial backing by the Teamsters Union. And ahead of Hoffa lies the glittering prospect offered by the St. Lawrence Seaway project. As a key figure in any united front achieved by unions in the transportation field, Hoffa could undoubtedly play an important role in organizing seaway workers to the benefit not only of his own union, but of other transport unions as well.

On Mr. Meany's return from Europe on July 16, the AFL-CIO president announced he would press for the ouster of any federation affiliate involved in a pact which strengthened the teamsters. But every pact which Hoffa signs helps the teamsters, one way or another; the difficulty is that quite often it helps the other union even more. It does not

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seem that Mr. Meany's position—at least as he outlined it on July 15—is likely to get much enthusiastic support.

As for his own racket-ridden union, Hoffa seems to be making some progress toward making it respectable. His many labor critics are watching particularly the operations of the three-man monitorship which the courts have imposed on his regime. Up to now, there is evidence that Hoffa recognizes in the monitor system an opportunity for ridding the union of its most objectionable elements without involving himself in charges of disloyalty toward men with whom he has been working for years. He can always argue that his hands are tied, that it is up to the monitors. At the moment, labor observers are paying close attention to the investigation of Roy Cohen, the teamster boss of Philadelphia who was elected on the Hoffa slate as one of the three international trustees of the union. Earlier this year, Cohen refused to tell the McClellan committee how he had spent $467,523.

Meanwhile, Hoffa has authorized the restoration of self-rule to some fifty locals which had formerly operated under administrators selected by the international. He has reinstated five rank-and-file members who had been barred from the union for opposing his election to the presidency. And he has divested himself of most of the outside business interests that had gotten him into trouble in the first place.

CAN JIMMY HOFFA really clean up his union? Robert Kennedy, McClellan committee counsel, says flatly that Hoffa couldn't possibly live long enough to do the job. That may be so; in any case, what happens with the Teamsters Union cannot be the final answer to racketeering in the labor movement.

In C. Wright Mills's brilliant study, *New Men of Power*, the author points out that labor racketeering depends on three factors: (1) businessmen and industrialists who seek to corrupt labor leaders; (2) public officials who cooperate with racketeers; (3) corruptible labor leaders or racketeers who use the labor movement as a cover for their activities. Except for its exposé of Nathan W. Shefferman's role as a union-buster in behalf of management, the McClellan committee has so far failed to probe deeply into the first two factors. In this sense, all Congressional inquiries into labor racketeering have been superficial excursions into a basic social problem inherent in our system. The 1950 Kefauver hearings did bring to light some of the connections among racketeers, politicians and police officials, but the surgery necessary to sever these connections has never been performed. In the context of the current concentration on labor "villains," is it too much to ask why the FBI and other government agencies have not been more successful, or more zealous, in following the signposts left by Kefauver?

Perhaps the problem may be restated in another form: If Hoffa is the kind of man his enemies say he is, how was it possible for him to have become such an influential figure in American society? Only two years ago, he was the recipient of one of the most elaborate testimonial dinners ever given in Michigan. Among those present were Bishop Bernard J. Sheil of Chicago; Rabbi Aaron Decter of Philadelphia; John Bugas, vice president of the Ford Motor Company; Richard T. Gosser, vice president of the U.A.W.; Al Hayes, chairman of the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee, and numerous officials of Sears-Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and various large trucking firms.

The truth is that Hoffa, who along with Walter Reuther dominates the labor and political scene in Michigan, is a product of a world not of his own making. He rose to labor leadership in the Michigan of the 1930s—the world of Harry Bennett and the notorious union-busting Ford Service Department, of a bribe-taking Detroit mayor and a corrupt Detroit police, of the unsolved murders of a radio crime-crusader and a state senator who was about to testify against government officials involved in huge scandals. This was the world of the Purple Gang, which bragged of its "in" with large corporations. In this economic jungle, Jimmy Hoffa and the teamsters

fought for survival, and the battle was made no easier by the fact that the trucking industry itself had long been characterized by dog-eat-dog competition, fly-by-night operators and a heterogeneous labor force which included thousands of owner-operators who resisted all normal methods of organizing and disciplining.

In this chaotic milieu, any tough and cohesive force could exert enormous pressure; and in the Michigan trucking industry, it was Hoffa and the teamsters who supplied the force. By winning contracts which served as a sort of standard for the industry as a whole, the Teamsters Union added a stabilizing element to an otherwise anarchic picture. Herein lies the clue to the union's enormous power, and it is interesting that even today the least vocal of Hoffa's critics are the great financial interests which dominate the trucking industry. Indeed, the attitude of the trucking companies goes a long way toward explaining Hoffa's ability to survive the recent attacks upon him.

JIMMY HOFFA is merely the most successful of the old school of "business unionists" whose philosophy and practices have dominated the American labor movement for too long a time. Even the lack of democracy in his organization is in the standard tradition of the old A.F. of L., and characterizes far too many unions in the united labor movement — including many led by men who are today Hoffa's severest critics. The idealism which marked the growth of the C.I.O. has somewhere been shuffled off in the labor movement's advance to prosperity and power. Today the movement adheres to a set of standards which are normal to the business world: influence-peddling, the buying and selling of politicians, the seeking of favors, the worship of profit. The adherence to such standards by an institution ostensibly based on social idealism is the source of the most important conflict facing labor today. But labor leaders who are eating as high off the hog as Hoffa (even though their derelictions may not have been as crude) are in no position to pass moral judgment on a colleague.

IF THE AFL-CIO council, at its forthcoming meeting, is to deal successfully with the Hoffa issue, it will have to reckon with all these intramural factors involving ethics, as well as practical problems involving the teamster president's swift comeback and his growing strength. What most "outside" critics fail to realize is that unions, good or bad, clean or corrupt, will continue to hold their rank-and-file as long as they serve the workers' interests—and not very much longer. The very existence of unionism is a decisive criticism of our social order, which forces labor to seek organization to protect against exploitation. The derelictions of some labor leaders, the failure of others, does not diminish the power of the union idea. Such happenings make the rank-and-file more skeptical; they place more pressure on labor leaders; they invite public scrutiny which, in turn, increases rank-and-file pressure for better unionism. In this framework, the competition between Jimmy Hoffa and the George Meany-Walter Reuther forces may well turn out to be beneficial for the labor movement.

PSYCHIATRIC REPORTS REVEAL

SACCO'S STRUGGLE FOR SANITY . . *Ralph Colp, Jr.*

SACCO AND VANZETTI were electrocuted thirty-one years ago this month. The intervening time has enhanced, if anything, the importance of the case; the fish peddler and the cobbler have laid an indelible mark upon the America to which they came as strangers. Of the two, Vanzetti is the better known, less perhaps because of what has been said about him than because of the extraordinary eloquence with which he was able to speak for himself. Sacco spoke less, and less eloquently; yet, in some respects, he was of more interest to the psychiatrist. Several times, in the course of his seven years in jail, he approached and perhaps transgressed the borderline of legal insanity. Not until April 9, 1927, when the sentence of death was finally and irrevocably passed upon him, did he emerge at last from a series of emotional storms; and in the last four months of his life he was more cheerful than at any time since his arrest, and in the hour of his death surely no man was ever more controlled.

This article, based upon and extensively quoting from hitherto unpublished material in the records of the Boston Psychopathic and Bridgewater hospitals, deals with the "mental history" of Sacco as a prisoner. This is, then, a "new" Sacco we are to meet, as seen through the eyes of psychiatrists.

THE YEAR 1923 ushered in the third year of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The two men had been arrested on May 5, 1920, charged with the murders at South Braintree, Massachusetts, and had been found guilty a year later. With sentence still pending, the defense was proceeding with a series of futile motions for a new trial. But in the meantime Vanzetti had been convicted and sentenced on a separate and additional charge: an attempted holdup at Bridgewater. So in 1923 Vanzetti was serving time in Charlestown Prison while awaiting the outcome of the capital charge. There, by constant study, exercise and prison work, he had remained sound in mind and body.

But Sacco, almost since the day of his arrest, had been confined in Dedham Jail, where, as an unsentenced prisoner, he had not been permitted to do any physical work for almost two years. This was a man who had worked hard all his life; he could not overcome his anxieties by reading, or by the limited exercise his small cell afforded. Four or five months after his admission to Dedham he had made his first complaint: something was being put into his food. Early in 1922, he had at last been assigned to the prison shoe factory. The assignment "lasted only a week because all sorts of things happened to him: accidents befell him." Late that year, his feelings of persecution had become overwhelming, and on February 17, 1923, in protest against this persecution, and motivated also by a vague wish to die, he went on a hunger strike.

He ate nothing for four weeks. Then, on a Friday afternoon, March 16, he was examined by three leading Massachusetts psychiatrists assigned to the task by Judge Thayer, in whose courtroom the Sacco-Vanzetti trial had taken place. The three psychiatrists were Dr. C. H. Cohoon, superintendent of the Medfield State Hospital; Dr. Albert C. Thomas, superintendent of the Foxboro State Hospital; and Dr. Abraham Meyerson, a practitioner in Boston.

In a manner described by the doctors as "perfectly calm," the

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WAKE and FUNERAL . . *by Norman Thomas di Giovanni*

THE BODIES were laid out in a one-room funeral parlor near the end of Hanover Street and mourners jammed the roped-off sidewalks ten across all the way to Scollay Square. That August, a dismal end of the month, without the usual bright, relentless summer sun. They lined up at six in the morning and reached past the markets, just then opening and unfolding their dim sights and pungent odors to indifferent viewers, and past the Casino Theatre into the square itself. By the fronts of opened stores and stalls and the rank hallways of brick tenements, inching and shuffling (hazy waves of human heat rose from the lines of jamming people, eyes and heads watched out of all the windows above), it took four hours to reach the coffins less than a mile away near the corner of Fleet Street. Till at last from the dozens of stores on both sides of the funeral parlor that had to be hired for their display, came the sweet, sweet smell of flowers, from everywhere in the world and each one of them red as life's blood. Wreaths, garlands, cascades of red flowers and the streets of the North End filled with hundreds of blue-coated police, ready with tear gas, some mounted on horses and more on the roofs with (they said) machine guns.

And the anarchists, you could pick them out by their stern faces and by their black hats and the wide, black butterfly ties they wore with an air of defiance. They were everywhere, impeccable and inexorable. They too were ready and in their eyes alone carried looks that could kill.

It was arranged that you walked in on one side and without stopping passed behind one, then between both coffins, and out again. Sacco was laid out on the right, Vanzetti on the left. To the ceiling the room was banked with flowers; the caskets were heavy, rich and costly. Their faces — and here a shudder fanned through you—were the color of bronze, though drawn and hollow. But their hair was still black as night. No one wept. One ribbon on the flowers read: *Aspettando l'ora di vendetta* — "Awaiting the hour of vengeance." Another read simply: "Revenge." Some read: "Massachusetts the murderer."

Then the funeral. The whole week long they feared the Board of Health would not allow them to display the bodies for as long as Sunday (the executions had taken place just past midnight on Monday), but a hundred thousand people went to see them, so many that the funeral parlor's terrazzo floor and white marble threshold got worn and later there was a suit for a new floor and threshold. On that Sunday afternoon Hanover Street became a river and a sea of people dressed in black ties of mourning and of anarchism, with red carnations and flaming red armbands. All this despite the thin, cheerless drizzle which glazed the cobbled streets and made treacherous the trolley tracks. With mounted police flanking, the two hearses went side by side, flowers in front—some of the floral pieces so heavy it took six men to carry them—flowers behind, followed by two hundred thousand people. Across Hanover Street from sidewalk to sidewalk the mourners marched with arms locked. Walks were lined with crowds mile after mile; everywhere as the hearses passed hats were removed, and the windows of buildings were clustered with heads. Through Scollay Square the crowds were so incredible they caved in shop windows, and at one point the entire street became red when blossoms were strewn. But all streets approaching Beacon Hill had been dug up and blocked by big trucks loaded with sand in order to keep the hearses from passing in front of the State House. And at the last, nearing the crematory at Forest Hills Cemetery, mounted police columns routed the crowds, causing riots and blood and arrests. The only justice that day was the weather: the sun refused to shine.

IT HAPPENED in August, 1927. To this day there are some Italians—to whom revolution always had been imminent though less than half understood—who on seemingly fateful occasions burn foolishly with nostalgic heroism and thinly disguised theatrical bravado, demanding to know what to them serves as a test question for the socially conscious: "Where were you at the funeral of Sacco and Vanzetti?" While others who were present and ready and armed, real men, weep—have sadly been reduced to weeping—in their memory.

What a memory, that agony of triumph! When for the last time Boston was hub of the universe. Two copper cylinders with silver name-plates were left, inside of each ten pounds of ash. Their bodies died. They live.

NORMAN THOMAS di GIOVANNI, who has contributed Spanish and Italian verse translations to The Nation, *is writing a novel about Italian-Americans.*

weakened prisoner, lying on his cell bed, insisted that the state was trying to kill him by a series of slow tortures: poison was constantly being put into his food—even the food his wife had brought him had been poisoned, unknown to her; noxious vapors were being blown into his cell and electric currents circulated under his bed. To Dr. Cohoon, Sacco explained that he had gone on the hunger strike because his "suffering had become so intense that he could not permit it to go much further." When the doctor asked him why he drank water, which would prolong his life, he "stated that he did not want to die too quickly because, on account of a hearing for a new trial, he felt that he should allow his counsel some opportunity to plead. He had no confidence, however, that he would get a new trial; he did not expect any justice from the state or the government."

Following this interview, the three physicians reported to Judge Thayer that they had found Sacco "mentally disturbed." The judge then ordered the prisoner to be sent to Boston Psychopathic Hospital for a ten-day examination period.

Upon his admission, a doctor warned him: "Nick, they have sent you here to eat, and if you don't, we will feed you with a tube." Describing his thoughts later to a physician in Bridgewater, Sacco said, "You know, doctor, I have read in an Italian magazine that you can live a long time if they feed you with a tube; I knew this, and then I was too weak and could not fight them, so I said, I go ahead and eat. I was against going because I wanted justice. . . ."

So his hunger strike was broken. Sacco wheeled himself to his new quarters on Psychopathic's second-floor ward for disturbed patients, where he occupied a small room with barred windows. In front of his door —a precedent for this hospital—stood a police guard. Once in the room, he was not permitted out except for supervised walks in the corridor. He was examined daily by hospital orderlies, nurses and resident physicians, and about once every three days by the hospital's full entourage, headed by stocky, impeccably dressed, crisply speaking Dr. C. McFie Campbell, Psychopathic's director. He was also visited by Drs. Cohoon, Myerson and Thomas. Daily he saw his wife and, occasionally, his lawyer (Fred Moore), and friends.

AT PSYCHOPATHIC HOSPITAL, Sacco's mental and emotional condition took two antipodal turns.

For the first forty-eight hours after admission, he lay on his cot and was fed broth and gruel every hour around the clock. Then he began eating normally, commenting that the hospital spaghetti "was almost as good as could be obtained in Italy," and within a week had gained ten pounds. He said he "'felt fine"; the Dedham delusions vanished, and he spoke of them "as all a mistake" and "prejudice." Although he identified Psychopathic with the state which was persecuting him, and his lawyer had told him not to talk to hospital personnel except in his presence, Sacco was friendly to the doctors with whom he came in contact. When a physician commented on his hirsuteness, he japed that it proved "the correctness of Darwin's theory." At another time, he spoke of his love for his wife and two children and of his feelings for nature and the outdoors; laughing brightly, he offered one of the physicians a flower. He was especially loquacious about his profession of shoemaker: "He stated that he, himself, could not make an entire pair of shoes, that his job was merely that of 'trimming around the soles.' However, in spite of the limitations of this job, he knew a great deal about the manufacture of shoes in general, and was considerably interested in the same."

The records at Psychopathic yield this illuminating comment by Dr. Campbell: "With only three years' schooling, [Sacco] has read a great deal . . . Tolstoi, Hugo, Zola, Kropotkin." The comment is noteworthy because Sacco said he never liked school, described himself as a "little thick," and on the non-language intelligence tests given him at the hospital, he scored very low. (Psychological tests have their caveats: did Sacco's Italian background block his ability to grasp picture concepts which would have been intelligible to a native American? This is a moot point.)

And the man who was convicted of robbery and a brutal killing never ceased to stress his peacefulness and passivity. He told the doctors: "I am soft-hearted. I cannot kill a chicken. I am kind, tender, I never kill anybody. I love my fellow man." One of the reasons he gave for having evaded the draft of 1917 was simply that he was "afraid of war." Dr. Campbell summed up the patient's political philosophy: "He does not believe in revolution because that means that the ignorant people are not ready for it, and the community needs the professional workers. He waxes enthusiastic over this topic. He is a Socialist, but not a revolutionary." Sacco had not participated in strikes but only in meetings at which strike funds were raised. Even there he hung back from making speeches because "I am ashamed," meaning he was too shy.

All in all, Sacco appeared to have been remarkably well-adjusted to his family and job. Previous to his imprisonment, there had never been any suggestion of psychiatric illness.

ON MARCH 22—only a few days after his admission to Psychopathic—there was a disquieting episode. After an uneventful day Sacco, a few hours after retiring, complained to his two police guards and to the ward attendant of a slight headache. He asked for a wet towel to place across his head. When the ward attendant left to procure this, Sacco jumped out of bed and dashed his head several times against the arms of a heavy chair, lacerating his forehead. The policemen and ward attendants seized him, and as he struggled with them, he cried in a high-pitched voice: "I am innocent! There is no justice!" It finally required four men first to restrain him and then to put him in a dry pack. In the morning, taken out of the pack, he was calm and cooperative, and greeted Dr. Campbell by saying, "I am ashamed of what I done." He explained that he was tired of life, and wished to kill himself. Dr. Campbell interpreted the incident as indicating "a transitory condition of emotional tension which was intelligible in view of the emotional strain to which the patient has been subject."

In the following days, Sacco reverted to his cheerful, cooperative self. On March 26, as the period fixed for his stay in Psychopathic was drawing to a close, Dr. Campbell sent Judge Thayer a letter summarizing the prisoner's condition. With the exception of the episode of March 21, Dr. Campbell found that Sacco's "behavior has been that of the ordinary hospital patient. There has been no difficulty in caring for him . . . his mood has, on the whole, been equable." And the doctor concluded: "The result of the observation of the patient in the Boston Psychopathic Hospital has been that we have found no evidence of insanity of any type. . . ."

NEVERTHELESS, the court extended the period of Sacco's observation into April, and the extra month was to present quite a different picture.

Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans, called "mother" by Sacco, was a wealthy Bostonian who believed firmly in the prisoner's innocence and visited him frequently. She was in Sacco's room on April 2, when a doctor entered. Mrs. Evans told the physician "that she knew nothing about medicine, but that in her opinion patient was talking like a crazy man. She said that patient insisted he would kill himself as soon as he was sent to jail. She was trying to dissuade him from any such idea. Patient was quite stubborn to all of her pleadings. He said that he had suffered long enough, that he wanted it over with one way or another, that when he went back to jail he would give the judge twenty-four hours to decide the case and that if he did not set him free patient would 'take things in my own hands.' "

Five days later, Sacco was visited by his wife, Rose. They argued in Italian, and Sacco became quite agitated (later he explained he had told Rose he would go crazy, and she had answered that he was foolish). After his wife left, Sacco "suddenly jumped out of his bed and rushed toward the edge of the open door, with his head lowered in a blind, impulsive manner. Before he could strike the door, however, he was restrained. Thereafter, he became excited, somewhat noisy, and struck out violently, requiring considerable restraint. He was given treatment in the form of a dry pack with cold compresses to his head. He was talking and shouting in an excited tone, maintaining that his wife was confined in the ward above him, whence he had been hearing (as a matter of fact), the voices and cries of the women patients, which he believed were those of his wife. Later in the afternoon he further stated that his wife was still upstairs in the female ward, and that she was in a pack and under restraint." By seven that evening, he was again calm and controlled, and said "that he must be going crazy in this place, that his ideas about his wife were all a mistake." Early in the morning, he averred that he had heard voices telling him that a bunch of roses had been left for him in the hospital lobby. A few hours later he was stating "that these were crazy ideas which come to his mind he does not know how."

On April 9, he told physicians that he had been "full of foolish ideas during the night, that he had too much to think about and worry about. . . ." On April 12, at 8:30 A.M., while sitting in a chair, he suddenly lunged forward as if to dart out of his room, but was restrained. Dr. Campbell saw him afterwards, and Sacco explained that he had not seen his wife the day before, and was waiting for her to call, and that he had lunged in response to what he thought was his wife's voice calling out his son's name, "D-a-a-n-t-e." He stated further that he had not really believed his wife was here.

After this, for about a week, Sacco seemed to be calm.

Then, on April 19, after a sleepless night, he "jumped out of his bed and became violent and unmanageable, so that it was necessary to place him in a moist pack." Over the next four days it was necessary to place him in packs seven times. "During these attacks he shouts and screams that he wants his freedom; he wants to go home to his family. . . . Between the attacks and often during the attack, when he can for a moment be made to control himself, he is rational, clear and oriented, knows the time and the date and the place, and clearly recognized those about him. . . . During the attacks he at times strikes viciously at those about him, or those who attempt to restrain him, and also hurls all manner of abusive and profane imprecations upon others."

Nick Sacco had succumbed to a form of what today would be called "sensory deprivation."

SENSORY deprivation, in its strictest sense, involves the isolation of an individual from everyday sights, sounds and actions, and is illustrated by the following experiment. Confine a group of "normal" persons in iron lungs such as are used in the treatment of poliomyelitis patients; darken the room, exclude all human contact and sound, and limit the motion of arms and legs by confining them to cardboard cylinders. After thirty-six hours, every individual in the group will develop some mental disturbances: most will not be able to think clearly; about half will develop delusions. Nick Sacco had been exposed to a somewhat analagous situation for nearly thirty-six months. Although he had contact with people, he had been deprived of the three most important things in his life: wife and children, job, and his exercise and contact with nature. The daily Psychopathic visits of Rose Sacco—in Dedham she had not visited as frequently—aggravated the patient instead of assuaging him, and were the direct cause of his most powerful delusions and hallucinations. It was as if every visit of Rose—however much her husband desired it—could only be unbearable to him. No one understood this better than the bachelor, Vanzetti, who later wrote: "Has Nick a wife? Yes, and a good one; but, not being free, he must either think she is consoling herself with somebody else, or that she is suffering the unspeakable agony of a loving woman compelled to mourn a living lover."

And, of course, if Sacco was innocent, his resentment and despair must have contributed to his condition.

What grim irony! The Psychopathic psychiatrists realized that these factors were causing Sacco to go mad, but they were as powerless as Sacco himself to correct them. They could only stand by and watch while under their direct aegis, in a room of their hospital, the man who was a gentle, retiring lover of nature and mankind changed into a violently demented creature whose one insinct was to injure himself.

ON APRIL 10, in a new letter to the court, Dr. Campbell wrote: "In view of the fact that the patient developed the mental disorder in prison, and in view of the uncertainty as to his insight into the delusions to which he was then subject, in view of the great probability that return to the prison environment will precipitate a return to the delusions, and in view of the repeated threats of suicide, and in view of the episodes of impulsive behavior, with statements of hearing voices, I am of the opinion that the patient is of unsound mind, and definitely requires hospital care and treatment, and should be committed as such to a hospital for mental disorders." Drs. Cohoon, Thomas, Myerson, and Dr. James V. May, a psychiatrist who had examined Sacco under court order at Psychopathic, concurred.

On April 22 (defense objections had caused a delay), Sacco was driven from Psychopathic Hospital to the Bridgewater Hospital for the Criminally Insane and there committed. April 23—his first morning in Bridgewater—was his thirty-second birthday.

THE RECORD AT Bridgewater covers five months, but is sparse compared with Psychopathic's record of five weeks, and relates quite a different tale.

Sacco entered Bridgewater in a mood which the admitting physician described as "agreeable and cooperative." After two days he was chatting in friendly fashion with the other prisoners, and soon was working at polishing floors. Instead of a room, he was given a ward bed, and was seen only occasionally by the doctors and hospital personnel. After four days, he was permitted to exercise in the ward. After several weeks, he could spend his mornings working in the Bridgewater Prison farm, where he tended a small garden, just as he had once tended a garden in the back of his home. His appetite remained good, and by June 20, he had gained twenty-six pounds. And throughout he remained "always quiet, cautious, pleasant, and agreeable" and neatly dressed. When asked whether he was mad, he replied, "Doctor, I am not one of that kind. My mind is clear. I am not crazy." He told the Bridgewater doctors, "I know you people here are honest." He became optimistic about his chances for a new trial.

So, unpredictably, in the place where the defense had opposed sending him, Sacco regained his sanity. How a person recovers from a psychosis is unknown. But perhaps an analogy, in this instance, may again be found in the iron-lung experiment: once released from the lung, normal people quickly recover. Certainly at Bridgewater, Sacco's sensory deprivation was less than at Dedham and Psychopathic. There was less supervision, more space to move around in, more work, outdoor exercise; and there was the gardening. Perhaps the fewer visits from Rose also contributed to Nick's recovery. "Occasionally," Dr. Mountford, the Bridgewater physician, noted, Sacco "presents a worried look which he explains by saying that it is all caused by the long procedure of the court, which keeps his case from being settled one way or the other." On July 9, Dr. Mountford wrote, Sacco "says he has not given the suicide idea up, and regrets that he did not die in his former attempt. In explaining this statement, says he does not wish to commit suicide now, but says he wants to get justice, and insists if ever confronted by similar conditions of those before he came here, he would not hesitate to commit suicide." After saying this, Sacco looked out the window into the prison yard, and with great interest watched a ball game.

These darker thoughts remained in the antra of Sacco's mind. He had come to Bridgewater on April 22, with a diagnosis of "psychosis"; he was discharged, on September 29, with a diagnosis "not insane."

Discharged back to his cell in Dedham! Sacco had warned that if returned to that cell he would commit suicide: "The great possibility . . . [is] that return to the prison environment will precipitate a return of the delusions. . . ," Dr. Campbell had written. Again, while the time passed in motions for a new trial, Sacco languished in this cell until April, 1927—forty-six months. How close he must have veered to the edge of madness can be sensed—though no more than sensed — from the published volume of Sacco and Vanzetti letters. Sacco's hostility, instead of being turned on himself, was directed at his friends; in July, 1924, he refused to see all "philanthropic" members of the Sacco-Vanzetti defense, including Mrs. Evans; he next broke with his lawyer, Fred Moore. However, a new lawyer was acquired; Sacco apologized to his "philanthropic" supporters and never again required mental hospitalization. Sacco's sanity never again became a public issue.

WITH THE SENTENCE of electrocution on April 9, 1927, the uncertainty of the preceding seven years vanished. A leitmotiv running through Sacco's psychotic episodes had been, "Kill me or set me free." Once he knew he would die, Nick Sacco became more cheerful than at any time since his arrest. The integrity of his personality attained an apogee when, refusing the pleadings of Vanzetti and all his friends, he shunned any dealing with the authorities. There was a final moment of disquietude when he went on a hunger strike which, after seventeen days—again on the threat of forced feeding—he gave up. On August 23, 1927, he went to his death, quietly and with dignity. Nick Sacco had lost his struggle for freedom and life, but at the end the issue of his sanity had been decided in his favor.

MISSILE STRATEGY: 1968 . .

by C. H. Waddington

IT IS GENERALLY agreed that effective disarmament, particularly as regards nuclear weapons, seems at this juncture to be far off. The reasons are twofold: (1) while agreement might be reached to check the *production* of nuclear weapons, it is technically impossible to assure the destruction of *existing* stockpiles, some of which might be hidden in undetectable fashion; (2) because the Communist world enjoys a great preponderance of manpower, the capitalist world can be expected to take the position that nuclear disarmament would leave it in a hopelessly inferior military situation.

The immediate and pressing problem, therefore, is not disarmament but the establishment of a world-security system which will provide mankind with a relatively safe way of living with nuclear bombs until the time does arrive when they can be gotten rid of. This requires, above all, a Soviet-American agreement; once these giants feel that their position is reasonably stable *vis-à-vis* each other, the numerous problems connected with the lesser powers might be dealt with more easily.

C. H. WADDINGTON, Professor of Animal Genetics at Edinburgh University and one of Britain's foremost scientists, has done extensive work on the biological effects of nuclear fall-out. He was among the scientists invited to the second Pugwash Conference held at Lac Beauport, Canada, last spring.

The first requirement for such a security system would be a halt to the arms race, not only in nuclear arms but in all other military technological weapons. What are the prospects in this direction?

One of the most potent causes of the arms race is the military doctrine which may be called the "counter-force" strategy. That is the strategy in which Country A attempts to attack the military resources of Country B, as well as to defend itself. In the present context this means, for instance, destroying the enemy's rocket sites and trying, by the use of anti-missile missiles, to shoot down his rockets and aircraft.

But now, in the theory of the "nuclear deterrent," we can envisage an alternative to the "counter-force" strategy which may lead to results of first-rate importance. The basic theory of the nuclear deterrent is that Country A should be able, no matter how vigorously attacked, to inflict extensive damage on Country B. This need not involve attacking B's military forces; the objectives would be cities and industrial potential. Once the striking forces of both A and B are invulnerable, there is no longer any point in either country's attempting to match or surpass every increase in the forces of the other. All that is needed, in the arsenal of each, is a *sufficient* and *invulnerable* retaliatory power.

At present, we seem to be in transition between the stage at which counter-force strategy is appropriate and one in which a deterrent strategy will become fully operative. This is because present-day attacking forces, based on manned bombers and liquid-fueled rockets, have to be operated from "soft," i.e., vulnerable, bases; and it still makes sense, although perhaps already not very much, for Country A to defend against Country B by being in a position to destroy B's military bases.

But within a few years—perhaps ten — we shall have passed into a phase in which massive attacks can be launched by solid-fuel missiles located deep underground or operated from mobile launching platforms. At that stage, bases will have become "hard," or invulnerable, and the counter-force strategy will have become obsolete. The arms race, in the sense of the indefinite multiplication of a variety of weapons, might then come to an end. We might pass into what could be called the "Fort Knox" strategy, with both sides in possession of a store of solid-fuel rockets, sufficient to inflict great damage, buried deep in the earth and—we hope—never to be used.

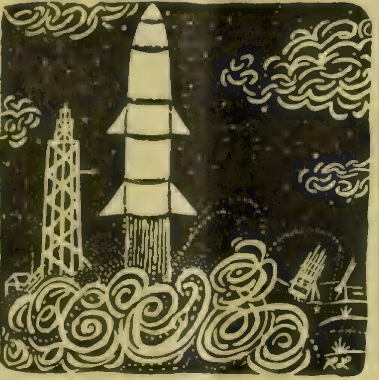
It has been pointed out that the "Fort Knox" strategy has its own dangers. It would mark, of course, the true advent of the push-button war. The time between the push of the button and the explosion over enemy territory would be reduced to a half-hour, perhaps less. Once the decision to launch was taken, there would be no time for second thoughts. Yet this danger is not so great as it appears. If the bases are really invulnerable, there will be no need for instant retaliation to an attack which might later turn out to have been caused by technical accident. Time could be taken for investigation in the assurance that the power to retaliate was always there. This is not true under present conditions, when bases are "soft," and it is essential to strike the retaliatory blow before they are damaged. Thus, on balance, the development of solid-fuel, long-range rockets, operating from "hard" bases, ultimately would reduce the danger of accidental war. [*The more immediate dangers of war by accident are discussed in an article by Carl Dreher which will appear in* The Nation *shortly.—Ed.*]

HOWEVER, an adequate security system should provide against risks other than those of accidental war. Some provision for adequate warning of impending attack is essential. Of course, several proposals to this end have already been advanced. The American plan, which lays particular stress on aerial inspection, could almost certainly detect preparations for a major attack by conventional land forces. It could also locate airfields, but not necessarily preparations for large-scale air attack. And while aerial observation could spot the bases for liquid-fuel rockets, it probably would miss the underground installations for solid-fuel rockets.

Obviously, aerial inspection must be linked to a system of ground-based inspectors. These should be located in the neighborhood of major airfields and rocket bases, at submarine ports and at major centers of land communications. Such a system was suggested by the Soviet Union in 1955. An adequate network of inspectors would provide knowledge of how many long-range aircraft, submarines, etc., were "out of sight" of the inspection system at any given time, and thereby be in a position to warn of a dangerous situation.

Thus, if there were in existence a system of aerial reconnaissance to assure that there were no unknown bases, and a ground-inspection network to keep check of how many aircraft had "disappeared from view," it would be difficult for one country secretly to mount a major attack on another. Moreover, the two systems would minimize the danger of catastrophic misinterpretation of a technical accident.

Neither system, of course, would be of any use in the detection of underground bases. [*On July 13, Premier Khrushchev stated that the Soviet Union—at least until mutual "trust" was established—had no intention of going beyond its original offer of a limited number of "fixed" ground-inspection teams. On the same day,* The New York Times *reported that Western scientists, meeting with Eastern colleagues at Geneva to discuss nuclear-blast detection systems, believed that mobile inspection teams were vital to the detection of underground blasts. The argument would seem to be even more valid with respect to the detection of underground bases.—Ed.*] But we have already seen that by the time the major powers move into the operational stage of hard-fuel ICBMs, instant warnings would be of no use, and instant retaliation would be unnecessary. The hope in this field—and it is a very real hope—lies in the fact that the deterrent forces in the hands of two or more countries would cancel each other.



INDICATIONS ARE, then, that (1) a system which would to a large extent insure the security of the two big powers is possible; (2) technological developments are moving away from our present enormously expensive counter-force strategy in the direction of "hard"-based, solid-fuel rockets. During the second Pugwash conference last April, which I attended, someone estimated that if counter-force strategy continues to dominate military thinking during the next twelve years, the world as a whole will spend on arms something like $2 trillions, or approximately $1,000 per head of the world's population. All that, merely to stay where we are, politically!

My impression was that most of the Western scientists at Pugwash thought that the transition to the "Fort Knox" strategy would prove a likely avenue by which at least some escape from this appalling waste could be achieved. Some of the Russians were perhaps more skeptical, but they agreed that the possibilities were worth careful investigation.

VERY FEW THOUGHTFUL observers to whom I have spoken—and these include the scientists at Pugwash—believe that either the United States or the Soviet Union would deliberately start a nuclear war. The great danger, it would appear, lies in the technological accident and, even more, in the small war which might suck in the larger powers.

The dangers implicit in the small war are indeed very great, and I have heard of no satisfactory plan for obviating them. Yet surely it would be pessimistic to think that solutions cannot be found even to this problem. The whole question of peace surely is deserving of the attention of man's best intellects. At Pugwash, it was suggested that there be created an international Planning Office for Peace. It was pointed out that military planning staffs of various countries work out in great detail possible plans of attack and defense in relation to their own countries. The techniques developed, including the use of computing machines to study "war games," are prodigious examples of ingenuity. It would be perfectly possible for a "peace office," in similar fashion, to investigate the practicability of any given world-security system. It would certainly be worth-while to have such studies made, and it should not be too difficult to organize the machinery for doing so, perhaps through the United Nations.

The setting up, in addition, of something like a U. N. Arms Information and Research Organization is not quite as Utopian a project as it might seem at first glance. At present, the military intelligence establishments of various countries gather information about the magnitude and kind of forces available to their potential enemies. But a great deal of information of this kind is publicly available, as in *Jane's Fighting Ships* and *All the World's Aircraft*. Surely the collection of such information should not be left to private enterprise, but should be made a public responsibility. In any case, we are moving into an era when it will be an advantage to both sides to exchange technological information (as, for instance, on the development of the "clean" bomb).

I REVERT TO Pugwash for a final point. Eastern and Western delegates alike agreed that the urgent problem confronting the world is not one of spreading capitalism or communism, but simply of preventing the major protagonists from disappearing from the face of the earth. It seemed to be rather strongly felt by most of those present that, at least for the next ten or fifteen years, the common interests of the two sides in self-preservation was greater than their ideological rivalry.

Time, then—at least the decade ahead of us—is on the side of peace. The problem is to exploit the opportunity given us.

TREASON in BLACK and WHITE . .

by Anthony Sampson

London

ON AUGUST 1, the trial was opened in Pretoria, South Africa, of ninety-two people accused of high treason or, alternatively, of communism. A curious mixture of people was assembled in the courtroom—mostly Africans, ranging from a professor to lorry-drivers, but with a sprinkling of Indians and a handful of radical Europeans—to face the charge for which they could hang. The case is a crucial one not only for them, but for the whole continent. For what is on trial, as one of the defense counsel has said, is not only individuals: it is a "battle of ideas" between the idea of white supremacy and *apartheid* on the one hand, and the idea of the equality of man on the other. Neither the prosecution nor the defense has made any bones about the political character of the trial. The chief of the prosecution is a veteran nationalist and a former avowed admirer of Hitler, Dr. Oswald Pirow, Q.C., while among the defense team are men who have for years been involved in radical campaigns against white supremacy.

It is not a new story, but it serves as a sharp climax to an old one; and whatever the outcome of the proceedings, it seems likely that they will be regarded by future historians as the final parting of the ways between the two sections of the South African population: the three million white people who rule it, and the nine million black people who are ruled. For the Africans who are being arraigned for treason are not simply a radical or revolutionary wing of cranks or crusaders; that is one of the odd things about these trials. They are a reasonable cross-section of the African population of South Africa, including conservatives, liberals, racialists, "Uncle Toms," Communists and die-hard nationalists. It could hardly have been made more clear that it was the African people, not merely the defendants, who were on trial.

WHAT, THEN, are the trials about? They have an odd and Kafka-esque history. It is now almost two years since, on December 4, 1956, 156 people of all races were arrested at dawn, imprisoned and charged with high treason. South Africans and others can be forgiven if, in the subsequent months, the word "treason" lost some of its original edge: the preliminary hearings alone of this astonishing case occupied the best part of a year and three million words of typescript, and they constituted the longest, most eccentric, most boring but most vital trial in the history of the entire African continent.

It is not easy to convey the bizarre, yet monotonous character of those months of preliminary hearings. At the beginning, it seemed to be quite clear what the proceedings were about: the 156 people were charged with attempting to overthrow the state by violent means — mainly, it seemed, on the evidence of a meeting, called the Congress of the People, they had organized some two years earlier near Johannesburg, at which they had drawn up a rambling document bearing the title, the Freedom Charter. This was a kind of warmed-up declaration of human rights, full of pious sentiments and with only tinges of Socialist doctrine. The case seemed straightforward, but as the prosecution rambled on through the year, producing pamphlets, speeches, flags, notice-boards, collecting-boxes, a Chinese dressing-gown and a notice saying, "Soup Without Meat," it became all too clear that the trial was becoming a showcase for everything and anything the police had collected in the last few years.

The 156, sitting in the barn-like improvised courtroom day after day, saw themselves gradually being smothered in a heap of irrelevant documents. When, after a year, the prosecution started producing incidents which had occurred at the beginning of the hearings as part of the evidence, it looked as if, with the prosecution eating its own tail, so to speak, the proceedings would never end. But end they did,

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ANTHONY SAMPSON, on the staff of the London Observer, *has written a book about the South African treason trials called* The Treason Cage.

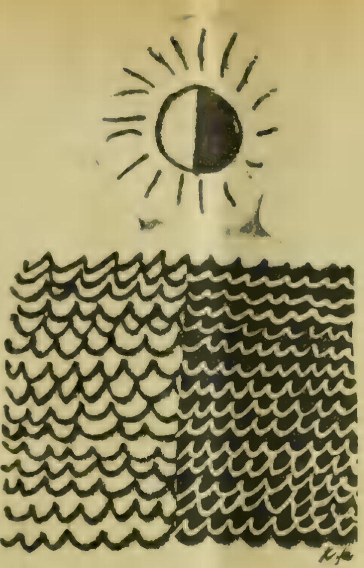
early this year. The court adjourned, sixty-four people were dismissed with no charge to answer, and now, after six months' sifting of the three million words, the prosecution has begun the trial proper.

WHAT HAS LAIN behind these fumbling proceedings is anybody's guess; but it seems likely that what happened was roughly this:

The South African Government, which consists almost entirely of race-proud Calvinist Afrikaners, dedicated to the principle of white rule, decided that it was time they taught a lesson to the African opposition, which centered in the wobbly, rather shapeless body called the African National Congress. It seems likely that the Afrikaners suffered from hallucinations as to the extent of the African opposition; it may be that they genuinely thought that the congress was on the verge of organizing a national revolution. If so, they were wrong, for the congress is a cautious and largely ineffectual affair. But the police amassed a great deal of evidence about it which they thought might be treasonable—and, at a suitable time of year, when crusades aaginst communism were fashionable, they pounced.

But, having scooped up the potential traitors, everything seemed to go wrong. The evidence didn't fit, the detectives couldn't read, the wrong witnesses were produced and —worst of all—much of the evidence seemed to indicate that the congress was insistent on the principle of non-violence—whereas a necessary part of treason is the proof of violence. So new evidence was searched for and found, evidence of murders, arson and riots; violence certainly, but unconnected with the congress. This is the rubble from which the prosecution must now produce their case.

But that is not to say that the case will fail. Even if there is no proof of violence—and there is nearly always a backwash of violence in any such movement—there is always the alternative charge of communism. Communism in South Africa, by virtue of the Suppression of Communism Act of 1950, is something very special: a Communist is therein defined, among other things, as anyone who attempts to bring about a political, social or economic change in the country. A Communist, in fact, is anyone who believes in racial equality, and of that heresy all the accused may be found guilty; some of them, indeed, had already once been convicted of it when they organized a passive resistance campaign in 1952. A second conviction would earn them a long prison sentence.



WHAT ARE the real issues behind these melodramatic charges, this double talk and legal paraphernalia? The state of South Africa is both better and worse than the trials would make out. Certainly there is no such dramatic conspiracy as the Government has evidently suspected, and it will be many years before the African opposition will be in a position to overthrow the state, even if it wished to.

For the African front in South Africa is the weakest and most divided of all the movements in the continent. The reason is not difficult to find. South Africa has a far higher proportion of whites to blacks (one to four) than any other territory in Africa, and whites dominate the lives of Africans in a way that they cannot do further North, where whites are few and far between. Africans in South Africa have been Westernized, urbanized, detribalized, until many of them have the same ideas and ambitions as any white worker. It is herein that their tragedy lies; having been uprooted by the whites, they now, by the policy of *apartheid*, are told to return to their people, follow their own culture and, in the classic South African phrase, "develop along their own lines."

But they have no lines; their own they have discarded, and the white lines are shut to them. Hence their confusion and hence, for the time being, their political weakness. They are the most sophisticated and Western-minded of all Africans in the continent; but they have none of the political confidence that comes from a national heritage, from tribal gods or warrior ancestors. The Africans who now sit in the dock facing the charge of treason are men who have clamored to be admitted into the Western world; it is only in the last few years, when the gates of *apartheid* have been shut on them, that they have turned sadly to political organization.

The weakness of that organization was shown only a few months ago when, before the general elections at which white South Africans went to the polls, the African Congress decided to stage mass strikes and protests to remind the white voters that the other three-quarters of the population still existed. In part, they achieved their aim, for at the first wind of strikes, the European press panicked, showering the congress with restraining advice. But the strike failed, and the congress was split into factions; the prize of African unity, against the forces of divide and rule, had once more slipped from them.

But in spite of these spectacular failures, the congress' strength is very quickly growing and in a sense it is a force much more dangerous than the treason trials make appear. For the nature of the African revolt, when it comes, will be nothing so simple and finite as a single conspiracy planned at an open-air meeting. The disaffection that is now spreading among Africans in the Union is something much deeper, and more effective, than treason. It is a loss of faith in the whole basis of the white men's civilization.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Through the Blur of Pain

EXILE AND THE KINGDOM. By Albert Camus. Translated by Justin O'Brien. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 213 pp. $3.50.

W. S. Merwin

A LITERARY reputation is doubtless as partial, elusive and unreliable a thing as most other intimations of immortality; Albert Camus' reputation is a case in point. He has been the idol of at least two different cults at different times during the period — well under two decades — since he began to publish. In the years immediately following the war he was as loudly acclaimed as a figure in the Existentialist movement as he was for the originality and merit of his writing. More recently he has become, in certain quarters, something of a symbol; he is taken to represent individual integrity in the contemporary world with its encroachments of compromise and its vulgarity of spirit. In those circles his writings are treated as a text, ripe for exegesis but above criticism. When, in 1957, he won the Nobel Prize, he was one of the youngest recipients in the history of the award, and the body of his published work was far smaller than that of most previous winners. In the same year his book *The Fall* was a disappointment to many admirers, and at present a quantity of his former enthusiasts instantly exude scorn or labor their indifference at the mention of his name. Some of this is genuine antipathy, and some of it is very well taken. And some of it, just as surely, is based on nothing more to the point than the fact that the present detractors were flushed disciples ten years ago.

It's easy to insist that all this is irrelevant to an evaluation of Camus' writing, and in a sense it obviously is. But at least it should be admitted that where there has been as much fuss as there has been about Camus, you are likely to be aware of it whether you like it or not, when you open a new book by the writer. How awkward, very possibly, for the writer— unless the book is a startling triumph, at least as remarkable as the writer's best previous books, which *Exile and the Kingdom* on the whole, is not. It is a collection of stories, and a very uneven one. The first of them, "The Adulteress," depends for its success on a rhetorical "mystical" passage in the writing and characterization, which I find forced, unconvincing and doubly aggravating because the evocations of physical and spiritual landscape leading up to it are brilliant and telling. The story entitled "The Mutes" seems, in the end, to be without a center because the main character is only vaguely realized. The long ironic parable-story, "Jonas," is arid and two-dimensional as a story, diffuse and opaque as a parable. And the final piece, "The Growing Stone," filled with powerful writing and brilliant scenes, is hardly more successful than the first, and for much the same reason: the "mythical" conclusion seems to lack a dimension — a lack which the story had not suffered from up until then.

HAVING written this much in disparagement of four out of the six stories in *Exile and the Kingdom,* I must say at once that the unevenness of the collection is not shameful or surprising. This is not a cautious book; in it Camus has attempted a number of things which he never tried before. No two of these pieces are really of the same kind: the form, the approach to an imagined reality, differ in each. For example, in contrast to the parable-story I mentioned, there is "The Renegade," a monologue by a tongueless madman which is as idiosyncratic as a novel by Beckett, and to my mind one of the two finest stories in the book. The other is "The Host," which has much of the air of a straight naturalistic story.

What keeps it from being that is the same thing that keeps *The Stranger* from being a straight naturalistic novel; it is a matter of vision more than of organization: the action seems to be set both in the plain world and in a hallucination— circumstantial, eminently recognizable, and inescapable, but a hallucination even so. Camus' stories are haunted by an incomprehensible necessity, deliberately cruel, alien to the characters, using their own strength to fetch them painful defeats. Even in a relatively subdued, apparently straightforward narrative like "The Host," you know from the beginning that you are in a world where this is so. In an empty schoolhouse, in the remote uplands of North Africa, the schoolteacher, a youngish man who feels exiled anywhere except near the desert, is standing at a window watching two men, one mounted and the other on foot, climb toward him through an unexpected snowfall. A gendarme from a settlement at some distance is bringing him an Arab, a murderer: because of unrest in the district and a shortage of police, it has been ordered that the Arab is to be left with the teacher, who is to take him, on the following day, to the authorities at a larger village further on. The teacher feels himself caught between a number of responsibilities and aversions: he is repelled by the idea of taking a bound prisoner to prison, and equally disgusted by the man's crime. He releases the prisoner from his manacles, when alone with him, and makes no attempt to keep him nor to defend himself; he finds that, as a result, he has won the Arab's esteem. In the end he takes the Arab out onto the upland, shows him the path to the village and the authorities, and the other path toward safety and freedom, and leaves him. The Arab, it turns out, has understood the teacher's dilemma, and when the teacher looks back he is heading toward the authorities. But when the teacher gets back to the school he finds a message from the Arab's kin, threatening him for turning their relative over to the police. The situation seems like a feverish mirage — yet one from which there is no escape. And looking back, you realize that you knew it was going to be like this, at the beginning, watching the two men laboring up the hill through the unwelcome snow.

"The Renegade" is a far wilder story, on the face of it. It is cast in the form of a first-person narrative: a missionary to the natives of a remote fortified mountain city built of salt has been tortured and had his tongue torn out; he has renounced his religion and embraced that of his captors; now he has eluded them and is trying to sort out his tangled mind while he waits to ambush and kill some other Europeans who are expected. The heart of the story is the reversal of faith, the tormented conversion, and the blossoming of a masochistic nihilism in the central character. But are these actual natives, or shapes in a nightmare? Did these events really happen to the narrator, or are they the figments of a violent delusion? It is part

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W. S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. A collection of his verse, Green with Beasts, *was published in 1956.*

of Camus' purpose that the question remain unanswerable. And again, either way, the situation is inescapable.

These two stories are central to the rest of Camus' writing; they shed light on his other books, especially *The Stranger* and *The Plague*, for they seem to be relatively direct revelations of Camus' vision. He is dominated by a sense of enormity; suffering and indignity are crucial to his theme, and many of his sharpest figures are seen through a blur of pain. It is no accident that one of the most vivid and memorable images of Camus' work is that of the hero's sweat-blinded eyes, on the beach, before the killing, in *The Stranger*. And it is not surprising that among his acknowledged masters are Kafka and Nietzsche.

With two exceptions these stories are set in North Africa, a place wonderfully suited to Camus' theme. He was brought up there, and the landscape in his hands takes on the translucent quality of places known in childhood and youth and long since left. But he certainly has not softened it. Even in the less successful stories which are set there he manages to give the place and the events that happen in it the air of a disturbing legend. His ability to do this is in itself exciting. And the two stories I have outlined invite comparison with Camus' best work, which is high comparison indeed.

'False Wentletrap! Avaunt'

MIRRORS AND WINDOWS: POEMS. By Howard Nemerov. The University of Chicago Press. 102 pp. $2.75.

M. L. Rosenthal

> . . . . *in a world*
> *where even the Memnon stones were carved in soap*
> *one might at any rate wash with the soap.*
> ("A Day on the Big Branch")

"THOU granulated thing," says a female mollusk to a male one in a Nemerov poem—"I deprecate on thee." This crushing rejection occurs in a dialogue between a certain Wentletrap and his Elysia in "Drama":

> —Ah, green Elysia
> Scuttled at last into the western sea,
> Thou crownéd, fragile sea-nymph, slender bodied,
> Thy lobes and processes have trancéd me,
> My lust begins to rule.
> —False Wentletrap!
> Avaunt. . . .

The poem ends with the lover's destruction by the female, in a thorough burlesque of the heroic tradition and its modern inversions.

> —Elysia,
> Upon thy cruel tentacles I die.

Nemerov, the best and wittiest younger poetic spokesman of the American liberal intelligence, is mainly just having fun here. Nevertheless, the poem tells us a good deal about what has happened to the Romantic and melioristic view. In its own way it is a memo on the subject of despair; beautiful Elysia will devour us at last, but the poem is written in joy and with the implication that the wooing, and the dreams and language that go with it, is worth that foreknown disaster. The name Elysia itself, though comically used, supports this suggestion. The dream of Elysian perfection destroys the dreamer, yet without it neither art nor social existence seems quite worth the effort.

Not to belabor so delightful a poem, this is an old Romantic theme. Modern poets, Yeats especially, have modified it by questioning the desirability of ideals that so torment and frustrate us. Yeats gives the problem a variety of shock treatment, and produces a new emphasis on common experience as both the source and the referent of every vision of the ideal. But for all that, he leaves a place for Mlle. Elysia. Though Nemerov is well within the Yeatsian frame of thought, his idiom is more relaxed and contemporaneous, as is his general habit of thought, and his political directions are more in harmony with the main liberal-radical drift. There they stand, the thoughtful people of good will, dreaming of peace and kindness and education and progress, while their hair stands bolt upright at the horror — moral and metaphysical as well as political — all around. Nemerov wishes to report the horror frankly. He also wishes to put the case for possibility, at least by implication. In "The Murder of William Remington," for example, he diminishes the shock by using the subjunctive rather than the indicative mood to describe the "terror in each man's thought" today:

> Frightened lest senate house and prison wall
> Be quarried of one stone, lest righteous and high
> Look faintly smiling down and seem to call
> A crime the welcome chance of liberty,
> And any man an outlaw who aggrieves
> The patriotism of a pair of thieves.

Something in this minimal idealism that causes the poet to say "lest senate house and prison wall/Be" instead of "*because* senate house and prison wall/*Are*" reminds me of Thomas Hardy's wistful brooding over the happy song of his "darkling thrush" at century's end, or over the oxen that just *might* be kneeling—though one dare not go look because of course they aren't—on Christmas Eve. In the Remington poem the wistful subjunctive is a liberal's prayer that the harshness of political reality, and the realities of human nature behind it, will prove to be significantly less than the whole picture. In another poem the sight of storm-windows lying on the grass in the rain suggests a lost meaning—

> something of
> A swaying clarity which blindly echoes
> This lonely afternoon of memories
> And missed desires. . . .
> ("Storm Windows")

"Unspeakable," the poet exclaims, "this distance in the mind!" The rain falling on the windows and the grass crushed beneath them are seen in a momentary frame that gives the whole thing the illusion of having a point—though what is really being seen in the frame is essential chaos.

"Storm Windows," a work of pure and vivid beauty, surpasses all but a few of Hardy's poems both through its craftsmanship and through its avoidance of easy ironies. Nemerov, we may say, reduces the necessary liberal dependence on near-sentimental wish to an almost invisible point. The equally brilliant "Lore" plays humorously yet passionately on a theme from *The White Goddess*:

> Man walks, I learn, in fear of woman,
> Possession of the constant moon;
> Because the moon has strength to summon
> Her blood to the full and ebb again,
> And gives her strength beyond her own.

In this poem and in the "Moses" sequence (as in the overlong "Ahasuerus") the wish for meaning compels a return to sources of myth and ritual, and the powerful heritage of past faith and abandoned certainties plays over the skeptical present with stunning effect. Of course, we are not expected to *live* by the magical lore and example of the long ago. But there is no question that the modern liberal mind derives deep comfort from the demonstration that such a course was once possible, and that the old habits still carry certain meanings for us today. Similarly, we very much approve of primitive rituals that remain extant—Indian rain-dances and the like. We do not relish the idea of performing the dances ourselves. Naturally — they do not work, they smack of the compulsive, and we have no time for them. But we do like to think sadly that there were once Great Ages of Faith, and that the Hopis are Engaged—Committed—etc. The liberal mind does not like the fact that T. S. Eliot has tried to use this kind of knowledge to assert the literal truth of religious faith. It is ironically aware of the awkwardness of its position, but it does feel there are values more important as suggestions of possibility than as revealed truths. The crucial matter of not "losing nerve" is involved in these considerations.

THE GREAT thing about Nemerov is his large poetic grasp of these matters, the way he feels along into and through them. In a good poet a fine mind is one of God's greatest blessings, if he does not let it get in the way of his emotional realizations. "A Day on the Big Branch" seems to me an instance of unusually happy convergence of a poet's thought and his feelings; it develops Nemerov's minimal idealism in a richly ingenious fashion, and with the sharp-witted ease which makes him an effective satirist. After a night of cards and drinking, a group of friends — one ventures to guess they are college teachers, some of them writers also — drive up to a "stream in the high hills" with some wry hope of "purging" themselves through communion with nature *à la* Thoreau and Rousseau, with touches of Dante. They are full of a facetious self-disgust, and they distrust this primitivistic enterprise. But they *do* go to the Big Branch, and after a fashion they *are* purged. It is true that on the way back they see bridges that have been smashed by the flooded river in its "indifferent rage" and that the sight quiets them down. But they have had their moment, not entirely factitious, of the rebirth of "truth and poetry in us," and it has to some extent inoculated them against the more extreme effects of insight into the world's emptiness.

By certain of his images and observations in this poem, Nemerov makes it clear that he is not sure how well this kind of stubborn balancing of values would hold up against genuine catastrophe. He is far from the smugness of the protagonist in Chekhov's *Ward Number Six*, who lets his world go to hell through sheer inaction, attempts to teach a paranoid patient to be "philosophical," and discovers at last what it is to be one of the truly "insulted and injured." It is true that the characters of "A Day on the Big Branch" are able to count on some comfortable certainties, and can *choose* whether to indulge themselves or not, but they are also aware of the dangers implicit in their sort of life, and can question its ultimate relevance.

It is a Western kind of awareness, and particularly, nowadays, an American one. Perhaps poems like "The Mirror" and "The Town Dump" best imply its sense of its own limitations. The former of these opens the volume with a heavily depressed view of the "silence" and "duplicities" of the mirror-world of the self seen in the "leaden glass." I think of Hart Crane's "Legend," with its bleak beginning:

> As silent as a mirror is believed
> Realities plunge in silence by. . . .

The second poem finds in a town dump a savage image of the city and its life. It is a nightmarish world of rotting and discarded things, a hell of scavengers, animal and human, "guarded by the flies," those "ancient black retainers." Such poems betray a terrible vulnerability to the reminder of death, the great disaster against which the secular sensibility has no weapon but courage. Yet there is a saving irony in the image of those wild birds which, like poets, are "drawn to the carrion and the flies" and

> Assemble in some numbers here,
> their wings
> Shining with light, their flight
> enviably free,
> Their music marvelous, though sad,
> and strange.

The "answer" implied by all this is that the crucial issues will never be entirely resolved. We have devices for renewing our energy and forcing patterned significance out of existence — chiefly, the devices of art. So long as we maintain a degree of resilience they will work. "Order," as Nemerov says in his subtle poem, "Orphic Scenario," is inevitably "fused of . . . refuse." And "Eternity," he says (echoing Yeats), "lusts after the productions of time." No poem in this volume is more powerfully original than "Brainstorm," a perfect embodiment of the realization that the subjective life cannot finally be distinguished from the "real" life of the world around us or from the mind's projections of the ideal. Nevertheless, we seek a perfectable identity; we envision desired shapes in the chaos all about and within, and though the illusions cry "False Wentletrap! Avaunt" and seduce us to our own immolition, there is no other program that we could or would choose. That, I think, is Mr. Nemerov's "message."

The Screw Turns on Mr. James

HENRY JAMES AND H. G. WELLS. Edited and introduced by Leon Edel and Gordon N. Ray. University of Illinois Press. 272 pp. $3.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

EVERYBODY knows the famous remark by Wells: "It [any novel by James] is like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string. . . ." It has been quoted by every high-toned critic in three languages. If it doesn't appear at least once in four numbers in any of our literary quarterlies, I am sure they would penitently refund your subscription. It is supposed to show what an awful boor Wells was, what a dreadful *Socialist*. It does nothing of the sort. In the context of Wells's satire, *Boon*, it is pretty good literary criticism

My mother used to say, "A snob is a person who imitates the manners of the class above him." Characteristic of the snob is social ignorance and insecurity. Undoubtedly the editors of this collection, by publishing all the James-Wells correspondence, and all their critical mentions of each other, intend to show how high-class James was, and how low-class Wells. I am afraid they demonstrate quite the opposite. Wells was pretty much a man of the world, at home in the world at all social levels, with a keen eye for the follies and pretenses of foolish and pretentious people of all classes. He wrote about his own work with misleading modesty and with

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KENNETH REXROTH, West Coast poet and critic, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

a craftsman's natural instinct to keep his trade secrets from the public. He wrote about other writers with insight and humor. Eventually, in his correspondence with James, he was forced, by James's hauteur and lengthy elementary lectures on the craft of fiction, from humor to badinage, and finally, to just plain pulling the pompous old man's leg. He has the insouciance and arrogance of what used to be called a natural-born gentleman. James is always pretentious, literary and high-toned. It never occurs to him that this is the way literary people talk to the customers and that it is bad manners to hand such stuff out to one's colleagues. In other words, he believes implicitly in the mask of literary society, as well as what the newspapers call Society with a capital letter, and he acts accordingly, in private, with a presumed peer. In other words, he is a snob.

A LOT OF tosh has been written about Wells as a "social" novelist, always trying to reform the world via preachy fiction. You would think he was a sort of Upton Sinclair at his worst or a bad "proletarian" novelist. It must be quite a shock for an innocent person, with an honestly empirical approach, to sit down and read his fiction from *The Time Machine* to *The Research Magnificent,* admittedly his best period. His novels are not social novels at all. True, they reflect the society of their time; Ann Veronica, for instance, is a feminist. But *Tono Bungay* is no more "about" the evils of patent medicines than *Crime and Punishment* is "about" Russian detective methods. All the major Wells novels have exactly the same subject as those of a person no one would dream of connecting with him—D. H. Lawrence; they are about matrimony, about the mysteries and difficulties and agonies and tragedies and—rarely—the joys of the search for a true "life of dialogue." His characters seek constantly and painfully to realize each other as total persons, and they usually pitifully fail. It is only too true that the Social Lie is precisely the conspiracy of organized society to prevent precisely this, and so there is always implicit a running criticism and sometimes a specific criticism of the frauds by which men live. Wells says depreciatingly that his people are seldom realized. This is false modesty. They are not constructed, as artistic artifacts. They struggle to realize each other, and so, in their success or failure, realize themselves so poignantly for the reader.

There is a sort of Reform Club myth about the sort of man and writer H. G. Wells was. Read him and see. He wasn't like that at all. I will let you in on a secret. This myth was constructed to teach him his place, to put him down. He was guilty of two unforgivable British sins. He was a shameless, not Socialist alone, but *republican.* He several times printed very insulting comments, not about Royalty in the abstract, but about specific members of The Family in person. Almost as bad, he openly cohabited with members of the opposite sex without benefit of clerk or clergy. Furthermore, they were women one might, at any moment, meet socially. It is quite correct to keep a housemaid in Herts or retire one's favorite tart to Twickenham. It is almost *de riguer,* like the tightly rolled umbrella and the bowler, in precisely the circles that snubbed Wells and made up the myth of the propaganda novelist and upstart son of a servant girl. It must have been excruciatingly embarrassing to his very British colleagues when he took seriously the preachments of two centuries of advanced thought and lived openly out of wedlock in a flat in Hampstead with, of all things, another, lady, writer. And after that scandal, he went right on doing the same thing until he was an aged man, over and over again. In other words, he behaved much like some arrogant aristocrat whose pedigree went back before the War of Roses and who had nothing but contempt for the frauds with which the hoi polloi hide their naked shames. Parenthetically, this is exactly the same reason why Ford Madox Ford was practically driven out of England—and one of the leading persecutors of Ford was Henry James. James, always the perfect gentleman, concentrated his venom on Ford's mistress; he was physically afraid of Ford himself.

ALL THE nonsense which Wells viewed with the amused contempt which comes from assured social and artistic position and integrity, James took utterly seriously. In fact, it is this nonsense which he made the major subject of his novels, and which, to "the well brought up person" who knows his way around, gives them their pathos. The people in his novels behave the way the Upper Classes tell the Lower Classes they behave. But nobody has ever behaved this way, which is why there are no real people in James's novels. There can be no realization of each other, no life of dialogue, no realization of the individual character, if characters are nothing but cut-outs from the Society Page of a third-rate newspaper. It is for this reason that James, in these letters and articles, describes the craft of fiction somewhat as Ben Jonson, in his theory of "humors," described his plays. Fortunately, he did not write them that way. People are not moral types, they are people, and novels, at least the best ones, are about people. But for James, the Boston Brahmin, the American Millionaire and the British Aristocracy were not just types, they were archetypes. Because, alas, poor James was a provincial snob.

The best thing in the book is a hilarious tale in the introduction about how William James, on a visit to his brother, tried to peek over the garden wall and catch a glimpse of the next-door neighbor, G. K. Chesterton. Poor Henry was prostrated with terror at his very aristocratic brother's nonchalance. He behaved exactly like an over-refined hypersensitive Edwardian housemaid. Wells and William James belong to the literary world of Huckleberry Finn or Don Quixote; Henry James, it must be admitted, was only a Ouida in a frock coat.

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—*Geoffrey Barraclough,* The Nation, *March 2, 1957*

Any regime that came to power in Iraq . . . on a program which stressed "nationalization [of oil]" would be promptly tagged as Communist-dominated. . . .
—*Editorial,* The Nation, *May 16, 1957*

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Epitaph Writ in Syrup

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH. By Willard Motley. Random House. 467 pp. $4.95.

Nelson Algren

THE American drug addict is a man or woman with marks on his arm and almost no rights at all. You can shake him down on the open street, come into his house without a warrant, send him to trial without a lawyer, change the charge against him without telling him, or send him to prison on another addict's testimony. You can do what you want with him.

Thousands of persons in legitimate pursuits are sustained, by the addict's suffering, in an ever-widening circle of corruption. Cabmen, doctors, pharmacists, bellboys, bartenders, bondsmen and bailiffs are riding the recession on that corrupt, deductible buck. So though we pass laws of increasing severity against peddlers, it is always to the tune of Jimmy Durante's lyric, "sometimes I feel like I wanta go, then again I feel like I wanta stay." In a time when our economy is troubled, the traffic in drugs is more stabilizing to the underworld than the price of steel in legal commerce, more reliable than the Rock Island Railroad. Which, as everyone knows, is a good old road.

Let No Man Write My Epitaph, by Willard Motley, is a perfectly passionless account of two heroin-heads, mother and son, trapped in the traffic on Chicago's West Side. It is a sequel to the same author's *Knock on Any Door,* a best-seller of some years back. The quality of pity, however, which distinguished the earlier novel has turned, in this one, to a syrup that pours too slowly.

This novel was plucked, not from those corners where the traffic is plied, but off the national paperback clothesline as it stretches, drug store to drug store, coast to coast. Its reading is impeded by the author's habit of building flashback behind flashback; as well as by a habit of setting the reader up with the warning—"Catch!"—and then ducking behind the backstop to look for the ball. Mr. Motley spends most of this one looking for the ball.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

LETTER from VIENNA

Frank J. Warnke

IT IS not surprising that this self-proclaimed city of dreams should nourish itself on theatre, that most concrete and persistent of all dreams. From the endless blocks of shabby nineteenth-century houses—Washington Heights expanded to infinity—the visitor comes to the *Ring*, the artery of pompous monumental Vienna, and with it to the great temples of dream, the *Staatsoper* and the *Burgtheater*, into which most of the city's rebuilding energy has been poured.

The sociologist might be made indignant by this enormous cultural expenditure on the part of a tragically poor country — the Vienna State Opera receives the largest government subsidy in Europe. It would be indignation misspent. For one thing, all of Vienna's cultural expenditures would be insufficient to solve the local housing shortage, much less to cure Austria's economic problems; for another, Vienna pours money and energy into theatre because the people demand it. The face of the city is partially defined by the weekly *Vorschau*, which from posters on every corner announces the offerings of the three state opera houses, the two state theatres, and some half-dozen independent groups. The state theatres, at their collective box office in the *Staatsoper* building, are usually sold out four days before any scheduled performance. Lavish state theatre is unquestionably the expression of a popular need.

The theatrical hunger of the Viennese is not limited to the universally popular—*La Traviata* packs them in, but so does *Siegfried*, or *Die Zauberflöte*, or Schiller or Grillparzer at the *Burg*. The one limitation of local taste—in surprising contrast to Berlin or Hamburg—is the contemporary: *Der Revisor*, Werner Egk's operatic version of Gogol's *Inspector-General*, which was poorly attended, although it preserves much of the wild comedy and uncomfortable

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FRANK J. WARNKE, who has been teaching English at Yale, is in Europe for a year as a Morse fellow. Mr. Warnke is a regular contributor to Opera News.

pathos of its source, and although Günther Rennert's direction, Rudolf Kempe's conducting, and a superbly coordinated cast combined to make it the most satisfying production of the current opera season.

Its excellence was, alas, exception rather than rule. Opera, the most potent myth in a city of myths, no longer matches the legendary days of Lehmann and Slezak, or those later days when the city, newly released from the nightmare of war and occupation, rejoiced in the most exciting group of young singers of recent times. This is not to say that one does not hear good singing by individuals at the *Staatsoper*; but something is very wrong in Vienna, and precisely in that area which tradition proclaims to be its strongest—ensemble excellence. A curious inconsistency of achievement now marks the great house on the *Ring*: many fine individual accomplishments, much mediocrity, and very seldom a unified work of dramatic art.

THE *Rosenkavalier* I saw will serve as well as anything else to epitomize these curious inconsistences. Hilde Zadek, never less than admirable, was a moving and musicianly Marschallin; Hertha Töpper, a guest from the Munich Opera, again impressed as one of the very best contemporary interpreters of Octavian; but Anneliese Rothenberger, with her sweet but light and soubrettish voice, was sadly miscast as Sophie. The last-act trio, which should have been memorable, never came into proper focus either dramatically or musically. And the stage direction, here as in so many of the current Vienna offerings, seemed to fragment the dramatic effect rather than to unify it. What is lacking, perhaps, is an overall intelligence, sitting out front at general rehearsal and making careful note of things that don't go together. Local wags recently fabricated a phonograph record in which the adventures of the new general manager are set to the tune of the "Largo al factotum"—"Karajan hier, Karajan da, Karajan oben, Karajan unten . . ."—and it is indeed possible that more personal attention from the accomplished world traveler who heads Vienna Opera might iron out its artistic kinks.

A TRIVIAL example will clarify the point. There were times in two months of opera-going when I was driven to conclude that Herr von Karajan is in the power of a mad wig-maker: when Erich Kunz (rather to my surprise) showed up as a smuggler in *Carmen*, he was sporting something that made him look remarkably like Harpo Marx; in *Don Giovanni* both Anna and Elvira appear in red wigs; in *Traviata* the same henna-fetish led to the spectacle of a red-haired Violetta (which Stich-Randall, however, sang beautifully) conversing with a red-haired Flora. *Schlamperei*, "sloppiness," is a word the self-mocking Viennese love to apply to themselves, but many of them feel that there is too much of it currently on display in the *Staatsoper*.

A deeper local criticism is that the present management is tending to create a predominantly guest house rather than an ensemble house, as in the great past, and it is true that a large number of the showpieces this season have displayed imported talent. The cold beauty of Birgit Nilsson's voice and style were shown off to advantage in *Turandot*, and another gifted Scandinavian, Aase Nordmo-Loevberg (who will make her New York debut next season), impressed me as the most agreeable *Tannhäuser* Elisabeth I have seen for many years. Coloratura Erika Köth and dramatic soprano Leonie Rysanek, among the brightest of ascending stars, are frequently heard in Vienna but their base is Munich. The obvious question is whether the use of guest artists in Vienna may not become necessity rather than a healthy expression of internationalism.

The last observation has the ring of a sinister prophecy, and it must be confessed that Vienna opera shows signs not only of weakness but of decline. The new productions — *Tales of Hoffmann*, *Zauberflöte*, *Traviata* — were, with the honorable exception of *Der Revisor*, among the dullest visually, the most uneven vocally. And, in general, the most satisfactory productions were the oldest; Pfitzner's *Palestrina* (which, after forty years as a German classic, ought soon to make its way to the world) was done with a brilliantly populated stage and with the great Julius Patzak, shortly before his sixtieth birthday, singing the title role. *Ariadne auf Naxos* returned with a near-classic cast — Lisa Della Casa and Hilde Gueden, both nicely in their parts as Ariadne and Zerbinetta, and Sena Jurinac, as the composer, prov-

Scenario

Each bird is glutted. The bell of each song turns
Too round in the throat, out over the mullein
Towers rolls and spends its note and breaks.
Fields lie enameled with light where nothing clicks.
Flower-stalk and grass-blade twitch in sullen
Wind bees have dreamt, floating past to burn.
Someone will pay for all this wealth! the jay
Begins to scream, and stops. The pond-wrack
Gathers froth, more majestically, it seems.
Whatever swarms out of the glare to fray
Itself on sight accentuates the black
Cloud, held like a shield before the sun, which aims
Slow shafts of rain against the luminous trees.
Then come enactments of the crash and blaze.

DAVID GALLER

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PUZZLE SOLUTION (Cont.)

4 Ernest; 6 Thrones; 7 Ananias; 10 Amber; 11 Ramify; 16 Air out; 18 Stump; 19 Polarize; 20 Oriental; 21 Fall out; 22 Bestows; 25 Orwell; 27 Monad; 28 Loose.

ing once again that she is one of the most serenely perfect artists of this or any other time. One can only hope that her postponed New York debut will yet take place. Jurinac also presented the Vienna public with a *Butterfly* in which the too-familiar melodies took on a tone which one can describe, rather dumbfoundedly, only as heroic. In the same production a newly-arrived von Karajan proved that, whatever strictures may be leveled at him as a manager, he is one of the best opera conductors in the business.

THE KAISERSTADT complex, the persistent and frustrated sense of the glorious past, give Vienna its dominant tone, whether in the Spanish Riding School, where the ridiculously talented horses and their eighteenth-century riders go through their useless and glorious paces, or in the *Burgtheater,* where this year's repertory showed a curiously overt recognition of the Viennese dream of past glory. The postwar reconstruction of the beautifully proportioned building opposite the *Rathaus* was, I think, more of a triumph than the restoration of the *Staatsoper.* There is an absolute kind of opulence to its sweeping staircase, its red carpets, its mottled marble, an elegance that matches the genius of the city and provides an especially suitable frame for dreaming. *Ein Bruderzwist in Hapsburg*—"Fraternal Strife in the House of Hapsburg" — Grillparzer's early nineteenth-century hymn of praise to monarchy and political order, has had a marked success this season, and the capacity houses which have witnessed this tragic fable of political ambition are surely not made up exclusively of monarchists. It appeals, I suspect, to the same kind of rueful nostalgia as a modern play which has had a similar success this year—Franz Theodor Csokor's *November 3, 1918.* Csokor's play has its elements of prophecy as well as nostalgia, and no doubt many of the audience remember that its premiere took place, prophetically enough, in the fatal year 1938. As a drama, it has enough weaknesses to sink a dozen stages: in the last days of World War I, in a convalescent hospital in southern Austria, a group of officers conveniently patterned into one Hungarian, one Pole, one Czech, one Slovak, one Slovene, one Italian, one Viennese Jew and their commanding officer undergo the agonies of a disintegrating empire and, by extension, a disintegrating Europe. As they become aware of the end of a world, the brotherhood in arms which was only a symbol of the larger supranational potentiality of the old Austria-Hungary dissolves into a multitude of miniature private nationalisms. Only the Jewish doctor and the commanding officer—a professional soldier now become suddenly stateless—regret the passing. A mutinied Communist sailor providentially appears in Act II to complete the parable by saying appropriately diabolic things.

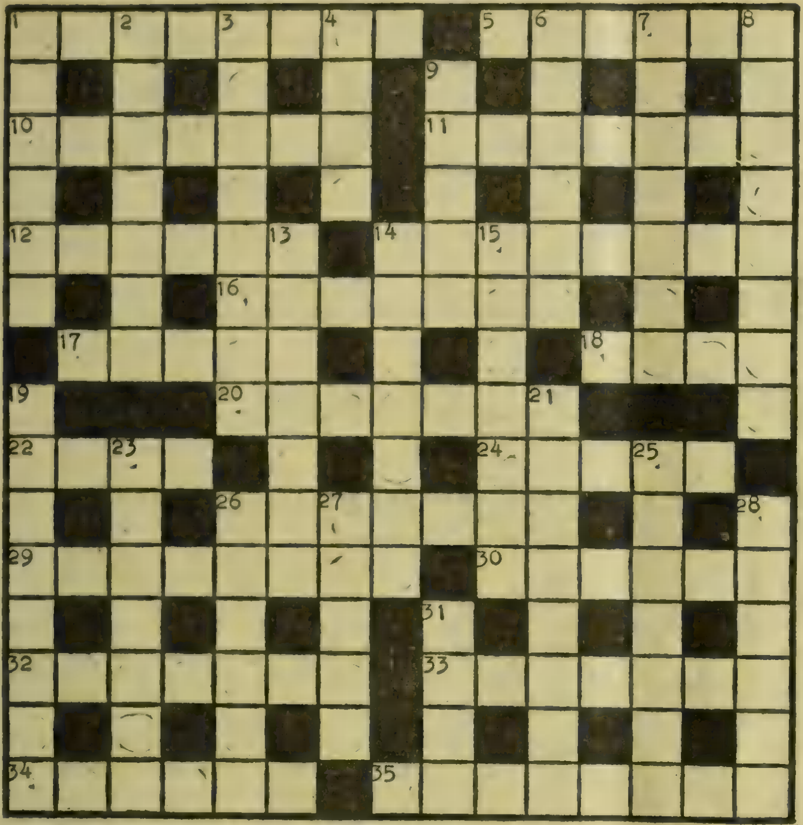
A weak play, but a curiously potent tract. The colonel's suicide, announced by an offstage pistol shot, is all too predictable, but his final speech—"I prophesy that no one shall know peace" —has, with Russian dominion now extending to Pressburg and Prague, an eerie ring.

In part, no doubt, Csokor's rather heavy-handed symbolism worked because it was being interpreted by one of the most consummately talented repertory theatres in the world. Whatever the mysterious thing lacking in the Vienna State Opera, it is superbly present in the *Burgtheater.* The group's capacities for modern drama are admirable, but it is most at home in the classics—a tense rendition of *Don Karlos* did justice to what is the most moving of Schiller's plays as well as the craziest, and in *Measure for Measure* the challenge of one of Shakespeare's most difficult works was met by the simple expedient of playing it straight. No modern dress, no tricks, no gimmicks; simply the play as written, which, not very surprisingly, turns out to be wonderfully effective. The staging, too, was fresh and inventive without resorting to anything, other than a revolving stage, that would surprise the Elizabethans.

Even here, in the most exciting of current Shakespeare productions, the *Burg* showed the rather elegiac self-awareness which typifies postwar Vienna. Shakespeare set *Measure for Measure,* rather perfunctorily, in Vienna —and populated it "with timeless Englishmen." The *Burgtheater* made the most of the setting and filled the stage with the bright Turkish turbans and swirling activity of sixteenth-century Vienna, including a clown who spoke in the broadest of Wiener accents. One sensed two simultaneous time-levels —the Shakespearean universal and the Viennese past—and both were appropriate. The complexity and perfection of the achievement epitomized the continuing greatness of this beat-up Athens where, despite all desperation and futility, man continues to magnify his own image.

Crossword Puzzle No. 782

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Extolling the virtues of snakebite?
10 Left in smoke with that which might make a dame embarrassed!
11 Answers yes to a ringing question?
12 and 25 down What Kreisler might suggest is certainly not fresh air! (3, 3, 7)
14 Shot-put? (Not what man hath wrought!) (4, 4)
16 Made up in a mixture of honey, it certainly sounds good! (7)
18 Rose has to act in the alternative.
20 Big girls are sometimes baby this!
22 Paul called to them and Ernest said farewell to them. (4)
24 Banks that seem to make things come out even? (5)
26 Damped. (7)
29 Is one so different? (8)
30 One who doesn't make grannies jacket? (6)
32 Is this part of the ear puffed? (7)
33 I am surrounded by nature in the rough, and decay. (7)
34 With "right dress"? (6)
35 Mae's feature is at heart the basis for industrial revolution. (8)

DOWN:

1, 5 and 17 Does this involve a fair comparison with the subject of horror movies? (6, 3, 3, 5)
2 It's the way to attain one around where the comb might be broken.
3 Seems lit, perhaps, but not evanescent. (8)
4 This might stand out when done badly. (4)
6 This is a fine distinction! (6)
7 Pointed how to measure a radical?
8 Place where you have to get in — or else! (8)
9 China place-setting for the man from Lisbon? (5)
13 Did Nelson expect every man to be?
14 Is a pie supposed to? (Cold sufferers might!) (7)
15 When war-time money was short, was it this? (7)
19 A free style of music after the top is hot! (8)
21 Agreed with his sort, but of course it's not the most important part. (4, 4)
23 Does Byron's hero suggest a more common valet than Godfrey? (7)
26 They shouldn't treat you as Donald does! (6)
27 Self-proclaimed, to a degree, as being several feet. (5)
28 Elks attention and hash might be.
31 Is some a parallel construction to an extent? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 781

ACROSS: 1 Wide-eyed; 9 Enduring; 10 Aground; 12 Epoch; 13 Samoan; 14 Medal; 15 and 26 Indian summer; 17 Kepis; 22 Brute; 23 and 28 By your leave; 24 Cameo; 29 Flattop; 30 Hedonist; 32 Bluebell. DOWN: 1, 5, 31, 2 and 8 Where Did You Go? Out. What Did You Do? Nothing; 3 Earth;

(*Continued on page 80*)

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THE
NATION

AUGUST 30, 1958 . . 25c

Calif.

LEADERLESS DECENCY

The South Stalls Its Future

by Harry Golden

THE IRON CONSTITUTION

De Gaulle's Fifth Republic

by Alexander Werth

FARMERS OF THE SEA

by LaRue Spiker

LETTERS

Troops by Request

Dear Sirs: Professor Geoffrey Barraclough displays less than a historian's proper concern for historical facts when he writes in *The Nation* of August 2: "In 1956, Russia sent troops into Hungary at the behest of Prime Minister Kadar. . . . Today, the United States has sent troops into Lebanon at the behest of President Chamoun."

The circumstances of the bloody Soviet suppression of the Hungarian freedom movement and of the so-far bloodless landing of American troops in Lebanon were completely different. Chamoun was incontestably the legitimate President of Lebanon, put into power not by United States pressure, but by the normal process of Lebanese politics.

When the Red Army launched its onslaught on Budapest on November 4, 1956, the only legitimate government in Hungary, even by Communist standards, was that headed by Imre Nagy. The appointment of Kadar to head up a puppet regime was an aftermath—not a cause of the Soviet intervention, but a by-product of this intervention.

William Henry Chamberlin

Cambridge, Mass.

Violence in Vietnam

Dear Sirs: As an American who recently returned from South Vietnam after spending more than three of the last four years there (initially as Consultant to FOA on Governmental Reorganization; later as Chief of the Michigan State University Group in Public Administration and Police Administration), I feel particularly qualified to take issue with Bernard Fall's article, "Will South Vietnam Be Next?" printed in the May 31 issue of *The Nation.* The very title is misleading, since it purports to deal with the alleged disintegration of security within the nation, whereas only the first two paragraphs provide any "evidence" of such disintegration. . . .

One of my responsibilities as Chief of the MSU Group (March 1956—April 1958) was to supervise the training and modernization of Vietnam's civil police forces. I was therefore familiar with the statistics of crime and incidence of terrorism in Vietnam until I returned to the United States a few months ago. I can attest that the amount of terrorism in 1957 was approximately the same as in 1955, and infinitely less than in any other year since World War II. Indeed, Free Vietnam can be classed as one of the most stable and peaceful countries in all of Asia today. If the public impression is that terrorism has increased, we of the Michigan State group are perhaps partly to blame as a result of our successful efforts to convince the Vietnamese police of the value of full and complete recording and reporting of all criminal activities. . . .

It should be noted, on the other hand, that while the number of terrorist incidents has not substantially increased, the number of incidents inspired by Communist agents appears to have risen sharply. This represents a serious problem, and all evidence points to a well-organized, rather systematic effort by the Communists to develop a public impression that security is deteriorating. It also indicates that the Communists recognize that the Government of President Ngo Dinh Diem is firmly at the helm and, now that non-violent efforts by them to uproot that Government have failed, they are resorting to terrorism. . . .

Wesley R. Fishel
Professor of Political Science
Michigan State University

East Lansing, Mich.

Editors' Choice

Dear Sirs: In respect to Guy Daniels' "Post-Mortem on San Francisco" [*The Nation,* Aug. 2]: The reason we editors of the "big" literary magazines have turned to the San Francisco poets is that we see a considerable talent in their work. The reason that we turned to them so quickly is that this talent, while undeveloped, is easy to see. The reason that Mr. Daniels' "underground" poets are unknown to the public after bombarding *us* for a dozen years is that we know their work quite well.

Irving Rosenthal
Editor, *Chicago Review*

Chicago, Ill.

Food for Lebanon

Dear Sirs: Our Quaker representative in Lebanon has cabled a plea for additional funds for relief feeding. A few weeks ago the American Friends Service Committee sent $3,000 for emergency use in both rebel-held and government territory. Lebanese and other Friends are able to cross religious and political lines to meet urgent human needs. Hunger has struck more people in Lebanon than had at first been realized. We foresee the need of at least $30,000 for supplementary feeding during the next two months.

Our help is going primarily to families where the breadwinner has been killed or wounded. For $10 we can provide a family with a month's food staples. Contributions may be sent to the AFSC, 20 South 12th St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

Even after civil strife is ended, the need will go on as an aftermath of hostilities that have so tragically erupted. A prompt response to the human need in Lebanon from the American people may help assuage the bitterness recent events have provoked.

Lewis M. Hoskins
Executive Secretary

Philadelphia, Pa.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 5

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Peace – For a Time – at the U.N.

The current Middle Eastern crisis would be far more dangerous today if no special session of the General Assembly could have been held. Once more the threat of major war has been eased. The resolution finally adopted is a limited answer to enormously complex problems. It buys time — if only a little.

The accepted Arab-sponsored resolution represented a defeat for the Western powers. What the U.S. vainly demanded was approval for our armed occupation of Lebanon and Jordan, support for Mr. Dulles' contention that both countries were menaced by "indirect aggression," a U.N. police force to maintain the status quo, and U.N. guarantees of both the permanence of existing states and the regimes in power. All these aims —along with most of Eisenhower's belated six-point program—were partly or wholly rejected. Unable to summon the "comfortable majority" of which he had earlier boasted, Henry Cabot Lodge had to go along with a resolution which in no way sanctions Allied military intervention. Instead, it recognizes the Arab powers' first responsibility in Middle Eastern affairs, and calls upon the Secretary General to secure an "early withdrawal" of the occupational forces.

When one remembers that Gromyko spoke not only for the U.S.S.R. but also for China, and that he was joined by the Arab-Asian-African opposition to represent well over half the world's population, it is evident how unreal any nominal majority vote mustered behind the West's resolution (put forward by Norway) would have been. That Gromyko merely stated that China "associated itself" with his position, without further exploiting the importance of the point, was an interesting aspect of the meeting. The Soviet maximum aim of a U.N. demand for "immediate withdrawal" of the Allied forces was defeated, but the denouement must bring more satisfaction to Moscow than to Washington.

Delegates were pleasantly surprised by the relatively mild Soviet behavior and its resistance of the temptation to aggravate the crisis. Coupled with agreements recently reached between Soviet and American scientists on nuclear tests and detection methods, this attitude strengthens hope that Khrushchev still wants a summit meeting.

Possibly the most constructive result was the renewed emphasis and support given by the resolution to the concept of regional economic planning and development under U.N. auspices. If Mr. Dulles now follows up the President's proposal, which inspired the inclusion of such considerations in the resolution, a new era of planned economic change might well facilitate urgently needed, orderly planned political changes.

The outlook for any such foresighted planning does not seem hopeful, however, judging from Mr. Dulles' latest speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars. There the Secretary repeated most of his fatuous claims of past successes and personal prescience. "Our [own] laws and social order are constantly being changed in order [to] reflect justice in relation to new conditions," said he. "So it must be in the world." Indeed. Change must everywhere be "peaceful" and "lawful."

How, then, does Mr. Dulles propose to pursue this pleasant way of achieving change? Specifically, in the Middle East, how is he to arrange for "peaceful change" in Mr. Churchill's brainchild, the police state of Jordan, unviable since it was created, and now ripe for revolution and disintegration? How will we peacefully dethrone the corrupt and profligate As-Sahabs in Kuwait, which holds 23 per cent of the world's oil and provides Britain with 11 per cent of the liquid funds available for investment in the Sterling area? How also will we arrange to quietly divest Great Britain of her protectorates —Aden, Buraimi, Oman and the Gulf territories— which the Arabs proclaim to be real instances of "existing aggression" as against Mr. Dulles' fears of "indirect aggression"? What are we really doing to bring about a compromise between Israel and her embattled neighbors before it is imposed by force? How, indeed, do we plan to meet, in advance of the event, the inevitable day when all Arab oil will be nationalized?

The U.N. Secretary General cannot solve any of these, and related, questions by an airplane flight to Jordan and Lebanon. An approach to their solution might be made by coupling political planning with economic planning if regional development were seriously undertaken. But neither means is practicable without some kind of disengagement with the U.S.S.R. and without a joint acceptance of regional neutralism as a healthy state and an inevitable development. When these conditions are met—and no one supposes they were even approached at this emergency Assembly—"competitive coexistence" may at last seem possible without the continued arming of every nation in the world.

Humane Slaughter Act for People

A bill assuring the more humane slaughter of people would seem a suitable follow-up to the recently enacted Humane Slaughter of Cattle legislation. Such a proposal would encounter far stronger opposition than the meat packing interests which opposed the cattle bill; nonetheless, the objectives seem clearly as worthy as the protection of animals.

In order to be considered "realistic" rather than "naive," we suggest the following simple outline of such a Humane Slaughter Bill:

1. All men in the uniform of their country may be slaughtered freely by any means during a war.

2. The slaughter of civilians and non-belligerents must be limited to previously-adopted methods which have been fully tested for efficiency, namely night-bombing with high explosives, incendiary bombs, napalm, starvation, disease and the like. No more efficient methods could be used.

3. The slaughter of children would be limited to those already born, and it would be illegal to use methods of dooming yet-unborn generations through radiation fall-out, or by other methods.

It would seem to us that the adoption of such a modest program, perhaps internationally, would preserve the necessary control of population growth and at the same time encourage competition in the armaments industry. It could be anticipated that the Pentagon might desire, for "practical" reasons, some modification toward leniency in these simple rules. But the sponsors of the bill could be prepared to make concessions and still achieve considerable improvement over present laws and customs pertaining to this subject.

In sponsoring such legislation we have given consideration to some provision limiting the number of human beings that could be slaughtered at one time to, say, 100 or 200 million, but this approach was deemed impractical. We recognize that sponsors of our program will be considered "crackpots," but we are heartened by the fact that for many years the backers of the Humane Slaughter of Cattle legislation were similarly labeled.

Toothpick Cases

LaRue Spiker's article (p. 87) on the anti-trust prosecution of the Maine lobstermen should lend weight to the recommendations on anti-trust policy contained in a recent report submitted to the Department of Justice by Dr. Ewald T. Grether of the University of California and Dr. Carl Kaysen of Harvard. In essence the report recommends that anti-trust prosecutions be selected in terms of the impact which the particular restrictive practices have on the nation's economy. Of recent years, the anti-trust division has devoted an inordinate amount of time, energy and funds to prosecuting cases of marginal interest and importance. Prosecutions, for example, have been undertaken against businessmen engaged in dye-stuff-making, production of citric acid, the marketing of stitchers and staplers, pickle packers, makers of bronze grave markers and, now, lobstermen. Technical violations may have been involved in these cases but successful prosecutions are not likely to have much effect one way or the other on the economy; and the individual hardships, as in the case of the lobstermen, can be substantial. Aren't there any "big game" hunters in the Department? What about oil and steel? Economists in the Department are said to favor a policy, based on the Grether-Kaysen report, of placing less emphasis on what are called "toothpick" cases and more on major cases affecting the nation's economy. The point is well taken.

Great Day

It is the wrong image for the season, but Wednesday, August 20, was the day when the ice went out of the river. The front page of *The New York Times* looked that morning like an arc of hope for the human race. Consider these news stories: The United States announced that it would suspend, at least temporarily, the testing of nuclear weapons, thus giving political support to the technical agreements on inspection reached by the East-West scientists at Geneva; the Arab nations [see the opening editorial of this issue] themselves offered in the General Assembly a reasonable proposal for reducing the tension in the Middle East; the Senate killed the Butler-Jenner bill, designed to curb the review powers of the Supreme Court; President Eisenhower, with a mildness that reflected an irrevocable position, reminded his press conference that he had taken an oath to support the law of the land and said that he would not forswear himself for the likes of Governor Faubus.

All on one day — though obviously none of these events was the work of a day, or a summer — and the press agents for humanity can take satisfaction from a juxtaposition of releases so powerfully suggesting that the Age of the Insects is still indefinitely postponed.

De GAULLE's FIFTH REPUBLIC

THE IRON CONSTITUTION . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris

"BACK TO NAPOLEON III." "No, not Napoleon III; back to Charles X!" "*Vieille France*, monarchism . . . Pétain." Such were the first reactions produced by the publication on July 30 of de Gaulle's draft constitution for the Fifth Republic. And they came not only from left-wing intellectuals, but even from deep-blue conservatives like M. André Siegfried, *de l'Académie Française* and of *Figaro*. While there was "no fundamental objection," Siegfried wrote, "to some aspects of the new Constitution," one could not say the same when it came to the extraordinarily reduced role of the legislative assembly.

> Apart from some limited subjects, all matters are settled by the Government. This goes far beyond the "decree laws" of the past. . . . This marks a divorce from the republican tradition. And an even graver departure from it is to be found in the provision under which the President of the Republic can decide, entirely on his own initiative (though after "consulting" his Prime Minister, but without the latter having to countersign anything) "to take measures required by circumstances." To grant the executive such uncontrolled discretionary powers would be to go against a more than century-old tradition.

This is a reference to the already-famous Article 14, under which the President can take discretionary measures in the event of a "threat" to "the institutions, the territory or the independence of the Nation." Since the President is the sole judge of whether there is such a "threat," this provision amounts to a degree of absolutism which has been described as "hair-raising." And "consultation" with the Prime Minister offers little comfort since, under the proposed constitution, the said Prime Minister is appointed by the President.

Countless other complaints have been raised against the draft now being studied by the Advisory Committee (and that is all it is) set up by de Gaulle under the chairmanship of M. Paul Reynaud. The principal objections may be enumerated as follows: First, it is thought undemocratic that the President should be elected, not by parliament alone, but by parliament plus a motley collection of "representatives" (among them those of the various local, including colonial, assemblies, where so much trickery is possible). These would greatly outnumber the members of parliament, and such an electoral college would be much less likely to represent the will of the French people than was the joint congress of the two houses of parliament. Second, the President will, at his sole discretion, appoint all ministers; presumably, they will therefore do his bidding and serve at his pleasure. The President will also have complete power to dissolve the two assemblies, and the right to make personal appointments to the army and the civil service — another departure from anything seen under the Third or Fourth Republic.

True, there is a "safeguard" clause in the draft constitution: A Constitutional Council of nine is to be set up. It will supervise the "regularity" of elections, of referendums, and examine, before their promulgation, any "organic laws" passed by parliament. But the likelihood is that this will be just another rubber-stamp in the hands of the President. Of the nine Council members, three are to be appointed by the President, three by the president of the Assembly, and three by the president of the Senate; in addition, "former Presidents of the Republic" (i.e., in practice, M. Vincent Auriol) will form part of the Council. Since, in all probability, the presidents of both Assemblies will be the President's yes-men, the Constitutional Council is more likely to limit still further the reduced powers of the assemblies than to check the will of the Executive.

The referendum on the draft constitution is to be held on September 28. To what extent between now and referendum day will de Gaulle consent to amend the constitution in the face of serious criticism coming from all sides, and not least from the members of the Advisory Committee? Until a few days ago it was believed that de Gaulle was willing to make a few *pro forma* concessions: for instance, to delete the article under which no member of parliament can also be a member of the government, without first resigning his seat — a deletion which would not affect the essential features of the constitution in the least. But he has now refused even this.

HOW DID it come to pass that so reactionary a constitution (reactionary in the most literal sense) could be proposed, and that the French people should be expected to adopt it? The "presidential republic" has, of course, always been de Gaulle's aim. But several other points clearly stand out. The country was considerably irritated by the National Assembly of the Fourth Republic, with its government instability and its ever-recurring crises. But were its

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weaknesses the fault of its constitution, as de Gaulle has never ceased to proclaim? What really caused the "degradation of the State?" There is today no doubt at all about it: since the left-wing election victory of January, 1956, we have been witnessing a solid crystallizing, indeed a constant conspiracy, of the right-wing forces in France and Algeria against the Republic. The leaders of this Republic were too weak, or rather too irresolute, to fight back. The first major surrender was that of Guy Mollet who, in giving way to the clamor of the Algiers mob on February 6, 1956, abandoned the French Government's role of arbiter, and made it an ally of the colonialist forces in Algeria, or rather their servant. Since then, the course of government in France has been one of chaos and impotence. And so, on June 1 of this year, de Gaulle was voted into office as a "lesser evil" by some, as the "savior" by others, and set about redesigning French democracy according to his definition of the term. His prestige is still high. He has established an uneasy sort of control over the Algiers junta; how uneasy may be seen from statements like that made the other day by General Massu, the "Himmler of Algiers," to the effect that all that matters is getting a "yes" majority in the referendum, after which the "system" would be swept away completely. He has also established, for the present, more or less normal relations with Tunisia and Morocco; and has shown his "independence" of the United States in his letters to Khrushchev. But two fundamental problems have not been settled: the war in Algeria is still going on, despite the farce of "fraternization"; and no one knows where the money is to come from for continuing the Algerian war once the referendum has been won.

IT probably will be won; though already there are growing doubts that this victory will be *in France.* Algerian and all sorts of other artificially-created "yes" votes will swell the total in favor of the constitution; and it would be awkward for de Gaulle if France herself were to say no. Public opinion is hard to assess at the moment. In the countryside, where they are less conscious than in Paris of the "civil war blackmail" which may be exercised once again, I found that the prevalent feeling is discontent. "De Gaulle — fine; but what has he done? The war in Algeria is going on; the cost of living is going up. Taxes are going up." Some of de Gaulle's admirers say the referendum should have been held in June or July; not four months after he had taken office.

The Socialists and the MRP are not at all pleased about the draft constitution, even though their representatives in the Government, Mollet and Pflimlin, must perforce pay lip service to it. In the Radical Party, among the rank-and-file, there is much discontent with Mendès-France for taking the line that de Gaulle "will get his referendum anyway" (even if only through the phony votes of four million Algerians), and that the party should concentrate its efforts, not on the referendum, but on the subsequent election. These critics rightly feel that, once de Gaulle has won the referendum, "the election won't matter a damn."

Another widespread view is that even if "Ike-de Gaulle" may be trusted, "Nixon-Soustelle" — who might well be the successor — would turn France into a ruthless police state. If, some add, de Gaulle hasn't done so already.

THE SOUTH STALLS ITS FUTURE

LEADERLESS DECENCY . . *by Harry Golden*

Charlotte, North Carolina

THE MAJORITY of "white" Southerners believe that racial segregation can no longer be maintained on a moral, religious or legal basis; the business community itself is becoming completely bored with the entire controversy, and the boredom may be related to the highly significant fact that the several state public relations commissions have stopped issuing reports of the influx of new industry into the South.

The tragedy of the moment is that this "majority" is silent, and in all fairness it must be said that it is silent for good and sufficient reason. The changing of a social order is not a simple matter, not even for the decent, warm-hearted people of the South. It requires Leadership, a leadership which unfortunately has not yet materialized. The politicians in the state capitals have a vested interest in this "silence." They have been riding the race issue for seventy-five years and they will not surrender it without a bitter struggle. If all the obstacles were to be removed from the Negro's path to the voting booth, the white man would also begin to vote, and there is no telling what could happen under those circumstances.

And the most amazing thing of all; that in this vacuum President Eisenhower has said, not once, but twice: *"Mere law will not solve this problem."* One hundred and eighty years ago another Presbyterian, the Reverend William Tennant of South Carolina, said it in another way. In those days the Presbyterians had to build their little church with an open fireplace. When the Anglican sheriff came along the worshipers could say that they were merely visiting a private dwelling. Reverend Tennant went to the South Carolina Constitutional

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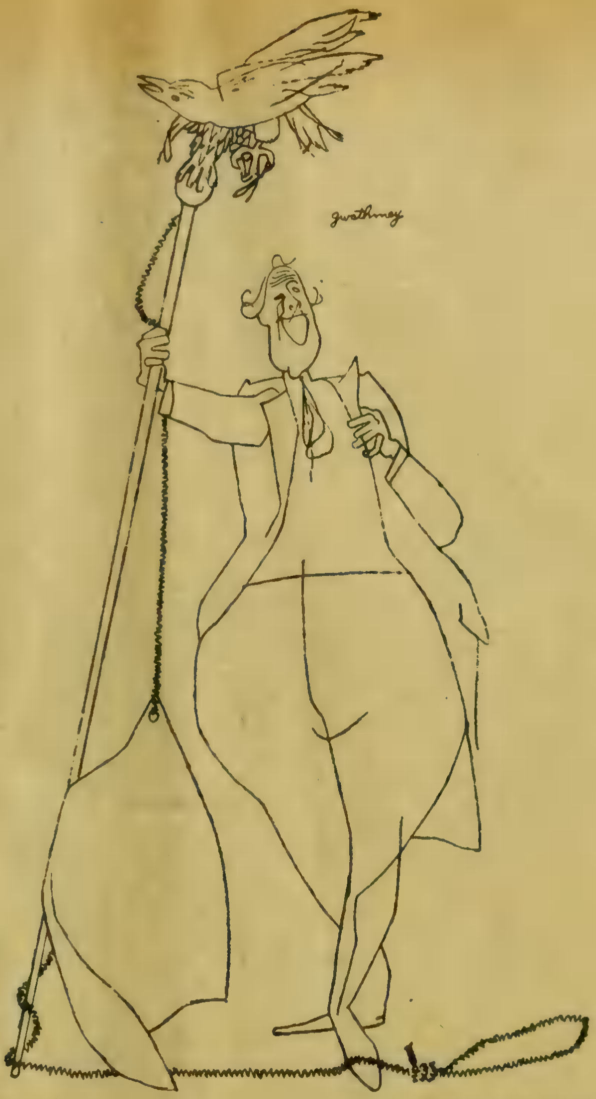
Convention and demanded freedom of worship; complete separation of church and state; and he refused to be sweet-talked. He said, "The Law does not change as often as the hearts of men; put it into the Law; this is all I want."

With all due respect to the noise about "states' rights," the tremendously-expanding middle-class of the South is the direct result of the "interference" of the Federal Government since March 4, 1932, and it is the President of the United States who has it in his power to establish the atmosphere, actually to set the pattern which would break the "silence." I'll give you an example of the extent of this "silence."

A week or so ago I visited the home of Dorothy Counts, the 15-year-old Negro girl of Charlotte, North Carolina, who had been forced to leave the all-white school to which she had been assigned, due to an ordeal of uninterrupted harassment and violence. Her father, Reverend Herman L. Counts, on the faculty of Johnson C. Smith University, showed me the names of the people who had called him to express horror, chagrin and sympathy; and the list included some of the most influential citizens of North Carolina. Why didn't these people call the school board instead, or the principal of Dorothy's school, or why didn't they write a letter to the editor? The embattled editors of both the *Charlotte Observer* and the *Charlotte News* would have jumped for joy at the sight of such expressions from the "upper echelon." They might very well have settled the matter for at least one of the most progressive cities of the South; but as far as the public is concerned, "silence" prevails; this is the most important race relations story, as the South enters its fifth school year since the Supreme Court decision of May 17, 1954.



Drawings by Robert Gwathmey

AND because of "silence" the politicians with the vested interest and the bigots are allowed to confuse the problem further with a few more legends. The first of these is the myth that if the NAACP suddenly disappeared, everything would be right back where it was in the days when Sambo rolled in laughter under the old magnolia tree. Even the few outspoken liberals, when accused by Governor Faubus of being in the pay of the NAACP, defended themselves by saying that they hate the NAACP and the Ku Klux Klan with equal passion. And, of course, this renunciation of logic adds to the general stalemate. It is utter nonsense because the break-down of racial segregation is part of the greater story of the whole South and the overthrow of agriculture as the dominant way of life.

When the late James B. Duke, the tobacco king, built the first dam on the Catawba River to industrialize the South, he did more to end racial segregation than all the NAACP's put together. It is part of a development which wise Southerners saw long ago. I remember one afternoon when the late novelist James Street made a speech to a group of young Southern fiction writers. In answer to the inevitable question: "How can I get into the *Saturday Evening Post?*" the Mississippi-born Street replied: "First off, forget the 'Nigra' story you've been working on; the *Post* will not publish a story about Sambo with Dr. Ralph Bunch around." That was five years before the Supreme Court decision. There are sections of the South, for example, Montgomery and Birmingham, and certainly the cities of North Carolina's Piedmont, where

the native Negro leadership is far ahead of the NAACP in its efforts to end segregation in the public facilities. Two years ago the governor of my state spoke at a convention of Negro school teachers. He hinted that many of them would probably lose their jobs if the public schools were desegregated. An hour later the teachers voted unanimously to support the desegregation of the public schools "with all deliberate speed."

And it is precisely the interpretation of this "with all deliberate speed" that poses a new problem in the way of compliance. Last year the school board of Charlotte assigned a "token" Negro child to each of five different public schools, and the fact that the board has decided against any additional assignments this year is not due entirely to the smashing victory of Governor Faubus of Arkansas. This "with all deliberate speed" will never work unless the individual school board announces a "blanket" decision to the effect that the schools of the city are hereby "desegregated" in accordance with the law. Even that will not take away from them the right, under various new state laws, to screen the applicants and make their assignments. (These assignment laws have not yet been fully tested in the courts.) And the tragedy of "token" assignments to a few selected schools is that it creates the atmosphere of "an experiment" instead of a basic law which accords twenty-six per cent of the South's population the right to enter the industrial age. Thus the mother of a child at the Fair Haven High School says, "We don't have any," which creates an entirely new problem for the mother of a child at the Central High School. Her protestation that "We only have *one*" is irrelevant. She fears the stratification of the "white" social classes at this new level. The struggle for status within the white population is keeping pace with the intense urbanization and the burgeoning of a new middle class from out of the farm houses and mountain cabins of the region.

THESE "token" assignments also set the stage for a bit of cruelty. In "screening" the twenty-two Negro students who had made applications for transfer to desegregated schools for the coming school year, the Mecklenburg County School Board (rural areas of Charlotte) asked each student: "Aren't you happy among your own people?" An adult can laugh off that old chestnut about "when did you stop beating your wife," but for a 15-year-old Negro child, caught up in a historical controversy and making his first foray into unsegregated society, it could be both bewildering and cruel. And the process is not without irony. When Dorothy Counts was so severely harassed on her first day in school, the principal suggested that she use the rear entrance, the "back door," and her father told him: "Why, that's the whole idea; the *front door* is the point of the whole matter."

I think it might be wise to break up this narrative with a light interlude. The other day the Fellowship of Reconciliation (my fellow Pacifists), had written me to act as host for a day to their representative, the Methodist minister, Mr. Lawson. I had never met Mr. Lawson and when he called me late in the evening from the bus station, I told him that I had reserved a room for him at a downtown hotel, to have a good night's sleep, and come to my home for breakfast the next morning at eight o'clock. But at seven o'clock the hotel manager called: "Mr. Golden, what color is Reverend Lawson?" I told the hotel man that I had never met Mr. Lawson; "but how many colors are there; which color do you think he is?" The manager said that the consensus at the hotel was that Mr. Lawson was a Negro. But, of course, the fellow had already slept there and how could segregation be made retroactive? But a bit of kindness is never out of order. I told the manager that his overnight guest was from India; and I am glad to report that Mr. Lawson was very forgiving when I told him of the sigh of relief the hotel manager expressed at this reassurance.

But there's more trouble. The *Southern Advertising and Publishing,* a trade publication (Atlanta, Georgia) which serves the advertising agencies of the South, had itself a little editorial ("The South's Story Must Be Told,"—July 15, 1958):

> It is a notorious fact that every Jewish organization and every Jewish-controlled segment of the media of communication is siding with the NAACP in this vilification of the South.
>
> . . . they [the Jews] have no business making common cause with the Negroes against the South.

When I read this editorial, I thought at once of Charles Bloch, the famous Jewish lawyer of Macon, Georgia. Mr. Bloch is the fellow who led the Georgia delegation out of the Democratic convention in 1948 as a protest against the "civil rights" plank and he was a stalwart of the Dixiecrat movement. Mr. Bloch is now the vice president of the Georgia States-Rights Society, and he has written a book (*States-Rights—The Law of the Land,* The Harrison Company, Atlanta) in which he says that we must construe the clause in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal" in the light of the times when it was promulgated. "Since at that time Negroes were not 'men' but property, we are bound today to permit states to legislate about them as property." So help me, that's what Mr. Bloch says in his book; and a few miles away at Atlanta this *Southern Advertising and Publishing,* in its editorial about the "Jews making common cause against the South," does not even say "Except for Charles Bloch of Macon." As I told the few White Citizens Council Jews in Alabama: "Nothing helps, you may as well be humanitarians, nothing helps."

I think these sad tales are pertinent to the most tragic story of the South today. They underline the fact that this great civilization with its millions of kind people is wholly preoccupied with an unnecessary problem. The South has produced some of the most creative minds of the American civilization, but all creative intellectuality has come to a halt. They are not thinking about the basic strategy of the free world against totalitarian tyranny; they are worrying about a 15-year-old Negro girl going to a public school. And the main point of the matter is not what this "resistance" is doing to the Negro children, but what it is doing to the white children. But that problem the segregationist refuses to acknowledge.

The real victims of Little Rock and Clinton and Dorothy Counts's high school in Charlotte are the small group of white students who sought to drive the Negroes from the schools. The record of the Negroes, what they did and their courage and good will, is already clear. But what has little been recognized is the fact that the segregationist students, the white students, really suffered and will continue to suffer all of their lives. And what a pity! They are the ones hurt by the willingness of school officials to let them run the school. Some of them in Little Rock and Clinton and Charlotte have always been problems. No school leader, academically, athletically or socially, was involved in any of these groups which resorted to abuse and violence against the Negro children. At least one of the white girls, now speaking throughout the South for the White Citizens Councils, lived a good part of the school year under a doctor's care and sedatives. These white students lost a school year—it would be an interesting study to find out how they fared for the year; how many passed. I was able to check up on only one of the white boys who had spit on Dorothy Counts and tripped her in the high school cafeteria, and he, himself, is out of school now—gone. For these few unfortunate white students the real issue is not "integration," but, "How can I escape my own problems?" The school authorities provided these students with a handy issue which kept them from ever having to face their real problems of the life ahead.

It is not on the basis of partisanship at all. I have a deep and sincere respect and affection for President Eisenhower and the tremendous burden he is carrying, but this matter is squarely up to him. He must provide the leadership, and it is well to note that the failure goes much deeper than the White House in setting the pattern. It involves the complete failure of the Federal Government's role in following up the order of the Supreme Court; the failure of non-discrimination in government employment and employment on government contracts as they apply particularly to the South. The Federal Government is the largest single source of potential jobs for Negroes, North and South, and now must assume the main responsibility for the "mass resistance" it has allowed to organize. The Southerners who eventually break the "silence" will one day look back upon it with great pride and honor as twenty-six per cent of the South's population takes its place with human dignity in the continued growth and accumulation of wealth and property of the great Southland.

FARMERS OF THE SEA . . *by LaRue Spiker*

Bar Harbor, Maine

LAST SUMMER the dock price of lobster fell to 30c a pound—little more than the cost of catching. The problem came up for discussion in the Maine Lobstermen's Association, and the delegates decided that the wholesale buyers might be amenable to demands for a better price if the source of supply were shut off. The fishermen could scarcely anticipate that this decision would lead some lawyers in far-off Washington — a city heretofore oblivious to their problems — to take a sudden interest in them.

A "work stoppage" ensued, centering in Portland and Rockland. The M.L.A. can exert no disciplinary power over its members, nor is it empowered to enter into price contracts in their behalf. To haul traps or to sit on the dock was a question for each lobsterman to resolve with his own conscience. A majority of the Portland and Rockland lobstermen stopped fishing.

Feeling ran rather high in some quarters against a few men who did not tie up their boats, but fishers are, by and large, peaceable men and have their own way of expressing themselves. One man who had continued to fish found on his porch an unsolicited basket of groceries with a note implying that charity might be less disastrous to his self-respect than scabbing on his neighbors.

However, the wholesale buyers adhered stubbornly to their price; and, like other men before them, the lobstermen faced the cold necessities of a poor living or none at all. In two weeks their stout little boats were again chugging over the blue waters of Maine's bays and inlets.

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But the story only really begins here, for two months later a federal grand jury returned indictments charging the M.L.A. and its president, Leslie Dyer, with conspiracy to fix minimum prices. Simultaneously, a number of buyers were indicted for a conspiracy to fix maximum prices.

The lobstermen and the entire community reacted to the indictments with stunned amazement. The fishers are poor men who work hard and undertake more than average physical hazard in pursuit of their trade. Carpenter and mechanic as well as sailor, the lobsterman is a producer, skilled worker and small—very small—businessman. Stubbornly independent, he portrays rugged individualism in an almost classic sense and is justly respected by everyone who knows him. It looked as if someone in Washington had goofed.

LAST SPRING two lobster buyers pleaded guilty and were fined nominal sums; the other buyers are awaiting trial. When the lobstermen's turn came, they battened down the hatches and cleared the decks, and on May 19, the smell of the sea began to wash into the federal court at Portland. During the ensuing three weeks, the courtroom's newly decorated walls echoed Yankeeisms the like of which probably never before eddied about a bar of justice. Weather-beaten fishers who had fought so'westers all their lives faced the representatives of an august government, the world's foremost defender of individual initiative. They were unimpressed.

Before the trial was over, a New York lawyer and a cordon of reporters had learned the meaning of toggle, Down East, mugup, the banks, shedder, bucket, moderator, bait, trap. More than once profanity, both explicit and implied, was expressed on the witness stand; and more than a few of the twenty-six prosecution witnesses, mostly lobstermen, were declared hostile so the prosecutor could change his line of questioning.

When the trial started, the jury, all inlanders, heard New Yorker John J. Galgay, chief government counsel, characterize as "perfect nonsense" the "irresponsible talk" that Maine lobstermen were being discriminated against. The government, he declared, was not concerned with the fairness or unfairness of prices: "The mere fact that prices were fixed by agreement in and of itself constitutes a violation of the Sherman Act." Presenting statistics "to show the amount of commerce restrained," he indicated that Maine lobstermen had grossed something under $9 million in 1957. But he failed to divide the figure by 6,000 to show an average gross per fisher of $1,500—over half of which must go back into the business for maintenance and expenses.

In examining witnesses he frequently elicited testimony with difficulty, and often failed to like what he got. One lobsterman testified that the dealers had refused the request of Governor Edmund Muskie for a meeting between buyers and lobstermen to discuss differences. "The dealers didn't need us," he said. "They didn't care if we rotted on the banks." Another testified that one dealer had said to him, "Take what I give you or else. . . ."; another had told him, "I don't dare to buy your lobsters. They [the other dealers] won't let me."

The passage of time resulted in memory lapses. It was difficult for witnesses to remember just what had transpired in the M.L.A. meetings the preceding year. Several could not recall that any vote had been taken in regard to a specific price for lobsters. One witness opined that it might be difficult anyhow for anyone to tell a lobsterman what to do.

One witness admitted to having towed a fellow lobsterman ashore after the latter refused to stop hauling. Under cross-examination, he stated that the incident was largely a family affair.

"Did anyone ever say to you: 'Them that ain't ashore, tow 'em in' "?

"Naw!" replied the witness loudly.

Rodney Cushing, an M.L.A. vice-president, swore that his organization did not undertake to set a minimum price for lobsters during the strike. But the lobstermen were determined, he said, to make a profit, and 35c a pound may have been in the minds of some as a bedrock minimum.

"Were the delegates instructed to tell the lobstermen to stop fishing?"

"Absolutely not."

One buyer had suggested to Cushing that he ask the lobstermen to return to fishing for ten days at 30c and 32c.

"How was this offer received by the lobstermen?"

"Turned down flat. They almost threw me off the dock."

The star prosecution witness, a part-time lobsterman and part-time minister, averred that there had been threats and violence against him because he had refused to stop work. He said he was not a member of the M.L.A. "because they smoke at their meetings." A boy he knew well and had befriended had shot at him, he insisted. Someone had even stolen his lobsters. Under cross-examination, it developed that the man he accused of the theft had been dead for several years.

THE TRIAL ended abruptly after the presentation of the prosecution witnesses. Defense counsel called no one to the stand; instead, he made an impassioned closing summary, basing his chief argument on the intent of the Sherman Act. The outcome seemed a foregone conclusion; public sentiment was heavily in favor of the lobstermen, and the lobstermen themselves were confident, but the jury returned a verdict of guilty. Defense counsel at once announced it would appeal.

On the day appointed for sentencing, the court fined the M.L.A. $5,000 and Dyer $1,000, almost impossible sums for either to raise. Someone in Washington must have sensed a Pyrrhic victory, and Galgay, wreathed in good will, promptly recommended that the fines be remitted. "The Department of Justice is mindful that the sentence it recommends will be carefully scrutinized by your Maine citizens as well as persons elsewhere," he said.

Reciprocating felicities, defense counsel declared that the U. S. attorneys were "fine gentlemen"; he added, somewhat cryptically, that they had assisted him in the preparation of his case.

JUST WHY the suit was undertaken in the first place will probably always remain a state secret. Certainly Maine Republicans, facing their last early election, are not happy about it. No less a person than Richard Nixon recently told them, at a rally in Portland, that the Eisenhower Administration has been "the best years of our lives." Some Republicans hereabouts suspect that thousands of unemployed in Maine's industrial centers, as well as resort keepers hit by the recession, might disagree with Mr. Nixon. Now some 6,000 lobstermen and their families may have been added to the list of doubters.

Some uncharitable local editorial comment has implied that Washington attacked the lobstermen because they are neither powerful nor well-organized. "We suggest," notes one writer, "that [the lobstermen] stir their rubber-booted stumps and raise a whopping big war chest. Then, financially well-armed, they should storm Washington and get themselves federally recognized as farmers of the sea. . . ."

It is probable that the lobstermen will regard storming the bastions of federal policy about as practical as undertaking a whaling voyage in a row boat.

EIGHT-MAN INVASION . . *by Louis E. Lomax*

Port Au Prince, Haiti

ON MONDAY NIGHT, July 28, an eight-man invasion task force captured the entire Haitian army and its munitions.

For nine hours these eight invaders (three exiled Haitian army officers and five American soldiers of fortune) ruled Haiti. They telephoned Ministers of State, announced the coup, and gave instructions for the next day's work: they telephoned President François Duvalier and demanded his resignation. These men, along with the supporters they thought they had within the nation, would be in control of Haiti today had they been able to agree on one of the many contenders for the Presidency of this poverty-stricken republic. While they debated, Duvalier's civilian militia counterattacked, slew the rebels and liberated the army. By dawn it was all over.

The eight men had sailed from Miami in a fishing launch. They landed at the fishing village of St. Marc, sixty miles from here, early Monday evening. Police submitted two pieces of evidence suggesting that the invaders expected to be joined by supporters within Haiti: (1) the fishing launch carried enough arms to equip 2,000 men; (2) one of the Americans had been in Haiti several weeks before. He was arrested and charged with conspiracy to overthrow the government. Only the intervention of the American Embassy got him out of jail.

When supporters failed to appear at their beachhead, the eight men commandeered an army truck, drove into Port Au Prince, seized the *casern* (thereby making prisoners of the Haitian army) and went about the business of establishing a government by telephone.

Duvalier's civilian militia—a secret even from the army—was mysteriously alerted and streamed into the streets of Port Au Prince, brandishing machine guns, pistols and head-whippers (stout, bat-shaped hickory sticks). Duvalier's "barefoot brigade," as the Mulatto elite call them, saved the day.

The world will never know how many men—other than the eight invaders — died in the abortive coup, but Port Au Prince is caught up in a vendetta. Martial law prevails. Ragged militiamen—all of eighteen years old, garbed in overall pants, T-shirts, and cast-off American steel helmets —roam the streets, wielding machine guns, psychotically weeding out the subversives. Arrests number in the hundreds. Citizens are arrested without warrants, jailed without charges, convicted without evidence. An accusing finger is enough. Families are divided, friends scattered. The press is censored. Outgoing cables are seized by the army and sent only if they give the government's position that the invaders came to Haiti with the financial and political backing of two wealthy Haitians in exile, ex-Senator Louis Dejoie and former President Paul Magloire. Curfew falls at six o'clock.

Congress has given Duvalier dictatorial powers for six months with an automatic renewal clause. His first major act was to make it a capital offense to plot against the government or any state official. Then, while even his own partisans listened in disbelief, Duvalier ordered the decree retroactive to July 1, 1957. Nobody knows who or what is to die next in this stench-blanketed, intrigue-infested Caribbean republic.

Following the uprising, and while Duvalier watched from a palace window, the Haitian army loaded peasants into trucks and took them

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to the American Embassy, where they demonstrated for an hour.

Ranting about the American adventurers slain in the uprising, the government radio promised: "At last we have tasted American meat. It is sweet. Now that we know, we will eat some more!"

This is caste warfare, a death struggle between the Blacks and the Mulattoes, the Outs and the Ins, the Catholics and the Protestants, the Voodooists and the Jesusites, the Rich and the Poor.

This war is uniquely hellish because there are no uniforms, flags, slogans, or clichés to identify the partisans. Only a state of mind separates the protagonists, and the Haitian army is inclined to shoot first and philosophize later.

BUT the basic conflict is between the Duvalierists and the anti-Duvalierists. The Duvalier power structure is made up of the Black elite with a sprinkling of liberal Mulattoes. Their argument is that the Mulattoes, who comprise 10 per cent of the population, have raped the republic and the Blacks for 150 years. The Duvalierists are determined to rule or ruin. The Mulatto power structure is composed of old line, Paris-educated families, the Brahmins of the Caribbean. They contend that the Duvalier regime is nothing more than the apotheosis of mediocrity. Their objective is to save Haiti from Duvalier and Voodoo, to restore the era of Mulatto rule and French-Catholic culture.

The anti-Duvalierists are hopelessly divided over three major contenders for the presidency. Louis Dejoie is a wealthy ex-Senator, now in exile in New York. Dejoie is a Mulatto, the choice of the Mulatto elite and the American colony. Clemmet Jumelle was thoroughly discredited and later exonerated as Minister of Finance during the corrupt Magloire regime. He is now in hiding in Haiti. Like Dejoie, he has a $5,000 price on his head. Daniel Fignole, a brooding Black elite who was provisional President of the country for eighteen days, is in exile in New York.

It is impossible to make democratic judgments or isolate moral issues in this conflict. Every civil-rights sin committed by the Duvalierists was committed by the Mulattoes during their lordship over the republic. The race issue is not clear-cut. In Haiti, color is caste, not pigment. A low-born Mulatto is a Black, a high-born Black is a Mulatto or, as a Haitian told me, "A rich Negro is a Mulatto, a poor Mulatto is a Black."

Civilized law argues that a defeated politician should wait his turn at the next election, but even this tradition makes little sense in a land where, in 180 years of freedom, twenty-four Presidents were deposed by rebellion, one was poisoned, while yet another was blown to smithereens while asleep in his palace boudoir.

The religious issue is similarly blurred. Catholicism is the state religion, but the masses see nothing incongruous about being both Voodooists and Catholics. The Protestants are the Nouveaux Nothings. The Outs. Their allegiance to the Blacks is dictated by the cast-iron alliance between the Mulatto power structure and the Catholic Church.

The rising tide of anti-Americanism can neither be sanctioned nor condemned. The American Embassy did accomplish the freedom of one of the plotters when he was arrested some weeks ago for conspiracy against Duvalier. There is no doubt of the American colony's sycophantic relationship to the Mulatto socio-economic power structure. Yet, whatever advances the Blacks have received are due, largely, to American economic, social and missionary activities. President Duvalier rose to power because, as a country doctor, he cured the Yaws (a running-sore disease that infected 62 per cent of Haitians) by supervising the injection of one massive dose of penicillin into each of two million peasant rumps. The entire health program was financed by the United States.

The Blacks have every right to vote and hold office, but who can dispute the Mulattoes' claim that there are more government jobs than there are trained Blacks to fill them? Turn the picture a third time and it becomes plain that unconscionable Mulatto domination and oppression account for the fact that 90 per cent of the Blacks are illiterate, that their annual per capita income is $62.

The blunt truth is that Haiti has never come into political maturity. There are no strong political parties, only father-image Presidential candidates with Messianic complexes. Only the brute force of the army provides Haiti with any sense of continuing government. Haiti's economics are incredible (the army has not been paid in five weeks and soldiers work as truck drivers at night in order to feed their families). Its social customs are nothing short of ludicrous (the Mulatto elite makes much of marrying its children off to white foreigners, but one American engineer was rejected: "After all, he works with his hands!"). The concept of *individual* freedom makes little, if any, sense in Haiti.

BUT Haiti is not to blame. This nation is the sin-child of the caste-conscious, slavery-prone, hero-worshiping seventeenth-century Western culture. The Western world has repented, but Haiti is a mess we have had neither the inclination nor the courage to clean up. We left this land afflicted with all of our vices and blessed with few, if any, of our virtues.

When Columbus discovered the island of Hispaniola it was peopled by the "lovable, tractable, peaceful" Arawak aborigines. The Spaniards and their smallpox eliminated the aborigines. When the buccaneers, and Catholic French took over the western third of the island (now Haiti), they imported African slaves to till the soil. And on moonlit Caribbean nights the French planters went wenching with African maids, producing a class of free Mulattoes, with color lines so finely drawn that the government of Haiti now officially recognizes 250 blood combinations.

By mid-eighteenth century, Haiti was a land of 40,800 whites who pulled rank on 30,000 *gens de couleur*, while both suppressed 450,000 Black slaves.

The world forgot Haiti after it won its independence from Napoleon. Despite its endless revolutions, the island republic received little attention until it became a possible strategic base in World War I.

Twenty years of American occupation brought about civil peace, abetted the Mulattoes' strangle hold on the Blacks ("These Southern Americans know how to handle Blacks, you know"), but failed to create political stability. The Haitians substituted a *coup de langues* (tongue revolution) for bloodshed. The army officers would call on the President, bow low, cock their pistols and hand him a one-way ticket to New York. The President would rise, bow low and leave town before dark.

Once the Americans left, the partisans re-adopted bloodshed as a means of political change. Thus, with increasing frequency, Haitian uprisings have become matters of world concern.

HAITIANS are a proud and sovereign people. It is none of the world's business if, out of their tragic intransigence, they set off a blood bath and slay a million citizens. International law has not risen to the point where it can stop a civil war. But Haiti's chronic insolvency has cast the rest of the world in a nepotic role. Forever in the borrower's robes, Haitians cannot dispute the right of the lending governments, as well as the United Nations, to an active interest in their nation's muddled economic and political affairs.

Few realists believe we shall ever recover the millions we have poured into Haiti. The least, then, is that the Haitians allow their benefactors to salve the world's conscience by attempting to mediate between the dissidents in the interest of human dignity.

But how to mediate without insulting the sovereignty of the proud Haitians? The answer, it seems to me (and as Carleton Beals adumbrated in *The Nation*, in the issue of July 6, 1957) is that the United Nations invite the exiled Haitian leaders to a peace table. There an agreement would be reached according to which the dissidents would, at Dr. Duvalier's invitation and under United Nations policing, return home, consolidate their partisans and share the government with Duvalier until a United Nations-supervised election could be held.

This proposal is not Utopian. I know, from personal interviews, that the dissidents would agree. I have reason to believe that some of Duvalier's top advisers would recommend that he also agree.

But there would have to be two important stipulations. First, the current Haitian Government would have to surrender its entire internal security force to the United Nations team. Not one Haitian exile would dare return home, even with U.N. observers, as long as Duvalier partisans control the courts and the army. Second, the U.N. proposal would have to contain a built-in guarantee of an immediate loan from the World Bank. Haiti is absolutely bankrupt and the certainty of a long-term loan would cause both the Duvalierists and the weary Mulattoes to talk peace.

It will not be easy to check Haiti's pathological bent toward self-destruction, but in the attempt the United Nations would come to full stature and define for itself a new role in international affairs. This negotiation would be a noble experiment, the least we can do for this nation that reflects our sins of yesteryear.

RENAISSANCE FOR SALE . . *by David Cort*

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY Renaissance, so impatiently awaited, has at last been officially announced in book-review advertisements, in glossy direct-mail announcements and, for all I know, on billboards. The subject is a new magazine called *Horizon*, six issues a year, $3.95 a copy.

Normally, anything announced in advance as a work of art is entitled to a review *after* its first appearance. So meticulous a courtesy would be wasted in this case. It is too easy to foresee the event complete. What this new Renaissance will actually be is controlled by personalities, drives, gimmicks and cost-accountings far too rigid and familiar to permit any random element to explode the show into any sort of art.

It is asserted here that what you will see in the middle of September can be absolutely predicted right now. It will not be art, it will not open the Renaissance, it will not even be nice.

First, let us look at the claim made by *Horizon*: "America today exhibits all the elements which, in ages past, produced great cultures: wealth, leisure, education, energy, the great challenge of a warring world. On all sides we see signs of a cultural explosion" (What! Where?) "and perhaps the dawn of our Golden Age. Such a significant popular" (key word) "movement needs a voice concerned with nothing else." The voice will be this here new magazine, *Horizon*, $3.95, a quarter of its 144 pages in two, three or four colors.

The prospectus promises you "excitement and surprise . . . love in its infinite variety, laughter, revelation, strong opinions from strong minds. . . ."

These are priceless experiences. So are Christmas hymns and Auld Lang Syne. But when these really important treasures of the human spirit are exploited for cold profit, with no prospect of fulfillment, it is time to intervene.

THE PROPRIETORS of *Horizon* are an unobtrusive trio named Thorndike, Jensen and Parton. They already run the similar magazine,

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DAVID CORT, in his time an editor with Time, Inc., is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

American Heritage. Taking them in order, the first is cold, the second is lovable, the third is sharp; taken together, they spell out something like Bennett Cerf. They are products of Harvard in the 30s and of Time, Inc., for which they were a little too unhumble. Madison Avenue must have beckoned to them, but they resisted. They were looking for a magical gimmick of their own. They have invented children's games, formats for *This Week* and anything that looked like the Golden Fleece.

For long the magic gimmick eluded them, possibly because they were still ex-Time, Incers. But part of the Time, Inc. formula is a superficial patriotism in terms of a swollen, imaginary America.

And so in 1954 the boys started the Magazine of Patriotism, *American Heritage.*

Moving to a circulation of about 350,000, this has proved that history, that unsaleable fossil, can be put to use to reassure specific pre-sold audiences. Frustrated Republican thieves want to read about old robber barons who were All-Man. D.A.R.'s, or people who feel like D.A.R.'s, fatten on a particular history. People who feel aristocratic because they live in Charleston, S.C., or Memphis or Peoria want to be told they're right. The cowboys-and-Indians group must add a few solvent subscribers. And then there are the Civil War buffs who will read anything on their subject.

American Heritage is terribly unexciting, and this with material that is often inherently dramatic. It is cold, lovable and sharp. Nor can it be blamed on the editor, Bruce Catton, who is boxed in by his editor-in-chief, Thorndike, his assistant managing editor, Jensen, and his publisher, Parton.

THE INVENTION of *Horizon* must have grown out of the boys' discovery of all that free, classy history outside the United States, all going to waste. It aroused their cupidity, but they did not lose their caution. None of those American gimmicks—frustrated robber barons, Civil War buffs, D.A.R.'s, provincial aristocrats—would be running for them here. And it must have come to them, as it has to me, that Americans are less interested than usual, in this decade, in foreign history.

Applying the earlier technique, they had to look for some pre-sold audiences. Among those whom they found, there are some who believe that culture is classy, dictatorships are bad, republics are good, beautiful women are fascinating, foreigners are crazy, and the Bible story is literally true. There is nothing here as good as the gimmicks of *American Heritage,* but together they might prove good enough if one added the magic ingredient, color pictures. The boys' use of pictures, as seen in *American Heritage,* is peculiarly niggardly, decorative rather than pictorial, and must reflect some internal conflict and compromise. The classiness is there, but it is Yankee, stingy and hick.

The boys hope to raise the level of *Horizon* by getting better writers—André Malraux, Robert Graves, Louis Kronenberger, Cleveland Amory, Julian Huxley. This could lead to trouble. One of them, Louis Kronenberger, may have given the boys the idea for *Horizon* while showing why it couldn't succeed in America. In a passage in his book, *Company Manners,* he wrote:

> Art's kind of magic again—art's refusal to be achieved through laboratory methods, through getting up charts or symposiums or sales conferences, through looking at smears under the microscope — its magic seems behind the times, almost downright retarded, to a people with a genius for the synthetic. Art's kind of uselessness, finally—its non-vitamin-giving health, its non-pep-you-up modes of pleasure, its non-materialistic enrichment — quite genuinely confuses a people who have been educated to have something to show for their efforts, if only a title or a medal or a diploma.

A pretense of art will be practically impossible for *Horizon;* instead, it will fall back on a pretense of scholarship. Every writer, says the prospectus, "must really *know* his subject." This conveys merely that *Horizon* will run those leisurely, much-too-long pieces which *The Reporter* has imitated from *The New Yorker,* which borrowed them from Mencken's *American Mercury,* which was largely unreadable. (All right. Go back and look at it.)

To old-fashioned people who thought a book was a two-dollar hard-cover object and a magazine a cheap paperback, a $3.95 magazine in hard covers (while books are cheap paperbacks) must be confusing. Still, *Horizon* will be a magazine. The test is whether all the issues are alike. They will be. That makes it a magazine. But one must ask how such a magazine is worth the equivalent of a four-pound pot roast, five dozen eggs or a quart of gin, when you can have the contents of the next hundred issues by buying a second-hand *Encyclopedia Britannica.*

THE PROSPECTUS statement that great cultures are produced by "the great challenge of a warring world" deserves a look. The present moment may be compared to England's mood in the Napoleonic era. In literature this was, for England, a relative doldrums between two great periods. By straining a little, one can place in the period Jane Austen, Byron, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Landor, Scott, Southey and Wordsworth, but most of them did their best work after the military challenge was removed. Actually, one would hesitate to make any connection between great cultures and military challenges. The sort of thinking that must make the connection is essentially characteristic of the boys. They demand that every syllogism feather their nest, every sum add up to their benefit, every sun be rising on their fortunes, and no tide wet their feet. In fact, hordes of these little Canutes daily command the sun to shine on Madison Avenue.

But how grotesque they seem when they order up the Renaissance!

Horizon has the further impudence to append its rules for the Renaissance: "*Horizon* will be kept free of esthetic snobbery, the obscure reference, the pedant's footnote."*

Translated, the owners are trying to promise that they will be neither cold, lovable nor sharp.

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*Pedant's footnote: *Oh, nuts.* This is an obscure reference to the snobbery of General McAuliffe at Bastogne.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Scab Millionaire

INDEPENDENT MAN: The Life of Senator James Couzens. By Harry Barnard. Charles Scribner's Sons. 376 pp. $5.95.

Carl Dreher

THIS BOOK, by the author of *Eagle Forgotten*: *The Life of John Peter Altgeld*, has pace and color, but lacks literary distinction. It is as if the writer wished to suit the style to his subject and deliberately avoided eloquence. The symbiosis extends to other features. From beginning to end there is not an unclear sentence. The chapters are short. The research weighs down the notes in the back, not the text. If Couzens had been a writer, this is how he would have written. The effect, biographically, is that he emerges, is seen. And he is something to see. None of the systems of government of the great industrial nations is conducive to the production of forthright, self-steered, principled individuals; and when they do somehow come forth, often the only success open to them is that of martyrdom. But here is the real thing in that line, and no martyr. Though he suffered, he gave as good as he took in conflicts that redound to the glory of Canada, which gave him birth and character, and the United States, of which he might have been President had he been born on the south shore of Lake Erie instead of the north.

At the height of his financial career, Couzens was worth between forty and sixty millions, which in pre-1920 dollars represented vast wealth. He made his money mainly in the Ford Motor Company, for the success of which he was more responsible than Ford himself. In the early years of the company, he was the entire office management, did all the hiring and firing, kept the books, collected, disbursed, reinvested earnings, sold, established agencies, dictated business policy. Later, as vice president, treasurer and general manager, he was plenipotentiary over 6,700 Ford agents, 35 branches, 26 assembly plants, 48 Ford accounts in American banks and a number in foreign banks, and still the foremost policy-maker. It was said that everyone in the nascent Ford Company worked like a dog, and Couzens worked harder than anyone else. A pleasant disposition was not one of his virtues and his short temper was one of his assets in business. People were afraid of him. Of course this kind of force succeeds only when coupled with great ability. Couzens had both.

But his best fortune was that he was a pristine Ford stockholder. In 1903, he could lay his hands on only $500 to invest, of which $400 was his own. He was able to borrow another $2,000. His sister Rosetta, a schoolteacher, had $300 and would have invested it all, but their father objected so vehemently that Rosetta put in only $100. For this she received in 1919, over and above dividends, $691,142.10. At the same time Couzens, alienated by Ford's anti-Semitism and such bizarre notions as that cigarette-smoking was a cause of criminality, sold out for $29 million. In the interval, he had bought up other partners' interests.

THAT WAS how Couzens made his money. He disbursed in benefactions about $30 million. But he is remembered today neither for his money-making nor his giving. He survives as the creative politician, driven by the logic of events and his own social morality into a position where he was regarded as a traitor to his class and an enemy of wealth by those presumably in the best position to know — members of the upper class and large owners of property.

Couzens was a self-made man, originally of the middle class but lacking the middle-class reverence for wealth. He lacked it even while he was himself bent on success for its tangible rewards and as a symbol of achievement. He adopted the mode of living of the conventional rich, but not their mode of thinking and feeling. Keeping his mind inviolate, he refused to be assimilated. Thus, in a significant and indeed fundamental characteristic, he was at odds with the society in which he lived.

Populism was a political force when Couzens, eighteen years old in 1890, came to Detroit from Chatham, Ontario, to work as a car checker for the Michigan Central Railroad. The years of his business success followed. They were not long: twenty or less. In 1913, forty-one years old, Couzens realized that he had all the money he wanted. The idea of continuing what he now saw to be futile produced in him a kind of nausea. Then it produced clarity. Couzens gazed unflinchingly at the society that had raised him to wealth and power and found it wanting. Other rich men who reached such conclusions were appalled by the vast bulk of evil and ineffectuality, and decided to let well enough alone. But Couzens never lived by A. E. Housman's terrible line: "Let us endure an hour and see injustice done."

HE resigned his position in the Ford Motor Company on October 12, 1915. On September 28, 1916, Detroit's Mayor Oscar B. Marx, in trouble with a lax police department, appointed Couzens police commissioner. Like Theodore Roosevelt in a like situation some twenty years earlier, Couzens throughout his term was embroiled with politicians and judges. The serio-comic climax, typical of Detroit, was when he was held in contempt of court for interfering with a collusive arrangement between a municipal judge and professional bondsmen in a case involving streetwalkers. Refusing to pay a $100 fine, Couzens was locked up briefly in his own jail.

The incident brought him national publicity. About a year and a half later, as a candidate for Mayor in the primary, he achieved more publicity. The streetcar company, privately owned, providentially chose that time to raise the fare from a nickel to six cents. Couzens boarded a Fort Street car, dropped a nickel in the fare box and proceeded to a seat. The conductor ordered him off the car. Couzens did not budge. Traffic on Fort Street was blocked even more than usual. Couzens and the conductor were photographed as the conductor finally pushed Couzens off the car. Couzens was dismayed when hundreds of citizens refused to pay six cents and riots swept the city, but his campaign workers persuaded him to remain silent. He won the primary and the runoff. On taking office, he promised: "I'll reward no friends and I'll punish no enemies." He also said. "I will conduct myself so that I have my own self-respect, regardless of whether people like me."

Couzens was Mayor during the post-World War I anti-Bolshevist delirium. In the winter of 1919, in the face of American Legion threats of violence and the advice of his own police commissioner, he insisted on the right of the

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CARL DREHER is a frequent contributor.

I.W.W.'s Big Bill Haywood to speak. Couzens attended the meeting. Haywood spoke. There was no violence.

Nor would Couzens cooperate in the federal drive to seize, jail and deport Reds. "Are we to stifle every symptom of thinking by shouting Bolshevism?" he asked. This was only one in a series of contests in which he was forced to expend his energies in upholding the most elementary American principles against assault from the most respectable quarters. He stood for free speech at a time when to beat up a member of the I.W.W. was esteemed a patriotic act. The more cautious had their turn when the patriots ran out of Grade A victims. In 1926, Couzens had to intervene on behalf of William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, who had been barred from speaking at the Detroit YMCA.

COUZENS WAS appointed to the Senate in 1922 to fill the unexpired term of Truman H. Newberry, who had resigned rather than face expulsion on charges of violation of the federal Corrupt Practices Act. Warren G. Harding was President. Alice Longworth said of Harding that he was not a bad man, "just a slob." Under these auspices, Couzens made a brief attempt to behave like a Republican. Then he said: ". . . if being a Republican means kowtowing to the President, I do not care to be a Republican." Asked by a reporter whether it was true he was a radical, Couzens replied, "Yes, I'm radical as hell when I see an evil that ought to be ended." He allied himself with the Progressive faction in the Senate: Norris, La Follette, Borah, Hiram Johnson and the Senators who usually voted with this group.

Coolidge was inclined to be friendly with Couzens who, after all, had been a successful businessman. He does not seem to have been offended by Couzens' habit of shouting and smashing his fist on the Executive desk. Hoover, however, felt a personal antipathy toward Couzens. "A very dangerous man," he called him with unconscious flattery. For his own part Couzens, at first hopeful of Hoover as a potential progressive, came to detest him.

A former Congressman said, "Senator Couzens is a wolf in sheep's clothing. He is not a Republican. He is a Socialist." The Congressman was more than half-right about Couzens' Republicanism, but Couzens was not a Socialist, except as a term of abuse. His creed was summed up in the statement: "I want to do what I can to see that life is not made a burden for the many and a holiday for the few. I want to do that which will contribute the greatest good to the greatest number." This brand of vague meliorism is innocuous enough. It resounds every Sabbath from thousands of pulpits; it is taught in the schools and sanctioned by boards of education. The horror, in the case of Couzens, was that he meant it and was in a position to act on it. If he couldn't make life a holiday for the many (which was not his purpose, actually), he could at times make it a burden for the few who rode on the backs of the many. Thus he aroused fear and loathing among that section of the reactionary rich who were thrown into frenzy by any threat to their status.

Their fears were not entirely psychopathic. Couzens was an industrialist in a capitalist democracy who took both capitalism and democracy seriously; but when it came to a choice, he was for democracy. It must be admitted, also, that if he was not a Socialist, neither was he a genuine capitalist. He had the money, but not the inner qualities. When La Follette died, Couzens delivered this tribute before the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen: "Yesterday we lost, I think, the greatest American of our age. No man stood up for so many years against the abuse, the misrepresentation, the lies of the big press and of capital more fearlessly or more unflinchingly. . . ." This and much else that Couzens said had unmistakable anti-capitalist overtones which rang harshly in the ears of those who, if capitalism was to be mentioned at all, insisted that it be in terms of religious veneration.

Furthermore, critical commentaries on the existing order and eulogies of world-improvers are infectious and may crop up in the most unlikely places. Barnard points out that in 1955, Chief Justice Earl Warren paid tribute to La Follette in almost the same phrases as Couzens had in 1925. In the thirties no one could have seemed safer and sounder than Earl Warren, Attorney General of California. Today, on many crucial issues, he is an affliction to his early admirers, as Couzens was thirty years ago. Was there a direct transmission of the virus? If it can attack the James Couzenses and Earl Warrens, who is safe? In what future crises might benign dissidence assume virulent forms?

COUZENS' CAREER shows what can happen. During the Harding, Coolidge and Hoover administrations, he wasted much of his energy in bitter personal contention with Andrew W. Mellon and other cardinal-archbishops of the economy. He was referred to in the clubs of the well-born and well-heeled — especially the ones to which he belonged — as the "scab millionaire." Still, he was an annoyance rather than a menace. The collapse of 1929 changed all this almost overnight. The resulting Senatorial inquisitions, in which Couzens played a prominent part, proved that his criticism had been only too well-founded. But it must not be imagined that the revelations of corruption at the highest levels of the financial community gave the high-minded Couzens any satisfaction. He was appalled that men with every opportunity to behave well had behaved so badly. But this made him only the more dangerous, for the fact was that the system of which they were a part made it impossible for them to do otherwise, yet he refused to condone what to them seemed venial sins.

After the inquisitions came the reforms, and again Couzens played a major role. Couzens was not a scholar in economics, but he had practical experience and a free mind. If one reviews what he proposed — including his er-

Creek Song

As she walked by Unami
that told her where it went
by the pounding blood of its autumn
mud,
her eyes of sixteen
looked, against her eyelids,
at dark blood of her own
that frightened her and lightened her
and made her want to sing.

As she walked by Unami
in the mid-August heat,
she held her hands like hard breastbands
over her restless breath.
The pike that swam the ripples
slowed its pulsing fin
and pointed at her its mystery
and so her hands dropped down.

As she walked by Unami
still closer to the shore,
she saw a gash within the fork
of the March-green sycamore.
It might have been a shadow,
it might have been a nest,
but she had to hold to a holly bush
until her fainting stopped.

As she walked by Unami
on a crust of fallen snow,
she touched the splice of forming ice
that covered the current's flow.
Her arms within her coat sleeves,
her blood within her arms,
cooled like the creek, knew how to keep
beyond the reach of storms.

Millen Brand

rors — he comes out far ahead of the Presidents with whom he served: Harding, Coolidge, Hoover — and Roosevelt. In particular, Couzens should receive credit for antedating Roosevelt in many of the crucial measures of the New Deal.

More than a decade before the New Deal came to fruition, Couzens was favoring government action, when necessary, to fill a social need. As Mayor of Detroit, he abandoned a project for public financing of home building only because he lacked the power to amend the state constitution. In the 1921 depression, he packed the street-cleaning department with unemployed workers and dispensed doles from the city treasury to others. Already denounced as a "Socialist," he retorted, "Human beings cannot be permitted to starve because of political theory."

Nowadays conservatives not only accept the reforms of the New Deal — rechristened "built-in stabilizers" — but talk as if they had themselves initiated them. The truth is that they or their predecessors did all they could to block these measures. One of Barnard's accomplishments is that he takes us back into an era in which everything that Andy Mellon frowned upon became *ipso facto* mortal heresy, and shows what Couzens did to replace hobgoblin economics with a semblance of reason. In the summer of 1931, the Senator told Ray Tucker, a Scripps-Howard writer, that even if it meant tripling the federal debt, the government should "make work by building libraries, museums, highways, bridges, schools and so forth, even if they returned no income." Tucker was astonished and asked if Couzens, as a businessman and a millionaire, would permit quotation. Couzens said, "Sure!" and Tucker got an eight-column headline in the New York *World-Telegram*. Tucker later thought that Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, might have got the inspiration for his Presidential public-works program from this account.

OF the four Presidents in whose administrations he served in the Senate, Roosevelt was the only one for whom Couzens felt respect and affection. "He's human!" Couzens exclaimed after their first meeting. Politics is charged with irony. Roosevelt was Couzens' political nemesis. After fourteen years of freewheeling independence in the Senate, Couzens had no political machine and a host of enemies. The Michigan Old Guard selected Wilbur J. Brucker, now Secretary of the Army, to run against him in the primary. Couzens' defeat was a foregone conclusion. Any remaining doubts were resolved when, challenged by Brucker to declare for Landon as President, he announced that he was for Roosevelt. "I have written myself out of the Senate," he said to Senator McNary. Surprisingly, he still polled 200,000 votes against Brucker's 328,000.

It would have made no difference if he had won. He was ill. It seemed that in sickness, as in business and politics, he had to do things on a grand scale. He had diabetes, a bladder ailment, migraine headaches, sinusitis, sacrocoxitis, jaundice and a stomach disorder. He was hospitalized on October 14, as Roosevelt was on his way to Michigan in the last stages of the campaign. Roosevelt wanted to visit Couzens in the hospital; Couzens would not hear of it. He left his bed and met Roosevelt at the train. He was with the President on the parade through the streets of Detroit, the rally at Hamtramck Stadium and the great mass meeting in front of the City Hall. Returning to the hospital, he was stricken with uremic poisoning. He had had ten operations. An eleventh was proposed by his doctors. "All right," Couzens said. "It's all right with me." He did not come out of the anesthetic. A few days later Roosevelt swept the election.

Theseus in Crete

THE KING MUST DIE. By Mary Renault. Pantheon Books. 338 pp. $4.50.

Katherine Hoskins

MARY RENAULT's *The King Must Die* is the fullest account to date of Theseus' adventure with the Minotaur, and I should suppose that it would hold the palm for quite a while. She has made it a rich and exciting novel — interweaving the myth with human probabilities, recent archaeological findings and her own understanding of ancient customs. Perhaps the most pleasing element in her treatment is the naturalness with which acceptance of both divine and human agencies inform the thoughts of her characters so that, in constant interplay, the dark of religion is given shape by and also shapes the light of rationality. Thus, while Theseus

KATHERINE HOSKINS is a poet, critic and writer of short stories. Her volume of poetry, Villa Narcisse, *won her a grant from Brandeis University; more recently, she has been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship.*

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knows that his human father is Aegeus, he can at the same time claim the paternity of Poseidon. Chatting with the one, and able in a crisis to call for a wave-like utterance from the other, he enjoys a double reliance that is strange to most of us, and enviable.

I IMAGINE that the story of Theseus is second only to that of Oedipus in the number of re-writers it has attracted. And interpretation of salient points varies with the writer. Take the desertion of Ariadne on Naxos. Gustav Schwab gives the familiar account that it was occasioned by Dionysus who appeared in a dream to Theseus. Gide shows Theseus as bored to death with Ariadne from the start and determined to maroon her at the first chance so that he may proceed to Athens with Phèdre. According to Hawthorne, Ariadne remained in Crete to look after her old father. (This last is so ludicrous that I feel I should point out that Hawthorne himself made a pretty thorough apology for viewing myths "in the aspect of baby stories.")

According to Miss Renault, Theseus spends many happy hours with Ariadne before they leave Crete. (And the earthquake plus revolution plus murder by which they effect their escape is stunningly presented.) However, before that, Miss Renault has planted in our minds that, as Cretan and Hellene, these two might have difficulty finding common ground. Still, Theseus loves Ariadne and it is only when they spend a night on the island of Naxos and take part in a Dionysiac celebration during which Ariadne, in her character of priestess, not only gets dead drunk but performs rather unmentionable acts that Theseus gives in to his first misgivings and leaves her. A Hellene gentleman, he does, however, make sure that she will be honored there, and loved.

By choosing for comment only one episode in her long book, I have done an injustice to Miss Renault's inventive exfoliations. Every question we have learned to ask in reading the tale is answered brilliantly and at length—as, what was the Minotaur, what was the labyrinth, how did the matriarchal system work, how might it have been supplanted by the patriarchal, how did Theseus get away from Crete, why did he forget to change the black sail for a white? If, to me, her archaeological solutions seem more acceptable than many of her humane, the workings of peoples' minds has always been considerably more labyrinthine than anything even Daedalus could contrive. At any rate, for those who like their archaeology lightened by a story or, conversely, for those who hope by archaeology to approach perhaps a little nearer to an understanding of the story — *The King Must Die* is wholeheartedly to be recommended.

Remembering Amy Lowell

AMY LOWELL. By Horace Gregory. Thomas Nelson & Sons. 213 pp. $5.

Winfield Townley Scott

ONLY two or three years ago—thirty after Amy Lowell's death—when at last a one-volume *Collected Poems* was published, the event seemed of too little importance to necessitate critical reassessment of her work.

Amy Lowell survives, not as a poet but as a lengendary figure. Genuinely spectacular characters are too few for us ever to let go such a gorgeous specimen as she. Yet eccentricity makes for a second-rate immortality. Miss Lowell had greater longings than to be only a colorful paragraph in the history of American literature.

There have, now, been three books about her. Rushed into print within a year of her death was a vindictive biographical study by Clement Wood. It was not without critical acumen, but its mean-mindedness compromised it, and it is now quite forgotten. A decade later came the monumental official biography by S. Foster Damon. That book will remain for what it is: a more respectful judgment of Amy Lowell's poems than time seems to allow, but nonetheless an indispensable record of the woman and her life and her era. With time on his side, Horace Gregory now presents a brief study devoid both of Wood's close jealousies and Damon's close reverence.

HORACE GREGORY'S expressed purpose is an interpretive historical essay that attempts to place Amy Lowell among other poets of her day." His argument is that "Her distinction had no relevance to the writing of poetry; it was clearly and cheerfully the public expression of a personality, a literary celebrity of its day."

> She had forced the act of writing into a medium that came very close to the quickly performed, then as quickly forgotten, engagements with both enemies and friends. Writing became the means by which she participated in literary adventure. It was very nearly the by-product of her personality.

A great deal of the charm and value of Gregory's *Amy Lowell* lies in its recall of her contemporaries and their now so seemingly remote time of World War I. His quick portraits of Pound, Masters, Fletcher, Lindsay, Millay, Teasdale and others, are deft in use of essentials of portraiture and highly reliable in literary judgment. He brings back the brave days of *vers libre* and Imagism and "Amygism" (as Pound soon termed it) from London to Brookline, Massachusetts. This is all excellently done and makes his book, like Miss Lowell, a contribution to our literary history.

MISS LOWELL herself he sees as first of all a not inconsistent exhibit of a remarkable family. She was born to a great name, to wealth and position, and she used all three in furthering her career. She had as stimulus two much-admired older brothers, Percival and Lawrence; but she had innately, too, the characteristic drive of the family. It is Gregory's plausible, convincing argument that her literary tastes, no less than her tastes in clothes and politics and the general amenities, were conservative. Deepest of them, from her youth on, was her adoration of Keats which came to its fruition in a huge and admirable (more than not) biography toward the end of her life.

There are some errors of fact in Gregory's book, a little wastage (I think) in unimportant anecdotage, and one would have liked a fuller showing forth of just what Amy Lowell did write. But there can be no question of his general success. Flavors and fervors of a distant and still exciting time have been recaptured, proportioned, revealed for value. Amidst them that extraordinary woman: something of an actress but burdened with an overstout, sick body; something of a hard-headed (Lowell) business executive, but turning the high-handed, imperious impulses into the paths of literature; something of a masculine energy, even, but in fact interknit with an indubitably feminine nature. No doubt of it, the little smoke of her battles and of her cigars lingers, if ever so faintly, upon our literary air.

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT is a poet, essayist and former editor of the Providence Journal's *distinguished book page. His recent* The Dark Sister *is a narrative poem based on Norse saga.*

Books in Brief

LOLITA. By Vladimir Nabokov. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 319 pp. $5.

THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER. By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 288 pp. $4.50.

THE CULTURED MAN. By Ashley Montagu. The World Publishing Co. 284 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

IT STRIKES me that Vladimir Nabokov wrote *Lolita* in a waggish mood and that the point of his jest may be to seduce his readers into admiring the pseudo-memoirs of a stunning bore. *Lolita* is a glittering machine — it is as wickedly deft as the spooferies of Laurence Sterne; but once you have admired the cabinet-work, once you have absorbed the shock of its melancholy sexuality, you are confronted with the personality of its narrator-hero. The key to Mr. Humbert Humbert is that he is obsessed, not by little girls, but by the vibrations of his own sensibility. He is as absorbed in himself as any of Kafka's alter-egos, but to much less profitable ends. For the mind of Humbert Humbert is a pudding stuffed with blandest plums of a Continental education. He utters banalities in French and he alternates between complacent satisfaction with his undistinguished wit and bleating self-pity at the miscarriage of his obscene stratagems.

You might expect this — might expect a man who devotes his energy and ingenuity to the debauching of a twelve-year-old to be a dull fellow in general society. I cannot praise too highly the finesse with which Nabokov sketches the vacuous elegance of his hero's mind. I am impressed by his mastery of English and amused by his accurate though not very profound gibes at American mores and American pretensions. Nevertheless, the hours I spent with Humbert Humbert were achingly tedious — best explained, perhaps, by the premise that Mr. Nabokov was indulging himself in a prolonged practical joke.

The book is erotic, but surprisingly less erotic than might be predicted from the nature and frankness of the theme. All of us — all men, that is — have detected sexuality in certain girl children and have mused shamefully on the potential excitements of these immature Circes. Since erotica is normally effective to the degree that it touches responsive impulses in the reader, one might expect *Lolita* to be exceedingly heady. In fact, though, it seems curiously to be a description of events that never happened. The girl, Lolita, drifts into and out of the power of her monstrous step-father with a ludicrous indifference to the rites he inflicts upon her. She behaves as though she were no party to Humbert's lust and, since the nature of his lust is private gratification, it could be that she never was. Humbert describes her as a silly, restless, athletic schoolgirl who conceals behind her petulant face the knowledge of a courtesan. In the event, it is she who first seduces him — with the cold efficiency of a five dollar trick. This is unusual experience in schoolgirls, but it is sufficiently commonplace in the reveries of middle-aged men of deficient potency. I wonder if, in fact, Humbert ever touched his delicious nymphet — whether the unclean revels of *Lolita* are anything more than the pathetic day dreams of a young old man. The mock preface insists that it is all dreadfully real, but then the author of that preface — one John Ray, Jr., Ph.D. — is a caricature of the myopic academe, and I don't think that Mr. Nabokov expects us to take his word for anything.

There remains the question of why this clever book comes to the American market on a wave of such extravagant praise. Partly, I think, it is because the cleverness is of a kind that particularly appeals to the literary professional. The mock trappings of scholarship make him chuckle, the gay skating on the thinnest of "good taste" rouses his admiration, and I fear that Humbert Humbert talks a prissy lingo that some professors would be pleased to emulate. Also, the book looked like a lost cause. It had been banned in Paris, of all places, and one could assume that it would never be published here. Since at the very least it is a literate curiosity, this was clearly an outrage, and one tended to pitch the adjectives to a high note in sounding a protest. Now that it has been published, no one will be unduly embarrassed by this early praise. *Lolita* is skillful enough and outrageous enough to save faces all around — though in the end it may prove to be more a japes than a masterpiece.

ORWELL's *The Road to Wigan Pier* came out in England in 1937, a few years after he had returned from Burma and just before he went off to Spain. There is no obvious reason for publishing it here twenty years later — when most of its facts and many of its opinions are out of date — and I had supposed that it was another of those exhumations that publishers sponsor in the hope of getting one more play out of a famous name. Maybe so — but it is a wonderfully alive body.

The circumstances surrounding the first appearance of the book are entertaining. Those were the days when the Left Book Club, under the guidance of Harold Laski, John Strachey and Victor Gollancz, was riding the wave of Socialist optimism. The club commissioned Orwell, who had recently shown in *Down and Out in Paris and London* a gift for cruising inconspicuously in the lowest economic strata, to move into the industrial north of England and report on conditions among the miners and related groups of the chronically unemployed. This was a brilliant assignment: Orwell wrote a report that entirely transcends its economic data and becomes an elegy on the spirit of poverty. He traveled down into the mines and looked with wonder on the prodigious labors of the small, malformed miners; he visited in their homes, taking notes on seeping walls, infested cupboards, backed-up drains; he explained with almost weeping anger the psychology of permanent unemployment and why the poor will always — indeed, must always — spend their inadequate shillings on tawdry luxury. It is the writing of an artist with his blood up and it can stand with Hogarth and Dickens.

Having written this much to fulfill his obligation to Gollancz and Co., Orwell started right over again on a companion tract to fulfill an obligation to himself. The second half of the manuscript he turned in to the Left Book Club is a sweeping attack on professional Socialists and theoretical socialism. Those were the days of leagues against war *and* fascism, of starry-eyed reports on the Russian experiment, of reliance on the planned society for the cure of misery. Orwell thought it was cant and ignorance, self-righteousness and shortsightedness and he laid about him with the flat of his hand. Much of what he said was too angry to be just, but he had an instinct for soft spots and he hit them all. Enough of them are still soft to make this good, if bitter, reading today.

Orwell's unsolicited biting of the hand that was then feeding him naturally troubled Laski, Strachey and Gollancz. They didn't agree, and yet their principles would not let them eliminate Part Two of *Wigan Pier* as not being in the contract. So they published the whole work, only adding an explanatory and mollifying note by Gollancz. This brief statement gives the book a final historical glamor — it shunts you back all at once into a period when men still thought of themselves as individually responsible and potent in social affairs. Socialism could be understood in terms of what Mr. Laski said to Mr. Strachey, what both of them agreed Mr. Gollancz should say to the public about Mr. Orwell. These men operated on the assumption that they grasped the issues of their day. It may have been an illusion — indeed, you could cite events to show that it was certainly an illusion — but it may be one that we cannot do without. No one today feels as relevant to the welfare of the future as Mr. Gollancz felt himself to be in 1937; humility now becomes us as a shroud.

"THE CULTURED MAN," says Ashley Montagu in a book of that title, "has a sense of humor. That is to say, not only is he able to perceive the comic (as well as the tragic) side of things, including himself, but he knows how to wear his own crown of thorns gracefully, over one ear, as it were." How very true — and yet I wonder whether a man who undertakes to instruct his fellows on the quality of their cultivation should raise the question of humor.

The Cultured Man is a book I would not normally pause over, but I know a piece of merchandise when I see one. Before the snow flies, this treatise on elegance of the mind is going to be out in paper covers, wagging its finger from the drug store racks at every passerby who suffers from a sense of cultural insufficiency. It is part sermon, part parlor game — a package made to sell — and I must advise that it be taken *cum grano salis* — as Dr. Montagu would almost certainly say.

The first part of the book, the sermon, is an examination of the views, virtues and social usefulness of the cultured man, and of the degree of culture now prevailing in the United States. A few sample passages:

> Americans are interested in money as a means of maximizing the experience of life in all its manifold possibilities. . . . The problem, of course, is to know which experiences are worth maximizing and which are not.

Need I say that Dr. Montagu is a social anthropologist by trade?

> In brief, each of these traits, the humane mind, the sensitiveness to beauty, an intense interest and curiosity, and an ability to think soundly, are the necessary conditions, no one of which minus the presence of the others is sufficient to make a cultured man; but which necessary conditions, occurring together in an individual, constitute the sufficient conditions minimally requisite to make a cultured man.

To which I can only add that another possible condition is the ability to express oneself with cogency and dispatch. Dr. Montagu also tells us that "no man can survive as an island entire of himself" and that, "to himself being true," the cultured man "cannot be false to any man." He always says "virtually" where you and I would say "almost."

The second, or fun, part of the book consists of a set of fifty questionnaires (with answers) in areas from Agriculture, through Music and Sex Differences, to Words. A system is set down whereby the contestant can work out his Culture Quotient after taking these tests. I couldn't quite grasp the grading system. The quizzes themselves recall "Ask Me Another," a game of great popularity some twenty years ago, except that, in addition to questions of fact ("What is the Weber-Fechner Law?"), Dr. Montagu poses questions of opinion ("What do you think our attitude should be to the Russians?"). The answer to the latter, by the way, contains a remarkable sentence: "Certainly physical force is not physical force when it is used to repel physical force, but it is far better to avoid force by the more efficient means of reconciliation — if such is, indeed, still possible."

A good deal more could be said of Dr. Montagu's Culture Quotient, but I'm afraid I can't go on. If you can pass his tests you can make a fortune on television; on the other hand, you need not let yourself be bullied by a man who thinks that a cylinder is stronger than a solid tube, that a woman is stronger than a man, or that a cultured man will never cross his legs for fear of injury to nerves and veins.

LETTER from JAPAN

Donald Richie

THE recently issued United Nations Demographic Yearbook has reported that Japan's national suicide rate is the world's highest. Though almost all the papers here carried this item, it excited little more than passing interest. The Japanese have known for some time that their suicide rate is extremely high.

This year, however, the Welfare Ministry began compiling statistics. They discovered that last year one Japanese committed suicide every twenty-four minutes and that, if the rate continues in the next twelve months, twenty-four Japanese out of every hundred thousand will do away with themselves. Last year almost twenty-two thousand, the equivalent of the typical Japanese small town, committed suicide.

The Welfare Ministry could suggest no adequate reason for the extremely high rate, nor for the fact that, unlike the situation in other countries, a high minority of the suicides in Japan consists of teen-agers and children. It merely stated that the main reasons seem to be "nervous breakdowns, family troubles and just plain boredom."

Unless nervous breakdowns may be broadened to include complete despair, another reason might be added. That is the extreme difficulty of making a living in Japan, the frequent impossibility of finding a job and, even if one is found, the difficulty of living on the salary obtained. It is by no means rare for a Japanese to despair to the point of suicide.

The average Japanese lives on the equivalent of $28 a month. To be sure, things are less expensive in Japan than they are in America. But the Japanese so situated finds that the cheapest kind of suit costs his salary; the least expensive board and room costs half of it. A college education, a set of dentures, a hospital operation are unimaginable to one who owns one suit, who lives in a room six by nine, and who eats little but soup and rice. Japan is precisely what the Japanese are forever telling foreigners it is: a very poor country.

It is also the wealthiest country in Asia. India and the rest of southern Asia are much more spectacularly impoverished, but then India and Southeast Asia are not concerned with keeping up appearances the way the Japanese are.

That is one of the reasons why the tourist never really realizes how poor Japan is. Seeing the famous sights, perhaps guided by people too polite to

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DONALD RICHIE lives in Tokyo and teaches there in a Japanese university. He has published one novel on the country, is working on another; his critical history of the Japanese film will be published this fall.

mention an economic fact, he will return home little realizing that home — wherever it may be — is regarded by almost everyone he has met as the land of milk and honey. He will have noted that the people seem well fed and that they dress surpassingly well. What he cannot be expected to have learned is that stomachs are filled with the same thing day in and day out and that almost every man has just one suit, the one he saw him in; that the young lady he thought so pretty on the street, though owning more than one dress, made all of them herself.

It is only after one has lived in the country for a time that the extreme poverty becomes apparent, that one realizes how it limits the Japanese and how it could so easily lead to despair and death. It becomes apparent when one watches a friend in a perfect agony of indecision, choosing a necktie that he knows must last the year; when one finds acquaintances lying that they have just eaten, afraid they have not perfectly understood, afraid they could not pay for their share; when it finally becomes clear that no matter how poor, the foreigner is rich beyond the wildest dreams of any of his acquaintances, and that he must accept all the prerogatives and obligations of extreme wealth.

Certainly, one of the reasons for suicide is poverty and despair. When one reads, as one does weekly, that yet another farmer in Chiba or Tohoku or Nagano, has strangled or clubbed or chopped his family and then taken his life, the reason is economic. When nameless and faceless young men from the mountains, trying to make a living in Tokyo or Osaka, leap from department store roofs or throw themselves in front of trains, that too is economic. When homeless girls are found floating in public ponds or lying in the tiny cubicle of some back-street hotel, having taken some cheap and powerful but painful poison, that too is economic.

POVERTY, though perhaps the single greatest cause of suicide, is not the only one. The Welfare Ministry is right to suggest family troubles because in Japan family squabbles tend to be important, the reason being that the family itself is important. Despite the Meiji reforms, despite the very liberal Taisho period, despite a war and an occupation, the family system is still almost as strong as it was during the Tokugawa. If the Emperor has been demoted, the father is still very much the head of his family. Most fathers are sensible but some are not; in either case, what he says goes.

Hence the considerable number of star-crossed lovers. Since arranged marriages are still more numerous than any other kind, parental permission is often denied a son or daughter and one of the solutions is double-suicide. In fact, this kind of suicide seems more common than any other. but perhaps that is only because it always makes good copy. At any rate, the hotels in Shimbashi or Asakusa, the kind which let out rooms by the hour, are inured to the monthly suicide, young people taking sleeping tablets, slashing their wrists, or their throats, and being found either very ill or dead.

Just as often the unhappy lovers will journey. Sometimes they go to a place seen in happier days. More often, however, they choose one of the many places in Japan where it is traditionally proper to commit suicide.

Mount Aso in Kyushu is a favored spot and the people running the tearooms at the summit are always on the lookout for despairing couples. The Kumamoto police at one time even had a special station there designed to do nothing but take care of would-be suicides. Another designated locality is a big waterfall near Nikko. The discovery of yet two more beaten and battered bodies at the bottom scarcely disturbs the waitresses at the nearby refreshment house. There are others in Hokkaido and there is a celebrated leap in Shikoku; there are geysers and cliffs and rivers and lakes and boiling pot-holes. Japan is filled with conveniently situated suicide spots.

Lovers' leaps are not unknown in the West, and Westerners may understand, even if they do not approve, the choice of the thwarted lovers. Much more difficult to comprehend — though just as clearly the result of father and the family system — are suicides because of failure.

Every year a number of children kill themselves because they have failed in school. Sometimes a young member of a baseball team will jump off a bridge or fling himself under an express because he was responsible for losing the game. And if a youngster is inadvertently responsible for the death or injury of another, the one sure way to clear his name is suicide.

Japan has always been suicide-prone. It has long been absolutely fascinated by the subject. The literature is full of it and history holds aloft for special commendation those heroes who preferred death to the various forms of dishonor. The theatre — the Kabuki in particular — has more than its share of suicide (though not one Japanese in ten has ever seen the Kabuki, it is far too

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expensive). The movies are full of it too — someone is always cutting himself, for the purest of motives.

Suicide is socially acceptable. The press may be alarmed but the public is not disturbed. The Japanese bent on self-destruction must fight his way through many less barriers than the suicidal Westerner. Religion is silent on the subject; so is the state. As for public morals, it was only fifteen years ago that the people were being told suicide was a noble act, if done for unselfish reasons.

To be sure, this acceptance is tacit. Heads are shaken and tongues are clicked and nothing at all is done; suicide is considered a waste but not a criminal waste and perhaps the reason for this is that the Japanese have long drawn an indelible line between public and private behavior. If it is your son who kills himself the event is a calamity; but if it is your next-door neighbor's, it is not worth thinking about; nothing can be done and besides it doesn't affect you directly.

THIS distinction of behavior affects anyone coming to Japan. Private gardens are manicured to a prodigious beauty, but just on the other side of the wall is the public street, in shocking condition, filled with the ordure of weeks. Old ladies bow with exquisite courtesy to each other after having just descended from a bus they have battled their way from, all knees, elbows and sharp parasol points. The tea ceremony is completed in the hush of ritual, table manners transformed into a rite where the turning of a bowl in the wrong direction is a major infraction: yet, on his way home, the tea master may relieve himself in the middle of the street.

The Japanese, with their knack for finding a proper time and place for everything, with their genius for taking all the shocks, joyful as well as sad, out of life, and with their passion for the expected, manage to reconcile even suicide to its proper position. It is a fact of life, brought about by Japan's economy, its family system and its traditional inclination. And it is largely so regarded.

It is accepted in so matter of fact a way that it never seems to be thought of as distant. And this is as true among the young as it is among the old. During a recent poll, a large number of teenagers were asked, among other things, what to do about a love which parents opposed. Forty-five per cent answered that the best and "most beautiful" answer to the problem was double-suicide.

Anyone who lives in the country long enough will see his share of bodies in canals, will catch the flash of a white skirt just before the train hits, will hear the hush around him and follow the eyes to the top of some tall building.

One night this summer I was walking through Ueno Park and passed the statue of one of the Meiji counter-revolution heroes, one who committed suicide for the best of motives and who is now honored by an enormous monument. A man was at the base and as I walked nearer, he said: "Go away."

I asked why and he said: "Don't bother me."

Then I asked why I shouldn't bother him and he said: "Will you help me?"

I went toward him until he could see my face.

"Oh, you're a foreigner. You wouldn't understand."

"What are you doing?" I asked, suddenly aware that I was standing before one of the less celebrated but still relatively busy designated spots.

"That's Saigo Takamore," he said, looking at the statue.

"Are you going to kill yourself?"

He laughed and half extended his hand, though what he was holding I never saw. Instead, I turned and walked away and, over my shoulder, told him not to kill himself and received no answer. I did just what a Japanese would have done. I walked carefully out of the park and took a train home.

The next morning I read the papers trying to find something about a suicide in Ueno Park. Then I read the afternoon papers. But I didn't find anything. Maybe he didn't commit suicide. Or maybe he did. The death of yet another vagrant in Ueno Park would scarcely be considered news.

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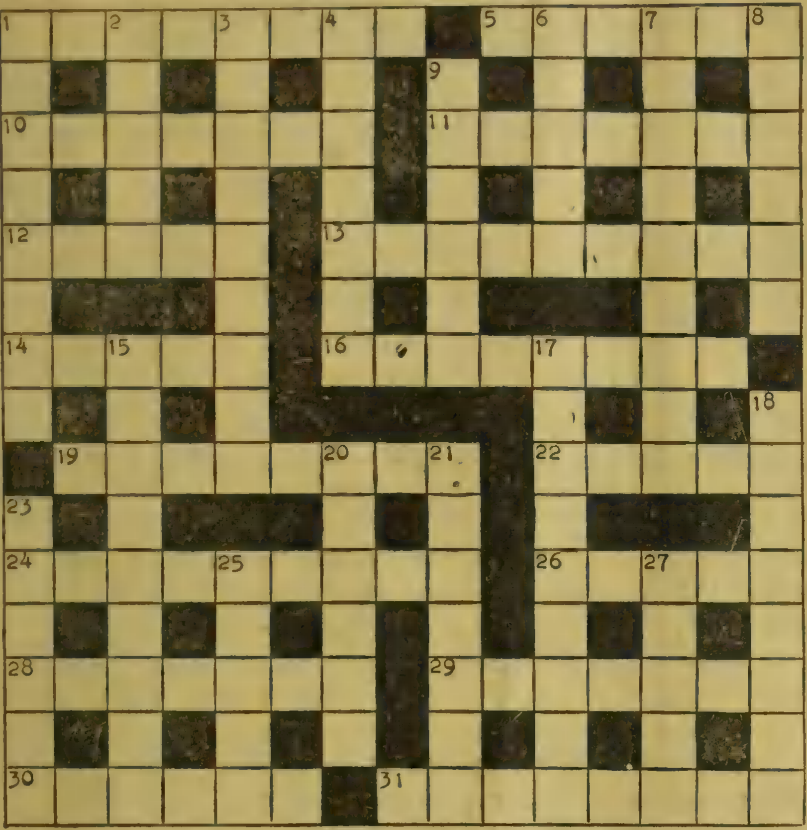

ACROSS:

1 Stray pet from Bayeux, perhaps.

5 One of the things a poor student might take at Engineering School?

10 Adjutant to do physical injury to the first name on the list? (7)

11 He might want to know why 8 is empty-hearted. (7)

12 Town which is sort of dulled by overindulgence. (5)

13 Caste used to be like the unknown quantity. (9)

14 Might be a cow, but not the sort that does most of it. (5)

16 Carriages in one's path. (8)

19 Carriage in one's path. (8)

22 Place a false clue this way. (5)

24 Look back to 22, in a certain sense.

26 This sort of cap is necessarily set.

28 Parades make the fun last! (7)

29. Lean bow. (7)

30 and 27 down Which way does the answer? North — on canvas! (6, 5)

31 Crushed granite's not associated with Thanksgiving! (8)

DOWN:

1 I'm next to be up in the grave, and it's just the thing to put you there! (4, 4)

2 Certainly not complete characterizations. (5)

3 Not very high in the British army, but learns the hard way. (9)

4 The last one's supposed to be in the sky. (5-2)

6 Couldn't these instruments be flat just as well (but not so easily)? (5)

7 In general, a gift-giver takes a dozen pies. (5, 4)

8 See 23 down

9 The source of gum arabic. (6)

15 Where a gold-digger gets the jewelry is hardly topical. (3, 2, 4)

17 It's a blow to part of the octet the head of 7 conducted. (9)

18 Could the labels be puzzling? (8)

20 A pitcher for the Philadelphia players — and others. (6)

21 Yale's in trouble, but comparatively happy. (7)

23 and 8 A monopoly on the "dead man's chest"? (You might have a kick coming here!) (6, 6)

25 The course of Washington's survey? (5)

27 See 30 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 782

ACROSS: 1 Boasting; 10 Ashamed; 11 Accepts; 12 and 25 The Old Refrain; 14 Cast iron; 16 Euphony; 18 Odor; 20 Sitters; 22 Arms; 24 Tiers; 26 Quieted; 29 Singular; 30 Reefer; 32 Corncob; 33 Ruinate; 34 Modish; 35 Machines. DOWN: 1, 5 and 17 Beauty and the Beast; 2 Achieve; 3 Timeless; 4 Node; 6 Nicety; 7 Tapered; 8 Elsinore; 9 Macao; 13 Dutiful; 14 Chatter; 15 Snorter; 19 Capsicum; 21 Side dish; 23 Manfred; 26 Quacks; 27 Iambs; 28 Orders; 31 Area.

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26 1958

THE
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WAR BY ACCIDENT

Carl Dreher

SHIFTING VOTES AT THE U. N.

Alfred H. Greenberg

AROUND THE U. S. A.

The "Welfare State" of Colorado

Denver, Colorado

COLORADO's old-age pension plan has long been the nation's most generous. It has now evolved into a complete "welfare state" program for older Coloradoans, with an interesting resemblance to Britain's. It guarantees $100 monthly per pensioner — less private or social-security income — and husband and wife, if without other means, may each draw the full pension.

In addition, each of the state's 55,000 pensioners received with his February check this year a Blue Cross-Blue Shield card entitling the holder to medical-hospital care. By May 1, more than 5,800 persons had taken advantage of this, and the state had paid out $1,238,000 with all bills not yet in. There is a twin provision for nursing-home care for those who need it, with the state contributing half the cost up to $200 per month; by last month about 2,000 pensioners had benefited. The State Welfare Board is already discussing possible extension of the medical-care plan to pay doctors' fees for home or office calls, as well as the possibility of providing the pensioners with hearing aids, eye-glasses, dental care, etc.

And in addition to all this, there is a cost-of-living provision under which the Welfare Board can increase the basic pension if prices go up. The choice, however, seems to be between this and devoting available funds to the expanded medical- and health-aid program, which most pensioners seem to prefer.

In accordance with federal statute, Washington has been contributing about one-third of the annual $60 million cost of Colorado's old-age pensions. The state's new medical- and health-care program also qualifies for federal aid, a fact which presents a fascinating paradox. For while Congress, partly under the influence of the American Medical Association lobby, steadfastly refuses to accept the principle of direct federal aid to the sick as part of the Social Security program itself (witness the burial in committee of the Humphrey-Forand bill, which proposes just that), it has nevertheless gone along with subsidizing state medical care of old-age pensioners by matching state funds for this purpose 50-50 up to a federal contribution of $3 per month per pensioner. So the medical profession's bogy of "socialized medicine" can be said to have crept in at the window while the doctors were guarding the door.

How did all this take place, and why is Colorado so far ahead in progress toward the welfare state — at least as far as its old people are concerned? It came about, paradoxically enough, because the state hoped sooner or later to free at least a small part of its income now going into pensions for general state purposes that long have been deprived of revenue because of the burden of the pension program.

The story begins in the early 30s when Colorado, like most states, was instituting the bare beginnings of an old-age pension program to alleviate some of the suffering caused by the depression. But the original program afforded no more than scanty and occasional relief, and the old people were being swept into the camp of the evangelistic Townsend. A young attorney named O. Otto Moore (now a graying justice of the Colorado Supreme Court) thought there was too much "pie in the sky," in the Townsend approach, and that the old people would never get anything out of it but heartbreak. So he and a group of friends decided to try to direct the movement into more practical channels. They organized the National Annuity League, with an eye to getting an old-age pension amendment into the Colorado constitution through a popular initiative. Their proposal was adopted in 1936. It proved so highly practical from the pensioners' standpoint, but so preclusive of other state activities, that it was characterized as a "one-way tax-trap" for the sole benefit of pensioners.

The amendment set aside for a pension fund 85 per cent of all receipts from a 2 per cent state sales tax and a similar percentage of all receipts from liquor taxes and fees and of "all future excise taxes." It further provided that the legislature could not repeal or decrease any source of income for old-age pensions unless it has previously provided equivalent revenue from other sources. These provisions proved highly pleasing to the liquor industry, which in the nature of things was thus virtually guaranteed against any undue interference by the state.

But aside from setting apart what state administrators considered an inordinate share of the state's revenues for pensions alone, the amendment erected a formidable roadblock against raising general revenues from other

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ROSCOE FLEMING, co-author of Sun, Sea and Sky, *writes extensively on the Western scene.*

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Aggression – by Whom?

American policy vis-à-vis Red China amounts to an unlimited prolongation into the future of the errors of the past. Yet it cannot be said that it holds out no hope. On August 11, the State Department released the text of an instructional memorandum sent to its missions abroad, accusing the Peking Government of all manner of crimes, but adding the comforting thought that these were only temporary annoyances. "The United States holds the view," the memorandum stated in Secretary Dulles' quasi-Biblical prose, "that communism's rule in China is not permanent and that it one day will pass."

In the pursuance of this long-deferred hope, Mr. Dulles and his Far Eastern soothsayer, Mr. Walter S. Robertson, have siphoned from the pockets of the American taxpayer into the domain of Chiang Kai-shek, with its 9.5 million population, some $2 billion since 1951. For about the same period we have patrolled the Formosa Strait with a powerful and expensive fleet, lest the 625 million Reds swarm across and render Taiwan ineligible for further American largesse. We have placed the Reds under an absolute interdiction, save for negotiations for the freeing of American prisoners whom they have surprisingly if gradually returned to us. We have also encouraged our valiant ally on Formosa to conduct propaganda and reconnaissance forays over the mainland so culpably occupied by the Reds, in anticipation of the day when events would prove their rule ephemeral.

All this, though expensive, has so far served some limited purposes. Chiang and we are in a more vulnerable position in respect to the offshore islands which our treaty with Chiang does not oblige us to defend, but which we have coyly implied we might defend if the Reds should attempt to seize them. Geography is not yet entirely obsolete and these islands, which as real estate are of negligible importance, are in about the same relation to the Chinese ports of Amoy and Foochow as Martha's Vineyard is to New Bedford. In effect the Nationalists are blockading a stretch of the China coast which, if it were on the eastern shore of the United States, would be bounded by Delaware Bay on the north and Cape Hatteras on the south. Strangely, the Reds look on this deprivation much as Americans would look on a blockade of Norfolk and Philadelphia and points between. The Asian neutrals, for their part, are inclined to feel that the Red attitude, in these premises, is not altogether unnatural and unreasonable. Finally, the Reds are in a position to express their resentment by shelling the Nationalist positions on the islands, and in this department they do things in a big way — in two hours on August 23 they fired 50,000 rounds into Quemoy and Little Quemoy.

Of course the Chinese Reds may only be attempting to shoot their way into the United Nations via Quemoy and Matsu, and if Mr. Dulles will consider the situation in the large, he may conclude that their chances of long-range success in this endeavor are not too bad. American reaction has been to dispatch a fifth aircraft carrier and four destroyers from the Mediterranean to reinforce the Seventh Fleet which, with its existing four carriers, is not exactly understrength. Broad hints are being published that the carriers might send their 36-ton A-3-D "Skywarrior" jet bombers to drop atomic bombs on the Chinese mainland if the Reds should attempt to seize the islands. Such a riposte, on a continent with memories of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, is not likely to win any popularity contests. Thus, a minor diplomatic defeat in the Middle East might be followed by a major one in the Far East. Still worse, the Reds would not necessarily be dissuaded from continuing their assault on the islands and since they have aircraft, with or without atomic bombs, they might resort to reprisals against our carriers which, in these narrow waters, could suffer some inconvenience. When both sides to a dispute are in deathly fear of losing face through the slightest concession, the only possible resolution is by force. Neither Red China nor the United States can afford the use of all-out force in the offshore-island conflict. The alternative — possible only within the jurisdiction of the U.N. — is negotiation directed toward a truce, whereby the blockade would be lifted and the Nationalists would cease their forays, while the Reds would refrain from expending vast quantities of ammunition on the islands. The truce might be as transitory and unstable as the one just concluded in the Middle East — but after the experience there, who shall say that such deferrals are useless? If Mr. Dulles—and Mr. Eisenhower—will earnestly consider the advantages of some such *modus vivendi*, they may yet come to see Quemoy and Matsu as the Blessed Isles.

Judicial Steamroller

When Senator Eastland attacks the Supreme Court, the yawns multiply from coast to coast; but when the Conference of State Chief Justices, by a vote of 36 to 8, endorses a long and sharply-worded resolution in criticism of the Court, the press snaps to attention, as well it might. In this instance the press snapped much too uncritically and, as a result, has billed as "meaningful criticism" of the Supreme Court a report which will long be a major embarrassment to bench and bar. The gist of the report is that the Supreme Court has shown a lack of "judicial self-restraint." For judges, self-restraint is a duty, not a privilege or an option. To charge the nine justices of the Supreme Court with a failure to exercise "judicial self-restraint" is to imply that they have somehow violated their oath of office or, at the very least, have failed to measure up to accepted canons of judicial behavior.

This is a serious charge and doubly so when advanced by the chief justices of the forty-eight states. Yet how much "judicial self-restraint" was shown in adopting the resolution? The Conference of State Chief Justices is strictly a consultative body, primarily concerned with the improvement of legal procedure. It has never previously issued pronouncements of this sort which, in terms of its stated purposes and functions, are strictly *ultra vires*. The chief justices in attendance were not authorized to speak for the courts with which they are identified, yet much of the press comment implied the contrary. Least restrained of all was the action of the assembled jurists in voting for a resolution whose merits they could not possibly have considered. The thirty-one-page document, which includes a review of some forty Supreme Court decisions, was not made available to those attending the conference until the morning of the opening session. In the brief time allotted for discussion, the report was vigorously criticized by Chief Justices Phil S. Gibson (California), Joseph Weintraub (New Jersey) and Charles Alvin Jones (Pennsylvania), but there was no real debate or discussion. Working for the resolution was a most "unjudicial" consideration. Many of the judges present felt a measure of sympathy for their colleagues from the South who, because they must stand for re-election, would have been embarrassed had they not voted for the resolution. Off-the-record, some of these judges spoke of being "on the spot" and some of their Northern colleagues apparently wanted to make their position easier by creating the illusion that support for the resolution was nearly unanimous. Under the circumstances, therefore, the state chief justices, not those of the Supreme Court, are chargeable with a flagrant disregard of the principle of "judicial self-restraint."

Gadgets for Students

The Senate-House education bill is just good enough to be impossible to veto and just penurious and misguided enough to make an angel curse. Perhaps we can overlook the folly of a national education program which ignores the humanities and social sciences while sneaking in a $60 million appropriation for vocational training over a four-year period. But can we overlook the *total* elimination of undergraduate scholarships from the program, so that the needy student will in practice be unable to attend college unless he saddles himself with thousands of dollars in debts to the federal government? The bill provides $295 million for such loans —which are to be repaid *with interest*. It is business psychology, not the actual interests of the country, that moves the bank-clerkish minds behind this manipulation.

No money, it goes without saying, is provided for increasing faculty salaries so that the most able people will be encouraged to go on teaching. Instead, $18 million will go into "research" in educational radio and TV. That is no great sum for a four-year period, but it is one earnest among others that the Ford Foundation, the Office of Education, and interested private parties have succeeded in selling the country a bill of goods—despite the objections of working teachers—to the effect that mechanical gadgets can solve the problems of American education. A vast program of scholarships, of school construction, and of the encouragement of more teachers and better teaching are the essential needs. The balance sheet of the Defense Education Act will show that, worse than being disregarded, they are being magicked out of existence.

It is true that behind this bill lies the effort of a few enlightened men against a sea of indifference and assertive philistinism. They have salvaged funds for graduate fellowships, for scientific equipment, for guidance, counseling and testing, and for teacher-institutes of various kinds—and that is all to the good, even granting the loose and distorted thinking in so much of the bill. But is any one of these purposes worth *infinitely* more than scholarships—to focus now on the most important concern of all? What was once conceived as a program providing perhaps billions annually toward an American renaissance has dwindled to $887 million for four years—$592 million if we omit the loan allocations, which really are not expenditures. But as Senator Javits pointed out in contrasting the lavishness of the $41 billion defense appropriation with this "parsimonious" attitude toward the training of the young, scholarships must be provided if we are to "get into college at least 50 per cent of the meritorious high-school graduates who are not now coming to college." The bill does at last crack the ice of resistance to federal aid to education, but the crack is so tiny it must be widened very soon if it is not to freeze solid again.

The Atom and the Journalists

Time, the Weekly Newsmagazine, reports in its September 1 issue the outcome of "one of the U.S.'s most soul-wrenching secret debates" — over the proposed conditional suspension of nuclear weapons testing by the United States. "AEC Chairman John McCone, new on the job," *Time* reports, "argued passionately and persuasively" that the U.S. should (1) not cease bottoming out harbors, dislodging oil from sand, and persisting in other useful nuclear endeavors; and (2) should continue testing "miniature" nuclear bombs, i.e., those equivalent to a mere few thousand tons of TNT. Thus, according to *Time*, Mr. McCone substantially echoed the views of his illustrious predecessor, Admiral Strauss, and won a "major concession" from the President: the U.S. would not agree to suspend nuclear tests for peaceful purposes.

Newsweek, which also deals with the news, carried an account in some respects diametrically opposite. It pictured Mr. McCone as having embraced the position of Secretary Dulles, Admiral Strauss's opponent in the debate, in plumping for suspension. The views of the interested bystander, it would seem, depend on which news weekly he reads.

An even greater source of confusion seems to underlie the fears expressed by Mr. McCone in respect to the peaceful uses of nuclear energy. Perhaps the vacationing and other frivolities of the summer now drawing to a close have caused *The Nation* staff to succumb to collective amnesia but, search as we may, we cannot think of anyone proposing the suspension of non-military nuclear tests. In fact, in his solicitude for bottoming out harbors Mr. McCone brings back memories of the late Andrei Vishinsky, who was always talking about herculean projects in this field, although his enthusiasm ran more toward moving mountains than dredging channels. We are happy to offer Mr. McCone this reassurance. For their part, *Time* and *Newsweek* might get together and give us the lowdown on what Mr. McCone actually said. Finally, while everyone is doing everyone else favors, could Mr. McCone be persuaded that it might be simpler to let suspension apply to *all* weapons tests, rather than selected ones?

Shifting Votes at the U. N. . . *by Alfred H. Greenberg*

United Nations, N. Y.

AS THE Third Emergency Session of the General Assembly ground its way toward inevitable compromise, old hands in the press section at United Nations headquarters were busy at what was for them a new (and presages to be a continuing) activity: counting noses. This journalistic pastime was invented to inform readers, before the votes are cast, how roll calls in a legislative assembly will shape up. It is a game that has never had much meaning here: the expected outcome on any major issue, particularly one involving a clash between the United States and the Soviet Union, was so routine as to be devoid of speculative interest.

When Russia called for this recent special session, however, it signaled the beginning of a new era in United Nations history. The move meant the Soviets had dropped their longstanding reliance on the rule of unanimity in the Security Council in favor of the rule of numbers in the veto-free General Assembly. Such a change could make sense only if the Soviets expected to find enough support to inflict a defeat on Western diplomacy.

Moreover, this expected support in the General Assembly had to be related to more than the single issue of American and British troops in the Near East. It is unlikely that the Russians would have abandoned the principle of unanimity—even indirectly—unless they saw permanent hope of a break in the American ability to achieve a two-thirds majority.

To be sure, there was propaganda value in pressing for an immediate hearing on the issue of intervention in the Middle East, but the plodding action of this "emergency" session was proof enough there was no real emergency. If the Soviets expected their allies in the Assembly to vanish after the Middle Eastern situation was handled, they would have chosen another method to embarrass the West than that of tacitly endorsing the "Uniting for Peace" resolution of 1950, under which the special emergency session was called. (The "Uniting for Peace" resolution, consistently condemned by the U.S.S.R., makes it possible to get an Assembly session within twenty-four hours

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ALFRED H. GREENBERG is the news service editor for a weekly specializing in United Nations affairs.

whenever a veto blocks action in the Security Council. Neither Sobolev's original draft, nor the final compromise resolution under which the recent session was called referred specifically to the "Uniting for Peace" resolution. But, as Henry Cabot Lodge correctly pointed out, it is the only way an "emergency" session can be called, and the Russians did specify "emergency.")

Whether or not this is a correct reading of Soviet motives, the fact remains that everyone quickly recognized that the United States could not get anything like a two-thirds majority to endorse its action in Lebanon. In fact, the original Lodge resolution in the Security Council, vetoed by Sobolev on July 18, didn't ask for such endorsement, except by implication. Even so, Sweden, a supporter of the West, abstained, and on the Soviet motion calling for cessation of "armed intervention in the domestic affairs of the Arab States" both Sweden and Japan abstained.

WHEN all eighty-one member states are present and voting, it takes fifty-four countries to constitute the two-thirds majority necessary for General Assembly action. When the United Nations was younger and thirty nations smaller, it took thirty-four nations to make an effective majority. In those days it would have been inconceivable for the Russians to hope for more favorable action in the Assembly than in the Security Council.

Slowly, however, the picture has changed. In the first ten years of United Nations history, only nine new countries were admitted to membership. Since the Soviets were vetoing the applications of those it considered unfriendly and the West was blocking the entrance of the East European Communist lands, this did not materially change the balance of the international body. Five of the nine newly-admitted states have generally supported the United States; the other four, being classified as "neutrals," have voted with the Russians about as often as with the West.

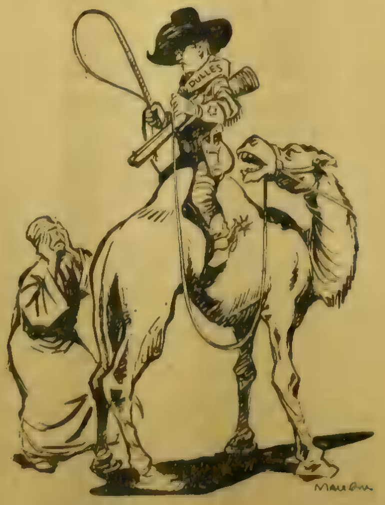
In the three years since 1955, twenty-two more nations have been allowed to join, including twelve Asian and African states, and four in the Communist orbit. Fears that an Asian-African bloc would combine with the Communists to oppose the West have been voiced by the United States ever since.

In the Twelfth General Assembly last year, on roll calls where America took a pro or con stand, only six of the twenty-eight Afro-Asian countries supported the United States position more than 50 per cent of the time. Malaya supported us an even 50 per cent, and the other members of the bloc agreed with us by percentages ranging from 18.4 per cent (Morocco) up to 48.7 per cent (Iran).

Since some of this lack of agreement took the form of abstention, it is also significant that twenty-two of the twenty-eight countries of the bloc voted *against* us on more than ten roll calls (as compared to only three Latin-American countries which disagreed with us that often).

In the nose-counting which preceded the vote during the recent emergency session, it was conceded that the United States could rely on no more than twelve of the twenty-eight Afro-Asian countries to support the ill-fated Norwegian resolution. Presumably these would have been Turkey, Japan, Thailand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Liberia, Iran, Ethiopia, Laos and Malaya, plus Lebanon and Jordan.

Actually, the latter two went along with their Arab brethren in initiating the final compromise. In any event, after September 23, when Chamoun reluctantly turns the Presidency over to Fouad Chehab, it is likely that Lebanon will be permanently removed from any listing that can be called pro-West. How long King Hussein will last in Jordan is anyone's guess, but eventually that vote, too, must be considered "lost."



Mauldin: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Don't Tell Me How To Ride a Camel!"

Including Yugoslavia—a somewhat doubtful listing—the Soviet Union has a solid ten votes to add to the sixteen-eighteen it can count on as anti-West in the Afro-Asian group. That means it need pick up at most only two more votes to block an effective United States majority.

OF THE two remaining blocs in the United Nations, one—Latin America—is anything but impregnable to Soviet blandishments. To begin with, four of the twenty Latin American countries—Mexico, Guatemala, Haiti and Bolivia—agreed with the United States less than half the time in last year's Assembly. The first three also *disagreed* with us more than twenty times each.

But more than past performance comes into play here. Recent Soviet trade agreements with Argentina, Brazil, Chile and others point to a new attitude on the part of our neighbors to the south, many of whom still don't have diplomatic relations with the Russians. Having seen United States funds going to the more "critical" areas such as the Middle and Far East, where we are trying to stave off further Russian political gains, the Latinos wonder about the advantages of being so safely anti-Communist. The demonstrations against Nixon brought Congressional promises of new financial aid. News of Russian economic penetration brought American support for the Western Hemisphere Bank for Development. Can South American diplomats be blamed for thinking they stand to gain by expressing more independence in the U.N.?

So far, any breakup of this most solidly pro-United States bloc is still only potential. When Ambassador Lodge addressed the Latin delegates in a not-so-behind-the-scenes maneuver to get their support for the watered-down Norwegian resolution, he reportedly received a unanimous pledge. This was in the face of known Latin misgivings about a resolution that seemed designed to prevent internal revolutions — a not infrequent event south of the border.

THE twenty-three nations which compose the remaining bloc, if such it can be termed, are euphemistically referred to as "the West." The concept is not geographic, for it includes Taiwan (posing as China), South Africa, Greece, Israel, Australia, New Zealand and the countries of Western Europe, in addition to the United States and Canada. Nor is it by any means a political entity of constitutional democracies, including as it does such unsavory regimes as Franco's Spain and Salazar's Portugal.

But it does embrace countries which voted — with the exception of South Africa, absent for most of the Twelfth Assembly — with the United States on well over 50 per cent of last year's roll calls. In fact, only three countries in this group showed an agreement of less than 75 per cent with United States votes. These were Greece, Finland and Ireland.

Any of the latter three, of course, could block a United States working majority. Greece voted against us nineteen times last year, for example, despite her NATO ties. A country like Sweden, though voting with the United States 82.9 per cent of the time in 1957, is still independent enough to be unpredictable in times of crisis. In fact, the overwhelming majority of countries in the Western bloc are sovereign enough so that conflicting interests among them are unavoidable. These aren't often reflected in terms of disagreement on an approach to the Russians — though de Gaulle's attitude on the summit shows that even this is possible. But divergent views do come to the fore on many questions which the General Assembly considers. Two, three or even a good many more votes could easily swing away from the United States out of this grouping on any single issue.

In practice, it is true, it will hardly ever be necessary to muster fifty-four votes, in view of the many abstentions which are the rule of Assembly voting. This doesn't make the job any easier for Mr. Lodge and his associates, however. The countries most often recorded as abstaining or absent include more United States supporters than "neutrals."

The conclusion is obvious. Hereafter, nose-counting is news. There are no longer any automatic majorities for American policies. The United States will have to work to line up votes. That means politicking, and it means compromise — often dictated, as in the emergency session just ended, by the "neutrals." And who knows, it may even mean a re-evaluation of the policies themselves, with an effort to win support on merit instead of buying it on time with a big down payment.

WAR BY ACCIDENT . . *by Carl Dreher*

About the Author

Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, has been evolving for *The Nation* a critique of the technological-arms race in terms of its political and social implications. In this connection, see "The Showcase War" (*The Nation*, November 16, 1957) and "Program for a Crash" (*The Nation*, February 1, 1958).

Mr. Dreher is the author of *Automation*, published last year by W. W. Norton.

IT IS GENERALLY accepted that neither of the superpowers will designedly resort to all-out nuclear war since, while the immolation of fifty or a hundred million of the "enemy" may be a perfectly bearable prospect, the simultaneous sacrifice of a corresponding chunk of the home population presents embarrassing administrative problems. There is, however, another possibility: war by accident. Reduced to its elements, the situation is not unlike that which preceded a recent occurrence in upstate New York. A motor boat stood off the upstream face of a dam over which water was spilling. Suddenly the motor stalled and the boat was swept over the dam. The nuclear powers, with their stockpiles and means of delivery, are in much the same position as the boat on the brink. The safeguards surrounding the bombs correspond to the motor which gave the pilot control—until the motor failed. Human elements complicate the nuclear situation.

The possible causes of accidental nuclear war may be grouped under three main heads: *(1) so-called "catalytic war" and its variants; (2) technological mishaps and inadequacies; (3) psychological and personnel hazards.*

In catalytic war, powers with major nuclear capability are tricked into nuclear reprisals on each other by calculated action on the part of a third power or powers. The latter may have only limited nuclear capacity or none at all; they may buy or borrow nuclear explosives for the purpose. Given the means, Chiang Kai-shek or Syngman Rhee, for example, might engage in such an operation. This possible origin of an adventitious war may assume major proportions as nuclear capacity becomes widespread, but it is a problem of the more remote rather than the immediate future.

The other two possible sources of nuclear catastrophe are problems of the present. Technological inadequacies, in particular, are rapidly assuming critical importance. It is a truism that every conceivable accident, as well as some inconceivable ones, must be expected even in the old-established branches of engineering. Recently, at the British Calder Hall atomic-power station, a steam turbine overspeeded and parts of the rotor flew through the roof of the generator hall. This was not an atomic accident; it could have happened at a coal-generating station. The point is that a toy prototype of a steam turbine existed before the Christian era, and practical designs have been in use for seventy years. Yet, in a freak accident, a turbine may still fly out of control and wreck itself.

WHAT, then, must we expect of military devices, which are designed not for safety, but for destructiveness? Even the conventional forms are dangerous to their users. When it comes to new and more intricate devices like nuclear bombs and ballistic missiles, naturally the risks are greater. If eight Nikes—short-range anti-aircraft missiles with TNT warheads—could explode for no ascertainable reason at a base in New Jersey, scattering the warheads over a radius of three miles and killing ten people, IRBMs with nuclear warheads can go off in the NATO or Warsaw Pact countries and land in "enemy" territory. By the time it can be explained to the "enemy" that it was all an unfortunate mistake, reply will have been made in kind. Since the IRBMs are scheduled for installation in Europe before the end of the year, the problem is an immediate one.

The chances of an accidentally precipitated thermonuclear exchange are further increased by forced development at a pace unprecedented in the whole history of technology. These risks are being taken consciously by the controllers, but without the slightest comprehension on the part of the public whose lives are equally at stake. In the Summer, 1957, issue of the *Air University Quarterly Review*, the professional journal of the United States Air Force, Brig. Gen. (now Maj. Gen.) Charles M. McCorkle, Assistant Chief of Staff for Guided Missiles, U.S.A.F., writes:

> It is significant that for the first time we are engaged in detailed operational planning for a weapon system that has not yet emerged from the development stage. . . . With very preliminary data we must begin to integrate ballistic missiles into the existing Air Force command and control structure. . . .

It remains to be seen how successful this premature integration will turn out to be and, if it should be less auspicious than the controllers hope, what the cost will be in the casualties of an unintended nuclear war.

The question is the more pertinent in that the major research and development effort of the nuclear-missiles race has gone into the offense, while the defense has lagged. The most urgent objective has seemed to be the possession of something more lethal to fling at the enemy, and more of it, than the enemy can throw back. Consequently, on our part and probably also on the Russians', more resources have been allocated to the missiles than to the long-range radar systems required to detect them and plot their courses. For the next few years, the better the missiles, the greater the danger of accidental war; improved radar, on the contrary, will tend to lessen the danger. In an absolute sense, American radar has advanced, but relative to the steeply rising requirements, it has fallen behind. Normally the engineer presents a cheerful professional face to the world, much like the physician who, though personally a hypochondriac, radiates optimism at the bedside. It must be with good reason, therefore, that radar engineers make public lamentation in the fashion of one of the editors of *Electronic Week* who, in the issues of March 10, 17 and 31, 1958, declared that our entire early-warning radar network is obsolete; that it cannot detect, much less track or follow, ICBMs or even aircraft flying faster than two or three times the speed of sound; that, even in the absence of enemy jamming, it can't distinguish between missiles and meteors or electrical noise, and that the art is not only in a most lugubrious state but is not coming up with new projects which might help the defense to catch up in the near future.

A RELATED question which, far from being on the way to solution, appears to be in a state of retrogression, is that of command of ballistic missiles. Who shall order their launching? It is generally agreed that this is not a military function: the military should carry out the order, but not issue it. So much is at stake that only the President of the United States is competent to make the fateful decision. But, since these things are not done by telepathy, what is to be the electronics and communications of the process? Our launch officer, a major perhaps, is in Britain or Turkey or the Netherlands. Facing his battery there is a battery of Russian IRBMs. Connected by a communications channel there is a long-range radar, the eye of the missile installation. A technician, whose competence and assiduity may not be of the highest —this endless scanning of the ionosphere is as uninspiring a task as intercepting people trying to enter the subway without paying their fare—briefly sees a blip, a spot of light on the radar scope. Long before he can summon an officer or expert civilian, who may be at the Officers' Club or in bed, the spot is gone. It may be picked up once more by the same or another radar, or again, it may not. Was it a Russian IRBM flying West? Or a meteor leaving only a harmless ionized trail? Or a passing aberration in the radar itself? Even if the expert himself saw it, he may be as uncertain as a diagnostic radiologist would be if he were permitted only a passing glance at an obscure X-ray photograph. Yet, if it was a Russian missile and accurately aimed, the launching installation may be blown sky-high in the next ten minutes. To launch, or not to launch? Is the major, who didn't see the blip, now to go all the way up through the chain of command to President Eisenhower? And is the President, from Washington or Gettysburg, or Atlanta, to go down again through the chain and order the major to launch his missiles and perhaps start a gratuitous nuclear war, or to wait and perhaps be obliterated?

The pretense that the Chief Executive will have anything to say in such a situation is the purest technological nonsense. But the situation is hard fact, or will be very soon. The truth is that, even allowing for a great elaboration of facilities and some brilliant feats of coordination, *no one* is going to be in a position to make rational decisions.

But decisions will nevertheless be made—in the only place where they can be made, the theatre of operations. In the IRBM interval, this will be Europe or Asia; when the ICBMs are ready, it will also include the continental United States. By that time long-range radar may be sufficiently improved to reduce the hazards, but the clear and present danger will be that field-grade officers will, in effect, be making strategic decisions on the basis of unreliable and fugitive radar data. Lloyd V. Berkner aptly calls this the "degeneration of command."

Probably the best that can be hoped for is a standard operating procedure which will cover the foreseeable situations. "There is a distinct requirement," writes Col. Alexander Sheridan of the Air War College, "for the formulation of automatic rules of engagement approved by the President and the Congress and made known to the world." Since the procedures adopted will affect the fortunes, indeed the very existence, of all mankind, publicity is surely in order.

War Monster: Drawing by Valdemar Nissen

FOR anything approaching a systematic procedure, it will be necessary to tie together all the IRBM installations, fixed and mobile, through a rapid and completely reliable communications network (which isn't as easy as it sounds) under command of a group of officers, all of them competent to decide on the fate of humanity and one or more of whom will be on duty at all times. If it appears that the blip is a missile, these men will decide, extempore, whether Major A will have to take his chances on being obliterated (to be avenged posthumously by Majors B, C, and X), or vice versa; or whether no action is called for in the instant situation.

The peak of the peril of an erroneously-triggered nuclear exchange is likely to come in 1960. The present generation of IRBMs is liquid-fueled, with a hydrocarbon such as kerosene in combination with an oxidizing agent which is usually liquid oxygen ("lox") at 275 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The lox is not pumped into the missile until just before firing, to prevent freezing pumps, valves and other parts of the mechanism. If everything is in readiness, this will delay the shot about a half-hour. By that time, if disaster has not descended on the installation, it will be clear that the report of an oncoming IRBM was erroneous. But by 1960 or 1961 it is expected that this delay will have been reduced, or eliminated entirely, by the introduction of solid-propellant, ready-to-fire missiles. There is no assurance of an equally early resolution of the confusions of radar, nor that missile bases will be sufficiently "hardened"—i.e., rendered less vulnerable—for reliance on delayed retaliation. Thus the nervous, psychotic or fanatical launch officer will have his chance to trigger off an accidental war almost as easily as a high school boy can smash a revolver cartridge with a hammer.

THE RUSSIANS began stressing the war-by-accident theme toward the end of 1957 in the form of strident *Red Star* warnings to the British that a "criminal" or "unbalanced person" in the United States Air Force might use the round-the-clock flights of hydrogen-armed American aircraft from British bases to set off a nuclear war. Such is the polarizing tendency of an armament race that as soon as one side seizes on an idea for propaganda purposes, the other feels bound to disparage or suppress it. But if every aspect of reality which can be twisted into propaganda is to be ignored on that account, our detachment from reality will increase in proportion to the volume of propaganda, to which there seems to be no limit. Like it or not, the Russians have something here, if not in relation to the present stage, then in the IRBM and later stages. A fairly large number of persons, acting as individuals or in small groups, will soon be in a position to initiate nuclear war irresponsibly. This is not a Russian fact, not an American fact, but a fact.

Whether the person or persons are "unbalanced" is not the criterion, nor is the morality of the act. Any sort of unauthorized action which results in hostilities is, as far as the nation is concerned, accidental. A pre-atomic instance will make the distinction clearer. The Franco-Prussian War was not accidental, since Bismarck's editing of the Ems telegram was, from the Prussian standpoint, a justifiable, indeed a laudable, act. In a warlike situation Bismarck, as the representative of the Prussian ruling class, by nationalistic standards accepted also by most of the middle and working classes, could employ any and all means—intrigue, falsification, murder—conducive to his patriotic ends. But if a zealous or unbalanced subordinate, such as a secretary or telegrapher, had done the editing without Bismarck's knowledge — although Bismarck's policies and prior acts had prepared the ground — the war would have been accidental. Likewise in the United States, if Secretary of Defense James Forrestal had given an order to atom-bomb the Soviet Union and the order had been obeyed, the resulting war would have been accidental, because the Secretary would have been usurping the prerogative of the President.

OTHERS HAVE *de facto* power; and this goes for both sides, of course. "It is a known fact that there are several million psychologically unbalanced persons in the U.S.," *Red Star* asserts. "There are some in the Army, too." And none in the Red Army? The Red neurotics and psychotics may be more dangerous, actually. At least in the United States one is permitted to be nervous; in some circles one is actually considered a little queer if one sleeps without barbiturates, gets through the day without tranquilizers, digests one's food without antacids, or makes love without alcohol. In the Soviet Union not only are these meliorants less readily available (except the alcohol), but common human weaknesses, aggravated by the tensions of a high-pressure industrial culture, are regarded as bordering on the counter-revolutionary. Marxism-Leninism is supposed to provide a sound mind in a sound body. If it doesn't, then the American statistics apply more or less to the Soviet Union, and each country has something to fear from the nervous cases and Joan-of-Arc aspirants of the other.

In the United States there are over 500,000 beds in state hospitals for mental illness alone. Of course many of the occupants are completely harmless; on the other hand, the number of beds is considered to be inadequate. If serious neuroses are added to diagnosed psychotic cases, a total of three million does not seem excessive. The National Health Education Committee estimates that one in every ten Americans suffers from some form of mental illness or personality disturbance. Since the population over voting age is in excess of 100 million, this would indicate that about ten million Americans have emotional difficulties ranging from mild but clinically recognizable disturbance to grave illness.

The emotionally disturbed worker is said (*Wall Street Journal*, June 30, 1958) to constitute industry's top medical problem. It has long been believed that psychological factors are behind many accidents; in a recent survey of 38,000 industrial accidents, psychogenic factors were found to have played a part in 80 per cent. During a five-year period at one du Pont plant, 7 per cent of the personnel consulted a company psychiatrist. Dr. Gerald Gordon, one of du Pont's two full-time psychiatrists, estimates, on the basis of his own and other data, that there are probably three to four times as many cases as are seen. This means that over a five-year period, some 30 per cent of the employees requested, or should have requested, psychiatric help. Since du Pont employees are probably representative of employees of large corporations, and these in turn are probably representative of military personnel, the problem of unauthorized use of nuclear weapons and missiles is very real unless the most stringent measures are taken to screen the operational personnel assigned to them.

MENTAL AND EMOTIONAL abnormalities are, unhappily, by no means the only ones to be guarded against. Moderate to heavy drinking is common in military organizations. In May, 1944, an American major general stationed in England was sent back home by General Eisenhower because he had revealed the date of D-Day to civilians at several cocktail parties. Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart has cited several instances of drinking in both world wars leading to behavior among officers which (assuming the officers had access to nuclear explosives) could precipitate accidental war. Service conditions in themselves may give rise to precipitative tensions. When the Strategic Air Command moved entire bomber wings to overseas bases for three months at a time, a high divorce rate and poor morale among crew members were noted. There is a close correlation between domestic difficulties, alcoholism, hypertension and indiscriminately hostile behavior in some individuals. Finally, missile service per se may be conducive to instability. General McCorkle mentions "the problem of maintaining an alert status month after month, year after year," with only "dry-running" instead of the normal flying activities of an operational air organization, and predicts that the ballistic missile commander "will encounter some fairly difficult personnel problems as a result. . . ."

It would be unwarranted optimism, moreover, to assume that classifiable psychopathology is a necessary factor in the triggering of an accidental war. U.S. Major General Orvil A. Anderson, who precipitated an international incident in 1950, would probably be regarded as normal by the great majority of his countrymen and very likely also by a medical board. General Anderson, commandant of the Air War College, declared in a speech before an audience of civilians that, if ordered, he was prepared to "break up Russia's five A-bomb nests in a week" and "when I went up to Christ, I think I could explain to him that I had saved civilization." Anderson was relieved of his command by General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, but applied for retirement.

It is surely conceivable that, given the opportunity, a fanatic like Anderson, who did not hesitate to violate security by revealing that he knew the number and location of Soviet atomic plants, might carry out a bombing operation on his own responsibility. And there may be other Andersons in important positions in the military hierarchy.

Still farther within the accepted limits of normality stand other advocates of preventive war who might be impelled to take matters into their own hands. The axiom that the United States will never strike the first blow is axiomatic only as long as it is unexamined. True, the average American would not start a nuclear war, but we are not concerned with him. He is not in a position to start one if he would;

his duty is merely to support any embroilment his betters see fit to engage in. The extrapolation from this well-intentioned but impotent civilian and yes-man to the professional military man is hazardous indeed. Nor is it at all necessary to picture the professional as a bloodthirsty enemy of humanity. He has his obligations as a soldier. It is practically official Air Force doctrine that an air-nuclear war between the superpowers is inevitable. If it is inevitable, it had better be fought at a time most favorable for the United States. The time must be determined by experts on the basis of military intelligence, uncomplicated by womanish reluctance to face the facts. It is a truism going back to Seneca that success makes some crimes honorable — and what crimes if not patriotic ones? Shall not the unencumbered individual or sodality act when the military bureaucracy cannot or will not?

A suggestion worth noting in this connection is put forward in the *United States Air Force Report on the Ballistic Missile* (Doubleday, 1958) by Col. Harvey W. C. Shelton of the Air War College:

> It seems clear that a ballistic missile's support and launch facilities must be extensive, expensive, elaborate and interdependently important to the successful launch of the weapon . . . that even behind an iron curtain [the existence and location of such facilities] will not long remain a mystery. If one knew when to act, pretty straightforward techniques should be highly effective in destroying the nests before the birds fly. Many will be quick to point out that this Achilles' heel of a ballistic-missile system seems well beyond the reach of a nation committed against aggression. *It is too early to decide to ignore this potential vulnerability of the ballistic missile.* [Italics added.]

Short of preventive war — for the present — the Air Force is not without its activists, and their activities do not stop short of the Russian borders. Nor is it likely that their missions are performed without the knowledge of the Chief of Staff and the Supreme Commander himself. Hanson Baldwin and others have reported such flights. In the January, 1958, issue of *Missiles and Rockets*, Seabrook Hull, an associate editor, is even more specific:

> The Strategic Air Command still provides the United States with an overwhelming retaliatory ability over the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, according to Pentagon experts . . . Numerous and continuing SAC flights over the sovereign territory of the USSR demonstrate this. . . . Their [SAC] aircraft continue to fly over the Soviet Union with a relative degree of immunity. It is true that modern Russian fighters attack our bombers with major advantages of altitude, speed and maneuverability. It is also true that they score some hits. But so far no attacks have been made by the Russians with missiles, either because they don't have anti-aircraft missiles that are operational or because the Reds don't want to tip their hand. In any case, U.S. radar and photographic missions over the Russian land mass continue with a fair degree of success and immunity. . . . Two years hence, however, it is a safe assumption that the Reds will have both our cities and our bases zeroed in with ICBMs; that they will be able to destroy us and that because of their capability then with anti-aircraft missiles, our retaliatory capability will be seriously diminished.

"If one knew when to act. . . ." The Japanese officers thought they knew when they sank U.S.S. *Panay* in 1937. They thought they knew on December 7, 1941. It was of no avail; but they were not then equipped with nuclear weapons. Early in 1959, our IRBMs will be emplaced in Europe, perhaps also in Asia. By 1960, "our retaliatory capability will be seriously diminished." It is not clear why, since we are developing long-range missiles at top speed. But some may think so, more or less wishfully. They may even have the excuse of self-delusion: there are always those lusting for a plausible reason to let slip the dogs of war which nowadays are supersonic missiles. The ambiguities of radar will still afford numerous opportunities for honest, as well as calculated, errors.

Such is the timetable. It would be interesting to know whether the high controllers are reckoning with the arrivals and departures the timetable may foretell.

Argentina Rides Two Tigers . .

by David Smyth

Buenos Aires

ONE OF THE most crucial questions which has had to be faced in many countries in the twentieth century is whether it is possible to overthrow a modern totalitarian regime whose arbitrary power rests on a large measure of popular support. The success of the 1955 revolution against General Perón's demagogic dictatorship is one instance to prove that it is not only possible, but can be done without foreign assistance. The very fact, however, that this problem can be successfully solved leads to another and graver problem: How does one re-establish law and order in a country grown used to despotism, insure the social harmony of a republic split between democratic and totalitarian principles, and lay the foundations for the economic recovery of a nation brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the wastefulness and corruption of a totalitarian planned economy? This is the complex juridical, political and economic problem Argentina faces under President Frondizi.

The President, a wily political lawyer addicted to self-contradictory campaign promises, was elected to

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power last May by playing up an unnatural alliance of hostile factions. If he can satisfy the contradictory demands of his supporters by democratic methods, as he intends, the problem is solved. If he fails to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable, there will be an armed coup and some form of authoritarian rule again. The outcome, to say the least, is doubtful, and anyone intending to make any investments in Argentina would be well advised to weigh the events of the last few years before drawing any hasty conclusions about future developments.

THERE are a number of reasons to account for the success of the 1955 revolution against Perón. The country was sinking into an economic morass. Argentina had done well out of World War II; indeed, on coming to power shortly after, Perón boasted that the clerks had difficulty in moving about in the Central Bank, there was so much gold stacked up in the corridors. All this had evaporated by 1955; Perón and several of his hangers-on had immense fortunes cached away abroad, artificially created industries had mushroomed, labor was accustomed to having all its demands fulfilled for the asking, productivity had remained stationary for ten years, nationalized industries were incurring ever-mounting losses, a rising population was reducing exportable surpluses, reserves were dwindling, and even the expedient of inflation was proving insufficient to keep labor satisfied.

To counteract the increased hostility arising from his economic difficulties, Perón signed a contract with an American oil company, thus making his position doubly worse by turning nationalist sentiment against him, for his own propaganda machine had ceaselessly preached against foreign "oil imperialism." He was also in trouble with the Church, which viewed with distaste, among other things, his weakness for schoolgirls. An abortive revolt in June, 1955, was followed by the burning down of several churches by Peronista mobs and the burning of the Argentine flag on the Congress building, a crime which Perón fastened onto the political opposition, hoping to counteract the initiative they were gaining from his mounting difficulties.

This was the beginning of the end. By September, 1955, disgusted Army and Air Force officers were strong enough to rise in several provinces; they were supported by the entire Navy. This time no mistakes were made, and Perón was forced into exile.

General Lonardi, leader of the victorious revolution and an honorable soldier, lacked the political sense of balance to keep himself in power, and on falling under the influence of the clericalist wing of the revolution, was deposed and succeeded by General Aramburu, a leader of more liberal inclinations, who declared his firm intention of handing over the government to a freely elected President in two years' time.

General Aramburu's provisional government did some drastic cleaning up of the mess left behind by Perón. The entire body of Peronista legislators was impeached on a charge of high treason, the dictator's suspiciously enriched supporters were thoroughly investigated, elections were called for a Constituent Assembly to reform the Peronista constitution of 1949, a Peronista counter-revolution was rapidly squashed, the dictator's press and radio propaganda machinery was broken up and sold to private owners, and freedom of the press was re-established. The government export monopoly was abolished and foreign trade returned to private hands, agreement was reached about Argentina's debts to foreign countries and about the return of German property confiscated during the war and operated ever since by the state. The good name of Argentina was thus restored abroad and the country re-entered the comity of American nations through the South Atlantic Treaty Organization and other pacts.

ALL THIS reconstruction, however, still left fundamental problems unsolved, which Aramburu's government felt itself incompetent to deal with due to its provisional nature. This is where we come to the problem Argentina faces today. The Constituent Assembly called in 1957 to reform the constitution, elected by a system of proportional representation, gave an indication of Argentine public opinion. The vote was split into four roughly equal parts: a quarter to the People's Radicals and another quarter to over a dozen minority parties, all outspokenly committed to the cause of the anti-Perón revolution; and, on the other hand, a quarter each to the Peronistas (who, having no candidates, turned in blank votes) and — to the anger of anti-Perón opinion — the Intransigent Radicals.

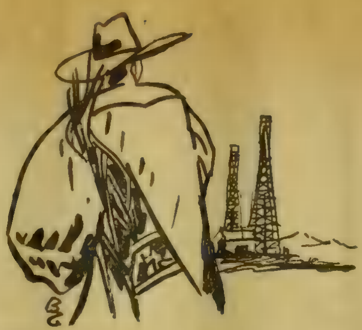
Arturo Frondizi, leader of the Intransigent Radicals, although decidedly against Perón during the dictatorship, had now seen the political advantages to be gained from wooing the leaderless Peronista vote and had consequently veered round into a hostile attitude toward Aramburu's provisional regime.

CAMPAIGNING again in the Presidential elections in February, 1958, he came out even more outspokenly for the Peronistas, making them promises which, if fulfilled, would amount to the re-establishment of Peronista rule. Perón himself, from his exile in the Dominican Republic, ordered his supporters to vote for Frondizi. In spite of this danger, Aramburu, overriding the indignant opposition of some of his Army officers, undertook to hand over the government, whoever the winner might be.

The election was held on the two-party system, which provides representation in Congress only for the majority and the largest minority. The smaller parties thus lost part of their voting strength; nevertheless, the voting followed substantially the same pattern as the previous election — in a new alignment. Frondizi, with about half the electorate now supporting him (Intransigent Radicals, Peronistas and Communists), was thus enabled to capture the entire Senate and two-thirds of the seats in the Chamber of Deputies, the other third going to the People's Radicals. All other parties were left out in the cold.

The overwhelming strength of Frondizi's parliamentary majority thus conceals the precarious balance on which it rests. There is an old saying that a man who goes for a ride on a tiger does not know when he will dismount, but Frondizi is a man riding on two tigers, one fervently pro-Perón and the other passionately against, and he cannot transfer too much weight off one without the other uttering menacing snarls. A good illustration of this is provided by one of his first measures as President: the amnesty law pardoning all Peronista political offenders (including Perón himself) condemned by the provisional government. The wide scope of the law alarmed the people who had no relish for Perón's return, and the fact that the law was partially stalemated by being applied in each individual case by judges appointed by the provisional government angered the Peronistas. When Frondizi, to placate the Peronistas, attempted to remove these judges, there were resignations in the Supreme Court, disorders and strikes in the lay courts, and a general outcry against the subversion of the judicial power. Frondizi was thus enabled to reinstate the judges, having shown both factions that he cannot give either of them everything he promised without unleashing the fury of the other. How long he can preserve this balance is problematic. It is evident, at all events, that he cannot fulfill most of his campaign promises and that he is counting on staying in power, notwithstanding, by playing one tiger off against the other.

AS RECENTLY as last month, the game seemed to swing once more toward the Perón side, when the Senate and Chamber of Deputies passed a bill re-establishing a single General Labor Confederation as the supreme power in labor matters. This bill, closely modeled on the one in effect when Perón ruled and playing into the hands of the pro-Perón unions which still enroll a majority of organized workers, is opposed by the Catholic Church, business and professional organizations, almost the entire press and, of course, the anti-Perón unions. Frondizi has not yet signed it, but the feeling is that he will do so.



Perhaps his toughest dilemma is in the economic field. Argentina's run-down economy is in desperate need of foreign capital, but Frondizi came to power riding on the wave of nationalist sentiment hostile to foreign capital first set in motion by Perón. Having promised that the German firms confiscated during the war would be kept in the hands of the state, Frondizi now finds himself forced by the need for German capital to return them to their former owners. Having promised to maintain the government's oil monopoly, which is unable to supply more than 40 per cent of Argentina's oil needs despite large proven reserves and which consequently drains the country of $300 million a year for imported oil, he has been forced by the circumstances to sign contracts with United States, German and Belgian oil firms to the sum of $1 billion.

Oil is really the crux of Argentina's economic difficulties. Though the prospecting of a mere 5 per cent of the country's land area has uncovered oil reserves sufficient for thirty years, the state oil monopoly is unable to finance the exploitation of more than a fraction of this (which in any case it does at a loss). Argentine industry therefore languishes for lack of power while sitting on a lake of inaccessible oil, and this progressive economic anemia in turn progressively reduces any hope that the country will develop the one resource which could trigger off a chain-reaction in the development of all the rest. Private capital, both native and foreign, could be called in, but stubborn nationalist feeling has not allowed this solution so far. Frondizi's decision to negotiate limited contracts with foreign combines would appear to break this vicious circle. But the hard fact is that oil prospecting has never been a gilt-edged security: Frondizi must either place the financial burden and the risks involved on the investing companies, in which case they can only be expected to operate on the basis of a concession; or if he wants to placate nationalist opposition by limiting their rights, he must place the burden and the risk on the Argentine state. Here he would appear to be caught in his own trap, since a doctrinaire book he wrote on the oil problem at the time of Perón's unfortunate experiment precludes him from giving any outright concessions, and in fact his recent public pronouncements on his own negotiations emphasize that the foreign oil combines will operate as mere agents of the state oil monopoly. But how is the Argentine Government, which by his own admission is on the verge of bankruptcy, to meet the risks involved? Add to this a legal problem: in order to forestall nationalist accusations that he has sold out to "foreign oil imperialism," Frondizi has tabled a bill declaring all oil reserves to be the "inalienable property of the nation," while at the same time several oil-producing provinces, tired of being milked by the state oil monopoly, without being paid any royalties, have written an article into their constitution declaring their oil reserves "the inalienable property of the province." Whether the Argentine state or the province is the competent authority is a legal and constitutional problem which the oil companies can expect the Supreme Court of Argentina to mull over for many a long year.

ALL THIS costs Frondizi votes and popularity without achieving really satisfactory solutions. One campaign promise which he kept — a 60 per cent wage increase for labor — has merely pushed prices up that much higher, an outcome which may satisfy classic economic theories but not the Argentine worker.

To sum up the situation, the problem stated at the beginning of this article does not seem to be anywhere near solution by Frondizi on his present record. As regards insuring law and order in a country grown used to despotism, there is an influential current of opinion in Argentina's armed forces which doubts Frondizi's capacity in this respect. The Navy, despite the country's economic plight, has insisted on the purchase of the British aircraft-carrier *Warrior*, ostensibly to match the sister-ship recently acquired by Brazil, but more probably to even up the Navy's position with the Army and Air Force in the event of armed intervention. As regards restoring the social harmony of a republic split between democratic and totalitarian principles, there is merely an uneasy truce between Peronista and anti-Perón forces. This division is apparent even within the President's own parliamentary support. In passing the labor law — a law backed by Peronista trade unions — some of Frondizi's Intransigent Radical deputies supported the measure, while others walked out of the chamber together with the opposition. This internal dissension will be exacerbated as the Peronista party reorganizes; some of Frondizi's deputies will be sorely tempted to go over to the Peronistas; the others, in that event, will feel urged to join forces with the opposition People's Radicals.

The key to the whole question lies in the last part of the problem: the economic recovery of a nation brought to the verge of bankruptcy by the inefficiency and corruption of Perón's totalitarian economy. If Frondizi can rid both himself (as he has shown signs of doing) and a large current of public opinion of the bankrupt economic nationalism prevailing today, he has a good chance of reaching a solution. But if he does not get results fast enough, there are powerful forces on either side who are both willing and capable of armed revolt. In that event, however, whoever comes to power would still face the ineluctable dilemma: Argentina is not going to get anywhere without a strong dose of foreign capital.

A SQUARE FOOT OF SKY . . *by Eugene Raskin*

POETS AND TRAVEL agents may speak of "the shimmering spires of Manhattan"; lovers in Central Park may thrill to the "fairyland of lighted towers";—but to the builders of the spires and towers it's not the glamour, but the rentable square footage that counts—and counts, and counts. After all, that's what brings in the money.

Of course, it goes without saying that most commercial building in New York, or any other city, exists for the purpose of earning money; but the "maximum square footage" policy, though already obsolete by any standard, is still the majority approach. The reasoning goes something like this: When land is scarce and high-priced, we must make every inch of it pay. Since we can't spread out horizontally as we might in a suburban or rural area, we must use every available bit of our site, and expand in the vertical dimension to provide enough income-producing floor space to bring a return on our investment. If in addition we achieve some architectural beauty, so much the better. But beauty is by-the-by; it's the square feet that put the caviar on the cracker.

As an example, the latest giant edifice to afflict Manhattan (100 Church Street) is described in a special supplement to the Sunday *New York Times* as "occupying a full block . . . [and containing] nearly one million square feet of rentable space."

This primary preoccupation with rentable space has the inevitable result that our cities (New York most of all) are becoming jammed with huge masses of anonymous, impersonal, steel-and-glass boxes, whose shapes and elements are as indistinguishable, equivalent and replaceable as the stacks of cereal boxes in the supermarket. If architecture is the evidence by which anthropologists study a past culture, some savant of the future may easily pre-date the first appearance of the mechanical man by a hundred years. Indeed, the man who leaves his impersonal project apartment in the morning, and journeys by an impersonal subway car to his job in an impersonal office building, comes perilously close to having accepted his status as a statistical item in a mechanical society, rather than a breathing, unique individual. When your entire environment consists of endlessly duplicated units, identified only by numbers, it is hard not to think of yourself in the same terms.

Visually speaking, perhaps the worst consequence of the "maximum square footage" policy is the relative disappearance of the sky. In the early decades of our century, when most buildings were low, the few skyscrapers that were built (the Woolworth Building, the Singer Building, and later on the Chrysler, Empire State and RCA Buildings) were seen silhouetted against large areas of sky and clouds. This was as it should be, for skyscrapers, like bargains, must be seen to be appreciated. Today, with rare exceptions, the jumble of big buildings is so dense that any single one can barely be glimpsed between and among its neighbors. It becomes a case where you can't see the trees for the forest.

With regard to many of these anonymous buildings, it is just as well that they are not readily seen, for they are stylistically as uninspired as the motivation behind their erection. The architects whose offices are busily grinding out plans for more and more rentable square footage can hardly be blamed for being content with wrapping their buildings in the latest sheet aluminum, steel or glass cliché. Not that there's anything wrong with these membrane enclosures—on the contrary,

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they represent the highest level of structural efficiency—but as every fashion-conscious woman knows, even the finest fabric must be draped artfully, and on a figure appropriate to it. The enclosing of any and all building shapes in the same type of membrane is as disastrous, aesthetically, as it would be to jam any and all women into the same kind of chemise dress. (Not that that isn't being attempted.)

HAPPILY, there are always the exceptions—and in this case the exceptions point the way to a new approach to urban building which, if not revolutionary, is at least potentially capable of changing the faces of our cities. As with every important idea, it is basically simple, and actually not at all new. It consists of the rediscovery of the sky. After all, a skyscraper should have some sky to scrape; otherwise it's like a violinist without a fiddle—plenty of motion, but precious little music.

As already mentioned, the early designers of skyscrapers didn't have to worry about the sky. There was plenty of it around. But since the thirties, it has become an increasingly rare commodity.

The first significant realization of the preciousness of the sky came with Rockefeller Center, whose architects so brilliantly organized their use of the site that areas of sky, like negative spaces in painting, were an integral part of the composition. They could, of course, have provided a great deal more rentable square footage by building on the whole site, which is what they would have done had they followed the majority policy; instead, they chose to be "uneconomical" with their site, devoting large parts of it to plazas, promenades and terraces. (I have put the word "uneconomical" in quotes because, in point of fact, their decision proved to be most economical.) What they did had a lot to do with making Rockefeller Center a landmark, a much-photographed tourist attraction, giving it a name and a prestige of such consequence that the address "Rockefeller Center" on a business letterhead brings a dollar-and-cents return. What's more, the thousands who each morning come to work there feel, willy-nilly, at least a small glow of pride at being associated with such surroundings. The result is that, lean times or fat, Rockefeller Center has no trouble with rentals. In short, the idealism of *not building* to the limit, of devoting expensive land to a view of the sky, has proved to be most practical.

CONSIDERING the depression and the war that followed, it is not surprising that it was more than twenty years before the pioneering example of Rockefeller Center was taken up again in New York City, with the building of Lever House, on Park Avenue. Here, on some of the costliest land in the city, in an area built up to the last square inch like a solid cliff line, there suddenly appeared *open space*. A setback from the street, a plaza — and, lo and behold, a tower of green glass against *sky*! New Yorkers blinked, builders mused, architects argued; some liked it, some didn't—but all agreed it was an event.

Now another tower has risen on Park Avenue—the Seagram Building, designed by the master of formalism, Mies van der Rohe. Here is a truly large plaza, offering a good perspective distance from which to view the building, and really magnificent portions of sky to frame it. In contrast to the stainless steel or aluminum of its contemporaries and neighbors, this building uses bronze, obviously not so much for utilitarian reasons (there has already been some difficulty with maintaining the color) as for pure aesthetic effect. The passerby, realizing that something has been done for no reason but to please him, feels a sense of personal gratification all too rare in this day of hard heads and hard sells.

There are, of course, other buildings in New York which make use of the sky; by being near one of the rivers, or on the fringes of the densely constructed areas, they have a kind of built-in sky situation. But the above three are the notable ones whose planners have deliberately, as a matter of considered policy, sacrificed portions of expensive land in order to *create* volumes of air and views of the sky, rather than exploit the site to its fullest buildable capacity.

HERE, THEN, is the crux of the conflict in the field of skyscraper construction: whether you will aim for maximum rentable square footage by building to the saturation point, or build less square footage and thus enhance the value of what you do build (in terms of human satisfaction as well as dollars) by taking advantage of what need not be built, what is already there and need only be cherished.

To repeat, the former approach is still the majority one, but the latter is rapidly proving itself, to the crassest of commercial minds no less than to the aesthete and humanist. There is, of course, no predicting how long it will take before the conversion is complete enough for the skyscraper-with-sky to be the rule rather than the exception. (These monstrous boxes may look flimsy, but they're surprisingly sturdy, and will be with us for many a year.) But that the trend is in effect at all is one of the happiest aspects of urban American architecture.

Land has been lord too long; we are at last rediscovering heaven. Some day we may read the announcement that a new skyscraper offers, for every square foot of rentable space, a square foot of sky.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Identity of Keats

THE LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS: 1814-1821. Edited by Hyder E. Rollins. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. 882 pp. $20.

W. S. Merwin

THIS "sensuous man of a badly bred and badly trained sort" — it is Matthew Arnold pronouncing — writes like "a surgeon's apprentice"; his letters show "the abandonment of all reticence and dignity." Arnold delivered himself of this judgment in 1880, in reference to Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, some of which had been published two years earlier. It was not, as Mr. Hyder E. Rollins points out in his introduction to this immense, magnificent edition of Keats's letters, the only outburst of pishery-tushery which that correspondence provoked. Coventry Patmore could find nothing in those letters that "deserves a much better name than 'lust'," and he detected "artifice and cold self-consciousness in his most rhapsodical outpourings." And Swinburne's devotion to the exemplary led him to denounce not only the love-letters but "the last piteous outcries of his wailing and shrieking agony"; they not only "ought never to have been published, it is no less certain that they ought never to have been written; that a manful kind of man, or even a manly sort of boy, in his love-making or in his suffering, will not howl and snivel after such a lamentable fashion." In mid-twentieth century it requires a certain amount of mental acrobatics to light upon what in the letters to Fanny Brawne could have given such offense to some of the Victorians. Apparently it was the naked fervor of these letters, and their unceremonious, unconditional, deliberately unprotected commitment to a passion, rather than any particularly suggestive writing, that shocked them. The letters are too *personal*; their emotions are too direct and unabashed; they should not have been written to a lady, and they should not have been made public — that, I take it, is what the objection amounted to. The "outcries" that impelled Swinburne to thump his chest are easier to pick out. There is, for example, this, from a letter written in Naples on November 1, 1820, four months before Keats's death:

> I fear there is no one can give me any comfort. Is there any news of George? O, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers! — then I might hope, — but despair is forced upon me as a habit. My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. . . . I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprised me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end?

It is awesome to think that Swinburne must have genuinely believed that his opinion was a reflection on *Keats*.

SURELY there are now few deader horses around for the flogging than this one of the propriety of Keats's letters. But Arnold's distaste is still interesting. For one thing, he was a great critic and any opinion of his, however grotesque it may seem now, is likely to be illuminating. And for another, Arnold's stuffiness has an odd effect: it suddenly makes Arnold's 1880 seem much more dim and remote than the short period, sixty years earlier, that is the setting of Keats's letters. It does not have this effect, certainly, because we are any less prone to moral snobbery than Arnold was — our sense of nicety, such as it is, is simply different. It is just that stuffiness quite often has a blurring effect; it fosters remoteness and makes it welcome. And in this case it points up, by contrast, one of the most remarkable things in Keats's letters: the presence which they convey of a human identity. Keats himself was fascinated by this matter of human presence. "His identity presses upon me so all day that I am obliged to go out," he wrote in September, 1818, about his brother Tom, when he was alone in the house with Tom, nursing him day and night while he lay dying of the same consumption that was to destroy John, too, less than two and a half years later. Three months after this letter, he wrote to his brother George and George's wife, in America, "Suppose Brown or Haslam or any one whom I understand in the nether degree to what I do you, were in America, they would be so much the farther from me in proportion as their identity was less impressed upon me." He goes on to say, "Now the reason why I do not feel at the present moment so far from you is that I remember your Ways and Manners and actions . . . I know what shape your joy or your sorrow would take . . . and every action so truly that you seem near me. You will remember me in the same manner. . . ." We, on the other hand, cannot really claim to know Keats's "Ways and Manners," and we certainly would be incapable of predicting what shape his joy or sorrow would take, and yet his identity presses upon us, and it resembles no one else's.

He is inconsistent, unpredictable, in fact unstable, and he knows it, part of the time: "It is a wretched thing to confess; but is a very fact that not one word I ever utter can be taken for granted as an opinion growing out of my identical nature." His famous description of the poetic character, in the same letter (". . . it is not itself . . . it lives in gusto. . . . It does no harm from its relish of the dark side of things any more than from its taste for the bright one. . . . A Poet is the most unpoetical of any thing in existence; because he has no Identity. . . .") is at least in part a rationalization of this quality in himself and his awareness of it. "I carry all matters to an extreme," he writes elsewhere. "—so that when I have any little vexation it grows in five minutes into a theme for Sophocles — then and in that temper if I write to any friend I have so little self-possession that I give him matter for grieving at the very time perhaps when I am laughing at a Pun." It should be noted that Keats mentions these qualities when writing to friends whose absolute sympathy he can count on, and is far from repentant about his faults. He is fascinated by them, delighted; he dramatizes them at moments. He is young, and he is exploring the character that makes, and hopes to make, the poems; he is not really concerned with finding excuses for it. This may be called plain selfishness, and maybe it was. He wrote that he "suspected everybody," he even suspected "myself and the genuiness [sic] of my feelings. . . ." He had a "horrid Morbidity of Temperament." "I have asked myself so often," he wrote, "why I should be a Poet more than other Men," and in another letter,

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"I am sometimes so very skeptical as to think Poetry itself a mere Jack a lantern to amuse whoever may be struck with its brilliance." He can be wonderfully flat-footed — he copies the rich sonnet, "When I have fears that I may cease to be . . ." into a letter, and under the last line writes, "I must take a turn, and then write to Teignmouth." He is acid and grating in a few of the letters to Fanny Brawne, when his jealousy has been roused, or when he feels she has rebuffed him. He can be ungenerous, as in his answer to Shelley's touching and magnanimous invitation to him to spend the winter of 1819-20 at Shelley's house in Italy for the sake of his health. He was sensitive about his small stature, and though often gay, he was often uneasy in society and in the company of women.

AND having pointed to trait after trait that is undeniably his, are we any nearer to being able to say what it is that makes the letters impress a sense of him upon us still? Or what makes the famous passages on imaginary troubles versus real ones, or on the poetic character and poetry, so exciting that ever since they were published they have seemed to generation after generation of young readers a sort of "Open Sesame," and so memorable that their drift and phrasing here and there have passed into the language? Partly this is like asking what makes Keats Keats; there is no answer, but if you really want to know, go back and read him again — you may come closer to the secret, though very likely you will be no nearer to being able to give it names. But part of the difficulty of describing the letters stems from this: the character of Keats himself which they reveal was not sharply defined, however clear and unmistakable; and the qualities which stir and live in the letters are themselves amorphous as clouds. Youth, for one. And everything that is meant by spirit. And—in a way which Keats shares with no other writer I know — an intoxication with the present moment. This last was both a great strength and a weakness. It helps to explain the headiness of some of the letters, and also why Keats — though the "I" of his poems seems very seldom to be John Keats, Esq., Wentworth Place, Hamstead, but rather "The Poetic Youth" — is one of the great personal poets of the language.

It is hard to tell how much of this personal quality, which for us haunts the whole of Keats, is due to our familiarity with the letters, for it is practically impossible now to imagine what our images of Keats would be without them.

Speaking as a layman — and I am not qualified to speak as anything else—I cannot conceive of a more superb edition of the letters than this one. New letters, quantities of recent scholarship, have gone into it; there is, apart from every known letter from Keats, a large number written to and about him, and there are other pieces of immensely convenient information, such as biographical sketches of Keats's correspondents. It is a handsome contribution to the identity of the complex, impetuous "noble animal" who wrote both "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" and "I fear I am too prudent for a dying kind of Lover. Yet, there is a great difference between going off in warm blood like Romeo, and making one's exit like a frog in a frost — ."

The Working Out of a Theory

THE AMERICAN NOVEL AND ITS TRADITION. By Richard Chase. A Doubleday Anchor Original. 266 pp. 95c.

R. W. Flint

THIS is one of those rare books in which a large movement of critical speculation crystallizes out. For someone like myself whose education in the field began with Matthiessen's *American Renaissance* and Kazin's *On Native Grounds*, it has been absorbing to watch the alembication in Mr. Chase's mind over the last decade of a dozen or so lines of influence —Tocquevillian, Jamesian, Lawrencian, Leavisite, new critical, Trillingesque, Matthiessenian, etc.—into what is now, in this excellent book, as original and illuminating a critical theory as we have had in many years. Chase's theory of American fiction is one of those "laws" which suddenly appear *in medias res* to astonish the discoverer as much as the public, and are likely to be missed entirely by readers looking for only another smooth compilation of the reigning academic clichés, or another expert accommodation of literary theory to a currently popular extra-literary philosophy. Mr. Chase's theory is experimental in the best Newtonian sense and synthetic in the best Coleridgian, a matter of hitting an unseen target by a long process of undershooting and overshooting.

One felt the outlines of this impending "discovery" in his earlier books on myth, Melville, Dickinson and Whitman, and responded to his openness and stretch of mind, his willingness to let the extremes make themselves felt at the provisional cost of a central incoherence and loss of suavity in argument. For some critics, suavity and coherence are all-important. The extremes are something to be exorcized, sublimated or transcended in a body of criticism meant from the beginning to have the texture and consistency of a work of art. Sainte-Beuve is the prime example. In a sense, this formal perfection is the ideal of all criticism, all reviewing; when you find it in combination with the oracular wit and momentum of a Johnson or Eliot, you have something unbeatable. Mr. Chase's chief instincts, however, have been neither those of a reformer of taste, a moral evangelist nor a superior entertainer, but rather those of a polemical naturalist who explores Melville's wilder speculations about the self and society, Emily Dickinson's magnificent apostrophes to Death, Whitman's comic sense, with all the loving care that other critics have devoted to showing how far short these writers fall of the great Homeric or Shakespearean standards of vested humanistic wisdom.

BUT every true scientist of the imagination must have an imagination to match his science. John Maynard Keynes demonstrated this conclusively in the essay where he describes Newton as essentially a seventeenth-century *magus*, alchemist and prophet rather than the eighteenth-century Man of Reason he became when his creative span was over. Mr. Chase is the kind of sensitive reader who needs a theory in order to read, but as a hypothesis rather than a prop, inductively rather than deductively, much as a painter "discovers" a set of forms in the act of painting. He began an essay of 1948 on Faulkner's *Light in August*, as follows:

> Without ado I wish to direct attention to the symbolic texture of *Light in August*. This texture is very much a matter of mechanics and dynamics — a poetry of physics. Repeatedly Faulkner presents appearance, event and even character in the images of stasis, motion, velocity, weight, lightness, mass, line, relative position, circle, sphere, emptiness, fullness, light and dark.

This may not be the most graceful or conciliatory of approaches, but fondness

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for the abstract is *there* in Faulkner; and the critic who gravitates immediately to the unique and experimental is the critic who will eventually see the more traditional elements of an art in their truest perspective. There's an important difference between Chase's approach and the approach which looks first for parallels with Freud or Marx or Leavis or Shakespeare or Aristotle. It takes time to ripen. The "poetry" Mr. Chase now finds in Faulkner and others is not so much a poetry *of* physics as a poetry *like* that of physics.

HIS "rich passion for extremes," in James's phrase, has come up with a theory which pretty well closes the gap in his earlier books, a thematic equation which makes further speculation along the same lines not only possible but attractive. Unfortunately for a reviewer, the book's general demonstration is more convincing than any short version of his theory. Relative space given to Cooper, Twain and Norris, as against the more combed-over classics of Hawthorne, Melville and Faulkner, figures in the argument. The theory works with special effectiveness in admirable essays on Howells' *The Vacation of the Kelwyns* and Cable's *The Grandissimes*. His introductory essay, "The Broken Circuit," skirts the issue without quite driving it out of ambush (and there's a slightly damaging touch of chauvinism, I think, when he tries to boost American fiction at the expense of British by writing that: "Explorers see more deeply, darkly, privately and disinterestedly than imperialists, who must perforce be circumspect and prudential." In what way is Hawthorne, for instance, deeper, darker, more disinterested or less prudential than Dickens?). But a reviewer's digest might go as follows: Whereas the classic British novel *in general* "is notable for its great practical sanity, its powerful, engrossing composition of wide ranges of experience into a moral centrality and equability of judgement" (*vide* Leavis' *The Great Tradition*), the American novel has tended, relatively, to make the most of its extremes and to rest on them, to revel in a "profound poetry of disorder." "The English novel, that is, follows the tendency of tragic art and Christian art, which characteristically move through contradictions to forms of harmony, reconciliation, catharsis and transfiguration." The American novel, on the other hand, leans heavily on fable, allegory and "romance" to avoid coming to *explicit* moral terms with the contradictions of American experience. It is oblique, melodramatic and addicted to the pastoral idyl, far more than any European literature.

The "romance," as Northrop Frye demonstrates in his *Anatomy of Criticism*, is a particular form with a particular history, psychology and aesthetics, no mere feeble offshoot of the novel proper. It can be used to great effect by true novelists like Dostoevsky, James and Dickens and is rarely absent altogether. But it has suited the American experience well enough to have become a dominant form, to have become in its turn the expropriator of other fictional forms. The dialectical tension between romance and novel in American fiction, as Mr. Chase sees it, is permanent and fruitful, surviving our swings of interest between the poles of traditionalism, naturalism, experimentalism and social reform. His sense of this stable indecision gives him the courage to face the destructive element, the death-seeking strain in our literature ("Lo! Death has reared himself a throne/In a strange city lying alone/Far down within the dim West . . . — Poe) which impressed D. H. Lawrence so much. If the essence of good criticism is accurate description, as I think it is, Mr. Chase has made a solid contribution.

The Comic Spirit

BALTHAZAR. By Lawrence Durrell.
E. P. Dutton & Co. 250 pp. $3.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

LAWRENCE DURRELL's *Justine* was certainly one of the finest novels of the last ten years. Now it turns out that it was just the first of four concerned with the same people and circumstances. It should make a tetrology of the rank of Ford Madox Ford's Tietjens series, which was one of the major novels of the first half of the twentieth century.

Balthazar is not a sequel, it is a complete recapitulation. The story is told over, in the same circuitous and enveloping fashion, the method invented by Conrad and Ford, this time from the perspective of three characters who play a secondary role in the first novel — Balthazar, Cleo, Pursewarden. *Justine* emerged from asides, footnotes and contradictions as a compact, inevitably directed tragedy, as organized as Aristotle's prescriptions, in spite of, or because of, its most un-Aristotelian methods. It seemed to have its inescapable truth. Now, seen by other eyes, the people, the web of events and motives, turn out to be completely different. Everything is taken apart and put together again to make another truth, equally inescapable. That is certainly a tour de force, as though Proust were four brothers and sisters, and usually tours de force bore me. Tales of the rich, idle and rotten bore me, too. But Lawrence Durrell is able to bring his magic off. If anything, this installment is more convincing than *Justine*. I think the reason is that this kind of relationship of author to work of art is essentially comic, in the sense that Machiavelli's *Mandragola* and Ben Jonson's *Volpone* are comic—not in the sense that there is anything funny about them. *Balthazar* does, as a matter of fact, get under way with a hilariously farcical tale about Scobie, the aged detective who turns out to be a transvestite. Presumably Durrell started this way with a purpose, to show that no man or woman is what he seems at first or even twentieth sight and even under the scrutiny of the most painstaking amateur psychologist and, as a corollary, that each new insight, from another person, means a complete bouleversement and, finally, that this is the very essence of the comic spirit.

MEREDITH and his disciples said much the same thing fifty years ago, so did Hardy. The very mention of the names —Ford, Conrad, Meredith, Hardy— shows what is taking place. Lawrence Durrell is moving up, onto the highest levels of the novelist's art. There are two more books to come. Of anyone else I would say that he was bound to be

---

KENNETH REXROTH, West Coast poet and critic, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

To Live At All

Into black marble we walk,
Black marble or black quartz.
And the luminous,
Impenetrable you'd say,
Black wall gives way
Step by step,
Breath for breath
As we walk.

As bright waters from prow,
As warm earth from plow,
The cleft spreads wide
And tumbled with happenings.
You'd say that, interpreted,
Parted and particled,
The hard black we walk into
Is people and flowers.

Always beside
Though, beside on each side,
And behind.

KATHERINE HOSKINS

trapped in his elaborate scheme, that such a conception would be bound to produce something thoroughly cooked. Not Durrell. It is of the essence of his artistic personality that it seems to thrive only when it sets itself fantastic problems and limitations. As the self-imposed conditions become in this book more outrageous, the prose becomes graver, more sonorous, the sense of human motivation more profound, the images of place and person more poignant. It looks as if we could anticipate at least one novel a season for the next couple of years which an adult will be able to read with pleasure.

Gentle Iconoclast

ONLY IN AMERICA. By Harry Golden. World Publishing Co. 317 pp. $4.

Harry Ashmore

I FIRST MET Harry Golden in what seems to me a gentler time, the years just after World War II. I had gone from the Army to Charlotte, North Carolina, as editor of the *News.* Golden was already there, running a shoestring advertising agency with all the massive inefficiency he normally accords any organized activity.

I discovered in due course that he was a bad poker player and a great talking man. And I remember feeling then the pang I have felt on other dawns, the vagrant sense of regret that the great tales and profound wisdom which interfered with the game would be dissipated with the blue smoke that hung over the table.

It probably would have been that way, too, except that some time after I left Charlotte, Golden gave birth to a remarkable publication called *The Carolina Israelite.* I have never been quite clear about the genesis of the *Israelite;* I have assumed, perhaps incorrectly, that under the hot breath of his creditors he one day decided to put out a sort of house organ for the minuscule Jewish communities of the Carolina cities. If this was indeed the original purpose, it happily did not survive. Instead, the *Israelite* has become a marvelously erratic tabloid publication containing such small advertisements as do not get in the way of a running stream of Harry Golden's consciousness, which begins on page one and continues in bits and pieces to the last of whatever number of pages he decides to publish on whatever day he decides he has enough to go to the printer.

For some years now the *Israelite* has had a substantial number of fascinated subscribers. You learn about these from Golden himself, who is an unabashed name-dropper; his letters to the editor come from people like Winston Churchill, Carl Sandburg and Adlai Stevenson. A man with a claque like that is foredoomed to be published between hard covers, and Golden has been — although it is doubtful that the final selections from the *Israelite* which appear in *Only in America* would have been made had he not had the foresight to produce an organized son, who works on a Detroit newspaper, and apparently took his father in hand.

In any event, the end product is a happy sampling of vintage Golden. Here is Golden, the gentle satirist, setting forth his vertical integration plan: since Southern whites object to sitting by Negroes in school, but have spent their lives amiably standing beside them, simply remove the seats from the classroom and let the next generation study standing up. Here is the sentimental Golden, working out a wonderful, rich tapestry of his memories of a Jewish boyhood on New York's East Side. And here is Golden, the iconoclast, calling upon the limitless store of his erudition to examine today's "togetherness" in terms of the classic writers whom he treats casually as old and intimate friends — as indeed they are.

THE BOOK has many distinctions, not the least of which is the unique and remarkably sympathetic view of the white South in its desegregation travail as seen through the eyes of one who has himself felt the edge of prejudice. It seems to be a curious truth that Golden understands better than most the complex sufferings of the proud, embattled, defensive Presbyterians of Charlotte because he is himself the unapologetic product of a close-knit, embattled, defensive Jewish community.

Those who read *Only in America* will want more, and there will be; the *Israelite* is still coming out, after its fashion. The last issue, wistfully labeled May-June, is at hand and it contains a characteristic essay on the tendency of

---

HARRY ASHMORE, Executive Editor of the Little Rock Arkansas Gazette, *last year won a Pulitzer Prize for his stand against Governor Orval Faubus.*

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newspapermen to sample public opinion by interviewing taxi drivers, and of people in places of power to base their decisions on these and other polls. Reading it, I am back at the poker table in Charlotte, leaning across a suspended hand of stud, listening to Harry Golden talk around his fat cigar:

> Just suppose there had been a sampling or ratings system in Rome in the year 60 A.D. The results would have been as follows:
>
> | | |
> |---|---|
> | *For Jupiter* | *68 per centum* |
> | *For Mithra* | *21 per centum* |
> | *For Jesus* | *2 per centum* |
> | *Undecided* | *9 per centum* |
>
> Now, if Saint Paul had been a "sampling" man instead of a leader, he would have packed up and gone on back to Palestine, especially after hearing what every taxi driver was saying: "Let's hang that little bald-headed Jew"; but lucky for the Christians, Paul did not subscribe to any "sampling" polls, and so he just went ahead with his program, and conquered the whole works: the Roman Empire, Jupiter, Mithra, including even the great Goddess of Vestal Virgins.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Biography

The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats (Anchor, $1.25) includes the *Autobiographies* of 1926 and the four parts added in 1938. Even in its simplest matter of fact it is mysterious, incisive, as suggestive as Yeats's poetry. It calls up Sligo, Dublin, London, Yeats's painter father Jack B. Yeats, his many friends, great and anonymous. One sees the times and the poet's formation, not orderly but spilling out in anecdotes and jottings on pre-Raphaelism, Young Ireland, the Irish Theatre. The fifteen stories of Joyce's *Dubliners* (Compass, $1.25) and the thirty-nine of Liam O'Flaherty's *Selected Stories* (Signet, 35c) supplement Yeats's wonderful pictures of the Irish, city and country.

Next to Yeats, Sherwood Anderson appears inflated and his *Story Teller's Story* (Evergreen, $1.95) contrived. He suffers from "a tendency toward slickness and plausibility" here, and to some degree in the honest short stories of *Winesburg,*

Landing on the Moon

When, in the mask of night, there shone that cut,
we were riddled. A probe reached down
and stroked some nerve in us.
The potent glint from a wizard's eye, of silver,
slanted from out the mask of the unknown,
pit of riddles, the scratch-marked sky.

When, albino bowl upon a cloth of jet,
it spilled such virile pulls,
our eyes enlarged, our blood reared with the waves.
We craved its secret but, unreachable,
it held away from us, the chilly and frail.
Distance kept it magnate, enigma made it white.

Then we learned to read it with our rod.
Reflected light revealed
a lead mirror, or bruised shield,
seamed with scars and shadow-soiled.
A half-faced sycophant, its glitter borrowed,
rode around our throne.

On the moon there shines earth light
as moonlight shines upon the earth.
When on its obsidian we set our weightless foot,
and sniff no wind, and lick no rain, and feel no gauze
between us and the Fire, as giants we will trot
its grassless skull, sick for the homelike shade.

And, naked to the earth-beam, we will think:
We have arrived to map an apparition.
We walk upon the forehead of a myth.
Our flesh now rubs with symbol. Here's our ball:
of iron, not of light, our earliest wish.
Where now? For we have landed on the dream.

MAY SWENSON

Ohio (Compass, $1.25), but presents one of the authentic American dreams. *My Lord, What a Morning,* an autobiography by Marian Anderson (Avon-Bard, 35c) is the less facile, currently more pointed story of Miss Anderson's Philadelphia girlhood, her studies and her successes in concert, opera and recording.

A Walker in the City by Alfred Kazin (Evergreen, $1.45), though sometimes overwrought, recreates Mr. Kazin's struggle to be American and to retain the Gemütlichkeit of his immigrant parents' Brownsville home in Brooklyn during the twenties and thirties. It is a warm, fresh book.

U.S. Grant and the American Military Tradition by Bruce Catton (Universal, 95c) surveys Grant's career and analyzes the origin of his weakness as President.

Stalin by Leon Trotsky, Charles Malamuth editor and translator (Universal, $1.95). Interrupted at 1917 by Trotsky's death, the biography is skillfully continued to 1936 from Trotsky's voluminous unassembled segments.

Realism

From 1875 to 1881 Henry James wrote and published five novels, two novelettes, his penetrating book on Hawthorne and numerous articles for *The Nation.* In volume alone it is impressive. *The American, The Europeans, Daisy Miller* and *An International Episode*, now collected as *Four Selected Novels of Henry James* (Universal, $1.45) and *The Portrait of a Lady*, Leon Edel editor (Riverside, 80c), with James's preface, also established his mastery of the international novel. *The Awkward Age*(Anchor, $1.25), from 1899, though involved stylistically and poorly received, exhibits much of the earlier vigor. Here two girls in their late teens are no more awkward than the society which finds it necessary to absorb them in a painfully complex rite of passage. *The Awkward Age* parallels in several ways *What Maisie Knew* (Anchor, 85c), from 1897.

Fifteen years before *What Maisie Knew*, William Dean Howells treated divorce in *A Modern Instance* (Riverside, 85c). Like other novels by Howells, this shows characters unable to cope with an unfamiliar society. He said without explanation that he was his model for Bartley Hubbard in *A Modern Instance*, probably because both were, for a time at least, outsiders in Boston.

The She-Wolf and Other Stories by Giovanni Verga, Giovanni Cecchetti editor (California, $1.50), including "Cavalleria Rusticana," is interesting for point of view and the realism, which influenced Verga's contemporary, Howells.

Sociology

Who Are the Guilty? A Study of Education and Crime by Dr. David Abahamsen (Evergreen, $1.95), a major psychiatric contribution to criminology, analyzes the offender, examines causes in family, school and larger social groups and proposes a vast prevention program through education.

From Max Weber by Hans H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills (Oxford-Galaxy, $2.25) is a classic, both for its biographical note and the harvest of Weber's investigations into the foundations of sociological theory. *The Portable Veblen,* Max Lerner editor (Viking Portables, $1.45), also a commentary with selections, has a wider appeal since Veblen speaks directly to so many modern interests.

On the Track of Prehistoric Man by Herbert Kühn (Modern Library, 95c) uses a tour of a dozen French and Spanish cave sites as the informal framework of an account of Ice Age art and artifacts. Maps, floor plans and many drawings.

Miscellaneous

Lawrence Ferlinghetti *(A Coney Island of the Mind,* New Directions, $1) shows increasing poetic power and in-

On Certain Wits

who amused themselves over the simplicity of Barnett Newman's paintings shown at Bennington College in May of 1958.

When Moses in Horeb struck the rock,
And water came forth out of the rock,
Some of the people were annoyed with Moses
And said he should have used a fancier stick.

And when Elijah on Mount Carmel brought the rain,
Where the prophets of Baal could not bring rain,
Some of the people said that the rituals of the prophets of Baal
Were aesthetically significant, while Elijah's were very plain.

Howard Nemerov

Photo by Friedman-Abeles

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dependence. His experiments with jazz poetry (*The Nation,* March 29) are part of his effort to write a contemporary poetry.

The Jazz Makers, Nat Shapiro and Nat Hentoff editors (Evergreen, $1.95), clarifies an entire milieu as it sketches twenty-one musicians, mostly instrumental, whose "serious devotion to music and even . . . occasional . . . study" took jazz from Canal Street to Birdland.

The quality of Edmund Wilson's interest and work *(The Nation,* February 22) is shown in *Axel's Castle: A Study in the Imaginative Literature of 1870 to 1930* (Scribners Student's Edition, $1.45), containing some of his most characteristic criticism; and *A Piece of My Mind: Reflections at Sixty* (Anchor, 95c) on non-literary subjects.

The Portable Renaissance Reader, James Bruce Ross and Mary Martin McLaughlin editors (Viking, $1.45). Using short selections by varied writers, some not readily available in English, this collection illustrates the varied, often antithetic tendencies in Western Europe, 1400-1600.

History of the Later Roman Empire from the death of Theodosius I to the death of Justinian by J. B. Bury (Dover, 2 vols., $4), is a richly detailed analytical narrative of Germanic successes in the West and the establishment of Byzantine power. For earlier times: *Selections from Greek and Roman Historians,* Herodotus through Tacitus, C. A. Robinson, Jr. editor (Rinehart, $1.25).

History of Mathematics by D. E. Smith (Dover, 2 vols, $5; $2.75 ea.), though superseded in detail, by R. C. Archibald, for example, is a standard general account through elementary calculus.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Studs Lonigan* (the trilogy) by James T. Farrell (Signet, 35c), *Painted Veils* by James Huneker (Avon, 35c), *South Wind* by Norman Douglas (Bantam, 50c), *The True Believer* by Eric Hoffer (Mentor, 50c), *Hiroshima Diary* by Michihiko Hachiya (Avon, 35c).

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Around the U.S.A.

(Continued from inside cover)

sources. For the legislature had to be very careful lest any new tax for general state purposes be construed as an excise. In that case, not only would 85 per cent of the tax be diverted to old-age pensions, but the tax could not be repealed. This situation led to difficulties. For example, the legislature in 1951 enacted a 5 per cent "severance" tax on Colorado's growing oil and gas production. To keep the revenue out of the pension fund, the state called it a gross income tax. The oil companies have challenged the tax as unconstitutional, and the case is still in the courts. Should the decision go against the state, it would be faced with refunding some $15 millions or more.

Two other provisions of the 1936 amendment proved awkward. One of them qualified all needy Coloradoans for pensions at the age of sixty. But the federal government does not contribute to pensions for anyone under the age of sixty-five. So the legislature, faced with an enormous expenditure, provided a thirty-five-year residence qualification for the younger pensioners. Even so, there are 3,000 of them on the rolls.

Secondly, the original amendment merely decreed that all pension-fund receipts for each one month should be divided equally the next month; and to avoid a pile-up of surplus while the pension remained low, a stipulation was included that all funds remaining as of each December 31 should be divided pro rata the following January. This became known as the "golden jackpot." As the fund grew, several hundred extra dollars went to each pensioner each January. The federal government finally stopped the practice by intimating that its contribution could only be on the basis of need, and that a pensioner receiving a lump sum of several hundred dollars in one month could hardly be classed as "needy." Since then the pension has been distributed more equitably throughout the year.

THE PRECLUSIVE provisions of the pension program proved so embarrassing to state finances that several attempts were made to soften them at the polls. These failed repeatedly until 1956, when Edwin Carl Johnson, an original supporter of the pension amendment, came back from the U.S. Senate to close out his career in a final term as Governor.

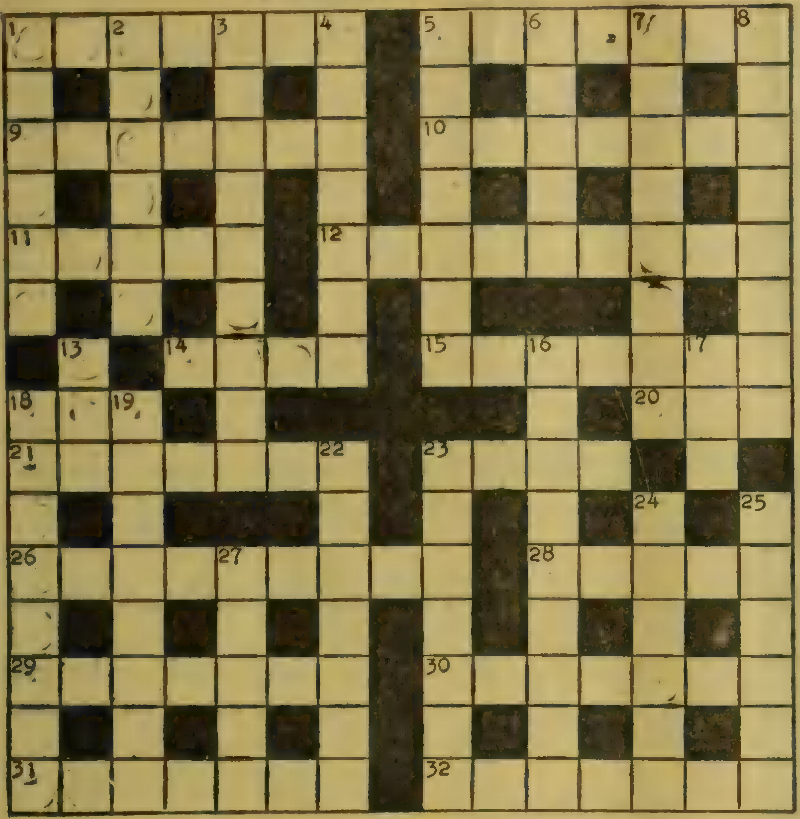
Governor Johnson and others sought the cooperation of the pensioners and their organizations in modifying the 1936 provision, and succeeded in achieving a compromise which provided: (1) that the pension should never fall below $100 a month per pensioner, minus outside income; (2) that a reserve fund of $5 millions should be set aside to guarantee the $100 monthly payment through any possible recession; (3) that a revolving fund of $10 millions should be set up to institute medical and hospital care and (4) after all these conditions were met, the surplus should go over into the state's general fund.

This amendment was adopted by the people. The $5 millions reserve has been provided, and the medical-health fund had grown large enough by February to finance the first phase of the medical-health program. The state now figures on beginning to get some general revenue from the spill-over as early as next year or 1961.

Incidentally, growing U.S. social security payments to Colorado people of pension age now total about $8 millions yearly, drawn by one-third of pensioners, as against $2 millions yearly drawn by about one-sixth of the pensioners as late as 1952. This, of course, represents an increasing, though indirect, contribution to the Colorado pension scheme by the federal government, as the state subtracts social-security payments as well as private income in figuring payments per pensioner.

Crossword Puzzle No. 784

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A poet is likely to dull your senses.
5 The way one might have seen the city, or tried to. (7)
9 Might make smooth surfaces or welts, one way or another. (7)
10 Exult over a frabjous day? (7)
11 Native who seems to proclaim he wanders back? (5)
12 A city with no plan is a mess! (9)
14 A god in Scandinavia, or one in Russia. (4)
15 Doesn't his program 4? (7)
18 The island of Romaine? (3)
20 Petition. (3)
21 Petition. (7)
23 Only a lion would make such a group nervous. (4)
26 If it offered you a nip, would you want to dance? (9)
28 This should give you time to make an observation. (5)
29 Having a connection with the dead, when bankrupt? (7)
30 Those who said something once, didn't. (7)
31 Would he be likely to trifle with the strings? (7)
32 Gave precedence. (7)

DOWN:

2 It has fourteen legs, and is nothing to a school of whales! (6)
3 and 16 "H"—completely isolated! (3, 6, 2, 7)
4 Keep us up to the mark! (7)
5 A short time to workers causes a transfer from vessel to vessel. (7)
6 "Farewell the plumed .... and the big wars That make ambition virtue!" (Othello) (5)
7 Best, but not in student session. (8)
8 It's true, ears should be valuable!
13 Was victorious in the present uprising. (3)
17 Wilder association with this town?
18 and 23 down "V"—where the balance is. (Headquarters is serious!) (6, 2, 7)
19 Too frightened to set out and get pulled around. (8)
22 On the left, the Romans considered it an omen. (7)
24 The Missionary Hymn found India's coral. (6)
25 and 1 down "E"—but Luce wouldn't hope to see it. (3, 3, 2, 4)
27 South American port, South African province. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 783

ACROSS: 1 Tapestry; 5 Physic; 10 Marabou; 11 Coroner; 12 Basel; 13 Decussate; 14 Moose; 16 Phaetons; 19 Stanhope; 22 Plant; 24 Olfactory; 26 Aspic; 28 Flaunts; 29 Incline; 30 and 27 down Needle point; 31 Ingrates. DOWN: 1 Time bomb; 2 Parts; 3 Subaltern; 4 Round-up; 6 Harps; 7 Santa Anna; 9 Acacia; 15 Out of date; 17 Tapdancer; 18 Stickers; 20 Oboist; 21 Elysian; 23 and 8 Coffin corner; 25 Canal.

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Of course, the sputniks did not change Mr. Wiles's truth; they served only to make it acceptable. *When* is truth? For *The Nation*, truth is *always*—popular and unpopular, acceptable and unacceptable, before and after sputniks. This makes some of our readers very angry, but it keeps them loyal.

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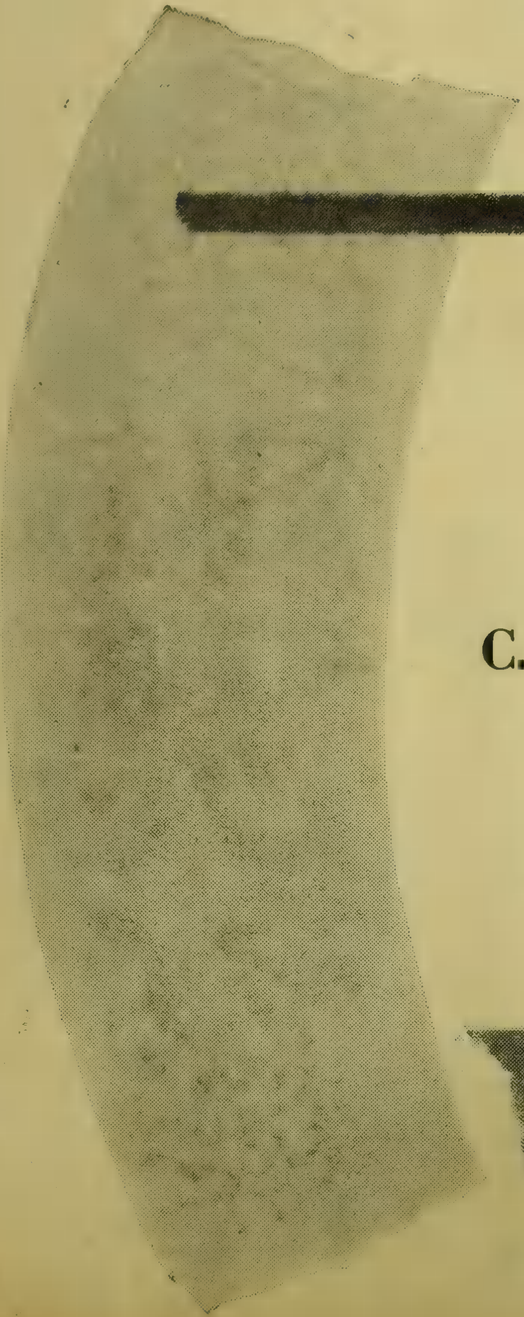

SCIENCE AND HOPE

Essays by

C. P. Snow and Philip Siekevitz

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THE LORD AND JOHN FOSTER DULLES

Charles F. Edmundson

LETTERS

No Comeback

Dear Sirs: The excellent article, "Jimmy Hoffa's Comeback," by B. J. Widick [*The Nation*, August 16] deserves some updating. Mr. Widick thought Mr. Hoffa's "most important challenge to the AFL-CIO was the progress he was making toward establishment of a united labor front in the transportation industry." That progress has since been stopped dead in its tracks. The important Railroad Brotherhoods, Marine Engineers and Airline Employee unions have turned down invitations, while charter-member Bill Bradley (ILA) has recently assured Easterners he does not mean to cooperate with fellow charter-member and lone fellow-traveler Harry Bridges (ILWU). Finally, Joe Curran (NMU), the one AFL-CIO member, is now under official AFL-CIO pressure to abandon his role in Hoffa's unhappy "paper" organization.

Mr. Widick suggested that an attempt by Mr. Meany to force affiliates to abandon Teamster pacts was "not likely to get much enthusiastic support." The recent Labor Executive Council vote has proven otherwise, however, with all but Joe Curran among AFL-CIO officers voting in favor of Mr. Meany's position. Indeed, the AFL-CIO went further than any expected, and ordered local and state bodies to expel teamster members who had obtained cards in acceptable unions in an effort to hold AFL-CIO posts.

In sum, between the publication of Mr. Widick's article and the writing of this letter (Aug. 25), circumstances warrant changing Mr. Widick's title from "Jimmy Hoffa's Comeback" to "Hoffa's Continuing Defeat."

ARTHUR B. SHOSTAK

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Progress for Arabs?

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "What Now?" of August 2 contains a number of references to the State of Israel and evokes the following observations: You write "it was largely at our initiative that the State of Israel, which continues to radiate progressive influence throughout the Middle East, was established." It is perhaps possible to consider progress as a purely internal phenomenon of a society, e.g., by comparing the conditions in that society at two points of time. But to "radiate progress" implies at least a two-sided relationship, a sender and a receiver. . . . Is it reasonable to claim that the white man in the Western hemisphere radiated progress among the American Indians? . . . If the creation of the State of Israel has created a trauma among the Arabs so that they see everything red — and this is an undeniable fact — can they have the proper receptivity to the rays of progress coming out of Israel?

Let us raise another question. How did Israel become progressive, democratic, and so on? Obviously it is not the influence of "backward Jews" that the State of Israel hopes to in-gather from the Arab and other lands. It would be futile to claim that the progressive nature of Israel is a direct result and a prerogative of Judaic religion and tradition. Is it not obvious that Israel is what it is because it is a European state? . . . This is stated not as a criticism . . . but once this fact is admitted, is it possible not to sympathize with the Arab charges that Israel is basically a European bridgehead in their midst, and to recognize what this means to them in the light of their past relations with Europe? . . .

A. KESSEL

Chicago, Ill.

America's Albatross

Dear Sirs: Conformity, as suggested by Fred Harris' letter (*The Nation*, April 19), is not only labor's albatross; its deadening hand is destroying the democratic process in the United States. Harris' solution of a two-party setup in unions is a good one. With 55 years of continuous active membership in the International Typographical Union, I can testify to its effectiveness. . . .

Labor unions' greatest need is rank-and-file control of international as well as local unions. I was a proofreader on the 1954 AFL convention proceedings and urged ITU delegates to introduce a resolution requesting the AFL and all affiliated unions to adopt democratic procedures similar to but not necessarily the same as the ITU's. . . . Our AFL delegates said the ITU was respected but we were regarded as "queer." Imagine, "queer" to be democratic! . . . Last year I campaigned for ITU convention delegates on this issue and added another "queer" idea — adoption by the ITU of absentee ballot voting, one of California's best election laws. I did not get to first base.

AFL-CIO President Meany, according to the press, now requires newly-chartered unions to hold elections at least every two years and adopt other democratic measures. I envisage the day when AFL-CIO officers and policies will be directed by all its members through referenda instead of by a self-perpetuating hierarchy. That's how the ITU functions more efficiently than any organization of which I have knowledge.

FRED S. GABLE

Orange, Calif.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Deaf, Dumb, Blind

The remarkable thing about the Quemoy crisis is not that the State Department is staggering drunkenly toward another diplomatic defeat or, possibly, an atomic war. Such behavior has been habitual with this particular State Department and is to be expected. What becomes more and more amazing is that the American public tolerates the utter folly of our China policy as if it were something beyond human control, like an incurable disease. Even among the highly placed and influential, except for a few alert critics like Walter Lippmann, Wayne Morse and Herblock, not a murmur is raised in dissent. Somnambulism prevails. This would be strange anywhere: in a country which has always boasted of its democratic curbs on the arrogance (and stupidity) of elected (and appointed) persons, it is incredible — but it exists.

One searches in vain for some rationale, however tortured and twisted, for our official attitude toward China. A moral one, perhaps? If anyone ever entertained a notion so naive, it was blown to bits by our incontinent recognition of the new Iraqi Government, its hands still red with the blood of the duly constituted monarch. Of course these murderers had oil and popular support; still our speedy acceptance of their regime disposed of the idea that we were squeamish about whom we recognized, or even that we would allow a decent interval to elapse.

Military considerations provide no better explanation. For a few wretched islands so close to the China coast that small craft can blockade them and light artillery can keep them under continuous bombardment, we have deployed the Seventh Fleet and its reinforcements, consisting of seven carriers, three heavy cruisers, forty destroyers, four submarines and twenty support vessels. To the 500 aircraft thus provided we are prepared to add materiel based on Guam and Okinawa. All this is for islands which Chiang Kai-shek himself, when he was fatuously "unleashed" by the Eisenhower Administration, declared to be too vulnerable to defend. If in military affairs the means have some relation to the end, the most callow subaltern would withhold such forces from such a purpose.

Diplomatically, our insistence on holding the islands simply increases our alienation from our allies, who have no stomach for an atomic war in a minuscule cause. Economically, it strengthens the ties between the Chinese Reds and their Russian allies, putting a strain on the present Russian economy, to be sure, but one which may well pay dividends in the future. And, finally, we come to the political aspects, which sum up to nothing more substantial than Mr. Dulles' obsession that Red rule over China will pass, like a bad dream.

Why should it? How can it? The Toronto *Globe and Mail*, advertising in American newspapers in an effort to beat some sense into the insentient, points out that Chiang's "twenty-two years of power were marked by wholesale foreign invasion and occupation, by an almost unbroken course of national disaster and humiliation. The Chinese do not want to see him — still less, help him — return." The *Globe and Mail* likens our support of Chiang's decaying regime to hailing some emigré Grand Duke as the legitimate Czar of Russia.

If there is anyone who can dissuade Mr. Dulles from his suicidal obstinacy, now is the time to try. At this juncture the Chinese Reds might settle for a lifting of the blockade, a cessation of Chiang's flights over the mainland, neutralization of the islands and Formosa under U.N. trusteeship as a kind of pre-mortem mausoleum for Chiang and the Kuomintang — and membership in the United Nations. If Adlai Stevenson came out for some such solution, he might be heard. Some successor to Mr. Dulles may be glad to settle on such relatively honorable and innocuous terms, but unless the American people and their leaders bestir themselves now, the eventual settlement may be much more painful.

Clio and the Court

A distinguished contemporary journal, *Newsweek*, purports to find a parallel between Governor Orval Faubus' defiance of the Supreme Court and certain remarks which Abraham Lincoln made at the time of the Dred Scott decision. "Then it was the North," editorialized *Newsweek*, "that refused to accept a Court decision, today it is the South. But the issue is the same: Whether the people will, or will not, obey the Supreme Court." In a superficial sense, any defiance of the Court is like any other defiance; a rose is a rose. And were it not for a curious lapsed sense of history which the desegregation controversy continues to reveal, it would be arid pedantry to point out that the issue faced by Chief Justice Roger Taney was not quite the same as that faced by Chief Justice Earl Warren. Taney was interpreting a Constitution that was silent on the rights of Negroes; Warren has in his hands a Constitution fortified by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments (the Civil War was fought to put them there), which reversed the Dred Scott decision and made those rights unarguable. What has happened, one wonders, to those "mystic chords of memory" which Lincoln believed would "yet swell to the chorus of the Union"? Did the memory of the Civil War expire with the last veteran? At times, through sheer lapse of memory, we act as though we had repudiated our own history.

Tax Bonanza

California's public utilities have set the stage for a multi-million-dollar rate battle which has nation-wide implications. The utilities are asking for an increase based on taxes they do *not* pay. This statement may sound a bit far-fetched, even for an industry which is managed by notably inventive executives, but the facts sustain it. Like most utilities, California's Pacific Gas & Electric Company, taking advantage of the accelerated (five-year) tax amortization program, has expanded facilities rapidly in the post-war period. Under this program, a utility obviously pays less in federal taxes during the five years of inflated depreciation than it would under normal depreciation schedules. But P. G. & E. argues that, for rate fixing purposes, the fast tax write-off should be ignored. The argument assumes that eventually tax payments will "even out."

The facts in the California case expose a major fallacy in the argument. In an expanding economy, and notably in a state expanding as rapidly as California, the tax payments of the utilities somehow just never seem to "even out" in this theoretical fashion, for new power facilities are constantly needed. No sooner is one new installation completed than construction starts on the next. In a word, the day of reckoning never arrives because plant replacements tend to exceed normal plant retirements for obsolescence. Apart from this, a major purpose of public utility regulation — in theory, that is — is to see to it that economies in operation are passed on to the consumer in the form of reduced rates. California's Attorney General Edmund G. Brown — the Democratic nominee for governor — insists that P. G. & E. should be forced to reduce rates, not raise them, as long as it is enjoying the advantages of accelerated tax amortization. A bonanza is at stake in the hearings which open in Los Angeles on September 24. Three states — Indiana, Oklahoma and Kentucky — have allowed rate increases based on the "phantom tax" concept, but six states — Maine, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico and Pennsylvania — have rejected similar applications. The California case may well determine the course of decision in other states.

At the inception of the tax amortization program, *The Nation* pointed out that the utility companies, which were even then flooding Washington with applications for tax amortization certificates, would eventually contend that tax gains should not be taken into consideration in fixing rates. [See "Taxes Into Profits: $25 Billion Bonanza" by Bruce Catton, *The Nation*, April 11, 1953.] At that time, we stated that the basic issue was, "Who ought eventually to get the benefits of tax deferral — stockholders, or taxpayers and consumers?" It is still a good question.

From Trafalgar To Reykjavik

The Royal Navy, whose mission it once was to insure that Britons never would be slaves, has now been ordered by a British Government to bully Iceland into withdrawing its prohibition against trawlers fishing within 12 miles of Iceland's shores. Such disputes are the rule rather than the exception in certain areas of the commercial fishing industry. The United States has had trouble in Mexican and Peruvian waters, Japan in Russian and Korean waters, and so on. But the British will not add to their international renown by this action, for all that the Admiralty has made some effort to keep the conflict bloodless.

Iceland claims that foreign trawlers working the waters close to Iceland's shores have been ruining the fishing grounds, which are vital to the national economy. The Scandinavian countries, West Germany and the Soviet Union decided to comply with the new law. The British ordered armed frigates to accompany their trawlers and flout it.

Iceland has no army, navy, or air force — in this respect, as well as in several others, it may claim to be one of the most civilized of nations. It does, however, have a coast guard. Several clashes, bordering on violence, have occurred, and there is always the possibility that bloodshed (or drownings) may mar the opera bouffe aspect of this limited war.

English fishing would undoubtedly suffer grievously from Iceland's sudden shift from a 3-mile to a 12-mile limit, and Her Majesty's Government is probably miffed by Reykjavik's refusal to consider a 6-mile compromise. Nevertheless, those who admire the Anglo-Saxon tradition of support for the underdog find themselves on the side of the Icelanders. The descendants of Nelson, Drake and Beatty cannot win an honorable battle against a pocket-sized coast guard, and Westminster should find some less embarrassing way of settling the issue.

Conservative Vigor

Mr. John Hay Whitney has acquired control of the New York *Herald Tribune* and proposes to build upon the *Tribune's* traditions as "an independent Republican newspaper." He has assumed responsibility for the paper at a time when, in an already shrinking field, organizations like International News Service, the Cincinnati *Times-Star,* the Tampa *Times* and the New Orleans *Item* have suspended or are about to do so. But Mr. Whitney has a reputation for knowing what he is doing and of being able to find men who can carry on his enterprises efficiently and profitably.

We do not share the belief that the pace of social change in this country is so rapid as to make the conservative position irrelevant; conservatism is a permanent part of the political landscape. However, the pace of change in the United States does impose special burdens on conservative leadership. In recent years, the conservative position has too often been made to seem irrelevant because, through default in leadership, it has been mistakenly confused with a right-wing know-nothingism with which it has nothing in common. We are confident that under Mr. Whitney's direction a revitalized *Herald Tribune* will state the conservative position with vigor, intelligence and courage. We wish him well.

De Gaulle on Safari

Paris, Sept. 5 (by cable)

General de Gaulle, quite pointedly, opened his campaign for the referendum to endorse a new constitution on the anniversary of the foundation of the Third Republic and in the Place de la République, center of working-class Paris. So far, France has been quiet, seemingly indifferent, rather assuming that de Gaulle will get his majority. But now that summer vacations are over, some hard head-scratching has started. One conclusion that is becoming increasingly obvious is that the referendum on the constitution is a misnomer for a plebiscite on de Gaulle's personal leadership. His prestige is unquestionably great throughout the country, and that is the biggest factor favoring a majority (yes) vote. Otherwise the vote is on a mixed collection of issues for which a simple "yes" or "no" would be senseless. For example, the public is asked to cast one vote saying whether it wishes to change the constitution for France proper, the relationship between France and its Black-African possessions, and the relations between France and Algeria.

French liberals have been favorably impressed by de Gaulle's trip to Madagascar and Central West Africa. Here he seemed to be moving with the times and the "Africa France community" is a conception which enjoys substantial support in these areas — though considerably less in West African Guinea and in Senegal where at Dakar there were violent demonstrations for "immediate independence." There the triple influence of appalling economic conditions, Moslem and Algerian nationalist propaganda, and the example of Ghana made themselves felt. Nevertheless, and despite his implied warning that a "no" vote would mean secession and a cutting off of economic aid, the general effect of de Gaulle's tour was good. This is fully realized by the European extremists in Algiers, who gave de Gaulle his most frigid reception. The city was plastered with hostile posters put up by local Fascist thugs with the obvious connivance of Fascist colonels. Nor was de Gaulle's Algiers broadcast, in which he failed to use the magic words "integration of French Algeria," appreciated; still less the report of his private remark that he would like to see some extreme Moslem nationalists elected from Algeria so that they could become valid negotiators in working out a settlement. The Algerian situation, therefore, remains extremely confused, the Moslems' vote will in all likelihood be completely "cooked," and de Gaulle's possible peace plans sabotaged by *colon* extremists with the help of part of the army.

De Gaulle's opponents comprise the Communists, and some of the Socialists and Radicals. The Catholic M.R.P., the Church, as well as all conservatives and Fascists are pro-de Gaulle. The Socialists are split, with Mollet naturally pro and Pineau anti. The biggest area of doubt continues to be the countryside, notably in the Republican south. The strongest trump card de Gaulle could play would be a firm promise of peace in Algeria. But such a commitment would be dangerous in view of the attitudes of the Algerian Europeans who have their army accomplices. The strongest argument used against de Gaulle is that the constitution is likely to outlive him and, while he may be a sincere Republican, who will be his successor? The strongest argument in his favor, especially with the wobblers, is the threat of a renewal of May's civil war or a paratroop dictatorship which might seize France if de Gaulle acted on his always implicit threat to retire.

The next weeks will show whether the relatively feeble de Gaulle opposition and the innate critical sense of the French people are sufficiently strong to combat the conformist press, the quasi-monopolist radio and the "Soustellevision" propaganda. In any case, "referendum" is scarcely the word.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Science and Hope

1. THE FUTURE OF MAN . . *by C. P. Snow*

IN A TIME when impotence and despair are the prevailing attitudes for scanning the future, C. P. Snow, novelist and one of England's most eminent scholars of science, offers a syllogism of hope for the future of the human species. Following this "proof" that all is not lost, Philip Siekevitz, a biochemist of extraordinary social imagination, describes in laboratory terms a discovery that will in all probability be the most fateful in the history of human adventure. Like all discoveries, the revolution in biology which Dr. Siekevitz outlines brings with it new problems —since it may be the greatest discovery, it may also present the greatest problems. It can destroy us or it can remake us in terms beyond our present power to comprehend. "Men like gods"—the concept terrifies, but it is, says Dr. Siekevitz, now almost at our fingertips.

AUSCHWITZ and Hiroshima. We have seen all that; in some of it we have acquiesced or helped. No wonder we are morally guilty. Men like ourselves have done such things — and at the same time men like ourselves, sometimes the same men who have taken a hand in the horrors, have been showing more concern for the unlucky round them than has ever been shown by a large society in human history. That is the moral paradox in which we have to live.

It is wrong to try to domesticate the horrors. The mass slaughter of the concentration camps was both the most awful and the most degrading set of actions that men have done so far. This set of actions was ordered and controlled by abnormally wicked men, if you like, but down the line the orders were carried out by thousands of people like the rest of us, civil servants, soldiers, engineers, all brought up in an advanced Western and Christian society. While it was people not like the rest of us but a great deal better, people who for imagination and morality, not to speak of intellect, stand among the finest of our race, people like Einstein, Niels Bohr and Franck, who got caught up in the tangle of events which led to Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The dropping of those bombs was of a lesser order of wickedness from what was done at Auschwitz. But Western man ought not to forget that he did it; Eastern man certainly won't.

At the same time we ought not to forget what there is to our credit. Some kinds of optimism about man's nature are dangerous — but so are some kinds of pessimism. Think of the care the Swedes and the Danes are taking of their old and poor, or of prisoners, or of social misfits. Nothing like that has been done at any period or in any place until our lifetime. We can congratulate ourselves in Britain, too. The Scandinavians have not made anything like a perfect society. In some ways we have not got as near to it as they have. But we have both made a better shot at it than anyone before us.

Britain is a much fairer and a much kinder society than the one I was born into in 1905. It may seem sentimental to have consciences troubled about capital punishment, about removing one life when Western man has recently eliminated twenty million: yet it is a sign of moral sensitivity. So is the attempt, however grudging, to treat women as though they were equal human beings. So is the feeling behind the Wolfenden Report. So is the conviction — so urgent in the United States — that children have a special right to happiness.

Some of these feelings may lead to practical follies (I believe that the American one is making a mess of their education), but that is not the point. They are signs of a development of something very rare in the world up to now, which one might call moral kindness. I have no doubt that in Scandinavia, England, some, though not all, of the United States, and perhaps three or four other countries in the West, the amount of fairness, tolerance and effective kindness within the society would seem astonishing to any nineteenth-century man.

It would also seem astonishing to any nineteenth-century man how much we know. There is probably no one now alive as clever as Clerk Maxwell or Gauss; but thousands of people know more than Clerk Maxwell or Gauss, and understand more of those parts of the world that they spent their lives trying to understand. Put those two down, or even greater men, such as Newton and Archimedes, in front of what is now understood — and they would think it wonderful. So it is, and we can take pride and joy in it. It will go on; the search to understand is one of the most human things about us. Compared with our ancestors, there are some trivial physical differences. We are a good deal taller and heavier, we live much longer. But above all, we know more.

ALL THIS it would be reasonable to call progress, so long as we don't expect of progress more than it can give. In each of our individual lives there is, of course, something beyond human help. Each of us has to live part of his life alone: and he has to die alone. That part of our experience is right outside of time and history, and progress has no meaning there. In this sense, the individual condition is tragic. But that is no excuse for not doing our best with the social condition.

To think otherwise, to take refuge in facile despair, has been the characteristic intellectual treachery of our day. It is shoddy. We have to face the individual condition: for good and evil, for pettiness and the occasional dash of grandeur, we have to know what men are capable of: and then we can't contract out. For we are part, not only of the privileged North European-British American *enclave* of progress, but of another progress which is altering the whole world.

I mean something brutally simple. Most people in Asia still haven't enough to eat: but they have a bit more than before. Most people in Asia are still dying before their time (on the average, Indians live less than half as long as Englishmen): but they are living longer than before. Is *that* progress? This is not a subject to be superior or refined or ingenious about, and the answer is: *of course it is.*

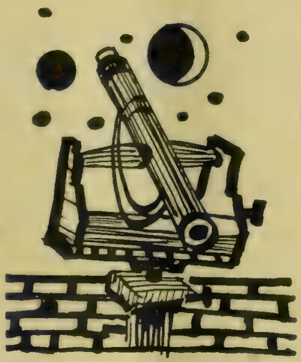
It is because Western man has grown too far away from that elemental progress that we can't get on terms with most of the human race. Through luck we got in first with the scientific-industrial revolution; as a result, our lives became, on the average, healthier, longer, more comfortable to an extent that had never been imagined; it doesn't become us to tell our Chinese and Indian friends that that kind of progress is not worth having.

WE KNOW what it is like to live among the shops, the cars, the radios, of Leicester and Orebro and Des Moines. We know what it is like to ask the point of it all, and to feel the Swedish sadness or the American disappointment or the English Welfare State discontent. But the Chinese and Indians would like the chance of being well-fed enough to ask what is the point of it all. They are in search of what Leicester, Orebro and Des Moines take for granted, food, extra years of life, modest comforts. When they have got these things, they are willing to put up with a dash of the Swedish sadness or American disappointment. And their determination to get them is likely in the next thirty years to prove the strongest social force on earth.

Will they get them? Will the social conditions everywhere reach within foreseeable time something like the standard of the privileged Western enclave? There is no technical reason why not. If it does, the level of moral kindness will go up in parallel. These ought to be realistic hopes. There seems only one fatality that might destroy them. That is, it goes without saying, an H-bomb war.

No one can pretend that it is not possible. For myself, I think that it won't happen—even though we have seen how good and conscientious men have become responsible for horrors, even though two atomic bombs have been dropped already, and by Western man. But I still think, partly as a guess, partly as a calculation, that we shall escape the H-bomb war — just as I think we shall escape the longer-term danger of Malthusian overpopulation.

It may easily be that I am letting hope run away with me about the H-bomb war. Some of the wisest disagree with me. Let us imagine that they are right and that the H-bombs go off. Is that going to be the end? I find it difficult to believe. In England a lot of us would be dead, our children with us. A lot of Americans and Russians would also be killed outright. No one knows how many would die afterwards through effects of radiation. But I don't believe that men have at present the resources to destroy the race.



If that is so, and if after an H-bomb war a viable fraction of the world population were left untouched (my guess is that it would be a large fraction, at least two-thirds), then we should all be amazed how soon hope of progress took possession again. The human species is biologically a very tough one, and tough in a sense no animal species can be, through its intelligence, its organization of knowledge, the capacity of its members not to be totally bound within the rapacious self. After the most hideous H-bomb war, the inhabitants of Africa and India and South America would have the strength of those qualities to build on. The material and scientific gap, left through the devastation of the West and Russia, would be filled up at a speed not flattering to Western or Russian self-esteem. What would the moral scar be?

I think we can already answer that question, for we too have, as I said at the beginning, witnessed horrors and assisted at them. Most of us don't live constantly in the presence of Hiroshima and Auschwitz: the memory doesn't prevent us getting morally concerned about the fate of one murderer or cross because a lonely and impoverished old man doesn't have enough calls from the District Visitor.

It would be just the same if the Northern hemisphere became more or less destroyed. Men elsewhere would not live under that shadow; they would be busy with their own societies. If those societies were less fair and morally sensitive than ours is now, they would soon catch up. Within a bizarrely short interval, after hundreds of millions of people had been incinerated by H-bombs, men in countries unaffected would be passionately debating capital punishment. It sounds mad, but it is the kind of madness which makes human beings as tough as they are, and as capable of behaving better than they have so far behaved.

SO there remains a sort of difficult hope. As long as men continue to be men, individual man will perceive the same darkness about his solitary condition as any of us does now. But he will also feel occasional intimations that his own life is not the only one. In the midst of his egotisms, pettiness, power-seekings, and perhaps the horrors these may cause, he will intermittently stretch a little beyond himself. That little, added to the intelligence and growing knowledge of the species, will be enough to make his societies more decent, to use the social forces for what, in the long sight of history, are good ends.

None of it will be easy. As individuals, each of us is almost untouched by this progress. It is no comfort to remember how short human history is. As individuals, that seems just an irony. But as a race, we have scarcely begun to live.

2. THE MAN OF THE FUTURE . . *by Philip Siekevitz*

WHILE I am among the last to believe in the scientific pre-eminence of Vannevar Bush, I do think there is validity in his recent remark that if he were a youth again, and beginning his scientific career, he would become a biologist. What he had in mind was that the next great area of revolution in science would be biology. He is right and wrong. It is generally believed that we are going through a period of tremendous discovery in physics and allied sciences, but that is not quite so. We are going through a technological revolution, based on discoveries and re-evaluations of a generation or two ago. At the same time, a real measure of revelation has been taking place in biology right under Dr. Bush's nose. I suggest that what has been learned in the last three decades about the nature of living beings dwarfs in extent of knowledge any comparable period of scientific discovery in the history of mankind. And, in a couple of generations, perhaps within the lifetime of many of us, the large-scale applications of these discoveries will be made to human social life. This great adventure takes place within the cell.

What is a cell? For many years it was thought to be a bag of jelly-like substance in which floated several bodies, notably the nucleus. Today we know it as a beautifully structured thing, made up of various bodies, of canals and vesicles, of small particles and amorphous material, all arranged and organized as if there were a definite reason for their existence and their placement. We understand the functions of some of these intracellular structures, and therefore we are beginning to learn the relationship between arrangement and function in the cell.

Any cell will do — the structure of that one-celled animal, the amoeba, is not much different from the cells of the human liver or kidney. Is that not a surprising turn of events? But still more surprising is the fact that the functioning, the biochemistry of, say, a yeast cell is quite the same as that of a rat liver cell. The same chemical reactions occur, the same foodstuffs are broken down and used for energy, and the same products are formed. From a biochemical viewpoint all cells are so alike that a biochemist working with one type of cell has found it advantageous to translate his findings *en bloc* to another type of cell. Even plant cells and bacteria behave more similarly than not to animal cells.

FOR ABOUT a hundred years the biologists have accepted the theory that the cell is the structural and functional unit of the living world, as protons and electrons were thought to be the structural units of the inanimate world. With advances in knowledge, the physicists found quite a number of apparently more basic units, but the biologists have only become more secure in their beliefs. The metabolic, the chemical, functioning of all cells studied so far is so strikingly similar that we can only conclude that the complex efficiency of the cell was perfected very early in the history of life and that during the subsequent evolution of forms this pattern was repeated over and over again, being only modified here and there as the evolving organism demanded. We biochemists take this for granted, but sometimes, in quiet moments, we sit back and wonder. I can show you electron micrographs of some small intracellular bodies, the mitochondria, as they are found in an amoeba and in the cells of various organs of the rat. There is no doubt, the topography is almost duplicated. We know a good deal about the chemical functioning of these bodies in mammalian cells; and — such is our faith in the orderliness, in the unity, of the universe — we *know* that the bodies in the amoeba have the same chemical functions, without anyone having as yet performed the experiments.

How goes a cell? A cell, or an organism, uses food for two purposes: to obtain energy and to build up its own substance. Now that we know most of the facts, we can exult in the simplicity with which nature has combined these two goals into one process. The carbohydrates, proteins and fats that we eat, most of it in the form of giant molecules, are broken down into much smaller molecules, and most of these smaller molecules can be interconverted into one another. Thus, the cell contains a pool of many compounds, indistinguishable as regards their origins, and these are the raw products it draws on to synthesize its own compounds. In other words, when a growing child eats meat, it does not add the proteins of this meat to its increasing mass. Instead, the organism first breaks this protein down, and then from the fragments it synthesizes the specific protein molecules of this child. By breaking down the foodstuffs, the cell has produced an environment in which it is easy to synthesize what the body needs, more or less independently of what the body eats.

In many cases the same compound is metabolized in various ways, to supply different products which will be rebuilt into different big molecules. We now know of several switch points where the same compound can be diverted into one channel or another. At first we are confused by these apparently meaningless reactions, but then we see, with awe, that this scheme is the one by which finished products can be converted to other finished products in the minimum number of reactions. Furthermore, and this point is probably the most important, in a scheme where the breakdown products are all alike, it is comparatively easy to control what gets broken down and what gets synthesized. The cell has only to impose regulatory mechanisms at several key points and it has a means of insuring orderly growth.

How goes a cell? The cell cannot use heat for energy, but what it does use is chemical energy. We take a candle and burn it, at both ends if we wish, and we obtain energy in the form of heat and light. The cell uses, among others, a similar substance, fat, and burns it in a controlled series of reactions. What we obtain by burning our fat is some heat, to keep our body temperature up, and lots of chemical energy. This latter is stored in certain compounds; stored in such a way that biologically it is universally usable. The energy gained in the burning of fat can be used for our muscle movements, in the synthesis of more fat, or in the synthesis of carbohydrate or protein. And the energy obtained by the burning of carbohydrate or protein can be used in muscle movement or in the synthesis of fat; any combination will do. Thus, in addition to the pool of breakdown products, there also exists a common pool of energy, which is obtained by the oxidation of any of the foodstuffs, and which is available to the cell for all kinds of purposes.

THE concept is not too surprising. We use many energy sources—water, coal, oil, etc. — to obtain electrical energy. In the physical universe energy is interchangeable, and in the cell energy is also interchangeable through the medium of a common chemical compound. Again, this drawing together into a few compounds of all the energy stores of the environment simplifies distribution and control. It has come to the point where biochemists, looking into the synthesis of a biological compound, will ask if the reaction needs ATP, the biologically usable energy compound (ATP is short for adenosine triphosphate). Scientists believe in the unitary hypothesis: if there is more than one way of doing something, nature will select one and exclude the others; and if another problem comes up which requires the same sort of process, again nature will use only this one way to solve the problem. Even so, biochemists are repeatedly surprised by the brilliant rigidity with which nature sticks to a successful formula, and we exclaim, "What, is ATP needed again?" Which perhaps only proves that good scientists are ever young in heart and delight to be surprised.

How goes a cell? If we try to perform the cell reactions in a test tube, we will in most cases need to apply quite a bit of heat to get them started. The cell uses instead certain chemical compounds called enzymes, which can stimulate reactions by using, not heat energy, but the energy which originally made these enzymes into a certain specified chemical structure. Furthermore, the configurations are quite different in different enzymes, so that each enzyme catalyzes only one, or one type, of reaction. Here again efficient nature has made compounds, enzymes, through which other compounds are broken down or built up, and at the same time has so constructed these enzymes that the specificity of chemical reactions is due to their unique chemical structure. One specific enzyme; one specific chemical reaction. We can go further and say that there is evidence that: one specific gene; one specific enzyme. In other words, the genes, those compounds which reside in the chromosomes of the cell nucleus and which direct the heredity of the cell, do some of their work by controlling the synthesis of specific enzymes.

WE NOW know hundreds of distinct reactions through which one compound is converted into another. We know also the properties of many of the enzymes which catalyze, individually, these reactions, and we have even crystallized many of these large enzyme molecules so that they are as chemically pure as table salt. These enzymes are proteins and as such are composed of about twenty different amino acids, the numbers of such amino acids varying in the different proteins from about one hundred to about several thousand. Since each enzyme can catalyze only one reaction, and since all proteins contain these same twenty different amino acids, it must be that every protein has a distinctive arrangement of these amino acids in its molecules. Recently, the almost insuperable task of determining this arrangement has been completed for one protein, that of insulin.

When we know the arrangement of amino acids in many more proteins, both enzymes and protein hormones, we may be able to tell why these large molecules behave as they do. The biochemist is thus at some sort of a brink. Once he knows the exact structure of many individual proteins and many individual nucleic acids; once he knows how a specific protein is made through the mediation of a specific nucleic acid — once he sees even a glimmer of an answer to these questions, he will be ready to ask one of the most mysterious, wonderful questions of all: what controls the differences between one cell and another, one organ and another, one being and another? And then he will be at the point of altering the metabolic traits and the heredity traits of the cell, of the body, almost at will. I say, "ready to ask a question," because once the scientist knows enough to ask the right question, he has not much difficulty coming to a meaningful answer.

We are still left with many important problems. What determines the size and shape of a cell, of a specific tissue, of an organ? What determines the proportion of the broken-down foodstuff that will be used to maintain the cell, to create more compounds, more material for new cells, larger tissues? How does heredity work; what is the function, in chemical terms, of the gene? How does development proceed from the fertilized egg to the beautiful, multiorganed beast that we are? And, of course, how do nerve cells work, individually, and on a cellular-society level? These are such dark deposi-

tories of ignorance that you would think we could never hope to crawl out of our cave. But most of our present knowledge about the chemical pathways of metabolism has been gained in one generation. We are like Carroll's queen; we can hardly assimilate new facts fast enough to keep up with current generalization. I shall not be surprised if in our lifetime we know in general, often in specific, terms how the body regulates its growth. And to know is to influence.

What does all this forecast? I do not suggest life in a test tube, not very soon anyway, but neither do I think I am being foolhardy when I say that man is about to change his biological environment as radically as he is now changing his physical environment. It is happening in agriculture, where the agronomist can produce almost any variety of crop, upon specification, by applying tested genetic and biochemical principles. This uncovering of the life processes goes on at a more and more helter-skelter pace; it cannot be stopped. Once man has seen the possibilities of using his brain, which is after all simply what science is, he will not be prevented from doing so. The problem is not to stop this searching, nor even to channel it, for that too will hardly succeed. The problem is to apply this newly-acquired knowledge.

Science is the result of using human intelligence upon human problems, but the by-products of scientific research have in a good many instances not been used with much intelligence. The atom bomb is the obvious, unavoidable example. I hope I have shown that the revolution going on in the biological sciences, mainly in biochemistry, will make atomic energy look like child's play. The unmistakable inference is that the possible application of this research will make the atom bomb look like a child's toy. Therefore, and more urgently than ever, we need a revolution in our political and social institutions to cope with these findings. I am only an off-and-on science fiction fan, but in very few of the stories which I have read have I noticed that political and social change takes place along with the changes in the physical and biological milieu. And I am afraid that unless these changes do take place we have no future as a race.

I do not advocate rule by a scientific elite, but I would like to see some intelligence brought to bear on the running of human affairs. A big order; I am the millionth to say so; we can all laugh sardonically, it is a typical intellectual joke. But it is not a joke that we are about to leap off this planet, our home; that we are about to change the planet, its very geology, its very living ecology; that we are even about to learn how to change ourselves.

We cannot live through these revolutions, we cannot govern ourselves intelligently, unless we as a species agree on the future purpose of man himself. For I think that we are approaching the greatest event in human history, even in the history of life on this earth, and that is the deliberate changing by man of many of the biological processes. Already we can very easily produce mutants in bacterial strains; we will soon be able to control these changes; and I have shown that it is not a big jump from bacteria to plants, to animals, or to man himself. As a test and for a start, we will soon plan the genetic composition of future generations of bacteria. We are on our way to controlling the attacks on mankind by the other biological classes of this planet, by bacteria, by viruses, by insects; we will learn in due time to control the so-called inherent degenerative ravishments of our species. With all the knowledge thus gained, we will be able to plan ahead so that our children will be what we would like them to be—physically and even mentally. At that point, man will be remolding his own being.

Theologians will protest, but it is certainty itself that man will play God. For if man's brain can conceive of a God, it can conceive of the workings of this God. And if we have this most miraculous of the instruments of the universe, why should we not use it? Then, like the God of the theologians, it becomes essential that man should have a purpose in mind —a concept of the future to give meaning to his fateful moves. Events in biological research are happening so rapidly that we will soon have to answer a new question. No longer, what creature is man? But what creature should he become?

The Wave of November . .

by Harry Barnard

Chicago

"IT HAS BEEN one of the most nonpartisan Congresses in years," Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic Majority Leader of the Senate, was quoted as saying in the closing moments of the Congress just adjourned. The amiable and able Texas Senator undoubtedly intended this as a pat on the back for himself and for his fellow Texan, Speaker Sam Rayburn, who ran a "nonpartisan" House.

But lots of Americans will see it another way. A "nonpartisan" Congress is not likely to advance the welfare of the people very much, especially when at the same time the President can certainly be described as "most nonpartisan."

This sweetly polite behavior may be all right in periods of political doldrums — if such times ever really exist — but nobody can possibly argue that America is in that situation today. On the contrary, crisis

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continues to be piled on crisis. Troops in Lebanon; troops for a time even in Arkansas (and maybe again); warships and air squadrons maneuvering around Formosa; inflation still rampant, along with unemployment that just escapes disaster figures; U.S. leadership in world affairs so shot that even Latin Americans are openly contemptuous; the basic areas of education, transportation, housing and even national defense unattended, not to mention the enforcement of Supreme Court decisions on integration—all these matters are in a state of painful strain that calls for action.

It should not be forgotten, even if it is trite to say so, that in a democracy policy and decisions on major questions cannot be made unless alternatives are strongly presented. The public has to be given choices. And this means a strong opposition to the Administration; in short, the healthy working of our two-party system. But that is not the way of a "nonpartisan" Congress.

Typical, I think, of how deep the 85th Congress sank into the apathy of nonpartisanship was Speaker Rayburn's incredible snubbing of Wisconsin's Representative Henry S. Reuss, during the pitifully brief debate last July over the sending of marines to Lebanon. Congressman Reuss, a liberal Democrat worth watching, had risen, as was his right and his duty, to question the military intervention and to suggest (recalling Korea) that President Eisenhower had in effect violated his pledge that no such action would be taken without a warning to Congress in time for debate as well as consultation. Yet, though often affectionately (and often deservedly) known as "Mr. Democrat," Speaker Rayburn so far forgot democratic tenets as to snap: "In times like these we had better allow matters to develop rather than make remarks about them."

THIS was the signal from on high for "nonpartisanship" on this crucial decision as complete as any one-party dictatorship could wish. No wonder that, except for critical remarks from a handful of other liberals in both houses, notably Senators Humphrey and Morse, there was no Congressional debate at all on the Dulles-Eisenhower action on Lebanon — as there has not been on any phase of U.S. foreign policy. This performance may be a tribute to the disciplinary ability of the two Texas gentlemen, but it's not democracy. It's not even Democratic. And it's not good for America.

This Congress had good points. It clearly was not the "failure" that David Lawrence screamed about in *U.S. News and World Report*. The more-and-more-hysterical Mr. Lawrence proclaims that all was lost because the 85th Congress did not pass the Jenner-Butler bills, did not adopt Congressman Walter's proposal to set aside the Supreme Court decision limiting the State Department's authority to deny passports, did not repeal the Supreme Court decision against state-sponsored "subversive" hunts, and did not enact into law Senator McClellan's (and Senator Goldwater's) archaic views on organized labor.

These very omissions are what made the record of the 85th at all palatable, and Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn here deserve credit for good legislative sense. The Congress should be thanked, too — with personal credit going to Senators Anderson, Humphrey and Morse, and to Representatives Holifield and Porter — for the fact that Admiral Strauss was forced off the Atomic Energy Commission. Also that the Administration at last has agreed to halt further testing of nuclear weapons. These are no mean achievements.

Nevertheless, the 85th was crippled by nonpartisanship, and it looks as though that malady would soon be cured. Come November, a new Congress will be elected and, except for a few places, the results seem fairly certain right now. They will add up, I think, to something approaching a Democratic landslide.

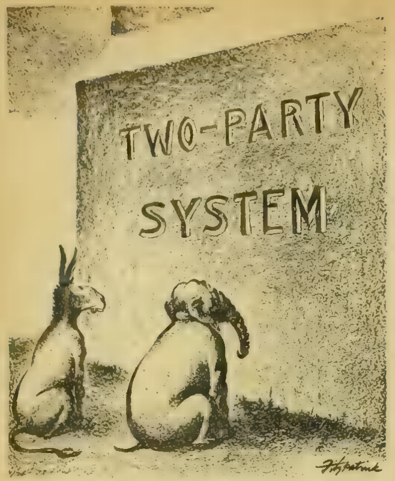
California's primary last June was the big tip-off. In California cross-filing turns the primary into an election preview, and the fact that Attorney General Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, Democratic nominee for governor, could so overwhelmingly top Senator William Knowland's bid for the Republican nomination — drawing 600,000 more votes than "the Senator from Formosa" — undoubtedly means that California will be Democratic in November — and most of the nation too.

This trend is disputed by no licensed observer that I know of, except the ghost writers for President Eisenhower and Republican National Committee Chairman H. Meade Alcorn. In view of the obvious political realities, which find *The Wall Street Journal*, Professor Raymond Moley and *The Nation* all in unusual agreement as to their meaning, if not as to their desirability, the President's vision of a coming Republican victory has as much validity as his comment that "the Republican Party is . . . not a sectional party." That was the prize historical blooper of the year, even for Mr. Eisenhower, because sectional is precisely what the Republican Party has been all its one hundred years.

IT COULD be, of course, that the President's remark was calculated, and linked to the statement that he preferred "slower" progress toward integration in the Southern schools. He may still hope, as did Rutherford B. Hayes, that the Republican Party will leap its sectional bounds by reviving the old Whig elements in the South. But that is not in the cards in any foreseeable future, especially since what Eisenhower *did* at Little Rock last fall will overweigh for a long time in the South what he may now *say* in private to *Newsweek*, or in public before the White House press corps.

Besides, Eisenhower is not likely to have much influence on the coming elections. Not even the party managers pretend any more that he will. Once they had hopes that Ike would do for their party what FDR did for his. (We shouldn't forget, rueful though it may be to recall, that Mr. Walter of Pennsylvania was dragged into Congress on Roosevelt's coattails.) Now more than a few Republican managers say out loud that the President will be a handicap to their local tickets.

Even without sputnik, which punctured beyond repair the myth that our General-President was by himself some kind of insurance for



Fitzpatrick: St. Louis **Post-Dispatch**

national military security; even without the "imprudence" of Sherman Adams, which similarly punctured the legend that Republican politicos are somehow purer than the Democratic variety, Eisenhower's political potency was failing badly. That his personal popularity, based largely on his image as a man devoted to peace (which I think is still true and a fact that should be cheerfully and gratefully acknowledged by everyone, regardless of party), would not rub off on Congressional candidates became quite apparent in 1956, when the Democrats gained control of both chambers of Congress.

WITH recession plus inflation (which makes the average housewife more bitter against the Administration with each trip to the supermarket) the major factor on the domestic scene, and with the obvious collapse of Dulles' policies the major factor on the international scene, it is easy to see why Republican office seekers feel let down by the White House.

So the G.O.P. goes into the coming campaign without any real leader. Mr. Nixon will probably try to fill this role, but I think it plain that he also has slipped lately, despite that Alsopian "liberal" build-up in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He was also a casualty, at least a wounded bystander, of the California primary, for he was plainly if discreetly in Knowland's corner.

What seem to be in store are the most decisive Congressional elections since 1946 when, for the first time since 1930, the Republicans gained control of both the House and the Senate. Tired of the emotional stress of the Franklin Roosevelt era (also bereft of FDR's magnificent leadership); wearied, too, of all the war controls, the country then showed it wanted a rest as well as a change. And that seems a fair historic judgment, despite President Truman's victory in 1948 which, I think, was really an accident of personalities — his and Dewey's.

The nation has now had its rest from positive leadership, if not from issues. It has also discovered, I think, that despite Eisenhower's preference (lately much soft-pedaled) for the phrase, "Modern Republicanism," he and Republicans still close to him do not really believe in it.

True, the Eisenhower Administration has sanctioned, and even helped to conserve, many of the Roosevelt-Truman reforms. It has certainly not acted to repeal any of them. In using some to cushion the impact of the recession, the Republicans have even talked, as Carl Dreher recently commented in *The Nation*, as if they had invented instead of opposed them. Now they call them "built-in stabilizers" of "people's capitalism," rather than "totalitarian schemes" for "the doom of free enterprise." But the New Deal advances were of the 1930s, and this is the second half of the 1950s, a whole epoch later. So the Eisenhower Administration and Republicans in general, while not eliminating the New Deal reforms, still think in terms a generation behind the times.

Having reason for some time to suspect Ike's "modern Republicanism," it is no wonder that voters, not only in California, but also in New York, Wisconsin, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Ohio and perhaps even Arizona and Illinois, will be sending an increased number of Democrats to Congress in November. More than that, they will be sending liberal Democrats—even from Texas.

The most restrained predictions are that the 86th Congress will see at least thirty more Democrats in the House and eight or nine more Democrats in the Senate. Some observers say the Democratic majority in the House will jump by sixty.

Even without the increased Democratic majorities, the next Congress will be greatly improved by certain retirements, voluntary or otherwise. The facts that Senator Jenner of Indiana has given up the ghost, to be missed only by the most reactionary clique in Washington, and that Knowland is leaving Washington to run for governor (and defeat, as I have suggested), will in themselves produce a much superior Senate. But the Democratic majorities will make the big difference.

IN SOME cases, new Democratic victories will mean getting rid of other rightist Republicans almost as bad as Jenner and Knowland. Even if this does not mean replacing them with liberal Democrats, the gain will still be great.

It will certainly be a boon to have Mr. Hogan as Senator from New York instead of Mr. Keating, even if Mr. Hogan is more of a regular party man than a liberal. That the Democratic leaders in New York passed over both Mr. Finletter and Mr. Murray strikes me as further evidence of the coming victory in November. It means the politicos smell a fair wind. When victory is in the air, intellectuals and independents aren't so welcome at the top of the ticket.

Certainly, too, it will be a gain if Senator Goldwater, with his 1890 mind, is replaced by ex-Senator McFarland. My hunch is that Goldwater's effort to capitalize on his position on the McClellan Committee and run, in effect, against Walter Reuther will backfire on him. Surely, many voters down there in Arizona will see that this Goldwater gimmick is of no relevance to Arizona's interests. It looks, too, as if Senator Potter of Michigan will be defeated — also some members of the Michigan delegation in the House — if only because Michigan is the state hardest hit by the recession.

In Wisconsin, young William Proxmire seems destined to be returned to the Senate. This won't add to the number of Democrats, but another victory for him, and the election of other Democrats from that state, would be nonetheless important. In particular it would mean that Wisconsin, the state of the LaFollettes, had at last redeemed itself from the still puzzling and disgraceful McCarthy lapse.

Only when the two parties are closely matched can the rightist coalition, so effective in behalf of the oil interests, the anti-labor forces and the generally reactionary elements of the land, flourish. The reactionaries, Democratic as well as Republican, understand this. Thus, back in November, 1956, *U.S. News & World Report* frankly consoled its readers over the failure of Eisenhower to carry with him a Republican Congress by saying: "When it comes to action, however, 'conservative' interests will be protected by the informal coalition of Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans that has asserted its supremacy at critical moments since 1938."

With a substantial Democratic majority in both chambers, real debate, over real alternatives on foreign policy, education and the other big issues can be expected. A renaissance of liberalism may result, one firmly rooted in popular support.

Some of the Democratic leaders do not want this — in fact seem embarrassed by the possibility. For example, Arthur Krock reported in his *New York Times* column last June that certain leaders at a dinner honoring Mr. Truman so expressed themselves. Mr. Krock explained this seeming political incongruity — it would take some explaining to the Democratic workers out in the precincts! — by observing that a surplus of Democrats in Congress would give the leaders the task of preventing "disorder" in the legislative program.

BY "disorder" Mr. Krock means a liberal program. In his words: "With a runaway majority, swelled by extremists and eager beavers from the Midlands and the West, both Rayburn and Johnson would have to develop different strategies of leadership in order to hold their lines, make an orderly legislative record, and help to stave off or minimize the split in 1960 that already is in the making."

Later, probably because of the presence of Mr. Stevenson and Governor Harriman at that dinner, Mr. Krock issued a disclaimer. But I do not doubt that his column did reflect what certain important Democrats fear. Quite certainly, the Southern wing of the party wants no increase in Northern Democratic power.

Of course, what they fear is precisely what ought to happen. It can mean the very thing necessary for ridding the party once and for all of the deadening influence of the Byrds, Eastlands, Griffins and Faubuses, and for making the kind of liberal record that can capture the Executive branch in 1960. Without that kind of record, the Republicans may retain the Presidency, though not necessarily with Nixon. This would prolong the era of relaxation from a Roosevelt kind of leadership, and America has had quite enough of that sort of vacation for either national security or national progress.

The Lord and John Foster Dulles . . *by Charles F. Edmundson*

BEFORE entering politics, Secretary Dulles was a prominent layman of the Presbyterian Church and active in The National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. As Secretary of State he has placed great stress on "moral and spiritual values" in foreign relations. But several denominations, including his own United Presbyterian Church, have sharply criticized his international policies — precisely on moral and spiritual grounds. Resolutions passed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Pittsburgh last June contained, as *Time* remarked, "some remarkably tough criticism of Presbyterians Eisenhower and Dulles."

Although one timid delegate objected that "people will think we are pinko," the churchmen voted overwhelmingly for "coexistence." Mr. Dulles regards this as a dirty word, even when prudently linked with the adjective "competitive," as approved by President Eisenhower. The Presbyterian Assembly said bluntly:

> A false and baneful doctrine is being persistently proclaimed, namely, that in the present world situation there are only two alternatives, either victory over the new Communistic powers, or the annihilation of the traditional democracies. There was a time when Christians and Moslems fervently held that one group or the other had to be totally vanquished by force. But eventually they learned to live in the same world. At a later period in history, Protestants and Roman Catholics thought that one side or the other had to be wiped out. But the time came when they, too, learned to coexist as they do today. . . . So, while still striving for the freedom of all men, we today must coexist with Communist nations. In this nuclear age, the only alternative to coexistence is coextinction.

The resolutions did not refer directly to a summit meeting with Russia, but the wording left no doubt that the Assembly favored it:

> Wisdom teaches that in the pursuit of human understanding there can be no substitute for personal encounter. Estranged people must meet one another; they must talk to one another and strive to understand one another. They must probe the causes of their alienation. They must overcome enmity and distrust by the sharing of goods, knowledge and human resources for the welfare of mankind. When men who profess the Christian religion make no adequate provision for a face-to-face encounter with their enemies, they betray the religion which they profess. Yet in human tensions today, nations con-

CHARLES F. EDMUNDSON is now completing a book which will bear the title of this article.

tinue to talk at one another and about one another, instead of talking with one another. This is one of our greatest perils.

The assembled Presbyterians accused the United States Government of "international hypocrisy [which] should be abhorrent to Christians . . . .":

> Our fathers' concept of *freedom* is also being debased. . . . We must be deeply disturbed by the contemporary myth of the *free world.* This nation counts among its allies some nations which are in no sense free. By our actions we proclaim to the world that lands where human freedom is utterly dead can qualify for membership in the *free world* simply by supplying military bases or strategic commodities. This kind of international hypocrisy should be abhorrent to Christians, and in its presence the Church dare not keep silent. In the effort to achieve a posture of power, our nation must not ignore the suppression of God-given human rights in any land. We call therefore for a reappraisal of the current concepts of *freedom* and the *free world.*

Seldom before in American history can a leading religious body have officially denounced American foreign policy in such strong terms. From the quiet of the academy a few men like Arnold Toynbee had warned that the West was losing the "spiritual initiative" to communism. But here the speaker was the governing body of the church to which both President and Secretary of State themselves belonged.

Secretary Dulles was disturbed. He obtained copies of the resolutions before they had been officially published, and conferred with Dr. Edward Elson, Minister of Washington's National Presbyterian Church, where President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles (following the example set by seven other Presidents and seven other Secretaries of State) have regular pews. Dr. Elson ascertained that the resolutions were put in final form by Robert Cadogan, editor of *Presbyterian Life,* after written suggestions by ninety-nine persons. Dr. Elson indicated that in his opinion the force of the resolutions was qualified by the fact that, some years before, Mr. Cadogan had been a Quaker.

After two months of mixed indignation and indecision, the Board of Elders at National Presbyterian passed resolutions defending their two distinguished fellow-members against the criticism lodged at Pittsburgh. These have not been published but their tenor is known.

"Those resolutions at Pittsburgh," says Perry Morton, one of the elders and an Assistant Attorney General, "were pre-Job, going back to the time when God used the Assyrians to afflict the Israelites."

The Presbyterian Assembly has not been the only religious body to reprimand the State Department. Two months earlier, the Methodist Council of Bishops, meeting in Miami, had said:

> When our major concern is defense . . . we may survive for a time but we shall never win the war for the minds of men. The restless millions of the world await positive proposals that express our idealism and are designed to establish lasting peace, continuing economic justice and abiding racial brotherhood. We are well aware of the duplicity of Communist leaders . . . but we play into Communist hands when we identify our humanitarianism with national self-interest.

The Catholic Church has in effect, if not in words, rebuked Secretary Dulles for his friendly tolerance of dictatorships in South America. *Time* has quoted a "high Vatican spokesman" as saying: "Experience has taught that a system of freedom is in the end best for church interests. Any privilege that may be gained through a dictatorship is soon more than offset by hatred against the church." This policy, *Time* said, "is rooted in the Vatican's conviction that dictatorships and poverty breed Communism."

Although the facts would appear to justify it, no church group (so far as this writer knows) has voiced an indictment of Secretary Dulles for an un-Christian readiness to resort to war. An irresistible urge to employ such phrases as "going to the brink" and "massive retaliation in places of our own choosing" hardly seems to comport with the teachings of the Prince of Peace. Martin Agronsky raised this question with Mr. Dulles in an NBC television interview, on September 15, 1957. Before the interview was over Secretary Dulles had all but made a preventive warrior of Jesus Christ. Agronsky asked whether it was not "impossible to reconcile the Christian ethic and the doctrine of massive retaliation."

> SECRETARY DULLES: I don't agree with that at all. You quoted one verse out of the Bible and I will quote another one. Jesus said: "I came not to bring peace but a sword."
>
> You can't take detached fragments out of the Bible and build a whole . . .philosophy just on an isolated sentence. . . . [Jesus] didn't preach against war. There is plenty of war going on in the world today, and in his day. . . . He didn't go in for that type of thing because he talked certain basic principles and left it for people to apply them as best they could. . . .

Mr. Dulles did not point out that the context of "I came not to bring peace" shows clearly that it is figurative language. Succeeding verses make this plain: "And a man's foe shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy. . . ."

In testifying before a closed session of the House Appropriations Committee on April 28, Mr. Dulles seemed to explain why he is willing to go so far toward risking the outbreak of war. The testimony, given in executive session, was made public two months later. According to *The New York Times* of June 27, Mr. Dulles said:

> I think we would win a hot war, and I do not know if we will win this "cold war" or not. It depends on whether we have an adequate program. . . . But as far as the defense of the principles and ideals for which this country has stood from the beginning and to which it is dedicated, those are, I think, in greater jeopardy from a cold war than from a hot war.

It might appear that Secretary Dulles would prefer a hot war as the form of conflict which, in his judgment, we are more likely to win. His Christian impulses, it should be noted also, have not prompted him to urge adherence by the United States to the anti-genocide convention of the U.N., although fifty-odd other governments, have signed.

One leading churchman, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, has charged in an article for *The New Leader* that "Dulles is not always careful of the truth, for he has recently accused the Russians of breaking a Geneva promise on the unification of Germany which they never made." Walter Lippmann and others have also called Mr. Dulles on this point.

In a plainer case of laxity with the truth, Secretary Dulles charged in a speech at San Francisco that "Communist China took Tibet by force." Yet China has claimed suzerainty over Tibet since the Manchu Dynasty. So long as Chiang Kai-shek held the mainland, the United States actively supported China's claim to Tibet. In 1947 the State Department refused to admit a Tibetan trade delegation until the members could produce Chinese passports. In 1950, Tibet appealed to the U.N. for aid against China, but the United States would not support the bid.

Mr. Dulles enjoys one important advantage over his moral or religious critics. Much of the American press is as ready as is Secretary Dulles himself to condone diplomatic hypocrisy and tricks of propaganda. There have been, for example, almost no editorials against lumping all of America's assorted "allies" together under the term "free world." Stories which would point up the extent to which the subjects of some of our allies are not free get little notice. For example, stories about the slave labor camps conducted jointly by the Portuguese and the South Africans in the South African gold mines, are printed in some Continental newspapers but rarely in the United States. In a story illustrated with photographs, the Paris newspaper *Le Figaro* said on May 22:

> The gold mines of Johannesburg employ about 400,000 Negroes. These men live in the camps, without their families, in the immediate proximity of the mines. Wages are very low, about 180 francs [43 cents] so the recruitment of labor is difficult. To fill the need, methods rather brutal but efficient are used. . . .
>
> Two hundred thousand natives are "furnished" each year by the Portuguese colony of Mozambique. A stupefying contract has been concluded with the Portuguese Government, which takes responsibility for recruitment. On a fixed day, the labor contingent is delivered and half the salary [still 43 cents a day] is paid to the Portuguese Government. A century ago that was called slavery.

By its support of Portuguese imperialism, as in Goa, the United States, becomes, in a measure, party to this virtual slavery. It is not a good way to promote belief in either American democracy or Christian morals. The average Asian or African begins to doubt that we live by the precepts we tell him so much about.

At this point the Communists bring in *their* interpretation. This was stated clearly in an interview which Nikita Khrushchev gave to William Randolph Hearst II:

> Now, as regards to God, Dulles leans on him. . . . God is but a mask those people put on. Their acts are contradictory to humanism. They lean on the Word of God and then violate it.
>
> How can we understand it when churchmen, clergymen, throw holy water on guns that are intended to kill people. Is that the highest showing of man's spirit? . . . We will fight against those feelings. You will never succeed in teaching your people to hate us through God. . . .

When the Presbyterians declared that "communism" and "capitalism" can learn to live in the same world, as Moslems and Christians learned to do, they came to the crux of the matter. The contest between communism and capitalism is, historically, a new phase of the age-old interaction of East and West.

Modern history sees the Crusades less as religious wars than as gigantic freebooting expeditions. Steven Runciman, author of the authoritative *History of the Crusades* sums up as follows:

> Enmity between Eastern and Western Christendom reached its climax in the greatest tragedy of the Middle Ages, the destruction of Byzantine civilization in the name of Christ. . . . One of Pope Urban's expressed aims in preaching the Crusades was to find some useful work for the turbulent and bellicose barons who otherwise spent their energy in civil wars at home. . . .

In the same way, the motives of the unstable fringe who today preach a holy war against communism seem confused, mistaken and politically self-serving. World progress will be served if East and West can work out their destinies in peace. In this way the Russian and Chinese civilizations may make cultural and scientific contributions as important as the great gifts of Arab culture which nursed the Renaissance at the end of the Middle Ages.

Unless some *modus vivendi* can be reached, the doleful prophecy of the exiled Russian divine, Nicholas Berdyaeff, may materialize: "We are witnessing the end of the Renaissance, and of the humanism which was its spiritual basis. Our faith in man is shaken to the foundations. This is a time of spiritual decadence, of loneliness and dereliction."

Eight years ago, when he was looking in from the outside, Mr. Dulles wrote, "It is not like us to be on the defensive and to be fearful. This is new in our history. . . . The trouble is not material. . . . What we lack is a righteous and dynamic faith. . . . Today our military leaders . . . draw a line which, like the Maginot line, we then fortify as our defense. . . . We have no affirmative policies beyond, for we cannot go further with material things."

But Mr. Dulles has gone further than his predecessors in relying on Maginot lines and material things. For such humanitarian impulses as it has shown, the Administration can thank not the Secretary of State but President Eisenhower, whose parents were members of a humble sect called the River Brethren.

Mr. Dulles appears to see Christianity as a faith which needs to confirm itself through the hatred of heretics and infidels. But the Brotherhood of Man will be achieved — if it is ever achieved — by easing human insecurities, tensions and aggressions through the emotional appeal of common humanitarian ideals. It will never be achieved through the pious belligerence of those who would make of religion a prop of the status quo.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Progress of Pasternak

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon Books. 559 pp. $5.

David Magarshack

BORIS PASTERNAK is one of the foremost living Russian poets; his novel, conceived on a vast scale and covering a period of about sixty years, including the forty years of the Soviet regime, shows the shortcomings of a work of fiction written by a man who is essentially a contemplative rather than creative artist. It has none of the moments of sudden illumination so frequently found in the works of the great Russian novelists of the nineteenth century and its dialogue is never really typical of any particular character. This was perhaps to be expected: the art of integrating character and idea is not ordinarily associated with modern poetry, and, in *Doctor Zhivago*, Pasternak uses his characters chiefly as a vehicle for conveying his own thoughts and ideas on the contemporary scene in Russia. His novel is therefore in the main a social commentary and if, in spite of that, it succeeds in engaging the sympathy of the reader for its chief characters, it is because of its many autobiographical elements, the undercurrent of genuine feelings that runs through it; also because Pasternak's poetic gifts come to the fore in magnificent descriptive passages. Dr. Zhivago's spiritual pilgrimage, his gradual development as a poet and the process of his growth to poetic maturity, fascinatingly analyzed in the book, are quite obviously autobiographical, and so is the novel's locale —Moscow and the Ural region. Pasternak, too, seeks to make good his inability to create character by his poetic insight into the animate and inanimate world. His similes, in particular, are vivid. A shadow is not black but "dark-gray like wet felt"; in winter, under the snow, the leafless branches are "thin and poor like the hairs on an old man's wart"; a blackbird whistles "as if blowing dust out of a flute"; the spring breeze "tastes faintly of newly-cut white bread"; and so on. Pasternak also makes full use of the dream element to convey the hidden, half-perceived emotional life of his characters, though not with the telling effect of Gogol, Dostoevsky or Tolstoy.

It is through his intellect rather than through his emotions that the reader's sympathy is engaged for the two lovers in the novel—Dr. Zhivago himself and the eternally feminine Lara, the girl who at the age of seventeen becomes the mistress of her mother's lover, a celebrated Moscow lawyer, then marries a future Red commissar and finally finds happiness with Zhivago. The explanation Pasternak gives of the abiding nature of their love is scarcely convincing. "They loved each other," he writes, "because everything around them willed it, the trees and the clouds and the sky over their heads and the earth under their feet. Perhaps their surrounding world, the strangers they met, the wide expanses they saw in their walks, the room in which they lived or met, took more delight in their love than they themselves did." The "perhaps" is revealing of Pasternak's past leanings toward the more puerile obsessions of the Russian symbolists which he himself condemns in his novel as "insufferably false and artificial" and "wholly out of keeping with the spirit and essence, the motivating force, of contemporary art."

BUT IF Pasternak's novel cannot compare as a work of art with the greatest Russian novels of the nineteenth century, it certainly excels them as a social document, as a work of observation of the highest order, as a fearless and intellectually honest commentary on the political situation in Russia before and after the October revolution. As a poet, Pasternak always stood aloof from the howling mob of writers who were only too eager to toe the party line. "I stand alone," he declares in the first of "the poems from a novel in prose," ascribed to Zhivago. "All else is swamped by Pharisaism." When he could no longer publish his poems, Zhivago set about translating the plays of Shakespeare. "I'm good at languages. I'm pretty sure that this sort of work will have a value in terms of money." And of course, in Pasternak's own case it had.

In *Doctor Zhivago,* Pasternak first of all lashes out against the members of his own professional classes, the educated minority who, he declares with unconcealed contempt, "quickly renounced independent ideas the moment the privileges at the top had been abolished—apparently no one ever had such ideas!" And the reason for this renunciation, the explanation of what he calls "the root of all evil," Pasternak sees in "the loss of confidence in the value of one's own opinions. People imagined," he writes, "that it was out of date to follow their own moral sense, that they must all sing in chorus and live by other people's notions, notions that were being crammed down everybody's throat. And then there arose the power of the glittering phrase. This social evil became an epidemic. It was catching. And it affected everything. Nothing was left untouched by it."

This "torrent of words, superfluous, false, murky, profoundly alien to life itself," Pasternak finds most insupportable. And more outspoken still (Pasternak, too, no doubt, was taken in by the all too premature "thaw"): "You find in practice that what they mean by ideas is nothing but words—claptrap in praise of the revolution and the regime. I'm sick and tired of it." And what of the men in power themselves, the men who have become "too conceited to be capable of normal human feelings"? "They are," Pasternak writes, "so anxious to establish the myth of their own infallibility that they do their utmost to ignore the truth. . . . They are not at home in anything except change and turmoil, they are not happy with anything that is on less than a world scale. For them transitional periods, worlds in the making, are an end in themselves. They are not trained for anything else, they don't know anything but that. And do you know why these never-ending preparations are so futile? It is because these men have not any real capacities, they are incompetent." Pasternak goes even further: "The idea of social betterment as it is understood since the October revolution," he writes, "does not fill me with enthusiasm. It is far from being put into practice and the mere talk about it has cost such a sea of blood that I'm not sure that the end justifies the means."

But what makes him really furious and "fall into despair" is to hear the perpetual Communist talk about "re-

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shaping life." The people who went on repeating that, he declares, never understood a thing about life. "They look upon it as a raw lump of material that needs to be processed by them, to be ennobled by their touch. But life is never a material, a substance to be molded. . . . Life is the principle of self-renewal, it is infinitely beyond your or my obtuse theories." And this is how Pasternak explains the curious phenomenon of the self-condemnation by Communist leaders which has been such a regular feature of the purges in the Soviet Union: "It was the disease, the revolutionary madness of the age that at least everyone was different from his outward appearance and his words. No one had a clear conscience. Everyone could justifiably feel that he was a secret criminal, an undetected imposter. The slightest pretext was enough to launch the imagination on an orgy of self-torture. Carried away by their fantasies, people accused themselves falsely not only out of terror but from a morbidly destructive impulse, of their own free will, in a state of metaphysical trance, in a passion of self-condemnation which cannot be checked once you give it its head."

OF COURSE, there was the type of revolutionary leader who was himself steeped in blood so that when he fell foul of his comrades they were either afraid of him or suspected him of knowing too much or were just out for revenge. Such a man knew that he could expect no mercy from his old comrades; that, once unleashed, the lust for blood would overwhelm him as it had overwhelmed his victims. And one of the most terrible pages in Pasternak's novel describes the frightful dilemma of such a man, the Red commander Strelnikov, known as "Rasstrelnikov" or "the executioner," a man who could not even expect to be brought to trial. "What am I saying?" he cries in despair before shooting himself. "They'll arrest me and they won't let me say a word in my own defense. They'll come upon me with shouts and curses and gag me. Don't I know how it is done?"

Pasternak's novel is full of such revelations of the human drama in a time of upheaval and it ends with a cycle of new poems ostensibly written by Zhivago. In these poems Pasternak abandons his former rather involved and obscure poetic style and achieves a lucid, compact, exquisitely wrought and wonderfully musical verse form. The translation conveys nothing of its original beauty. It is not even a travesty of the original. It is just plain murder.

Little Time and No Defense

THE GREAT ARMS RACE. By Hanson W. Baldwin. Frederick A. Praeger. 116 pp. $2.95.

THE ARMS RACE. By Philip Noel-Baker. Oceana Publications. 579 pp. $6.

INSPECTION FOR DISARMAMENT. Edited by Seymour Melman. Columbia University Press. 291 pp. $6.

WAR AND PEACE IN THE SPACE AGE. By James M. Gavin, Harper and Bros. 309 pp. $5.

D. F. Fleming

TWICE since 1914 the great powers have engaged in an arms race, for "defense" or for empire. In both cases some of them have disappeared or have been greatly debilitated — along with millions of mere human beings. The four books listed above deal with the present rush toward mutual annihilation.

Few of us like to face the issue in these terms, and one of our authors believes in some kind of survival, but together their statements give us a clear picture of a third and final world war and what we have to do to be saved from it.

HANSON W. BALDWIN, the realistic military writer of *The New York Times*, has stated the gist of the military problem in five of his newspaper articles, here revised and illustrated by tables and maps.

He faces the certainty of "tremendous" casualties and damage to us. "Neither defense system could prevent devastating raids by piloted aircraft," soon to yield primacy to the ICBM's, perhaps in 1959-61. Our geographic invulnerability has been "destroyed forever," not only by the planes and missiles but by missile-carrying submarines.

These will enable us to "hit Moscow from the Arctic Ocean, the North Sea, or the Mediterranean," but, he observes prophetically, Soviet subs might cruise under the polar ice cap, penetrate Hudson Bay "and fire missiles against our cities from a point deep in North America." He does not go on to point out that the much larger Soviet submarine fleet must be expected to be able in a few years to attack the United States from all four sides, with missiles able to reach every point in it, and to retain their fire power long after the first exchanges of mass devastation by the other weapons.

Our own capacity to kill the Soviet Union is already almost complete, with bombers alone and before our IRBM's are emplaced all around her. We have today, says Baldwin, "the theoretical capability of wiping out each prime target in Soviet Russia forty to fifty times." Though he does not question whether such gigantic over-kill capacity is uneconomic, Isaac Deutscher has reported lately that there is a debate under way in Moscow about the wisdom of following our example in this respect.

ON OUR side, says Baldwin, we have "no defense and no warning system" against ICBM's, and no attempt to dig shelters for us, at enormous expense, should be made until two questions have been satisfactorily answered: (a) would they "really be of much effectiveness, given the total disruption which is incidental to nuclear war, and the contamination of foodstuffs, of water supplies, and of whole areas that would occur"? and (b) would they divert funds from more promising projects and create a "Maginot Line mentality"?

Baldwin thinks a deliberate Soviet attack upon us "in the foreseeable future" is "a very unlikely possibility," but he is keenly aware of the danger of an accidental world war. "Are those blips moving toward our shores the real thing?" Often they have been merely

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In the Morning You Always Come Back

(From the Italian of Cesare Pavese)

The opening of sunrise
breathes with your mouth
from the foot of empty streets.
Gray light your eyes,
sweet drops of sunrise
on the dim hills.
Your step and your breath
like the dawn wind
engulf the houses.
The city shudders,
the stones have a scent—
you are life, the awakening.

Star gone astray
in the light of dawn,
rustling of the breeze,
gentle heat, breathing—
night is ended.

You are the light and the morning.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

electronic "ghosts." Yet an intercontinental exchange of ICBM's could be "triggered off by one radar which could not tell the difference between a meteorite and an ICBM."

IT NEED not be. Philip Noel-Baker has laid down in much greater detail the inevitability of our demise if the missiles go off. His chapters on biological and chemical war tell how the big powers are preparing to use both poison gas and germ warfare as means of mass destruction, in addition to nuclear fire and conventional weapons. Yet he shows that disarmament in all of these fields is practical.

That is the first great service of the book. We have not only come to accept the ever increasing burden of arms "with unquestioning, even unresentful resignation," but we have accepted the fatalistic corollary that disarmament is an impractical vision. Were there not a lot of disarmament conferences and treaties between the wars?

There were, but Noel-Baker demonstrates that they were not useless and that the records of these conferences are a mine of information about what to do now and how to do it. What is lacking is the will to put the knowledge we have to work. No one who reads this book can put it down with a feeling that disarmament is beyond our reach. It overlooks no single hurdle; all are faced candidly. No difficulty is overlooked or minimized, yet solutions are always pointed out.

Three sections of the book deal with nuclear disarmament. The whole story is here and it shows that, after years of dragging heels, the Russians went very far toward accepting a really comprehensive system of inspection in May, 1955. Then in September, the Western powers backed up and withdrew some of their proposals, alleging that the problem of secret nuclear stocks was insoluble.

This problem is "the crux of all disarmament discussions," but a penetrating chapter shows that there are various ways to solve it. The new International Atomic Energy Agency, established to promote the peaceful use of atomic energy, has a system of inspection that could be extended to the nuclear powers, which now threaten to expand steadily in number. Huge rewards for evidence of evasion could be offered and an international stock of nuclear weapons maintained. Above all, the many kinds of disarmament would all work together in interlocking fashion to promote a downward spiral of decreasing abilities to make war, and of lessening tensions and fears.

Our goal, continues Noel-Baker, must be a world-wide, multilateral disarmament treaty which aims at the abolition of all weapons of offense, even including military research—to be enforced by intensive inspection. Narrower agreements are useful, but that goal must be kept firmly in mind. The technical solutions will cause little trouble when the political decisions have been made. Are such proposals "starry eyed idealism"? No, says Noel-Baker, "they are plain, realistic common sense. The romanticists are those who still believe that modern armaments can make a nation safe."

It is difficult to praise this book too highly. It disposed of the Strauss-Teller objections to the suspension of nuclear tests before the recent East-West conference of scientists had done so. It points out all the pitfalls on the highway to disarmament but makes it plain that the road is nonetheless open to us. It is readable, exciting, authentic and also a text book for citizens and their leaders. The author, moreover, is the greatest living authority on the subject. For forty years Noel-Baker has been writing books and articles about disarmament, sitting in on the negotiations and studying the available literature. He has long been a leading figure in British politics and is currently a member of the Labour Party "shadow cabinet." It is seldom that an established authority in a field can so add to his laurels in his later life.

THE MAIN thrust of Noel-Baker's great book is strongly reinforced by *Inspection for Disarmament*. This is a study by seventeen experts of as many aspects of inspecting a disarmament agreement. Almost every conceivable technical question is examined in the individual reports and those of three "Evasion Teams," which tried to evade the measures proposed.

All of these reports are considered by Seymour Melman, a member of the Columbia University engineering faculty, in an opening survey. He finds that "every type of inspection technique has its limitations," yet some of the most dangerous war preparations are too big to be hidden, and the many different kinds of inspection which are essential would reinforce one another, giving a multiplied "combination strength."

Melman centers on the danger of concealed stocks; is deeply conscious of the dangers of accidental war, to be rapidly increased as the number of nuclear-power nations increases; and he faces all hazards. Yet he too believes that inspection can succeed at every level. "The range of workability extends from agreements of limited scope to comprehensive disarmament projects which would require rather extensive monitoring." Even partial agreements would reduce tensions and facilitate more basic agreements. Time also is short, he thinks, as ever more destructive weapons are invented and spread from nation to nation. The wind blows steadily toward destruction but, as this hardheaded manual shows, if we would reverse it only a little there could be salvation for all.

IF ANY lingering doubt about the necessity of disarmament remained in one's mind, *War and Peace in the Space Age* would quickly dispel it. This is the book which the former Army Chief of Research and Development resigned from the Army to write.

This honest, sincere patriot has testified that a nuclear attack by us on the Soviet Union would result in "several hundred million deaths" in Asia or in West Europe, "depending on which way the wind blew." Nevertheless, he assumes that war is eternal and that somehow we will pull through, not only the next one but others far into the future. After deploring the publication of his testimony about fallout he does not mention the subject again except once as a tactical problem to be overcome on the battlefield.

He looks forward to "a war in the early sixties" which "will be the first truly Earth War," with missiles used as

Ballad of the Ikendick

It was the year the IKENDICK
was sighted (hush, my pet,
for it has slewn the GAWNOSE WATT
and it is slewing yet).

It was THEOLGARD shook its head.
The NOOGARD likewise its.
And having knit a BITTAPPEASE
they raveled it to snits.

"Now what shall save us," IKENDICK
cried out, as if in thought?
"O gird about your gat, set out,
and slew the GAWNOSE WATT."

The GAWNOSE WATT it slew and
slew.
Was never seen such slewage.
And GAWNOSE WATT went up the
spout,
And GAWNOSE WATT went down
the sewerage.

I only know the IKENDICK
slewed on and still is slewing.
(Now sleep, and may you dream of
what
the GAWNOSE WATT was doing.)

JOHN CIARDI

artillery. It is a real war to him, with some of our ICBM's dodging in and out of Rocky Mountain tunnels on railway trucks. Oblivious of the well-tested maxim that "some *bombers* will *always* get through," he dreams of knowing exactly where an oncoming 18,000-mile-an-hour missile "will be each fraction of a second during its travel, so that we can transmit instructions to our own missile exactly where in space to intercept the incoming missile."

GAVIN's belief in the coming war is closely related to his deep conviction that "we are at war now" with the Soviet Union. He has absorbed our cold-war ideology fully and has never a doubt about the world conquest aims of the Soviets and communism. Like Mr. Dulles, who keeps Lenin's works on his bed table, Gavin has complete faith in the continuing power of this dead prophet to direct events. He cites him eight times throughout the book to show that the war is inexorable.

Today we are losing the struggle. We are in "second place," says Gavin, militarily, in the minds of men and in outer space. We must exert ourselves, with some $15 billion additional each year for arms, until we are able to apply power "anywhere in the world, as the need arises, at any time. We must be able to control space, through the United Nations if possible, but if not, as an instrumentality of the West."

In other words, the arms race must go on until we have won it incontestably. And peace? On the last two pages of the book General Gavin remembered that the word was in the title and that something should be said about it, so he calls his program "A Strategy for Peace."

This is ageless military thinking. When we can impose our power on the other side then there will be peace, either by war or without it. This formula, which "the enemy" must also live by, was not fatal to civilization when the weapons were bows and arrows, or even when they were machine guns, but who can make it work in the future?

Even Gavin is a little troubled by the problem of controlling the uncontrollable. He says: "Battles today are so highly complex as to be beyond the grasp and control of all except those few skilled, highly educated and dedicated individuals who have learned how to deal with them." Unable to admit or perhaps even to see that war is hopelessly obsolete, and all military men with it, he still thinks of nuclear war as a matter of "battles" to be directed by dedicated generals, instead of a limitless chaos in which the greatest nations die a swift and agonizing death, with horrible lingering aftermaths for many citizens.

Each of these four books tells us that the major, and immediate, issue of our time is not armament but disarmament. Gavin's book makes it frighteningly clear also that we cannot get far with disarmament unless we can loosen the grip of the frozen rigidities of the cold war, relax tensions and make peace. Then everything would become possible, including even a world disarmament treaty.

Some Marrying and Some Burning

I MARRY YOU. By John Ciardi. Rutgers University Press. 44 pp. $2.75.

THE DOUBLE BED. From the Feminine Side. By Eve Merriam. Cameron Associates. 160 pp. $3.50.

Dilys Laing

THESE two books on wedlock, one from the male and one from the female point of view, demonstrate once more the irrelevance of subject matter in judging a work of art. Eve Merriam and John Ciardi, handling ostensibly the same theme, are worlds apart. The disparity is not that "little difference" which makes sex possible, but the great difference between sarcasm and sympathy, and (on the technical plane) between gifted amateur and disciplined professional.

The title of Miss Merriam's book, her comments and the publisher's claims, all lead one to expect a more consistent and more cogent work. We are given exactly what the blurb denies: a miscellany of agile comment on various aspects of matrimony. However serious the intent, the resulting texture is sketchy and discreet. Miss Merriam, a young woman of intellectual vigor and native wit, has chosen as her prototypes of form the nursery rhyme and popular ballad. Few things are more difficult, in the writer's craft, than making a serious point in a gay tone. Miss Merriam's objectives in this book are as much sociological and

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DILYS LAING is the author of a novel, The Great Year, *and three books of verse*: Another England, Birth Is Farewell *and* Walk Through Two Landscapes.

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feministic as they are aesthetic. I would have no quarrel with that if manner and matter had made a successful marriage. I do not think that they have done so here. To begin with, a great deal more compression is needed. If the book had been reduced by discarding half of the ninety-five pieces and scrupulously cutting the rest, a far wittier work would remain.

The true poet that Eve Merriam is capable of being emerges in such poems as *The Moment Before Conception*, *Aspects of Pregnancy* and *Birth*. In these her tendency toward Joycean punning and word invention is mercifully held in check, and the nursery-rhyme model is abandoned in favor of a fairly well-controlled free verse.

It does the heart of a feminine and feminist reviewer good to come across the short section entitled *Autres Temps, Autres Moeurs*. The poems in this group are pleasant bits of table-turning on the resented male. My favorite, in which substance and style do make a happy union:

> in Libya
> the men curled their hair
> and tended the children
> and mopped the floor
> and bangled their bracelets
> and kept the pot-fires burning
>
> as a matter of Libyan course
>
> for if they did not
>
> who would?

It is good to know once again that the intellectual woman obliged by the confusions and pressures of matrimony to work at "Home, home at the range," (to quote Miss Merriam in a somewhat McGinley mood) can sublimate her irritation in high-spirited verse. I'm afraid, however, that most of these dainties were taken from the oven too soon. They have certainly been set on the table in too great profusion.

I MOVE with pleasure (in a critical sense) to the masculine side of the double bed, though even here I find a pea or two under the mattresses. The subtitle of John Ciardi's book is *A Sheaf Of Love Poems*. There are only twenty-six of these, and the very economy makes for coherence. This is in the truest sense what Eve Merriam's book is not: an erotic work celebrating the creative principle of love in the universe. It deals with the poet's marriage both to a woman and to the world of sense and mind. There's no sarcasm here, no striving after modish and peculiar effects, but rather a steady, warm streaming forth of human feeling such as one finds in the familial poems of Victor Hugo.

Mr. Ciardi has again fluttered the dovecotes by reviewing his own book in the magazine of which he is poetry editor, an unjustifiable procedure which he tries vainly (in two senses) to justify. In that article he claims, ironically, that there is "not an Important Poem in the batch." True enough if by Important he means public, as I suppose he does. These are private poems, but by no means secret. Shelley was presumably not foreseeing the advent of John Ciardi when he wrote: "Like a poet hidden in the light of thought." There is nothing hidden about this modern lover and literary careerist. He is an overt man, sometimes painfully so, and by overlaying his reputation as a writer with disconcerting public acts as a writing man, he has put me and any of his other friends (or enemies) in a position to say so publicly.

His poems show the same lack of subterfuge, perhaps even of nuance, as his editorial deeds. Everything is stated as it arises, with a curbed vigor rather than with mystery or subtlety. This poetry is the spectrum of a whole man who, however antic he may be in life, feels in his art no need to strike literary poses.

The poet's experience in translating Dante bears fruit in the *terza rima* of the tender and witty title poem: *Men Marry What They Need. I Marry You.* He uses other forms which show indebtedness to tradition rather than dependence upon it, sometimes taking the sonnet, for instance, as a point of departure rather than as a strict mold. He uses rhyme or not, according to the needs of the poem. But here I should like to voice an objection to the obtuseness (or is it waywardness?) of the modern poetic ear toward euphony of rhyme. I find approximate rhymes such as myth-death, past-dust (and even shell-then, when not in an emphatic position) acceptable. But am I the only one who winces at sixth-transfixed and sex-directs? For me, the mating of cts with ks is like a fiber needle on an LP record. But perhaps Ciardi wants that shudder of the tympani? Or would he have us give *directs* the illiterate pronunciation *direcks*?

He is at times as good a phrase-maker as Dylan Thomas, but more sparing in his effects (effecks?). With Thomas one often cannot see the poem for the poetry. Ciardi's best images are the light issuing from the heat of his meaning. His phrases are the body, often the naked body, and not the clothing of his thought. This example is taken from a seven-part poem, *A Suite For Love*:

> As earth was
> whose rains hissed striking centuries long into
> hot original stone cups.

In the same poem we find:

> My ten red fingers which are each a boy
> close hot as rum. Whatever chucks a rump
> I praise a-cackle in the bounce of wheee!

The first line and a half of this passage are, it seems to me, pure Thomas, the second line and a half (not very) pure Ciardi.

A Thanks That Flesh Is Sad does little for the book, I believe, that *The Stills And Rapids Of Your Nakedness*

Strangers

Each face repeats its former attitudes.
How with our glances we beset the street!
All men and women in their separate moods
Pass through the dust of wind and do not know
It is their own reflections that they meet,
So shared are feelings which we undergo.

Yet straining towards a meeting we depart
(Still fixed upon stark shadows we have grown)
The simple, present and intrinsic heart,
And feel that others move in worlds which we
Could pass as foreigners but never own:
There are more meeting-places than we see.

Stripped to the cries of children or the words
A blind man speaks who begs an alms to come,
We move in doubt and stealthily towards
Wide squares where shadows draw back from a place
Sun is set free in, and it feels like some
Room where we recognize each human face.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

does not do better. John Ciardi, critic, was not on guard against the sentimental poeticism he deplores in others when John Ciardi, poet, wrote in the first-named poem:

> That you were sunblush lit as the
> writhen
> sprays of orchards in the rush of
> spring.

These lines are all the more regrettable because they so closely resemble the better lines in the second poem:

> spill from my sleep like April's waking
> rush
> into the groundswell and green push
> of May.

The book's final poem: *Letter From A Death Bed* is a bit of daydreaming that might better have been left out. We are all at times rapt in visions of ourselves in shipwreck or holocaust — situations calling for the display of heroism or fortitude — but these moments are illusory and sentimental, and I do not think that a healthy man in his prime, writing love poems to his wife, ought to inflict upon her or others this wholly gratuitous view of his hypothetical exit. The poem is an insincerity and wrenches the book by the tail into a work of fiction instead of letting it remain what it is up to this point: a testament of true feeling. I do not suggest that John Ciardi ought to take at once to his death bed in order to validate his poem — but in view of the fact that he must in real life reach a point where he may be moved to compose a lament for his actual departure, I do think we shall in the end have been asked too often to weep at his bedside.

One of the great practical functions of poetry is to give voice to the voiceless. Young men have come to me complaining of the scarcity of love poetry in terms of their own speech and feeling. They do not want a kiss within the cup, Time's wingéd chariot, nor Champak odors, but the images and idioms of their own century. It seems to me that this need is being met by a number of contemporary male poets, notably Kenneth Rexroth and John Ciardi.

I Marry You deals with a marriage — a particular marriage — in such terms that all who marry, or wish to do so, may by reading it know better what they are about. It is a book that gives praise and deserves it, despite the strictures I have made.

Mathematics of the Brain

THE COMPUTER AND THE BRAIN. By John von Neumann. Yale University Press. 82 pp. $3.

Max Black

THE NAME OF von Neumann will always recall the "theory of games" and the remarkable book on that subject (written in collaboration with Oscar Morgenstern) which is one of the intellectual monuments of our time. Had von Neumann lived another decade, he might have constructed an even more important theory of computing machines. Such "artificial brains" may eventually transform our culture, but our theoretical grasp of their underlying principles is still relatively crude and unsystematic.

Unfortunately, all that von Neumann was able to leave was this outline of the ideas he had hoped to elaborate as Silliman lecturer at Yale. Though hardly more than a series of notes, these few pages are carefully composed and severely lucid. A good deal of knowledge about computing machines is presupposed: this can hardly be recommended as reading for the layman.

Von Neumann's intention was to provide "an approach toward the understanding of the nervous system from the mathematician's point of view." His plan called for surveying the design of existing computing machines in order to determine which of their features might reasonably be regarded as essential. It should then be possible to decide whether the human nervous system can be usefully regarded as a close analogue of a computing machine. An affirmative answer should generate some tentative hypotheses about the nervous system—"guesses" and "lines of attack" that "seem, from the hazy distance in which we see most of them, a priori promising." The whole would have been a large-scale exercise in speculation from analogy—a procedure that has had spectacular successes and equally spectacular failures in the development of scientific thought.

More than half of the exposition is occupied by the preliminary survey of computing machine design. The need to consider "analog" as well as "digital"

MAX BLACK is the author of The Nature of Mathematics, Language and Philosophy, Problems of Analysis *and other books. He is Professor of Philosophy at Cornell University.*

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computers (and mixed forms, too) constantly introduces complications. But von Neumann has perfect control of this mechanical jungle.

The main conclusion stressed is the need for some form of "memory register." The many alternative devices for achieving this are considered in some detail.

Von Neumann then turns to a survey of the structure and properties of the human nervous system. Can it reasonably be regarded as a kind of natural computing machine? He thinks it can: the nervous system is very like a rather slow computer, operating at a low level of precision that is compensated by a multiplicity of "organs." The brain's superiority over artificial computers is in its economical use of space and energy. (Our brains may be slow, but they occupy little room and are cheap to run.) We may therefore surmise the existence of a "memory organ" such as all artificial computers need in order to operate. Certainly this "is a matter of surmise and postulation, but one that all our experience with artificial computing automata suggests and confirms." As to the physical embodiment of this hypothetical "memory," there is a wide range of possibilities for future research to examine. The "memory" need not be embodied in distinctive physical bodies—something as abstract as the distribution patterns of nerve endings would suffice.

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The book ends with some sweeping remarks about the use by the nervous system of "a radically different system of notation from the ones we are familiar with in ordinary arithmetics and mathematics." The hunch is that the brain responds only to statistical properties of the messages it receives. It would need somebody of von Neumann's caliber to reduce this suggestion to a precisely falsifiable hypothesis.

Do von Neumann's speculations lead anywhere? Neurologists will have to decide. But nobody can read this little book without poignant regret for the untimely death of its greatly talented author.

Army Game

THE DRAFTEE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE: How to Get Along in the Army. By Alan Levy, Bernard Krisher, James Kox. Indiana University Press. Paper. 244 pp. $1.95.

Eric Pearl

TOO MANY books may have been written about the Army, but none like this. The only other fairly comprehensive "how to get through it" book that I know of is the Army's own *Soldier's Guide to Personal Conduct,* which is issued to every recruit at the reception center. But the draftee who resorts to that guide for advice is doomed to perpetual discomfort and eternal military casuistry.

Only in the most far-fetched sense of the word does that publication guide. It contains detailed information on how to set up a footlocker display, how to use a knife and fork (for the uninitiated), military justice and courtesy, chains of command, codes of conduct, and what to do in case of snakebite; but, like everybody else in the Army, the writers talk down to the GI; they lack wit; and their information seems remote and irrelevant. The need for a special draftee's guide has been great, and Messrs. Levy, Krisher and Kox have filled it.

For example, one of the most awe-inspiring mysteries that the new recruit faces is "why all the mystery?" Furthermore, why all the intimidation? Why can't he be told what is going to happen to him from one day to the next? Why must he commit the mistake before learning that it is one? During most of his basic training the company seems like a gigantic maze in which he must play "under the mill" blindfolded. In order to make their jobs of "molding men" easier for themselves, the cadre conspires to keep him in ignorance, and because the recruit recognizes that he has already given up so many of his liberties, he assumes that he is not free to rebel against this latest form of tyranny.

The Draftee's Confidential Guide states in the most explicit (often humorous) terms exactly what a soldier should do and what he is really not obliged to do; what is hokum and what he must be careful about. The authors have no real secrets to impart; they teach only what the recruit will learn sooner or later by himself. In other words, they teach the rules of the game.

The Draftee's Guide contains chapters on what to expect from KP or guard duty; on rights and privileges, overseas duty, basic training, getting along with the people from supply, Army schools and the USAFI program. Perhaps most helpful of all, there is a handy glossary of Army abbreviations and slang. The book is not only a necessary compendium of the abuses to be found among the soldiery; it is also a serious and well-intentioned attempt to describe all the ramifications of an institution which is perhaps a necessary evil for the post-adolescent, but which, like acne, is not a pretty one.

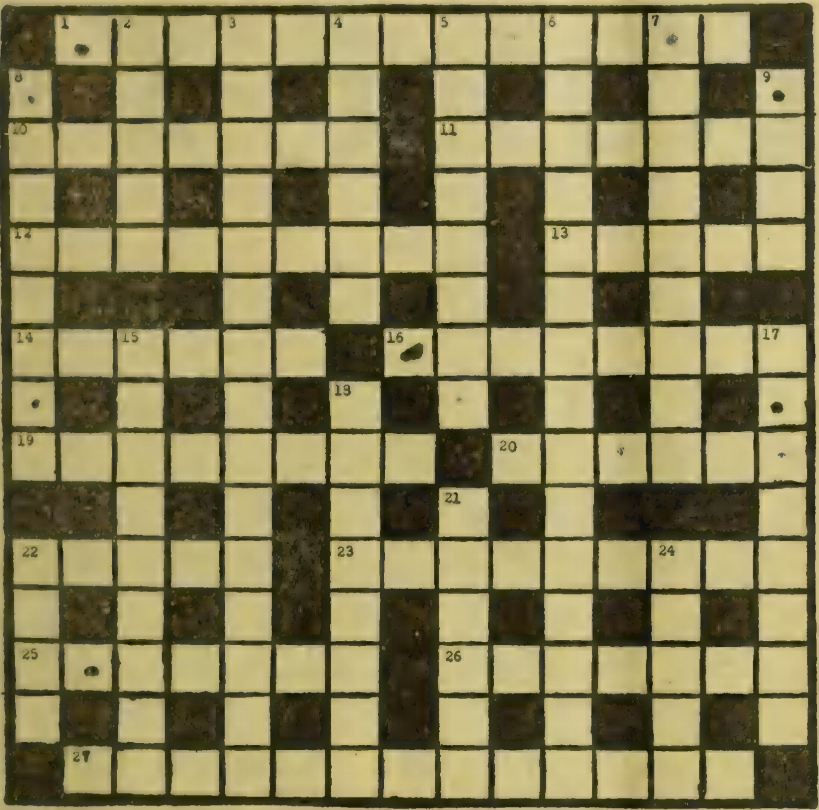
THE Army brass apparently doesn't share my opinion: the publishers tell me that the book is forbidden at the PXs. I think I know why. Regular Army people are always on the defensive about their calling. They dislike showing their cards if they can help it. Thus we have troop information and education officers who have no information and who do not educate, and we have also the Public Information sections. These groups try to turn soldiering into a tightly guarded secret—to give it the status of a real profession. *The Confidential Guide* is the reply of three amateurs, all of whom are veterans, and my final reason for thinking that it should be bought and read is that the Army doesn't want you to read it.

Nowadays, when charges of Prussianization and incompetence are being leveled at the career Army, it is important, I think, to emphasize the non-professional's viewpoint. Otherwise we "landsers" will have to let the Junkers take control.

ERIC PEARL, a teacher and poet, is a veteran of the Reserve Forces Act of 1955.

Crossword Puzzle No. 785

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 How the 26 used to collect taxes. (2,1,5,5)
10 It tops a secretary or several secretaries. (7)
11 Mix paint on a brightly colored fish. (7)
12 Go bobtail, but not alone. (9)
13 In case of a draw, draw together again. (5)
14 Liable to change (especially chemical). (6)
16 But one's horse can stop an atomic charge! (8)
19 Stride in, as a ghoul might. (8)
20 Make capital of 24 and the capital of Turkey. (6)
22 See 9 down
23 Old port, like a peg on an upright structure. (9)
25 Shakespeare created it for itself. (7)
26 See 1 across. (3,4)
27 Declining to study, though patronizing. (13)

DOWN:

2 No dance in Scotland makes much money. (5)
3 Where Kings and Queens are morally strong of arm. (4,6,5)
4 One might disclose how to beat this sort of plaid. (6)
5 Deeds a profiteer does. (8)
6 and 22 down When to hoist the ensign on the mainmast? (7,8,4)
7 Anyway, nothing is more stupid (9)
8 Trained to swim together? (8)
9 and 22 across Certainly fits the way toads live. (9)
15 Footbeat which might be painful. (9)
17 In short, it's no good to listen when disturbed by baby. (8)
18 Assigns a comfortable lower limb, by the sound of it. (8)
21 The living flesh on this implies discernment. (6)
22 See 6 down
24 Leaves the way Poe found them? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 784

ACROSS: 1 Opiates; 5 Detroit; 9 Trowels; 10 Chortle; 11 Maori; 12 Annapolis; 14 Odin; 15 Sponsor; 18 Cos; 20 Sue; 21 Entreat; 23 Gang; 26 Tarantula; 28 Watch; 29 Related; 30 Iterate; 31 Fiddler; 32 Yielded. DOWN: 2 Isopod; 3 and 16 The middle of nowhere; 4 Sustain; 5 Decants; 6 Troop; 7 Outclass; 8 Treasure; 13 Won; 17 Our; 18 and 23 down Center of gravity; 19 Startled; 22 Thunder; 24 Strand; 25 and 1 down The end of time; 27 Natal.

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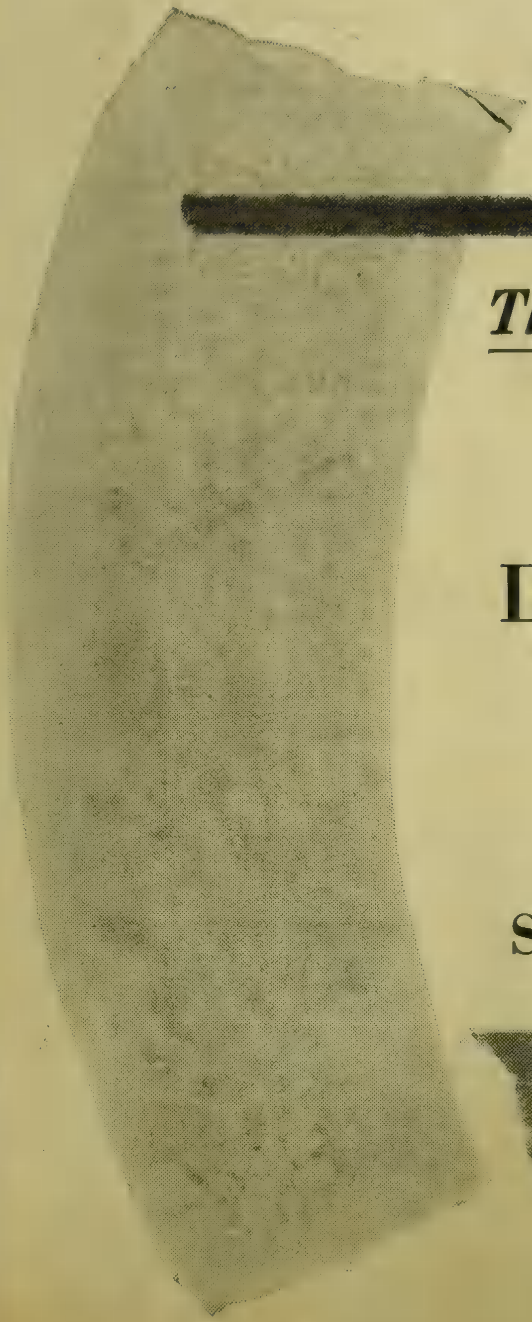

The Quemoy Story

HOW DULLES TRICKED CONGRESS

by

SENATOR WAYNE MORSE

LETTERS

Cling to a Corpse?

[*The writer of the following letter is the author of* The France of Tomorrow; France: A Short History, *and other books.*]

Dear Sirs: I have the greatest respect for Alexander Werth's information and for his judgment, and I am in deep sympathy with the steady liberalism of his thought. But, as a lifelong student of French affairs, I do not believe that we should cling to the corpse of the Fourth Republic.

The Third Force, in ten years of impotent power, had proved but a loose bundle of weaknesses. It had led a hard-thinking, hard-working nation into bewilderment and chaos. This is the considered judgment of a qualified observer, D. W. Brogan, it is confirmed by the remarkable study of the French political system by Maurice Duverger; it is implied in Werth's own book, *France: 1940-1955.* As a way out of the morass, Werth and I would probably have preferred the traditional French solution: a cabinet of National Union, including the largest and most dynamic party. But such a method was barred in advance by our veto. France belongs to the Free World; she has to do as she is told, or else. . . .

I like to quote the wise words of Lord Tweedmuir (John Buchan): "It seemed to me that democracy had been in the past too narrowly defined and had been identified illogically with some particular economic or political system such as *laissez faire* or British parliamentarism" *(Pilgrim's Way,* p. 222). Bourgeois Parliamentarism in France had three chances: under the Directoire, the July Monarchy, the Third Republic. These three regimes dissolved in contempt. The Fourth Republic had the same fate, because it had reverted to the patterns of the Third.

On the other hand, the proposed de Gaulle constitution is far less radical than our own. The President is not to be elected by the people as a whole. The cabinet remains responsible to Parliament. I for one should have preferred our own pattern, faulty as I know it to be.

The de Gaulle regime is still finely poised. It has assumed power by constitutional means. If the democratic elements should harden in their opposition, the Fifth Republic will inevitably be pushed to the Right. We might see a Massu dictatorship, or at any rate a Massu - Soustelle - Lacoste triumvirate. Then the only way out will be civil war, of the Spanish type. Whether the ultimate result be a Franco or a Kadar, the France we love and respect will be enslaved. I am no fatalist: this need not be, if we take thought in time.

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford, California

Echo of Sacco?

Dear Sirs: You are to be commended for publishing "Sacco's Struggle for Sanity" and even more highly commended for the editorial, "The Case That Won't Die" [*The Nation*, Aug. 16]. However, Sacco and Vanzetti are both dead and one wonders whether the brand of justice that the United States should stand for isn't dead, too. I feel this way because at this moment we still have incarcerated, in our federal penitentiary, a man who, but for his high intelligence, would be suffering as Sacco did — Morton Sobell, who I believe is just as innocent as Sacco.

ROBERT KARGER

El Cajon, Calif.

The Real Victims

Dear Sirs: The American people today lack sufficient motivation to tackle desegregation with the vigor it requires. There is ample scientific evidence to show that the emotional health of our people is impaired by racism: that children brought up in a prejudiced environment are harmed emotionally by it. The Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, consisting of some two hundred leading American psychiatrists, writes in its Report No. 37, "Psychiatric Aspects of School Desegregation":

> For the segregating group, in this case the whites, the reactions, though less obvious, are nonetheless serious. A feeling of superior personal worth may be gained merely from the existence of a down-graded group. This leads to an unrealistic and unadaptive kind of self-appraisal based on invidious comparison rather than on solid personal growth and achievement. Further, socially sanctioned segregation is based on unproven concepts of superiority and permits, and even encourages, the expression of hostile or aggressive feelings against whole groups of people. It fosters a distortion of reality and provides a target in the lower status group for the projection of painful feelings from one's self or from significant people in the immediate environment onto the members of the segregated group. Anxiety springing from unrelated personal problems may thus be combatted by inappropriate displacement of the conflictful feelings to the area of race relations. Such displacement impedes more direct and mature facing and dealing with the actual anxiety-arousing conflicts.

Only when we whites are convinced that our self-interest and the emotional health of our children require desegregation, will we be ready to work vigorously for it. And then, perhaps, our "leaders" will follow suit.

ISIDORE ZIFERSTEIN, M.D.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

A Way Out

Without delay the Administration must find a way out of the dangerously exposed military and diplomatic position to which Mr. Dulles has committed us on the China issue.

Inherently difficult, the task is further complicated by the fact that the Administration has become the captive of its own rhetoric. To date both the President and Mr. Dulles have adhered uncompromisingly, in nearly three years of ambassadorial talks with the Chinese Communists, to what has been a barren American position. From them we continue to demand concessions without offering anything in return which "would prejudice the rights of our ally," the Republic of China — which is to say, without offering much of anything.

But this time, if one reads the clear meaning of the statements by Chou En-lai, Mao Tse-tung and Khrushchev, no possibility whatever exists that the Chinese will trade something for nothing. Their bargaining position is much too strong. Nor can we anticipate that the Afro-Asian group, or anyone other than the delegate from Taipei, will rise to champion the Dulles position at the session of the U.N. General Assembly which opened on September 16.

Yet a way out must be found. Fortunately, it is not hard to find, although the traveling will, admittedly, be rough and difficult. There must be, first of all, a withdrawal of Chiang's forces from the offshore islands. The time to arrange this is now, and the means are ready to hand: the direct Sino-U.S. negotiations scheduled for Warsaw. Such a withdrawal would strengthen, not weaken, the United States position in the Far East. With the possible exception of Taipei and Seoul, the withdrawl would win applause in every Asian capital. It would rally key Western countries to the support of a modified American position on Formosa and the Pescadores. It would dispel the illusion, both in Formosa and in this country, that the Nationalists may one day invade the mainland. It would also result in the removal of the American Navy from controversial waters, where the danger of an "incident" is ever-present.

The objection will be raised that Chiang Kai-shek would never agree. Will he threaten, perhaps, to throw himself into the arms of the Communists if we do not continue to do his bidding? If there was ever a "paper tiger," it is the aged and impotent Generalissimo. The evacuation of the Tachen Islands in January, 1955, accomplished without interference from the Communist side, demonstrates the feasibility of evacuating the other offshore islands, particularly if we will enlist the aid of friendly governments. Once accomplished, such a withdrawal would bring about a detente in the Formosa Strait and thereby set the stage for more significant negotiations.

For we could not simply rest with the evacuation of the offshore islands. The real problem — the legal status of Formosa — will have to be settled soon if it is to be settled with any advantage to us. Time is not working for the status quo. The way out is to hark back to the declaration embodied in President Truman's executive order of June 27, 1950, when the Seventh Fleet was "interposed" between Formosa and the mainland: "The determination of the future status of Formosa must await the restoration of security in the Pacific, a peace settlement with Japan, or consideration by the U.N." To be sure, the Chinese Communists had not then intervened in Korea; nevertheless, the declaration still constitutes the point of departure for any approach to a settlement of the problem. The provisions of the Japanese Treaty of 1951 support this conclusion. The treaty — of which John Foster Dulles was the architect — severed Formosa from the Japanese Empire but passed title to no one. Technically, it is within the jurisdiction of the forty-eight original signatories of the treaty to meet again and dispose of the matter. The difficulty is, of course, that where they couldn't agree in 1951 it might be even more difficult for them to agree in 1958. And it should be kept in mind that the Soviet Union, India and China were not among the signatories. Even so the signatories could, if agreement were possible, submit a set of recommendations on Formosa to the U.N., or join in presenting the issue to the U.N. for settlement; in any case, they should be consulted. Or, failing this, we ourselves could take the issue directly to the U.N. This Mr. Dulles is reluctant to do for the obvious reason that the Afro-Asian bloc of twenty-eight delegations, and the Communist bloc, possibly joined by some additional delegations, might vote to transfer title to Peking immediately and, in any case, would insist on the admission of China to the world body.

But the longer the Administration delays in this matter, the smaller are its chances of obtaining a compromise agreement. So the Administration should face up to the fact that sooner or later China must be recognized by Washington and admitted to the U.N. The bulk of the mainland Chinese in Formosa would probably elect to return to the mainland once the illusion of a military "return" were finally dispelled. They should be repatriated. As to Chiang and his lieutenants, almost any asylum will do, preferably one remote from the Pacific — the Dominican Republic, say.

Neither dishonor nor defeat can attach to a return to original American policy declarations on Formosa. As to the Chinese Nationalists, their defeat is a matter of historic fact; no purpose can be served by keeping up the pretense that Chiang Kai-shek can still reverse the consequences of the Chinese civil war. The longer we procrastinate — the longer we attempt to base a policy on Mr. Dulles' legal fictions — the greater will be the danger not merely that the Formosa question will be settled on Peking's terms, but that we might find ourselves at war with China over the offshore islands, which neither the American people nor our allies regard as a vital national issue.

"Hiya, Bill!"

The Maine returns are being construed—as indeed they must—as striking evidence that a strong tide is running in favor of the Democrats. Equally significant are a number of less widely noted items. In New York, Carmine DeSapio considered the Democratic tide strong enough to disregard the Liberal Party in pushing through the Senatorial nomination of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan over the opposition of Governor Harriman and Mayor Wagner. From California come two further items. The first is *Time's* cover story on California's Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, predicting a "hard fight—close finish" in November. In *Time's* view, Mr. Brown is guilty of the unpardonable weakness, for a politician, of wanting to be liked by the voters, whereas his opponent—"big, dead-serious" William Fife Knowland—is an "entirely different sort of man": he doesn't much care whether he is liked or not and would just as soon be wrong as right so long as he can be consistent. This quality would make Senator Knowland an ideal political opponent in any state, but particularly so in California where, as even *Time* concedes, he is a most "incongruous" figure against "the stock California political backdrop" of marimba bands, Japanese flower girls and flame throwers in vaquero costumes.

The other California item—and the most piquant—is a comment by Governor Goodwin J. Knight, the Republican Senatorial nominee, which the enterprising editors of *Frontier* have placed on the public record:

> "You know what?" the Governor said, "at least 65 per cent of the Republicans in this State are living in the nineteenth century!"

Describing a meeting with "two hundred of the richest men" of the state at which he had been urged to go along with Senator Knowland's sponsorship of a right-to-work initiative, the Governor commented:

> They said that labor was spending — now get this — $600 million to block it. I asked them, "Where do you get such ridiculous figures?" and they said they read them. "What on earth do you read?" I asked them, and they answered, "Oh, *Life* magazine and the *Saturday Evening Post*." I told them, "You read those magazines and you get the same political line that's blinding you already." Do you know what they said? They said that if Pat Brown is elected Governor, Walter Reuther will be running the state. I asked them where they've been for the last hundred years. Sitting there, listening to those guys, I expected to look up any minute and see old President McKinley or Cal Coolidge come walking in the door. I was ready to look up and say, "Hiya, Bill, these guys are talking for you!"

Peace-Fare and Goat-Feathers

A recent article in *Fortune* and its sequel suggest that a new therapy has been devised for ailing corporate empires. The title of the article, "Olin Mathieson's Goat-Feathers"—by Richard Austin Smith—derives from an essay by Ellis Parker Butler on the disastrous effects of trying to do too many things at once. *Fortune* may be an organ of big business, but it is no respecter of badly-run businesses, and Mr. Smith's piece is as ruthless and convincing as *Fortune's* exposés of the goings-on at Avco Corporation and Studebaker-Packard in past years. The caption asks a pertinent question and proceeds to answer it: "What went wrong inside the nation's fifth-ranking chemical company? Plenty. Short on profits, long on debt, its main trouble stems from trying to do too many things it should never have done." The company is an example of diversification run amok. In addition to chemicals ranging from pharmaceuticals to rocket fuels and nuclear products, it was manufacturing lumber products, "chronically short-circuiting" flashlight batteries, roller skates and, at a two-thirds-owned $250 million plant, aluminum ingots. The completion of the plant synchronized neatly with the general economic recession, a depression in metals and overproduction in aluminum.

If that were all we should be glad, as believers in free enterprise and private business, to leave the matter in the hands of Olin Mathieson's officers. But the July-September issue of the *General Electric Defense Quarterly* contains an article by one of these officers, William

C. Foster, co-chairman of the Gaither Committee and senior vice president of Olin Mathieson in charge of public affairs. Mr. Foster makes the following proposal:

> We are presently matching the economic resources which the Soviet is devoting to the military. While we are using about 10 per cent of GNP [Gross National Product], Russia is using 25 per cent. If we devoted another 10 per cent of our total resources—still leaving 80 per cent for consumer goods, services and all our present high standards of living—the Russians, to match us, would have to take away from their people one-third of the already sparse good things of life they have. This is because their GNP is only about 40 per cent of ours. . . .

This recipe for "peace-fare" leaves the Russian rulers with only three choices: (1) surrender to superior American industrial power; (2) succumb to counter-revolution; (3) launch an atomic war before the United States can double its military output. To this military output, even on its present scanty scale, Olin Mathieson makes some contribution. If the output were doubled, Olin Mathieson might well hope to get some of the increased business and prosper once more. The suggestion of a possible linkage may be unjust to Olin Mathieson's vice president of public affairs, but in the realm of military spending who shall say where private affairs end and public affairs begin, or vice versa? If there is a line, Mr. Foster has helped to obliterate it.

That Wayward Committee

The House Committee on Un-American Activities recently held hearings in Newark, N.J. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee scheduled a public meeting to protest the hearings. As Harvey O'Connor, national chairman of E.C.L.C., was entering the meeting hall, he was served with a subpoena. Mr. O'Connor declined to appear before the committee, which now threatens to have him cited for contempt.

Mr. O'Connor is no novice in the Congressional investigation field, nor will this be his first contempt citation. He refused to tell the Permanent Senate Subcommittee on Investigations whether he had been a "member of the Communist conspiracy" when he wrote books that later were distributed in United States information centers abroad. The Federal Court of Appeals ruled that he had been within his rights.

In the earlier case, Mr. O'Connor responded to the subpoena. In the present instance, he explains in a letter to the House Committee why he now refuses to appear, although he avows "a profound respect for our Constitutional system, our institutions, and the lawful processes of government." He cites the Supreme Court in the *Watkins* case: "There is no general authority to expose the private affairs of individuals without justification in terms of the functions of Congress. . . . Nor is the Congress a law enforcement or trial agency. . . . No inquiry is an end in itself; it must be related to and in furtherance of a legitimate task of the Congress." And: "Clearly, an investigation is subject to the command that the Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or press or assembly." And: "Who can define the meaning of 'un-American'?"

If all this were to be taken literally, the House Committee on Un-American Activities and similar bodies would be dissolved by Congress, or confined to matters which are not repugnant to the Constitution. The E.C.L.C. could then in turn dissolve and Mr. O'Connor would be relieved of one of his burdens. But the committee continues in business; it simply pays no attention to the Supreme Court. Consequently, any new tests of its jurisdiction must be based, as in this case, on the committee's right to summon a citizen before it. *The Nation* wishes Mr. O'Connor success in his second round of litigation.

The Great Fetish

The best-loved icon of the American culture, transcending even the female bosom, the high-finned convertible and the heroes and heroines of the quiz show is not a thing, but a spiritual quality — salesmanship. Whenever the economy on which the culture subsists shows a touch of the blind staggers, the infallible cure is more salesmanship. A recent example is the "You Auto Buy Now" campaign, on which an authoritative report has been issued by the Bureau of Advertising of the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Of 214 Chambers of Commerce which provided information (completely unbiased, of course) 93 per cent declared the campaign was successful and not only stimulated the sale of autos, but invigorated the economy as a whole and had a salutary effect on public morale. The report concludes: "The event proved conclusively that old-fashioned selling, backed by strong advertising and other promotion, was the dire need of the slipping economy."

Strangely, the National Industrial Conference Board, which is an even more authoritative spokesman for big business than the Bureau of Advertising, takes a different and somewhat heretical view. On September 5, the board issued a press release which declared bluntly that the "recession and the attendant drop in employment and incomes have been the major causes of the sharp reduction in automobile sales thus far in 1958." There was a big reservoir of potential trade-ins and 1958 should have been a very good year for auto sales, but people just didn't have the money. The conference board cites state-by-state figures showing a correlation between the decline in car registrations and the decline in jobs. Not a word about the decline in salesmanship.

Clearly what the National Industrial Conference Board needs is a lesson in salesmanship from the Bureau of Advertising.

HOW DULLES TRICKED CONGRESS . . *by Wayne Morse*

THE WORLD WATCHES the march of events in the Straits of Formosa, awaiting the decision for war or peace that lies in the hands of three men: Mao Tse-tung in Peiping, Chiang Kai-shek in Taipei and John Foster Dulles in Washington.

These events demonstrate that our Constitution, which places the power to declare war in Congress, has been superseded in some respects by events and in others by design. It was events beyond the control of Congress that put Mao Tse-tung in power on the Chinese mainland and paired him off against Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, but it is design abetted by apathy that has turned over to the Secretary of State the determination of what the United States shall do for its defense and when it shall do it.

This power, which Constitutionally resides in Congress, has passed into Mr. Dulles' hands not so much because of the press of history as because of two factors totally within the control of the American people: (1) the absence of a President willing and able to exercise his duties, and (2) the deception and intellectual dishonesty of Dulles toward Congress and the American people.

It is with the latter subject that I wish to deal, because the facts of our Far East policy since 1953 have been far removed from the understanding of the American people.

IN THE EARLY months of 1955, the Senate considered and approved the two basic documents that govern our course of action toward the two Chinas. The first was the Formosa Resolution, approved January 28, 1955; the second was the Mutual Defense Treaty with the Republic of China, ratified by the Senate on February 9, 1955.

It is well known that Senator Lehman of New York and I were the leading opponents of the Formosa Resolution in the Senate; we were joined by Senator Langer of North Dakota in voting against it. In the resolution, the United States Government—Congress and President—made a finding that "the possession by friendly governments of the Western Pacific island chain, of which Formosa is a part, is essential to the vital interests of the United States and all friendly nations in and bordering upon the Pacific Ocean." It goes on to resolve:

> That the President of the United States be and he hereby is authorized to employ the Armed Forces of the United States as he deems necessary for the specific purpose of securing and protecting Formosa and the Pescadores against armed attack, this authority to include the securing and protection of such related positions and territories of that area now in friendly hands and the taking of such other measures as he judges to be required or appropriate in assuring the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores.

As a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, I could not agree to delegate to the President the authority to make a finding that would bring the United States into war. I also remember clearly that no presentation was ever made to the committee to show how the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, then as now under Communist attack, were essential or even important to the defense of Formosa.

It was the burden of testimony from military experts, including General Ridgway of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, that the offshore islands were difficult to defend and not worth the cost. So the matter was left open by both Congress and the President for future decision.

There had already been submitted to the Senate for ratification a mutual defense treaty with the Republic of China—the so-called "Formosa Treaty." It was ratified February 9, 1955, several days after adoption of the Formosa Resolution. Article V states:

> Each party recognizes that an armed attack in the West Pacific Area directed against the territories of either of the Parties would be dangerous to its own peace and safety and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes. Any such armed attack and all measures taken as a result thereof shall be immediately reported to the Security Council of the United Nations. Such measures shall be terminated when the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to restore and maintain international peace and security.

Article VI reads:

> For the purposes of Articles II and V, the terms "territorial and territories" shall mean in respect of the Republic of China, Taiwan and the Pescadores, used in respect to the United States of America, the island territories in the West Pacific under its jurisdiction. The provisions of Articles II and V will be applicable to such other territories as may be determined by mutual agreement.

The last sentence of Article VI gave me great concern because, as worded, it would commit us to the defense of areas such as Quemoy and Matsu and to a preventative war on the mainland of China on the say-so of the President alone. It was also quite possible for the decision to be made by others in the Executive Branch, civilian or military.

LET THERE be no misunderstanding about my position as to our legal rights and obligations with respect to Formosa and the Pescadores. I think we must defend these areas not only in the interests of our own national security, but also in the best interests of our allies. Our allies need to have us defend Formosa and the Pescadores because these islands are in freedom's line of defense in the Pacific, running from the Aleutians through Japan to Australia and New Zealand. Every friendly nation in the world has an interest in that defense line, and we need the reinforcement and support of that line by other friendly nations.

But by no stretch of the imagina-

WAYNE MORSE, Democratic Senator from Oregon, is a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

tion can this line of defense be extended to the islands of Quemoy and Matsu, which have never been shown to be vital to the defense of Formosa, and hence to the free world. The other free nations have told us that they will not come to our support if we get embroiled over them.

The objections I expressed in committee against the broad language of the Formosa treaty resulted in the inclusion of a reservation, not in the text itself, but in the Senate committee report which accompanied it. The reservation was included upon my insistence and was framed in terms of an "understanding of the Senate." It reads:

> It is the understanding of the Senate that the "mutual agreement" referred to in Article VI, under which the provisions of Articles II and V may be made applicable to other territories, shall be construed as requiring the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States.

In discussing this provision in the Senate on February 9, 1955, the late Senator Walter George, then Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said:

> . . . This means that, although Article VI is applicable now only to Formosa and the Pescadores, it would be possible to make it applicable to other territories, such as Quemoy and Matsu, by mutual agreement. Secretary of State Dulles stated, when he appeared before the committee, as follows: "It is our view that an agreement to extend the coverage of the China defense treaty to additional territories would in practical terms amount to an amendment of the treaty, and should be submitted to the Senate for its advice and consent."

Later, Senator George, when questioned concerning the legal effect of such language appearing in the Senate report, observed:

> So far as the return to the Senate for its advice and consent of any agreement to include any area other than Formosa and the Pescadores is concerned, that would, of course, be an extension of the very terms of the treaty, and without this express statement it would necessarily come back to the Senate. In any event, this is the exact statement made by the Secretary of State, and everything else in the committee report has the express concurrence, at least, of the Government of the United States. Therefore, these statements are tantamount to reservations, so far as this treaty, this particular contract between the two governments, is concerned.

Senator H. Alexander Smith of New Jersey, one of the top-ranking minority members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, further observed:

> . . . The Secretary of State has stated very definitely that with respect to Article VI an amendment to the treaty would be required, which would necessitate action by the Senate.

Despite the reservation set forth in the Senate committee report on the Formosa treaty and the clear and explicit statements in the Senate debate, the Senate has not, since the day the treaty was ratified, been called upon to advise and consent to any expansion of the territory under the control of the Republic of China we consider to affect American defense interests, or to whatever military operations we may be undertaking in the Quemoy or Matsu areas. Secretary of State Dulles was kidding the United States Senate and the American people when he gave assurance in 1955 that the advice and consent of the Senate would be sought in connection with any such military operations.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED since 1955 makes it clear that we should have obtained a more formal mandate directed to the President and to Secretary of State Dulles on this specific issue. Nevertheless, the construction placed upon Article VI by the Senate is binding upon the Secretary of State, who stated his concurrence with that construction.

He has now chosen to ignore the advice and consent of the Senate, which are required to extend our treaty obligation beyond Formosa and the Pescadores, and has chosen instead to act under the Formosa Resolution.

0 50 100
Miles
CHINA
Foochow
Keelung
TAIPEI
QUEMOY (N)
FORMOSA
PESCADORES Is
(N)
Tainan
Kaohsiung
Pintung

Whether, in a technical legal sense, the treaty did or did not supplant the resolution or the President's authority under it is a point that need not be explored here. In the report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the co-existence of the two was recognized. Yet the treaty *did* limit the defense interest of the United States after enactment of the resolution; it *did* very carefully and purposefully limit the description of the American defense interest to Formosa and the Pescadores; and it *did* require mutual consent for any extension of that description. Further, it was as clear as English can make it that this "mutual consent" was to involve the advice and consent of the Senate.

In order to skip over this mandate of the Senate report in which he had concurred, Mr. Dulles has used the Formosa Resolution as his basis for action. Under it, he has made a finding for the American government that Quemoy is essential to our defense, a finding neither he nor the President is authorized to make under the treaty.

He may be able to get by with this legalistic device as a matter of law, but it is intellectually dishonest. The people of our nation were entitled to rely upon his assurance that military action beyond defending Formosa or the Pescadores would be the subject of Senate advice and consent. What Dulles did may be legal, but it was not right.

NOR HAS THE Administration honored the pledge contained in an exchange of letters of December 10, 1954, to the extent of advising and consulting with Congress about the movement of Nationalist forces from Formosa to Quemoy.

When the proposed Formosa treaty was referred to the Senate for consideration, it was accompanied by an exchange of letters between Dulles and George K. C. Yeh, Chiang Kai-shek's Minister for Foreign Affairs, dated December 10, 1954. They carried confirmation of the understanding between the two Governments as follows:

> The Republic of China [as the Chiang Kai-shek regime is called—Ed.] effectively controls both the territory described in Article VI of the Treaty of Mutual Defense between the Republic of China and the United States of America signed on December 2, 1954, at Washington, and other territory. It possesses with respect to all territory now and hereafter under its control the inherent right of self-defense. In view of the obligations of the two Parties under the said Treaty, and of the fact that the use of force from either of these areas by either of the Parties affects the other, it is agreed that such use of force will be a matter of joint agreement, subject to action of an emergency character which is clearly an exercise of the inherent right of self-defense. Military elements which are a product of joint effort and contribution by the two Parties will not be removed from the territories described in Article VI to a degree which would substantially diminish the defensibility of such territories without mutual agreement.

It was not until the heavy bombardment of Quemoy of recent weeks that we were confronted with reports of the accomplished fact that some 90,000 to 100,000 of Chiang's best forces had been moved away from Formosa. Neither the Senate Foreign Relations Committee nor the Senate Armed Services Committee has ever been officially apprised of the move, either before or afterward.

Since no transfer of any size from Formosa to Quemoy could have occurred without the knowledge of the American military mission on Formosa, it can be claimed that, since no one objected, Chiang had tacit American approval of his actions.

It might be claimed that Congress gave its tacit approval to this changed condition by continuing to provide Formosa with money for military assistance. Whatever may have been the rationale, it cannot be said that Congress ever had the opportunity to judge and debate the merits of such a change in military policy since January, 1955.

Thus, Mr. Dulles has adjusted the facts of the situation in the Formosa Strait so that a particular policy would flow from them. So long as Quemoy and Matsu were not essential to the defense of Formosa, American action in defending them was hard to justify. So they have become essential to the defense of Formosa —or so it is claimed—by moving the best Nationalist troops there. This could not have been done without the blessing of an American "agreement"; but it was certainly done without the formal approval of the United States Congress. Yet it was this "handle" on which Dulles hung his September 4 statement that Quemoy and Matsu "have increasingly become related to the defense of Formosa."

By the device of putting the best Nationalist troops on Quemoy, the United States may be euchred into extending its defense line to include it. The recent Newport Declaration would indicate that the finding has been made and Quemoy and Matsu are now within our defense perimeter. But the decision came by means of sleight-of-hand, not on its merits. It was a clear case of foreign policy by concealment.

Of course, the re-assignment of troops does not make Quemoy more vital to Formosa, strategically. In my judgment, these islands are no more vital to Formosa than before. They surely are not worth the loss of a single American life. If the Nationalist troops that have been sent there are so important to Formosa, they should be evacuated and put back on Formosa. Certainly this concealed action must not be used as an excuse to enlarge our defense interests.

ACTUALLY, THE STATUS of the alleged "finding" that the offshore islands are vital to the defense of Formosa and that American interests are thus jeopardized is still in abeyance. The device whereby Mr. Dulles has tried to say to the Communists that we will defend Quemoy, while telling the American people we haven't yet decided, is among the prime examples of his love for diplomatic deception. In fact, few incidents in American history match in doubletalk the move he made on September 4.

On that date, he journeyed to the President's Newport vacation headquarters to obtain Presidential O.K. of a re-statement of American policy toward Quemoy. The declaration Dulles issued after his meeting with the President re-stated the Formosa Resolution, and continued:

> . . . The President has not yet made any finding under that Resolution that the employment of the armed forces of the United States is required or appropriate in insuring the defense of Formosa.

No sooner had the declaration been released than a high-level briefing was held to interpret for the press —and for the American people and the world—the meaning of the declaration. Unidentified except as a "high ranking official," the spokesman was reported by *The New York Times*, in its issue of September 5, to have said:

> The United States has determined to repel any Communist Chinese attempt to invade the Nationalist-held islands of Quemoy and Matsu.
>
> This was made known here today by a high Administration official after Secretary of State Dulles had conferred at length with President Eisenhower on the military situation in the Taiwan Strait.

Press Secretary Hagerty refused to release the transcript of the interviews, so the "high official's" statements remain off-the-record. Yet the spokesman was none other than Dulles himself, who had barely finished putting out the statement that American policy toward Quemoy was still undetermined.

Undoubtedly our Secretary of State thinks he is dealing cleverly with the Chinese Communists. Yet this diplomatic trick of stating an official policy publicly, followed by a greatly expanded and quite different policy stated anonymously, makes him appear treacherous, as well as clever.

Aside from the effects of such a maneuver upon our diplomatic enemies at whom it is aimed, it also has repercussions among our diplomatic friends, the Congress and the American people. We can never be sure whether an official statement from Dulles, be it to the press or to a Congressional committee, is to be taken at face value as our official foreign policy, or whether it is merely an official front for the course of action he really intends to follow.

If Dulles and the President did make the finding that Quemoy will be defended by the United States, why are not the American people entitled to know it? Why should our foreign policy be stated by a masked man, anyway?

Moreover, regardless of what Mr. Dulles said in his role as an anonymous "high official" at Newport, a public and official finding must still be made by the President before the Formosa Resolution can be invoked. For the Secretary of State to say anonymously that it will be does not constitute an official finding.

IT WOULD SEEM from his entire record as Secretary of State—and I have covered only a small part of it here—that John Foster Dulles retains a highly romantic mental image of himself and his role in world affairs. He seems to see himself as an Old World figure of the nineteenth century, a lone manipulator of world events. He roves from capital to capital, dealing and negotiating and making American policies and commitments that are often exclusively his.

But the lone-wolf diplomat and world-shaker of the nineteenth century is out of date. Nor does he have any place in the American system. As Dulles proudly treads the brink of war, he also treads the brink of unconstitutionality, for his commitment to Quemoy in the Far East, as in Lebanon, is his own and not that of Congress.

American foreign policy belongs to the people, and not to Dulles or any other single man. And Constitutionally, the people speak on foreign policy through both the Congress and the President.

Basically, of course, the nation needs a President who knows what is going on, who has the background and capability of weighing matters of international import, and who accepts the responsibility for making the necessary decisions. A Dulles, and a Sherman Adams, are bound to evolve from a leaderless Administration such as this one.

For Dwight Eisenhower occupies the White House—occasionally—but he does not exercise the powers or duties of the Presidency. The vacuum at the top is filled by Dulles on foreign-policy matters and by Adams on domestic matters. Since neither is an elected official, responsible to the people, their exercise of Executive power goes on behind closed doors. Neither Congress nor the people can detect what they are doing until the policies are made and the decisions announced—if they *are* announced. And our policies in the Far East have been emerging from Dulles, the Secretary of State, from Dulles, the anonymous spokesman, from Admiral Smoot, the American Commander in the Formosa Strait, but not from the President of the United States.

Both Congress and the people are responsible for permitting this condition to exist in American government. And the price exacted for the Dulles policies, when we find out what they are, may turn out to be far more than Americans were ever willing to pay.

COUCH AND CONFESSIONAL . . *by William G. Cole*

PSYCHOTHERAPY is by no means a child of the twentieth century. It was born when the first witch-doctor rattled some dried peas in a hollow gourd to exorcise the evil spirit from the body of one of the tribesmen. Throughout primitive times, religion and medicine were a single enterprise; and though medicine began its long trek toward science and independence with the careful observations of Hippocrates about 400 B.C., nowhere has religion entirely abandoned the task of ministering to the ailing bodies and minds of men.

The history of religions abounds in faith healings. Jesus was only one in a long heritage of charismatic leaders who worked wonders, restoring eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and legs to the lame. Significantly enough, though subsequent generations of His followers have overlooked the fact, He made no claims that His healings were proofs of His divinity. Rather, these mighty acts were simply signs of the imminence of the Kingdom. Jesus said again and again to those he had healed, "Thy faith hath made thee whole." Nor should the bleak trip to Nazareth be forgotten. There He could work no wonders, for the people had no trust in Him. "A prophet," He said, "is not without honor, save in his own country."

The story of the early Church is studded with dramatic transformations of personality, associated frequently with conversion and baptism which cleansed the new believer of past sins. The late Hellenistic Age was a time of anxiety and guilt, of widespread "failure of nerve," and the doctrine of forgiveness of sins spoke with genuine power to the hungry souls of a Roman empire already beginning to decay. Gradually, the confession of guilt in open church gave way to the structuralized sacrament of penance, in which the priest listened to the penitent in private. The medieval handbooks of penance are filled with detailed descriptions of all the psychotic conditions found in present-day psychiatric literature. If Freud had been familiar with this treasure-house of ecclesiastical wisdom, he would have

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been amazed by its striking anticipation of his own case histories.

In the late Middle Ages, abuses of the penitential system gave rise to protests, most dramatically and most permanently from Martin Luther. Luther began his reformed church with three sacraments—baptism, the eucharist and penance—but as his break with Rome became more bitter, he dropped the last of these. Calvin and also the Anabaptists followed his lead. Thus, Protestantism historically has been without a designated method of dealing with the individual member's sense of guilt and anxiety. Theologically, this rejection was based upon Luther's leveling of the medieval hierarchy, his declaration that every Christian is a priest charged not only with the right but with the responsibility to proclaim the forgiveness of sins. But this means sins collectively and in general. No man may forgive another; only God has that right. So each individual was left alone with his God—with a God who became increasingly moralistic at the hands of Lutheran pietism and Calvinist Puritanism. The Protestant pastor, becoming the spokesman of a stern and conventional morality, set up almost insurmountable barriers between himself and his erring people. Who could think of baring his sordid soul to this paragon of virtue? God might forgive (though even this grew doubtful), but certainly the reverend pastor never could.

CURIOUSLY, doctrines of the sanctity of all work and the priesthood of all believers were intended to have the opposite effect. The barriers between pulpit and pew should have been broken down, and in many respects they were. But the abolition of the confessional, with its anonymity and its authority, had consequences foreseen by none of the Reformers. The modern period has witnessed the paradoxical spectacle of Roman Catholics accepting their priests as fallible men, yet endowed with genuine spiritual authority, and Protestants setting their ministers on a moral pedestal, but turning to them an ear grown daily more heedless. Jung, in his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul,* testifies to the superiority of Roman Catholicism over both Protestantism and Judaism in the safety-valves against internal pressures built into both the individual believer and the institution.

In recent years a semi-scientific variety of psychotherapy has been grasped at by many in Protestant circles as a potential bridge between priest and people. Among Freud's early disciples there were a few Protestant pastors, largely in Switzerland, but the ecclesiastical reaction to psychoanalysis was on the whole bitterly hostile. Its anti-religious bias, together with its pan-sexualism, was more than the clergy could swallow. Jung sugar-coated the distasteful dose with a semi-mystical flavoring, and Adler's shift from sex to the quest for power seemed to come from the same bottle as the traditional doctrine of original sin. But it was Carl Rogers, with his school of non-directive therapy, who really provided an ideological base for the clergy. The reason is quite simple: by and large the parson's interest in psychology is practical rather than theoretical. Outside the seminaries, there are few ecclesiasts who know or care much about the varied views of human personality in the several schools of thought: psychoanalysis and its splinter groups led by Jung, Adler and Horney; Behaviorism, Gestalt, the Psychology of Personality, etc. The beleaguered pastor must tend far too many sheep to be able to keep abreast of these subtle and complex polemics. He must serve as preacher, teacher, administrator, religious educator, money-raiser, counselor, guide and community leader. In the few hours he can snatch for reading, he selects the practical, the useable, either as fodder for the sermon mill, or as concrete helps to his daily ministry. His interest in psychology is strictly pragmatic, and this brings him directly to the non-directive Mr. Rogers.

The very title of Rogers' first and foremost book—*Counselling and Psychotherapy*—is appetizing. Its contents are even better. Ideally, a counselor should be carefully trained for his task, but Rogers is realistic. He knows that thousands of preachers and teachers are in fact doing counseling of various sorts, and he wants to help them. His training program is very mild, compared with the rigorous requirements set up for the professional: the psychoanalyst, the psychiatrist, the clinical psychologist, the psychiatric social worker. These disciplines demand years of study at the graduate level. Some presuppose a medical education; some can be entered only after prolonged personal analysis. And they are all full-time careers. No parish parson has time for such intensive study; he is eager for short-cuts, for do-it-yourself aids. Rogers' technique is marvelously—deceptively—simple. It offers the counselor two fundamental ground-rules: first, he must be scrupulously non-directive, allowing the "client" to select his own goals, moral standards, etc.; second, he must confine himself to reflecting the feeling-tone of the client.

IN practice, both dicta are very difficult to follow. In his own teaching, Rogers records interviews conducted by students and subjects them to careful analysis, pointing out where the counselor obviously missed the emotive tone behind the client's remark and reflected intellectual content instead. Similarly, the counselor is often found guilty of talking too much, of over-interpretation, of being directive. Skillful non-directive counseling requires a combination of native ability, long experience and carefully supervised training. But the reefs lie beneath the surface, and the parson, book in hand, skims merrily over them.

This is not to say that all ministers employ superficial counseling practices. Many have an innate sympathy for and understanding of people which render them extraordinarily effective in helping their parishioners. Just as the old family doctor practiced psychosomatic medicine long before it had a fancy name, so the wise pastor has for centuries counseled skillfully without special training. That is no excuse, however, for omitting the training now that it is available, and many theological seminaries include counseling, the psychology of personality and psychotherapy as regular parts of their curricula. There is a growing literature in the field of pastoral counseling, including even a monthly magazine, *Pastoral Psychology*, and some ministers read carefully and conscientiously to prepare themselves initially and then to keep up with the latest developments. The National Council of Churches sponsors a program of clinical training for the clergy and for theological students, attaching the trainees to hospitals for periods ranging from one to three months.

If this interest in psychotherapy does no more than muzzle the minister, its worth will be beyond measure. The contrast between the approaches of parson and psychiatrist to troubled human beings is sharp and cutting. The psychotherapist (even if he is a psychoanalyst, the most directive of the new secular priesthood) listens and listens and listens, with an angelic fear of treading too heavily on an already-trampled psyche. He waits for weeks before he essays a highly tentative diagnosis and he allows the patient to come to his own insights into the nature of his problems and their solution. The minister, dealing with the same individual, talks and talks and talks!

The minister wants to persuade the troubled parishioner to see his problem in terms of a particular theological formulation. And that is precisely what the analyst does not want, preferring to keep the patient in darkest ignorance of psychoanalytic theory, since for the patient theorizing about himself is a convenient protective device to use against the physician. The analyst seeks to bring about in the patients an actual experience of what the theory describes, and if the patient uses his own highly heterodox way of describing the experience, so much the better.

Thus, if the psychotherapeutic binge now being enjoyed by the clergy does no more than influence them to talk less and listen more, the results will be startling. Further, if ministers can learn the importance of focusing on how people feel rather than on what they say, then counseling will be more effective. For the Bible is at one with the new depth psychology in regarding all human behavior, including conversation, as symptomatic, as springing from the inner wells of emotion. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." And if the parish parson knows enough to recognize a serious mental or emotional disorder, he can get the individual into competent hands. All this, at least potentially, is hopeful and positive.

MILTOWN
FREUD
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DAVID SHAPIRO

But reading a few books and magazine articles, even taking a course here and there, does not make the clergyman an expert in personal problems. Insofar as his reading and training show him his limitations and stimulate him to call for help when he needs it, his little knowledge is an excellent thing. But too many parsons are posing today, and posing quite successfully, as bearers of the last word on any and all human difficulties. The superficial answers some of them give, quite casually, in printed columns, to what are obviously involved human problems are terrifying in their implications. Paul Tillich has observed that no minister should attempt to take the place of the trained therapist, and no therapist should usurp the functions of the pastor. There is, happily, a growing *rapport* between the two after an initial period of hostility and suspicion. Many theologians are still made uneasy by what they deem the humanistic-naturalistic bias of the psychotherapists; some psychotherapists are critical of the moralistic and escapist tendencies in much of popular religion. But both sides increasingly recognize that there is room and need for priest and physician.

Sebastian de Grazia, a political scientist, several years ago wrote a provocative book entitled *Errors of Psychotherapy*, in which he maintained that any effective therapy must provide three indispensables: authority, forgiveness and reconciliation. If the therapist is not cloaked with some authority, no one will come to him. If he cannot provide a measure of forgiveness, either in his own person or speaking in behalf of a higher authority, the problem will remain unresolved, for guilt is always a potent ingredient in the neurotic formula. And if the person seeking help is not reconciled to himself and to those around him, then the therapy has failed. The scientifically trained therapist has his means of ministering authority and forgiveness and reconciliation to his patients, and the parson should be thoroughly familiar with what those means are and the conditions which make them necessary. But the parson should never forget that he has his own tools, his own gospel, his own tradition. He can never be as good a psychotherapist as the best of the well-trained professionals. But he can do something they cannot. He is a priest with sacramental powers or, as the Reformed tradition prefers to put it, "a steward of the mysteries of Christ." He points beyond himself to the power in which both he and his people stand, the power which works in and through them all. And it is their common conviction that the essence of that power is redemptive love, a love which understands and accepts and forgives the sinner without in the slightest minimizing the seriousness of the sin.

IT IS JUST at this point, however, that the Protestant pastor, at least, encounters his most serious difficulty. Whether he likes it or not, he is in the sight of the community a moralist, a guardian of virtue and an exemplar to his peers. His parishioners expect of him a standard of behavior they do not demand of themselves, and the minister's own unconscious vanity frequently adds fuel to the flames of this vision. But the loftier the pedestal he occupies, the more difficult it becomes for mere sinning mortals to approach him. The moral deviant is driven to the secular priest, to the psychotherapist who will listen to his guilty confession with sympathy and understanding and without shock. To be sure, he must pay rather fancy prices to be so shriven, but the cost is small in comparison to the personal rejection he feels he risks at the hands of his pastor. The central problem of both Judaism and Protestantism in their efforts to minister to the sin-sick soul is that they lack —to be sure, for good and sufficient reasons—the structured institution of the confessional. Both of them are groping for techniques to fill the need. Both of them are drawn more than Rome to the new insights and disciplines of psychotherapy, though even in Catholic circles there is interest in the new "science" of mental health. Whether the pastoral "couch" in the study of the minister or rabbi can be a successful substitute for the confessional remains to be seen.

BYRD'S 'MASSIVE RESISTANCE'. . *by Benjamin Muse*

Manassas, Va.

THE PITY of the segregation mess in Virginia is that it did not need to be. The state, which is carrying the banner of "massive resistance" in a possibly decisive clash with federal authority, might have set an example to the South of compliance with the Supreme Court decision. Indeed, that was the unmistakable trend of events until Senator Harry F. Byrd intervened.

Only twenty-two per cent of Virginia's population is colored, and the Negro element is mainly concentrated in the southeastern half of the state. In the northwestern half Negroes are as rare as they are in many Northern states. In twenty-one Virginia counties and three Virginia cities Negroes represent from less than 1 per cent to 5 per cent of the population.

Early in the game, the school boards of Norfolk and Arlington made no secret of their intention to comply in due course with the ruling. School officials quietly made plans to comply in Charlottesville and a number of other localities. Meetings were held by parent-teacher associations and other civic groups in northern Virginia to prepare for the change. In the western part of the state, where there are very few Negroes and where fourteen counties border on the now-desegregated state of West Virginia, the end of segregation was seen as a matter of course. In Richmond a transition program was drawn up which Omar Carmichael, Louisville's now-famous school superintendent, told me was "better than mine."

Virginia had jumped the desegregation hurdle in areas outside of public schools with little trouble. Institutions of higher learning, buses and Catholic parochial schools were integrated entirely without incident.

DURING the four years of litigation in the school cases before the decision of 1954 was handed down, Virginia awaited the outcome with growing anxiety, but with traditional respect for the Supreme Court. When the event came, the initial reaction of many Virginia leaders, including Governor Thomas B. Stanley, was loyal and constructive. In a statement issued only a few hours after the news was received, the Governor said:

> I contemplate no precipitate action, but I shall call together as quickly as practicable representatives of both state and local governments to consider the matter and work toward a plan which will be acceptable to our citizens and in keeping with the edict of the court.

J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., then State Attorney General, now Governor, said:

> The highest court in the land has spoken and I trust that Virginia will approach the question realistically and endeavor to work out some rational adjustment.

Dowell J. Howard, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, scorned any thought of defiance, and Richmond's superintendent of schools, H. I. Willet, called for "the most mature judgment of both racial groups in deciding the proper steps that should be taken to conform with the Supreme Court ruling."

Even the Richmond *News Leader*, later to become the most inflammatory major editorial voice in the South, said: "It is time to sit tight, to think, to unite in a proposal that would win the Supreme Court's approval. . . . If the court were to fix, say, a ten-year period, and permit the states to integrate 10 per cent of their schools a year . . . a solution might be found."

There was a rumbling in the southeast, but at that moment Virginia could have moved in either direction. For a few weeks there was uncertainty even among politicians as to which direction the state would in fact go. Then came Stanley's statement of June 25, 1954:

"I shall use every legal means at my command," the Governor now said, "to continue segregated schools in Virginia."

The significance of this blunt declaration, almost directly contradicting his earlier statement, was not immediately grasped by the public. But Virginia politicians of the dominant group recognized their cue. All who were familiar with the working of the unique political organization which rules Virginia knew that Senator Harry F. Byrd had turned thumbs down.

It must be said that the new policy of resistance harmonized perfectly

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with the sentiments of the whites in Southside Virginia, a section of heavy Negro population and extreme race prejudice, representing less that one-fourth the population of the state. Much pressure had been brought to bear upon the Governor from that quarter in the weeks preceding his defiant statement. But the rest of the state was not so easily carried along. In many sections compliance was still contemplated, and school officials and others went on planning for the difficult task.

AS LATE AS July, 1955, the Norfolk school board was able to say with impunity: "We intend, without mental reservation, to uphold and abide by the law of the land." But, when in January, 1956, the Arlington County school board published its compliance plans, the General Assembly swiftly took punitive action: that county was deprived of its right to elect its school board by popular vote.

One distinguished Virginian, long identified with the Byrd group, broke with the machine on the "massive resistance" issue. Colgate W. Darden, Jr., a former governor and now about to retire as president of the University of Virginia, expressed vehement disapproval and advocated a policy of local option.

The State Board of Education opposed "massive resistance" until its two ablest members, including its president, were replaced by reliable extremists. The professional educators of the State Department of Education watched developments with private dismay. One high-ranking official, J. L. Blair Buck, resigned and expressed open disgust. The experience of State Superintendent of Public Instruction Howard is a tragic story.

I had a long talk with Howard a few days before the 1954 Supreme Court decision was handed down. He had already wrestled quietly with the problem for a long time, and was grimly confident of gradual adjustment in two-thirds of Virginia. Even with regard to the other one-third he was not defeatist; he felt only that it would take a long time.

It did not seem to occur to this educator that Virginia would do other than make a loyal effort to comply with the ruling of the nation's highest tribunal. I sensed in him a certain exhilaration at the prospect of becoming himself the center of great events, and of pride in the thought that Dowell Howard might be destined to lead Virginia's public school system through the greatest crisis in its history.

The day after the decision was handed down Howard made that splendid statement: "There will be no defiance of the Supreme Court as far as I am concerned. We are trying to teach children to abide by the law of the land, and we will abide by it."

In later months he recalled those words with anguish. He had been obliged to stifle his better impulses. He had been an unwilling participant in the endless planning of officials and politicians to resist and circumvent the Court's decision. He had been obliged to "cooperate" with men who were even willing to sacrifice the public school system.

The buoyant administrator of May, 1954, suffered a nervous breakdown in December, 1955, and two months later died of a heart attack.

BY THIS time Virginia had become in a sense the leader of Southern resistance. It was Virginia's Senator Byrd who coined the expression, "massive resistance." It was he who largely instigated the Southern Manifesto. Virginia had disinterred "interposition," and spread that dubious doctrine over the South.

Representative John Bell Williams, of Mississippi, told a Richmond audience that, if anti-segregation forces "can break the will of this state, other states will capitulate as a matter of course." An exaggerated view, perhaps, but it has been expressed by many in both segregationist and integrationist camps.

The question did not come to a popular vote in Virginia until January, 1956, and then in a confused and ambiguous fashion. The Byrd machine produced a program which has since been largely abandoned as too moderate but which was regarded at the time as sensationally defiant. Called the Gray Plan, it provided for state grants for private school tuition for pupils who might object to integration. It also contemplated a pupil assignment plan similar to the Pearsall Plan, now in effect in North Carolina, and offered local option on the whole question.

In a hectic campaign to secure approval of the necessary constitutional amendment, the local-option feature of the Gray Plan was emphasized among moderate elements in the northwestern half of the state. Elsewhere the plan was put forward as a segregation measure. It was aggressively supported by racist organizations and extremists.

In spite of its catch-all quality, the plan did not easily attract the public. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* reported in mid-campaign: "If the referendum were held tomorrow, the outcome would be in grave doubt."

But the machine could not afford to lose. So officeholders, former officeholders and would-be officeholders, and all the resources of the organization were mobilized and the plan won by a two-to-one vote. The "yes" vote included many who accepted the plan not as a circumvention device, but as an authorization to go ahead locally with adjustment to the law of the land. Nevertheless, the machine interpreted the result of the referendum as a mandate from the people for all-out resistance.

In September, 1956, following a huddle of machine leaders in Senator Byrd's Washington office, a special session of the General Assembly went the whole intransigent way. It adopted a spate of anti-integration laws, providing, among other "lines of defense," for the closing of any integrated public school.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the about-face in Virginia is all the work of Harry Byrd. Inherent race prejudice and attachment to states' rights, the propaganda of racist organizations, indignation over the sending of federal troops to Little Rock, were all there. Many of the machine politicians who followed the Senator leaned toward segregation from the start.

Three of the most powerful figures

in the machine, Congressman and former Governor William M. Tuck, Congressman Watkins Abbitt and State Senator Garland Gray (of the Gray Plan) represent Black Belt constituencies. These men and many others doubtless would have fought public school integration under any circumstances. But without the approval of Senator Byrd a state-wide "massive resistance" would never have materialized.

White supremacy has never been conspicuous in Byrd's philosophy, but a passionate and lifelong attachment to the principle of states' rights permeates his very being. It was not to be supposed that he would approve of the Supreme Court decision. It was just conceivable, however, that he would engross himself in the national debt and other problems of the United States Senate and leave the explosive segregation issue to be handled at the state level. Had he done so, the recent history of Virginia, even of the South, might have been written differently.

But political considerations also are ever-present in the Senator's calculations. Race prejudice and defiance of the federal government have long been a magical combination, politically, in the South. The Byrd machine in 1954 was at its lowest ebb in a generation. An anti-machine Democrat in 1949 and a Republican in 1953 had both come frighteningly close to winning the governorship. Now the machine has routed both liberal Democrats and Republican opposition and is riding again on the crest of the wave.

Byrd's mystical personal prestige also has been completely reinstated. The Saturday before Labor Day, as is his annual custom, he gathered several thousand of the faithful at a picnic in his apple orchard at Berryville. There, speaking from the back of a truck, he exhorted Virginia to stand fast in "massive resistance." The seventy-year-old Senator was presented with a resolution of appreciation from the General Assembly, and a letter in which Governor Almond, who was unable to be present, hailed him as "the greatest living American."

To the "true believers" of the machine, who hold the reins almost everywhere in Virginia, defiance of the Supreme Court of the United States may be a painful necessity. Defiance of Harry Byrd is unthinkable.

AMBASSADORS IN STONE . . *by Eugene Raskin*

AMONG THE most influential ambassadors which our State Department sends abroad are the embassy buildings themselves. For ambassadors may come and go, make and retract statements, deliver and receive notes and finally be recalled home—but the buildings in which they live and work remain as permanent residents, fixed parts of the scene in host countries, and constant representatives of what our nation stands for.

In this respect, American architecture, as seen in our new embassies abroad, has done more in recent years to evoke friendship than has our eminent Secretary of State in all his travels. A new and significant change in our whole approach to embassy architecture has taken place — a change which, it is profoundly to be hoped, presages a corresponding one in our attitude to foreign affairs.

Traditionally, our embassy buildings were planned to impress the host countries with our power, our dignity, our prestige, in order that there might be no doubt about the kind of respect we expected. Thus they were for the most part designed in the heavy, pompous neo-classic manner which might be dubbed "Washington Monumental." Later, when the International Style had achieved respectability, we built glass-and-steel slabs culled directly from our business and financial centers. In both cases, the main statement of the architecture was to tell the world how big and strong we were, and how rigidly we insisted on speaking our own language (architectural as well as verbal), no matter where on the globe we chanced to be.

The world was impressed, all right, but hardly charmed. It is far easier to respect the rich stranger than to like him, especially when his efforts are all towards making you respect him, and the devil with what you may or may not like. It would be far out of proportion to say that our embassy architecture earned us world hostility; but there is no denying that it was consistent with the whole pattern of our diplomatic insensitivity, and therefore played its part in the evocation of resentment.

THUS THE current change in architectural policy is one of the happiest features of the contemporary scene. The new embassies, under construction or in the design stages, are inspired by the idea that a guest, whether person or building, should make an effort to recognize and conform with the customs of the host, as a minimum matter of courtesy. One does not exactly have to worship Allah if one is of another faith, but one can at least leave one's shoes outside the mosque.

Under the wise direction of an advisory building committee whose present members are architects Richard Bennett, Edgar Williams and Eero Saarinen, the State Department's Office of Foreign Buildings has instituted a policy calling upon the designers of our embassy buildings to study the architecture of the host countries, to analyze the cultural,

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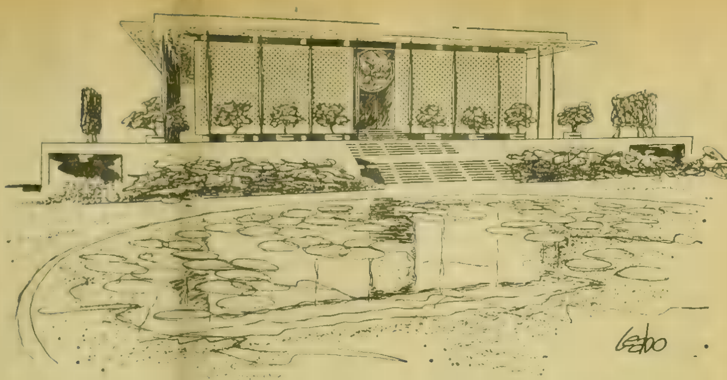
climatic and technological factors that have shaped that architecture and to absorb its stylistic spirit. The purpose is not to ape the local style, which would be perhaps even ruder than to ignore it, but to seek an honest expression of America's architectural creativity working in a well understood and sincerely appreciated context.

This is an approach, of course, which ideally should not be limited to architecture; a good dose of respect and understanding would benefit all areas of diplomatic activity. To find it as an outright statement of policy anywhere is a cause for celebration.



U.S. Embassy at New Delhi. (*Architect: Edward D. Stone.*)

PERHAPS THE clearest example of the new approach, and certainly the best known, is Edward D. Stone's embassy office building in New Delhi, India. Although its vocabulary of architectural forms is modern, the design as a whole is classically pure —serenely symmetrical, regular in its rhythmic pattern. In front of the main facade is a reflecting pool, while at the core of the building is a shaded "water garden," giving a great sense of coolness and grace. The lace-like pierced screen which has become Mr. Stone's signature is here at its delicate best. Anything farther from the harsh brashness and impersonality of the usual institutional architecture would be hard to imagine.

It should be noted that the wide overhang of the roof and the pierced screen are more than stylistic expressions. They are also honest functional recognitions of the climate and light of the region. As far as atmosphere goes, too, Stone has captured that air of meditation, of mystical and poetic thought, which is the keynote of Indian national character and art. In short, it is a superb job, worth more, I am convinced, in improving international relations than a dozen jet-flown missions.

Somewhat similarly inspired, but with its own local character, is the embassy at Bangkok, Thailand, designed by John Carl Warneke. Set on light pillars directly in a klong, or lake, the multi-storied, balconied structure seems to float in the tropical air like some exotic and legendary bird. Though it does not imitate the indigenous architecture, there is, in the curving ends of the balcony slabs, enough of a reminiscent flavor to evoke a suggestion of the regional character. Another among the best is the ambassador's residence and office building for Rabat, Morocco, for which Ketchum, Gina and Sharp were the architects. A low, folded concrete roof gives a pattern that is small in scale, in keeping with the nature of the city's architecture, while many open areas, patios and gardens give a constant change of light and shadow to relieve the glare of the Moroccan sun.

Strangely enough, the least successful of the new embassies is the one for Athens, Greece — for a reason which is not the fault of its architect, Walter Gropius. Being in Greece, a neoclassic expression was very naturally chosen. Unfortunately, no matter how well done a neoclassic building may be, it inevitably reminds those of us who were around in the thirties of much public-works architecture, particularly post offices. The associations are understandably mixed. Of course, the good people of Athens, having been spared this conditioning, are free to enjoy the building on its own merits, so that Mr. Gropius may be proved to be entirely in the right. Certainly the design, looked at objectively, is reserved, dignified and in excellent taste. To ask for more is to be carping indeed.

Nevertheless, to carp is human, and there is another area of U.S. architectural activity abroad which needs mention—the Hilton hotels. In a sense, these are also embassies, since from Havana to Istanbul and points East they represent American culture, commerce and standards. The citizen of the host country has contact with America just as truly when he signs a business agreement in a Hilton hotel as when he attends a conference at the embassy. He may, in fact, under certain circumstances, find the Hilton hotel experience the more real of the two, if it is more productive of tangible results.

THE architecture of the hotels is in sharp contrast to that of the embassies. With some occasional concessions to local conditions, they are almost uniformly in a style one might describe as toned-down Miami Modern (though, to be honest, one might just as appropriately describe what's built in Miami as jazzed-up Hilton International). In any case, it is an architecture that is not much concerned with catering to the other fellows' values; it feels entirely happy with its own. The result is a sameness in design which is the exact opposite of the rich variety of our official embassy buildings. We are faced with a curious situation in which the output of free enterprise has much more the look of regimentation than that turned out under that legendary threat to free expression, the State.

Meanwhile, one can only speculate on the state of mind of the foreign citizen who looks across the square of his city at two United States "embassies" and wonders which one is the more sincere.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Boredom, and the Horror and the Glory

THE LOOM OF HISTORY. By Herbert J. Muller. Harper & Bros. 433 pp. $7.50.

Geoffrey Barraclough

IT IS right and proper that historians today should return again and again to the story of Asia Minor. Unless we reduce history to a dreary "background" commentary on contemporary affairs, what more fascinating story could there be? Here in the narrow, confined area between the Aegean Sea and Mesopotamia was the crucible of all we know as civilization. From the border-lands between Arabia and Palestine three of the world's great religions were carried abroad. Here Orient and Occident converged, and the great historic theme of East and West, which is so actual today, had its birth. Here again, and not on the mainland of Greece, the Greeks first developed their powers of civilization and the spirit we claim, perhaps with undue complacency, as the heritage of our Western world. Today, when civilization is "on the brink," it is more realistic to go back to prime causes and put first things first, than to probe about on the surface, mistaking the dross of history for its undercurrents. The old myth that history will somehow provide a key, opening a way out of present dilemmas, is exploded; but a long view of history can give us some idea of what we have to lose and what to gain, beyond mere life, and why the whole story is not pointless. And these are things we can better learn in ancient Asia Minor than in the modern Middle East, in piercing the mists of antiquity than in anxiously analyzing the politics of the inter-war and post-war years.

It is from this point of view that Herbert J. Muller's new volume should be approached. Thanks to the work of the archaeologists, begun scarcely three-quarters of a century ago, the panorama of the vanished life of Asia Minor has been recovered from underneath the rubble of centuries; and since then many accounts of the ancient civilizations of the Near East and the eastern basin of the Mediterranean have been written, to put the newly accumulated facts in order. It was necessary work, for even as late as 1880, for example, the mere existence of the Hittite Empire was unknown; and it is still necessary work, as new discoveries require adjustments in the existing scheme. But Professor Muller's object is different. His book is not history in the ordinary sense, if by history we mean a chronicle, a narrative, or a recital of fact, but rather an appreciation and evaluation and interpretation of events. He has written it, he says, because for him "Asia Minor gives the most vivid, poignant sense of the 'meaning' of history" — in the words of T. S. Eliot, "the boredom, and the horror and the glory." And in writing it, he has not shrunk from "stressing the inevitable ambiguities and incongruities," conscious that it is only by "deliberately complicating the major issues" that we can get at history's relevance.

THIS being the character of Professor Muller's work, summary tells us little either of its essential contents or of its quality. Briefly, the book leads us through the major cultures of Asia Minor, using the great cities — Troy, Miletus, Ephesus, Tarsus, Constantinople, Ankara—as symbols and guides. On the whole, the first six chapters, where Professor Muller is dealing with antiquity, are more engrossing than the last four; and we may wonder whether the new Turkey of Ataturk is significant enough to stand on all fours with Byzantium or the empire of Suleiman the Magnificent, to say nothing of Ionium or the Hittites or the Hellenistic Age. But the external structure is perhaps less important than in most historical writing. For what counts is Professor Muller's reflections and observations, the lessons (or perhaps one should simply say the wisdom) he culls from the past. For once, leisurely treatment, breadth, amplitude, unhurried exposition, are amply justified: this is a big book—I almost said a forbiddingly big book—but only its bigness makes the fullness of content possible.

Basically, in handling the story of Asia Minor at such length, Professor Muller is warning us against the dangers of our European-centered history, and the assumption that Western civilization is "the supreme object of world history." But there is nothing in his book of the currently fashionable disparagement of the West. It is not to exalt the East at the expense of the West, but to know ourselves and our civilization better, that we should widen our horizons. "The ancient societies of the East are not the only alternative to our kind of society: but they force the question of alternatives" and thus "make us more aware of the elementary goods we take for granted."

> Is a society healthier when it rests on the manual labour of peasants living in poverty? Is a tractor really more inhuman than a wooden stick or plow? Is it better for the masses of men to be illiterate? To pray to saints in the absence of doctors? To be discouraged against hopes of improving their material lot or their social status?

This is sensible and valuable as an antidote to the nostalgias of the present, the disillusion with industrial civilization and material progress. Against the East, we can see the West better; its achievements as well as its limitations.

But against the background painted by Professor Muller, the perspectives are different from those to which we are accustomed. The old line leading so clearly and triumphantly from Greece through Rome to the Western world is blurred, if not broken. It is still true that we are "spiritual descendants of the Greeks." Nevertheless, Professor Muller insists again and again that "the Greeks failed." They succumbed, he shows, "to the ways of the ancient East," to "the imperious need of miracle, mystery and authority"; and the significance of the history of Asia Minor is that it reminds us "how precarious the Greek adventure was." It is much the same with Christianity, which also "is a failure by its own standards." Professor Muller has some challenging and heterodox things to say about St. Paul and St. Peter and their relative significance in the history of the Church. But what stands out is that as the Church turned away from Paul, it fell back under an Oriental sway:

> The legalism denounced by Jesus and Paul came back in full force. With it came a ritualism derived largely from the Oriental mystery religions. . . . It called for the familiar Oriental virtues of patience,

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obedience, resignation. . . . When it became the imperial religion it entered politics, but then it reverted to ancient Oriental type.

These quotations give something of the flavor of Professor Muller's thought. He is against the systematizers who see history as conforming to a pattern. Although he admires him for his universal view, he is critical of Arnold Toynbee. And in the same way he criticizes Gordon Childe and Benjamin Farrington for their economic interpretations. He denies inevitability, the view that developments were "bound to come." "Countless peoples," he says, "have remained primitive," and "failed to take any of the logical steps." Hence "we are led back to misty, immaterial factors." And if he has chosen to write of Asia Minor, it is because the history of Asia Minor illustrates better than any other this complicated process. Here there is no pattern, but a confusion of patterns, no solution but a plethora of possibilities, good, bad or indifferent. It may be that "the timeless Anatolian peasant" is "better equipped to endure than the Western man on the street." Yet who, Professor Muller asks, "would return to the life of Yassihüyük?" "The peasant could endure because he always had to endure." But "he was as poor in spiritual as in material goods." Progress may be a debatable concept, and in popular discourse a very dubious one. But it is not an illusion. "The history of Asia Minor," Professor Muller concludes, "does not for a moment suggest that progress is a law of human history." But it does suggest that life is richer for this hope and that the human race has made a positive gain when ordinary men have been enabled to live in this spirit.

Eisenhower: the Image Fades

EISENHOWER: CAPTIVE HERO. By Marquis Childs. Harcourt, Brace & Company. 310 pp. $4.75.

George Dangerfield

IT WILL surprise nobody that this book begins as a success story and ends as a study in failure. As such, it has a prominent dividing ridge or watershed:

> If Dwight Eisenhower's public record had ended with his military career, it seems safe to assume that a high place would be secure for him. But he went on to become President of the United States in a time when this office was never of greater moment for the country and for the world.

Backward from this ridge the waters run until they reach a birthplace on the wrong side of the tracks in Abilene, Kansas; traversing the story of a perfect American hero—a soldier of humble origins, buoyant, confident, charming, who rose to supreme command and who, to his everlasting credit, never struck a heroic attitude or made a bellicose speech. Forward they run into 1958 and the melancholy resolution of an autumnal theme—the bright, popular image of the President "was gradually fading away." Mr. Childs might have been writing about the Cheshire Cat.

The first question posed by this book, it seems to me—rather diffidently posed because it is unanswerable — concerns that irresponsibility which lies at the heart of our political system, and indeed of all human systems, and which compels us from time to time to act in defiance of our own history. Our past would seem to insist that no President who is above politics can be a really useful or active President; and yet, Mr. Childs points out that it was because he was above politics that General Eisenhower seemed such an attractive candidate—to the idealists who believed he could be taught, to the politicians of all kinds who thought he could be managed, and ultimately to himself. He was to unify the country, whatever that means. Here the recorded past can be seen in its usual role of Cassandra.

At this point, of course, there arises the obvious thought that the past is not prophetic, displays no rigid chain of cause and effect, cannot be used to determine the future. Indeed, in the case of President Eisenhower, the warnings of the past might well have been disregarded with supreme success: for the greatest single task that the President has been called upon to perform, as an American leader or a world leader, was to meet the crisis which is now constellated in Little Rock; and this task, surely, called for a suprapolitical figure. It is not from party considerations that a President stands up to defend the most elementary of human rights.

But the President, as Mr. Childs puts it, "brought to his high office a civics text-book concept of the co-ordinate powers of the three branches of the federal government." And so, asked whether or not he endorsed the Supreme Court decision, he made the appalling answer: "I think it makes no difference whether or not I endorse it. . . . The Constitution is as the Supreme Court interprets it; and I must conform to that and do my very best to see that it is carried out in this country." "No President," says Childs, "in a long time had so narrowly interpreted his role." If he had written "so tragically misinterpreted it," he would have done no violence to his customary mildness of tone.

Here one goes back to the question of irresponsibility. If this text-book concept existed in Eisenhower's mind, why was it never discovered, even by those idealists and those liberals who, Childs tells us, were among the General's ear-

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Under the Boughs

Prefer the cherry when the fruit hangs thick
and hot for plunder of a blackbird's beak,
the bird flashing and crying in the leaves.

Shadow and sun and blackbird in the leaves
make summer's ripeness, the blood's sweet, slow heat,
when there is this hot red-fleshed fruit to eat.

I will not ask you to believe sweetness
of fruit beyond all possible sweetness
when the sugary juice stains lips and teeth.

I will not ask you to believe surfeit
is possible. The sun burns at your shut
eyelids; the sun warms at your shadowed cheek.

Only hear the bird crying in the leaves.
Long ago there were white-trembling blossoms
Upon the boughs where full fruit hangs now.

Gene Baro

liest supporters? Again, since the General freely admitted—and the admission was scarcely necessary in the light of his career as a professional soldier—that he was an amateur in politics, why the reckless assumption that the hard political side of the Presidency could be learned overnight? As a suprapolitical figure, he had the wrong idea of his office; as a political figure, he had no equipment for it at all.

It would seem that any study of the failure of Eisenhower as a President should admit—and Childs's study certainly implies — that the original cause of this failure lies with the people who persuaded him that it was his duty to become a candidate for the Presidency. Here he is blameless. The proximate cause, naturally, lies in his own beliefs and character. His political and economic ideas, as Childs writes about them here, resolve themselves into what one might call a deliberate withdrawal to previously prepared positions in the nineteenth century. His foreign policy is internationalist and peaceful: but "no President in history delegated so much of his constitutional authority over the conduct of foreign policy." He handed it over to a Secretary of State who was almost, if not quite, a man of war: as if Noah had sent out from the Ark not a dove but a buzzard. He sincerely believes that a President's function is, wherever possible, to refrain from action. In his character (Childs insists) there lurks a craving for privacy, for anonymity, which is absolutely incompatible with the demands of his office.

These are some conclusions which may be drawn from this book—a melancholy book indeed, but an able and devastating one. Of course, it is anything but the last word. It lacks, as its author readily admits, that essential component, "the long perspective." It is drawn chiefly from the public record of this most secretive Administration; tells us only what we think we already know; confirms what must still be called speculations, however well founded. When the private record at last filters down through the memoirs of friends, advisers and colleagues, and through the President's own letters and memoranda, there may be a very different picture of the President himself. It may then appear that behind that kindly, fretful, unbending indifference there was concealed a man who spent long terrible hours in agonized thinking over the problems that beset him, the nation and the world. To the future, then, we must leave these alternatives—the heartbreaking discovery that such lonely meditations actually existed: the even more heartbreaking discovery that they did not.

The Movement that Came After

THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST PARTY: 1919-1957. By Irving Howe and Lewis Coser. The Beacon Press. 593 pp. $6.75.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY vs. THE CIO. By Max M. Kampelman. Frederick A. Praeger. 299 pp. $6.

Robert Claiborne

WRITING a history of the American Communist Party is not a job I would wish on my best friend. Cold-war mythology and the party's own high irritation value make a dispassionate look at the facts difficult and even dangerous. And the facts themselves are far from complete. The party's leaders have, to be sure, sounded off through the years at turgid and wearisome length, but the reality behind their self-contradictory trumpetings is hard to reconstruct. The record is cluttered with the testimony of professional witnesses, the scare-headlines of sensational journalism and the apologia of ex-Communists who have abandoned communism but not self-deception. Those who combine first-hand knowledge of the party with a reasonable amount of perspective about it have mostly preferred to keep quiet.

Given these difficulties, Irving Howe and Lewis Coser have done a pretty good job of unsnarling the party's tangled history. Their lively account is biased, as any book on the subject must be. Past association with splinter-socialism has made them eager to see the party as invariably inept and/or dishonest (their description of the "People's Front" period, in particular, bristles with words like "betrayal," "cynicism" and "duplicity"). The ineptness and (at least at the party's upper levels) dishonesty were there, all right, but I suspect that much of what the authors take for duplicity was really Doublethink — or plain Muddlethink.

With this reservation, their history is about as accurate and complete as the available sources will permit. Their attempt to explain the genesis and growth of communism seems to me less successful. The Communist movement, they contend, was from the mid-twenties on consistently subordinated to the "Stalinist counter-revolution" in the U.S.S.R. Though this thesis is hard to argue with, it seems to me oversimplified. In the first place, Soviet Stalinism, though unquestionably a counter-revolution, was also (as Isaac Deutscher has shown) a revolution. Apart from this, I do not think the Communist parties can be characterized as *simply* " 'foreign national parties' . . . no longer responsive to the interests . . . of the native working class." Movements of that sort could not have produced a Tito or a Gomulka, and certainly not a Nagy or Maleter. In the U.S. and elsewhere the Communist Party functioned as *both* a native radical movement and a "foreign national" party — and (as Jules Monnerot has observed in a similar connection) "In being one thing it does not cease to be the other." It is this central ambiguity which lies at the root of all the ambiguities of communism, a movement which inspired as it corrupted, destroyed as it built, disintegrated as it grew.

BUT HOW could a movement of such frightful ambiguities grow at all? The authors' sociological and psychological explanations on this point, while pertinent, seem insufficient — applicable in measure to any radical movement and (in some cases) to nudists and vegetarians as well. The main reason seems to me to lie in a sentence whose implications they have not sufficiently explored: "Stalinism was the movement which came after." What it "came after," of course, was social democracy.

Between 1914 and 1935, social democracy had sustained a series of terrible moral blows. It had failed to prevent World War I, had in fact supported it. It had failed to achieve Socialist revolutions, had in some cases joined the extreme Right in suppressing them. It had, finally, failed to prevent fascism in Italy and Germany, where it was the majority of the Left, and in Austria, where it *was* the Left. Its proudest boast was that it stood for socialism plus democracy, yet it had failed to achieve the one or preserve the other.

The Soviet Communists, by contrast, had by 1935 built up a formidable political and moral capital against which their admirers in other countries could draw. They had opposed the war, had brought off their revolution and were constructing a functioning planned economy. The human cost of these achievements was less widely apparent

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ROBERT CLAIBORNE's survey of the rise and fall of the Communist Party, Twilight On The Left, *appeared in* The Nation *of May 11, 1957.*

during the thirties than it later became. Even the partial or total fakery of the Moscow trials was skillful enough to fool Churchill, Benes and most of the diplomatic colony in Moscow.

This capital, its value enhanced by the bankruptcy of its competitors, took years to dissipate. In this sense one may say that, given the failure of social democracy, Stalinism was a phase which the Socialist movement had to pass through; which, in some countries, it is unfortunately still passing through.

The Communist Party in this country, then, was both a public relations agency for the Stalin regime and the heir-by-default of the American radical tradition. Its few years of political significance are an instance of the truism that politics abhors a vacuum. It played the radical game badly and often crookedly, but for Socialist-minded Americans between 1935 and 1950 it was the only game in town.

IF Howe and Coser have underestimated the ambiguities of communism, Max Kampelman, in his account of the Communist-anti-Communist struggle in the CIO, has simply ignored them. The subtitle of his book, "A Study in Power Politics," suggests a serious investigation, but the reader soon learns that only Reds engage in power politics; anti-Reds have had no need of such devices, presumably because their hearts are pure.

Much of Kampelman's account is drawn from secondary sources. His main primary source, apart from the reports of the House Un-American Activities Committee, is the record of the CIO's trials of the Red unions. He quotes this record very selectively; one looks in vain for any account of what the accused union leaders had to say for themselves. Doubtless much of what they had to say was nonsense, but it would be nice to judge for oneself.

Coser and Howe, no less anti-Communist than Kampelman, recognize that not all the anti-Communist CIO leaders were white knights (their comments on Joe Curran are particularly noteworthy). Moreover, they note with disquiet that establishing a political "means test" in labor organizations raises problems which may well haunt the labor movement

A Picture

of people running down the street
among the cars, a good many people.
You could see that something was up,
because people in American towns
don't ordinarily run, they walk,
and not in the street. The camera caught
a pretty girl tilted off-balance
and with her mouth in O amazed;
a man in a fat white shirt, his tie
streaming behind him, as one flat foot
went slap on the asphalt—you could see
he was out of breath, but dutifully
running along with all the others,
maybe at midday, on Main Street somewhere.

The running faces did not record
hatred or anger or great enthusiasm
for what they were doing (hunting down
a Negro, according to the caption),
but seemed rather solemn, intent,
with the serious patience of animals
driven through a gate by some
urgency out of the camera's range,
on an occasion too serious
for private feeling. The breathless faces
expressed a religion of running,
a form of ritual exaltation
devoted to obedience, and
obedient, it might be, to the Negro,
who was not caught by the camera
when it took the people in the street
among the cars, toward some object,
seriously running.

HOWARD NEMEROV

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long after the party has been forgotten.

Kampelman is troubled by no such problems; his account is as predictable as a Western. The Rustlers (Reds) have been running off the cattle. The Hero (Murray) hesitates to fight them because he is a Man of Peace who doesn't realize they are Really Bad. But he Learns His Lesson and with a whoop and a holler leads the posse to the inevitable necktie party. The bad guys are eliminated and peace returns to the ranch-house of labor before you can say "Jimmy Hoffa."

This is not history but journalism, and second-rate journalism at that. Getting at the truth about the Communist Party is hard enough even if, like Howe and Coser, one asks the right questions. Kampelman doesn't bother to ask any questions; not surprisingly, he gets superficial answers.

The Loser

I

I kissed you, bride and lost, and went
Home from that bourgeois sacrament,
Your cheek still tasting cold upon
My lips that gave you benison
With all the swagger that they knew—
As losers somehow learn to do.

Your wedding made my eyes ache; soon
The world would be worse off for one
More golden apple dropped to ground
Without the least protesting sound,
And you would windfall lie, and we
Forget your shimmer on the tree.

Beauty is always wasted: if
Not Mignon's song sung to the deaf,
At all events to the unmoved.
A face like yours cannot be loved
Long or seriously enough.
We use it better than we love.

II

Well, you are tougher than I thought.
Now, when the wash with ice hangs taut
This morning of Saint Valentine,
I see you strip the squeaking line,
Your body weighed against the load,
And all my groans can do no good.

Because you still are beautiful,
Though squared and stiffened by the pull
Of what nine windy years have done.
You have three daughters, lost a son.
I see all your intelligence
Flung into that unwearied stance.

My envy is of no avail.
I turn my head and wish him well
Who chafed your beauty into use
And lives forever in a house
Lit by the friction of your mind.
You stagger in against the wind.

ADRIENNE RICH

Wit and Truth

THE BRONC PEOPLE. By William Eastlake. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 254 pp. $3.50.

Herbert Gold

WILLIAM EASTLAKE's second novel makes definite the arrival on the scene of a new, hard, dry, tender, very contemporary talent. Eastlake has been writing about cowboys and Indians and the Southwest for several years; a small group of readers has noticed him, some of them puzzled by the kidded debt to Hemingway and a subject matter which edges up against that beer-and-pretzels category, "the adult Western." Now, however, the Hemingway trick is bared for a joke and the proximity to the portentous teevee or movie Western is made a part of the comic action. A free-swinging playfulness and a deep nostalgia for the truths of sensual experience give us something we always need—a storyteller of wit, compassion and venturesomeness in both language and fantasy.

What happens in *The Bronc People*? It is a campfire entwining of anecdotes until the basic sense of character emerges. A couple of fancy-dan, interior-decorator bank robbers, some Indians who think a little like Rousseau and a lot like Indians, a rancher hooded in guilt over the murder of a black man, a woman who turns to religion and swearing to relieve her pain at being unable to bear more than one child, a rodeo performer who says that the proper courtesy in greeting kings and presidents is to say, "Hello" — these are some of the curious Americans who people the book. (The second time you meet a king or a president, it is your duty to say "Hello again.") The central figures of the book are two boys growing up on a ranch, a book-reading Negro kid named Alastair and the son of Millie and Big Sant, Santo. The Negro boy, adopted by the family, must eventually learn that his own father was killed by Big Sant, but he is mostly bemused by this knowledge, philosophical, only ritually vengeful, thoughtful as the day is long. The horror is not scanted, but horror is not the point. There is more in life than error, failure, guilt, misery. Alastair lives to purge his pain; he can enter a struggle without organizing a war.

The story has a sweetness and ease which is pure delight (though perhaps when we say delight, we mean "impure"). The faults of the book — an occasional banging on symbolic or sentimental drums, an occasional cute curtness of style, an indulgent running-on of talk — are easily forgiven in a writer finding his true and original way. The scenes of Indians attending a Christian funeral ("It's a chance to study a primitive culture," they say. "It may even be an opportunity to get drunk. Let us gather."), the episodes of boys riding together in the desert, the feeling of space and sun and air and mountains

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HERBERT GOLD is the author of The Man Who Was Not With It *and one of the three contributors to* Fifteen by Three.

acting upon and within people for whom the West's endowment from nature is the essential of life on earth — these and a host of other elements give us sufficient notice that an important writer is among us. Welcome to William Eastlake.

Human Patriot

THE LAST YEAR OF THOMAS MANN. By Erika Mann. Farrar Straus & Cudahy. 119 pp. $3.50.

Manfred George

THIS IS a book of love, the love of a daughter for her father. But, more than that, it is the account of a loyal secretary and companion totally devoted to the work of a great writer and poet.

Although it covers only the last year in Thomas Mann's life, it comes as a joy because it gives us an insight into the inexhaustible creativeness of this octogenarian. His enormous power to concentrate on his work was coupled with an intense interest in everyday events. He had reached the peak of contemporary fame, and still remained full of creative plans for the future.

During the last few years Erika Mann, herself a person of high individuality and creativity, had stepped more and more into her father's shadow. Her memoir is a last labor of love, an act of almost ceremonial significance. She writes about the innumerable honors that were heaped upon her father, but most of all she talks about Thomas Mann the writer who, amid the political turmoil of his final years, constantly strove to master the literary themes closest to his heart. He wrote his grandiose monograph on Chekhov and his essay on Schiller, whose passion for freedom held a special meaning for Thomas Mann in a world which had become increasingly threatening.

Mann was in search of universal solidarity, and the comment quoted by his daughter reveals more about him than his friends and foes had known:

> Does not all one's love for one's fellow-men rest upon compassionate, fraternal recognition of the almost hopeless difficulties of life? Indeed, this feeling should be the basis of a kind of human patriotism. One loves one's fellow-men because their lot is hard and because one is oneself a man.

Mann meant to write a series of character sketches from the Reformation period, with essays on Hutten, Erasmus, Zwingli and others. But then all this was swept aside by the Luther play, "The Wedding," a subject matter "which Wagner had already planned (in place of *Die Meistersinger)* and which preoccupied the author to the end."

THIS posthumous lament, in which silent tears over the loss of an extraordinary human being mingle with the most methodical day-by-day entries teeming with well-known names, says much about Thomas Mann, his friends, his hobbies and particularly about the responsibility of this writer, who after the war became the elder statesman of German literature and whose position as mediator between West and East was so frequently misunderstood.

Mann was always acutely afraid that mankind might perish in an atomic war. In order to start some action, he had prepared a list of prominent persons—Pearl S. Buck, William Faulkner, Bertrand Russell, Albert Schweitzer and others—who, collectively, would call attention to the ever-rising danger. But then there came the summer in Noordwijk, and the day when suddenly the writer found it beyond his strength to walk up the sloping path from the beach to his hotel.

Robert Graves's translation is perhaps a little impersonal and cold, for this book of great love.

MANFRED GEORGE is the editor of Aufbau, *German-language weekly published in New York.*

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LOOKING back over the programs played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood this summer, I am struck again by the deep conservatism which seems to be affecting the orchestral part of the Berkshire Festival a bit more each season. I refer not only to the Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart series which accounted for twelve out of the eighteen week-end concerts; nor specifically to the programs overweighted with Wagnerian excerpts. Some of these series are part of the Tanglewood tradition and must, I suppose, be kept in order not to alienate portions of the audience. Why they need be given each year in the same way, I do not quite see, but that is another question. My disappointment with this year's festival planning was not with details but with the generally colorless aspect of the whole.

It is true that on most of the evenings devoted to one of the three B's, an obvious attempt was made to relieve

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the stolidity of the proceedings by including contemporary works. The concert which listed Brahms's *Serenade No. 1, Op. 11* and his *Symphony No. 4,* for instance, had Aaron Copland's *Variations for Orchestra* sandwiched in the middle, while the one featuring the Rachmaninoff *Third Piano Concerto* and Debussy's *La Mer* had the Stravinsky *Canticum Sacrum* pasted somewhat incongruously on its forehead. But despite this tincturing of new music, only eight works from a rough total of forty-nine could claim the freshness of unfamiliarity. And half of these works were short. If I were at the moment beating the drum for contemporary music, I would say that such programming did a disservice to twentieth-century art. But even putting that drum aside, it seems appropriate to ask whether, in the total layout of a very large festival, such works as the Bach *B Minor Mass,* the Brahms *Requiem,* and the Beethoven *Ninth Symphony*—each of them occupying a whole evening's program—should not be counter-balanced by at least one massive work of less familiarity or of later vintage? Similarly, is there not something a little off kilter when an American Viola Concerto (Walter Piston's) has to swim its way out of a sea of Wagner excerpts; or when the Copland *Variations*—one of the most distinguished works in the American repertory—must be heard as an interlude between two long, heavily-upholstered pieces by Brahms?

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Speaking of the Copland *Variations,* I must say that for one familiar with their original, piano version, hearing them in their orchestral transcription is a staggering experience. For solo piano, they have an almost steely strength; an uncompromising, stark quality of idea and presentation. But a chord for the piano has, after all, a limited potential for vehemence. A pianist may break his fingers or a string, but he can produce only so much sound.

An orchestra, on the other hand, can strike out with a mailed fist, and in the Copland *Variations,* it does. What, in the piano version, was a sharp, percussive sound, becomes a stroke of naked force—the more upending because it is not brutal, but simply declamatory. Copland has not, in any sense, dressed up his original *Variations,* nor overemphasized their starkness. He has simply transmuted them into an even stronger metal. They are as organically orchestral as the originals were pianistic. But what an Angry Young Man the composer must have been in 1930!

THE Bennington Composers Conference, which is held each August on the campus of Bennington College in Vermont, is a product of plain but profound thinking, and personal altruism on the part of its founders. Two verities on which it is based are that musicians love to play music and that composers—especially young ones—must hear their music performed. To this end, the directors of the conference, with Allan Carter, conductor of the Vermont State Symphony Orchestra, Roger Goeb, composer, and violinist Max Pollikoff in the lead, assemble a nucleus of New York virtuoso musicians, a group of eager young composers and a professional tape-recordist. With these ingredients, they go to work in Bennington's delightful Carriage Barn auditorium. For several hours each day, new works are played into the recording microphones. The composer stands by, to stop a performance if horrible mistakes occur, or to point out aspects of the music which may not have been made clear by his manuscript. Later, the recording tapes are edited; mistakes or pauses for conversation weeded out. At the end of the conference, each composer leaves with an armful of precious recordings, and it would be impossible to exaggerate what they will mean to him in terms of self-study and technical improvement.

To the Shades of Old-Time Revolutionaires

Bearers forever of banners,
Marchers forever where only
The strongest can hold from their
weeping —
The army of the dull and lonely;

Commanders of brooding divisions
True to commands never heard:
"Be of the bone and the marrow
And you will remember the word."

M. L. ROSENTHAL

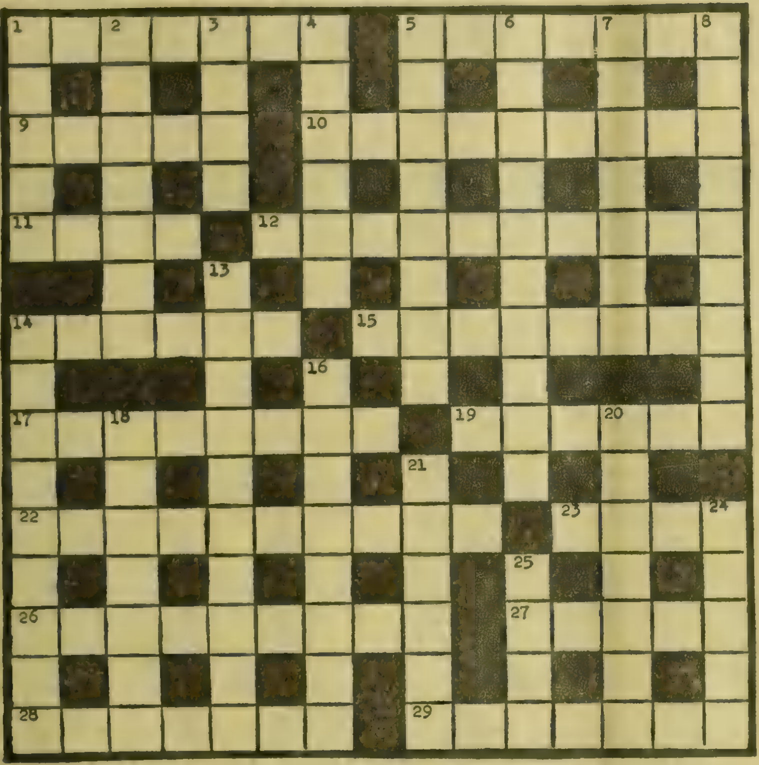
When recording sessions are not scheduled, conferences are held between the student and older staff composers; the performing musicians give lecture-demonstrations about their instruments.

ON MY visit to the conference this year, I was fortunate in arriving on a concert day, so that I was able to hear the well-performed works of two composers whose talent, it seems to me, is of the very first order. One of these young men, Hugh Aitken, was represented by a *Quintet for Oboe and String Quartet,* a hauntingly sensitive work, far Left in its dissonant harmonic structure, not uninfluenced by Schoenberg, yet decidedly personal in content. It was as graceful a work as I have heard in ages. The other composer, James Redding, opened the program with his five-movement *Serenade* for Violin, Clarinet and Trumpet. Here again, the idiom was dissonant (I suspect this was a dissonant season at Bennington), the content appealing and fresh. A *String Quartet* by David Johnson, composed for performance by amateur musicians, did not seem particularly successful or cogent, while the *Music for Percussion* by Margaret Fairlie bogged down in the swamp of monotony that catches almost all such pieces. Its opening movement called *Bennington Tensions,* had a great deal of vivacity and charm; had it stopped there, the work would have been a rousing success.

But to discover two works of the quality of those by Aitken and Redding was enough to put this concert far ahead of most new music programs. Judging by these pieces, and those I heard at afternoon recording sessions, I would guess that the Bennington Composers Conference has just completed one of its liveliest and most useful seasons.

Crossword Puzzle No. 786

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 10 across
5 He might cut corners, but still is in better shape. (7)
9 Pay back part of the engine. (5)
10, 1 across, 23, 18 and 25 Evidently the blind types came down quickly with what packing might suggest. (3,6,2,5,4,7,4)
11 The darkest part of Marylebone. (4)
12 Soldiers might have said the West Wall was of poor construction. (5-5)
14 Bardolph's associate might be fired. (6)
15 Caledonian who gets loose, escaping punishment. (4-4)
17 Tainted. (8)
19 Gray's were short and simple. (6)
22 Binding at the back of your leg? A cowboy might be used to it. (4-6)
23 See 10 across
26 Not a blue-ribbon bunch in the shell—they just bring the winnings back. (5,4)
27 More stern ultimately? (5)
28 See the authority of these wild eaglets? (7)
29 Acts like Holmes. (7)

DOWN:

1 See 5 down
2 They might be out hunting for Dr. Simon! (7)
3 Cooperstown, Indiana? (4)
4 Like 24 down, a bird came first. (6)
5, 1 down, and 16 She's pure, as an example of the oft-recited. (3,5,2,3,8)
6 Dressed up for riding a worker (for the benefit of the liver?) (10)
7 Troubled waters are like to get so. (7)
8 They might make the steer sore (by pricking him?) (4,5)
13 Study the flower at the same time. (10)
14 A certain amount of interest is often shown with this head. (9)
16 See 5 down
18 See 10 across
20 Its cape shouldn't be dirty, at any rate. (7)
21 Chewed out, perhaps. (6)
24 A sort of this associated with penates under a Marquis. (5)
25 See 10 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 785

ACROSS: 1 On a large scale; 10 Cabinet; 11 Pintano; 12 Obbligato; 13 Retie; 14 Labile; 16 Stallion; 19 Disinter; 20 Athens; 23 Aspinwall; 25 Measure; 26 Aga Khan; 27 Condescending. DOWN: 2 Nabob; 3 Long Island Sound; 4 Rattan; 5 Exploits; 6 and 22 down Central Standard Time; 7 Leastwise; 8 Schooled; 9 and 22 across Dovetails; 15 Bastinado; 17 Nestling; 18 Legatees; 21 Uptake; 24 Ashen.

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—Dr. D. F. Fleming, *Department of Political Science, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee*

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ED. NOTE: *The Nation* wishes to thank each of the educators who has generously taken time to write us, telling of the contribution we make to the living classroom. It would require pages of space to quote them all here.

* * *

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William R. Frye

WORLD PROBLEMS: TOWN BUDGET

Gerard J. Mangone

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THE TEAMSTER

Kermit Eby and Martha Smith

LETTERS

The 24" Teacher

Dear Sirs: It is disappointing to find *The Nation* on the side of academic conservatives who can only write off educational television as a "gadget" ["Gadget for Students," *The Nation,* September 6, p. 102]. Undoubtedly the first printed textbook was greeted in the same way. No one would claim that reading a Platonic dialogue is the same as, or better than, confronting Socrates face-to-face. But when Socrates is no longer around, a Platonic dialogue is better than no Socrates at all. So too, if our students are not getting the instruction they should, or are not getting instruction from our very limited supply of good teachers, then TV can help out.

While there are enthusiasts who claim too much for ETV (educational TV), the majority of those who have worked with it know that it is no cure-all, and it is certainly not going to run away with education. ETV has different applications in different situations, and it is by no means universally applicable. ETV can bring education to more people with little or no diminution in quality from conventional methods. In some cases it can even raise the quality of instruction. While ETV does replace the face-to-face teaching situation, a good teacher with a good TV crew can do much to make up for it. And it might be possible that the student will gain more from instruction by the really good teacher on TV than from the mediocre instruction he now very often receives in the face-to-face situation.

As with any other teaching resource (including the teacher), ETV can be used well or poorly. Turning our backs upon it will not help one damned bit.

Thomas Robischon
Assistant Professor of Philosophy
American International College
Springfield, Mass.

The Forgotten State

Dear Sirs: With deep appreciation to Guy Daniels for his "Post-Mortem on San Francisco" in your August 2 issue, I still have a mighty big crow to pick with him. When *Flame* is placed like a tongue in the cheek at the end of the list of very excellent publications fighting in the same war, we rise out of the ashes to declare that in point of priority, a great injustice has been done to the Lone Star Empire, in which this rebellion was born under the very walls of the Alamo.

As evidence thereof, we quote in part from an editorial in the November-December, 1949, issue of *Different,* predecessor to *Flame* and pre-dating most of the other publications mentioned. This editorial states our convictions at that time on the subjects covered by Mr. Daniels, as common to the publications which have "taken up arms against a sea of troubles." We have had no occasion to change them, and happened to foresee what might be expected, somewhat in advance of the California manifesto. Not that it matters who gets the credit, so long as the job is done and we have no quarrel with California except that it is there. But Texas never gets credit for anything. (Note: The Avalon movement, sponsored by *Different* and *Flame,* was founded in San Antonio in 1940.)

Lilith Lorraine
San Antonio, Texas

Nightmare

Dear Sirs: The question bothering me these evenings: does Arkansas have the H-bomb?

C.H. Richardson
Altadena, California

Free Theatre in Ireland

Dear Sirs: On June 9, the theatre in Ireland won an important victory over censorship. Captain Alan Simpson, director of the Pike Theatre, was discharged from court for lack of a prima facie case. After refusing to amend a play at the order of the police, he had been charged with giving performances at his theatre that were obscene and profane. The play in question was Tennessee Williams' *The Rose Tattoo. . . .*

The case, before the courts for over a year . . . was presented before the High Court and the Irish Supreme Court, as well as a District Court, without ever coming to trial. The results were a triumph over the first attempt ever made by the Irish police to censor a stage presentation — and a heavy burden of debt for the Pike Theatre. Costs amounting to £2500 ($7,000) were not awarded. To date £200 has been raised. . . .

Under the management of Captain Simpson and Miss Carolyn Swift, the Pike has presented to Dublin and the world the first productions of several new playwrights, including Ireland's most impressive new dramatist, Brendan Behan. They were the first company to do Samuel Beckett's *Waiting For Godot* in English. As well as offering plays that have gone on to impress audiences in New York and London, the Pike has presented excellent contemporary writers. . . .

Contributions towards the $6,440 needed may be sent to the Secretary, The Pike Theatre Fund, 22 East 89 Street, New York 28, N.Y.

The Pike Theatre Fund

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 9

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Troubles of Faubus

That Governor Faubus will win the Little Rock integrationist-segregationist plebiscite can hardly be doubted, especially as he has taken the precaution of moving up the election date, thus allowing ten days less for sober second thought. But, in the longer view, Faubus and the other segregationist leaders are wading into a sea of troubles.

One factor which has received little publicity so far is the matter of school-revenue bonds. In general, school and other municipal loans, carrying an interest rate scarcely higher than savings-bank accounts, are an attractive investment only becouse of income-tax exemption features and because they offer almost the same degree of security as government bonds. But this is true only as long as the schools are used for their intended purpose and are supported by the credit of the communities which they were built to serve. If the schools are closed, or are involved in litigation, the security of the bonds is undermined. What may happen in any particular case will depend on the terms of the indenture, but disagreeable financial repercussions are likely and certainly the market for Southern school bonds will hardly boom under the conditions Faubus and his co-workers have created.

The Eisenhower Administration is probably wise in avoiding precipitate action, on the theory that the forces of sanity will gradually take effect. No one can gain by the closing of the schools except juvenile delinquents, demagogues looking for the easiest way of cadging votes, and the minority which puts white supremacy above all things. The mundane considerations of daily living are all on the side of moderation and compromise. Much as they love their children, mothers normally look forward to the beginning of the school term: the wear and tear of housework is less if the house is empty part of the day. The children themselves, as indicated by TV polls, regard an indefinitely prolonged vacation with misgivings. Even youthful segregationists say openly that when it comes to a choice between no schooling and going to school with Negroes, they prefer the latter. Students preparing for college are worried about accreditation. Most teachers like to teach, and all are interested in their pensions. Time is not on the side of those who have hit on this technique for defying the Supreme Court.

But the greatest blow to segregation could have been dealt by the Little Rock school board when it decreed that if the classrooms were closed, the athletic fields must be closed also. Governor Faubus accuses the Presbyterian clergy of being brainwashed by leftists and Communists. The school board was much more obviously infiltrated. What's a high school without a football team? Without a basketball team? Unhappily, according to some reports the board has succumbed to pressure and rescinded its ban on football. If so, white supremacy has the ball—temporarily.

At the United Nations

Thanks largely to the wise and timely leadership of Representative A. S. J. Carnahan (D., Mo.) the stage is set for an advance in the American position on the interrelated issues of the "peace force" and the budget at this year's session of the General Assembly. In the closing days of the last session of Congress, Mr. Carnahan managed to secure concurrence in H. R. 373, a skillfully drawn resolution subsequently approved by both the Senate and House, which states it to be "the sense of the Congress" that the General Assembly should give immediate consideration "to the development, within its permanent structure, of such organizations and procedures as will enable the United Nations promptly to employ suitable forces for such purposes as observation and patrol in situations that threaten international peace and security." The report that accompanied the resolution takes note of the fact that while the entire membership of the U.N. should contribute to the cost of a peace force, some arrangement for apportioning the costs "other than including them in the United Nations budget" may be equitable. In effect, this commits Congress not merely to supporting the peace-force proposal, but to backing it financially by a contribution conceivably based on a ratio other than that now used to determine our share of the general budget. In this issue, articles by William R. Frye and Gerard J. Mangone (pages 164-169) state the case for the peace force and for an adequate budget in terms that, we submit, are unanswerable. In terms of strengthening the United Nations — and who at the moment does not want to see it strengthened? — these are the critical issues facing the General Assembly at the 13th session.

And Now Mexico?

On returning from the theatre to his home in Mexico City at midnight on September 6, Bernard Blasenheim, an American citizen, was met by three government detectives and told that he must accompany them at once to Estacion Migratoria, a detention lock-up for immigration cases. Held incommunicado, without warrant or charges, for some seventy-two hours, he was finally placed aboard an airliner and flown to San Antonio, Texas, where he deplaned, without baggage, in the clothes he had been wearing on the night of his arrest, and with the equivalent of eight American dollars in his pocket. Mr. Blasenheim had lived in Mexico for eight years and enjoyed the status of *imigrado* or permanent resident; married, the father of three Mexican-born children, he is a successful builder of homes, factories and office buildings and a well-known member of the American community. Seized at the same time and deported under similar circumstances were Alan Lewis, the playwright-director, and John Bright, the novelist and scenario-writer. So far as is known only these three, of numerous Americans, Spaniards and others who were arrested as part of the same dragnet raids, were deported. To this date the deportees have been given no explanation for the summary action nor have they been presented with any accusations or charges. All that is known is that the raids were ordered by a decree of President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines and apparently were part of a curious and rather clumsy plan to find "scapegoats" for the recent upsurge of strikes and other labor disturbances in Mexico City. In itself the incident is not of major importance. But few governments have a more consistent or honorable record in respecting human rights than the Republic of Mexico. Our confidence that this tradition will reassert itself is still strong, but we must confess that it is shaken to the extent that some public explanation for the harsh action taken in these recent arrests and deportations is clearly in order.

Oil in Politics

Archie D. Gray, senior vice president of Gulf Oil Corporation, has announced that "if we are to survive" the corporation must counter labor's political power by entering politics. His statement reads: "For many years Gulf, together with most other American corporations, has been so busily engaged in business activities that politics has been ignored. Whether we want to be there or not, Gulf and every other American corporation is in politics, and we must either start swimming or drown." The tone of desperation is unmistakably genuine; but why? We hadn't realized that labor was *that* powerful. Could it be that Gulf Oil, which owns half of the Kuwait Oil Company — British Petroleum Co., Ltd., owns the other half—is really concerned with the international politics of oil more than domestic labor politics? Kuwait is the largest Middle East oil producer, with a production of 1.3 billion barrels a day; it is the fourth largest producer in the world. And if Gulf is just now to enter politics, what has it been doing all these years? The Gore committee report on the 1956 election campaign shows that $87,550 was contributed to the Republican Party by officials of Gulf Oil. The list included contributions of $33,000 by Richard K. Mellon, $29,500 by Alan Mellon Scaife, $19,750 by Donaldson Brown and his wife (Mr. Brown was one of the contributors to the funds raised among Eastern Republicans to distribute the Joe Kamp smear-Reuther letter in California). If Gulf Oil officials "ignore" politics when they contribute $87,550 to one party in a single campaign, what inference do they want the public to draw as to the sums they now propose to spend?

Autumn Leaves

Twenty-four hours before the United Auto Workers signed a three-year contract with the Ford Motor Company, the Detroit *Free Press*, foreshadowing the course of negotiations, came out with a dramatic and forceful editorial denouncing the clumsy attempt to smear Walter Reuther through the use of the Joe Kamp pamphlet in California by certain personnel involved in Senator Knowland's campaign. As though to emphasize the point, John S. Bugas, the chief Ford negotiator, interrupted the bargaining sessions to issue a statement defending Reuther and blasting Kamp. All sides seem to have come off fairly well in the settlement. The union bargained three years of industrial peace for some slight improvement in pensions, a better deal for skilled workers and other minor improvements. The company gained public prestige by negotiating a fair arrangement with the union in a sluggish sales season. For the nation, the settlement is good news on several counts, but most particularly because it is an assurance, if one were needed, that management in the auto industry is not at all enchanted by the Joe Kamp style of labor-baiting which was once indigenous to Detroit. In the auto industry, at least, there is little prospect of a return to the obstructive labor-baiting tactics of the 1930s. By this time even Senator Knowland, battling the ghost of FDR in California's fifty-one counties, must sense which way the autumn leaves are falling.

The E-D-L Story

It is not true, as some critics have asserted, that Americans are ill-informed. They are very well informed. But on what?

If the proverbial man from Mars had followed the headlines of the Los Angeles papers in the first week of September, he could reasonably have concluded that the most important events in the world were taking place on Quemoy and Matsu. But if he had stayed around another week he would very likely have gained the impression that three new islands had been added to the danger zone: Eddie, Debbie and Liz.

From September 9 through September 13, the four Los Angeles papers — *Times, Examiner, Mirror-News* and *Herald-Express* — devoted 572 column-inches and thirty photos (counting only one edition of each paper a day) to a private affair involving entertainers Eddie Fisher, Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor. Although the China situation — all aspects of it, including Eisenhower's speech in full, international and domestic reaction to that speech, and the Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange — drew 49 per cent more space (although getting only one-third the photos), the E-D-L story had 20 per cent more coverage than segregation and the Supreme Court, the third top-ranking story.

During the thick of the fray, the Eddie-Debbie-Liz triangle overshadowed everything; Quemoy and Matsu receded into the far horizon, like the setting sun in a Burton Holmes travelogue. Only the Eisenhower speech returned the Formosa cauldron to the headlines. Without it, Eddie, Debbie and Liz would have had the world to themselves, so far as the readers of the Los Angeles dailies were concerned.

From I. C. C. to N. Y. C.

Robert W. Minor, the youngest man (thirty-eight) ever named to the Interstate Commerce Commission, has been tapped for a vice presidency by the New York Central. For Mr. Minor the appointment is distinctly a promotion: from $20,000 to $50,000 a year. Press releases announcing the appointment tell us that last year was a busy one for the I. C. C. Among other cases, the commission heard twenty-one involving the New York Central. This coming year it will be even busier. Under the Transportation Act of 1958, which the I.C.C. helped lobby through Congress, the ultimate authority long exercised by state regulatory agencies to compel common carriers to operate local services, even at a loss, will be seriously undercut. In the future the I. C. C. will have the final word in abandonment proceedings. Once a line is abandoned, of course, there is very little authority that a state commission can exercise over it. More remote than the state body from local political pressures, the I. C. C. will be much more inclined to approve abandonments. In brief, the stage has now been set for a harsh squeeze on commuters who, threatened with cessation of services they regard as vital, can be counted on to step up local pressures for state subsidies or tax concessions, or both, for the railroads.

Mr. Minor's appointment serves to remind us that the key issue in the regulatory agencies has always been the relationship between the regulators and the regulated. And, by the way, whatever happened to that investigation of the regulatory agencies? It would be a pity if, in the glare and noise of the Goldfine-Adams explosion, the investigation petered out. Unlike the New York Central, Congress can abandon an important public service without formal approval.

The Right Age

We suggest that our current belligerent stance toward the Red Chinese constitutes a strong argument for admitting them to the United Nations. If they're old enough to fight, they're old enough to vote!

Footnotes

For the benefit of the press as well as our readers, we should like to append three footnotes to David Cort's article on the effect of DDT sprays on plant and wild life ("The Pesticide That Came to Dinner," *The Nation,* April 12, 1958).

1. *The New York Times* reports, September 13, 1958, that the use of DDT sprays has seriously affected reproduction among quail and is probably responsible for the equally serious decline of that noblest of birds, the American bald eagle.

2. *The New York Times* reports, September 18, 1958, a drastic reduction in the number of small land birds on Long Island this summer in precisely those areas in which the controversial DDT spraying took place last year as part of the wicked campaign, described by Mr. Cort, to eliminate the gypsy moth.

3. Jack Denton Scott reports, New York *Herald Tribune,* September 18, 1958, that an American ecologist, back from a field trip to South America, has found that Argentine scientists regard the fire ant as beneficial because its food is largely composed of harmful insects. According to Mr. Scott, the "control program" aimed at eliminating the fire ant in certain Southern states would also eliminate about 75 per cent of the bird and animal population present in the areas to be sprayed. At the moment Alabama officials are urging all Southern states to insist on a comprehensive research program before the federal government goes forward with the fire-ant control program.

Mr. Cort is not the first journalist to discover that the cure is often worse than the disease, but he deserves high marks for bringing this issue into the open well in advance of his colleagues.

1. STAND-BY POLICE FORCE . .

by William R. Frye

United Nations

ONE OF the less spectacular but nonetheless important issues before the current session of the United Nations General Assembly is whether or not to set up machinery for a permanent stand-by peace force—that is, whether to equip a toothless U.N. with a long-needed set of upper and lower plates.

This particular dental operation, curiously enough, is as uncomfortable in prospect, at least to some of the eighty-one U.N. patients, as its counterpart might be in the realm of physical dentistry. Despite the urgent need for it felt by many, there is hesitancy, doubt, fear of the cost, and not a little outright opposition.

What is being proposed is not a fighting force, capable of meeting and suppressing aggression—even small-scale aggression by a tiny power. The world is nowhere ready for genuine collective security; no country, with a very few possible exceptions, is ready to promise that it will send its manpower to war at the direction of an international organ.

Something much more modest is involved. It is a force which would symbolize the moral authority of the United Nations, as does the present U.N. Emergency Force (UNEF) in Egypt; and even that would not be an actual force-in-being. The most that advocates ask is that the Assembly formally request member states to set aside, within their own armed forces, manpower for use in such a force if called for; and that the thousand-and-one advance preparations be made for its prompt mobilization and assignment.

The need for stand-by arrangements has been demonstrated a number of times in the past decade, but never more dramatically than in the Near East crisis this summer. Lebanon illustrated the truism that the existence of machinery for peacemaking renders much more likely a political decision to use it. The necessity to improvise from scratch is a powerful deterrent to effective action.

What emerged from improvisation in the Lebanese case was an observer team of scant numbers with even more scant authority. Like UNEF, it was put together and set to work on the assumption that it could not operate without the consent and cooperation of everyone with whom it came in contact. In the case of UNEF, this was a viable, if restricting, hypothesis; both Israel and Egypt had reasons to cooperate. But in the case of the U.N. Observer Group in Lebanon (UNOGIL), this assumption rendered the operation very nearly pointless. It was asking too much of human nature to expect that people whose illegal activities were to be observed would cooperate to let the U.N. observe them.

Evidence of UNOGIL's impossible position appears on almost every page of its reports. When fired upon, the observers had to withdraw, making what UNOGIL called a "providential escape"; roads could not be patrolled at night, whole areas of the border were inaccessible, suspicious activities could be seen from a distance but not investigated on the spot, robbers and outlaws made patrolling perilous, etc., etc. No one could read these reports carefully without concluding that the observers needed small arms, at the very least, to guard against theft and assault, plus armored vehicles, mine-detecting equipment and other elementary means of self-protection. Weeks passed before UNOGIL obtained sufficient observation aircraft.

DESPITE THIS graphic experience, a number of U.N. delegates still resist the idea of preparing a force and giving it light arms. Some, such as India, have reasons of national interest to shy away; the Indians fear that the existence of a peace force might tempt the Assembly to send it to Kashmir, as Pakistan has asked. Others, notably the Soviet bloc, are opposed on principle, not wanting the U.N.'s peacemaking ability enhanced. Moscow apparently worries lest a peace force might become, one day, the nucleus of a U.N. army. However, the Kremlin let UNOGIL be created and was prepared at one stage to see it strengthened. In specific instances and for special purposes, the Soviet Union may be prepared to go along.

The opposition which is taken most seriously comes from Latin Americans and others, who dread the day when the bill must be paid; and from anti-colonials who are afraid that a peace force might be used to keep unpopular regimes in power or to suppress colonial revolts. They see Lebanon and Jordan as indications that their fears are justified.

THE FINANCIAL qualms are understandable. Hammarskjold has been hard-pressed to find the money for UNEF. (UNOGIL was financed out of special funds already in hand.) The bills amount to less than $25,000,000 a year, but even this has not been raised [see page 166]. But this is not a valid argument against a stand-by force on paper. Costs would not be severe until it became a force in being, and the Assembly could weigh operating costs against need each time an occasion arose for mobilization. Meanwhile, the men would stay at home, in armies maintained and paid for by their own governments.

The objection that a force might be used to suppress colonial revolts confuses the instrument of policy with the policy itself. The Security Council or the General Assembly would decide in each instance the purposes for which the force would be used. It is hard to see how the anti-colonials could lose control over

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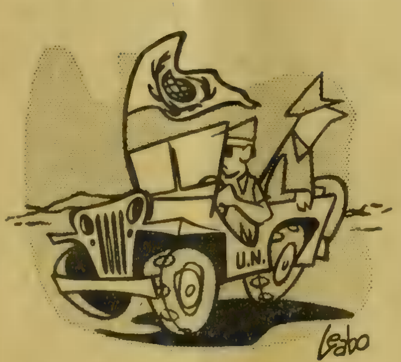
such matters. They have well over the one-third of the votes necessary to block Assembly action, and in the Security Council, the Soviet Union, with its veto, is always ready —indeed, eager—to champion their cause.

Without spending more than a few hundred thousand dollars, mostly for salaries, the U.N. could set up a stand-by peace force. States could set aside troops for use as U.N. units, and a staff of officers at U.N. headquarters could coordinate the pledges. If without advance planning U.N. troops could be mobilized in days, with careful planning it could be done in hours. A pledged force might be made almost as readily available as one in being. Indeed, under some circumstances, it could be even more readily available. Troops earmarked by Yugoslavia, for example, and held in readiness near Belgrade, might get to a crisis area in the Middle East faster than U.N. troops stationed in New York. Such a force would be more flexible, more easily adapted to circumstances, than one in being.

THE advance preparation, however, would have to be careful and thorough. As Hammarskjold has indicated in a special report, UNEF experience has taught many valuable lessons in this respect, and should be used as the starting point. In the early days of the Egyptian crisis, it would have been extremely useful to have known, for example, where armored reconnaissance troops could be found; which countries had large transport aircraft capable of ferrying not only men but vehicles across the Mediterranean Sea; where a staging area like Capodichino could be had on short notice; which Asian countries (known to be particularly acceptable to Egypt) would be prepared to contribute infantry; where engineers, ordnance men, medics, etc., could be found, and how many would be needed; how large an overall force would be required to do the job envisaged—insofar as any precise job was envisaged at that stage. Steps such as these would have smoothed over many other practical and political problems, and probably would have cut in half the time required to get UNEF on the ground in Egypt.

Admittedly, it is not easy to get advance promises of cooperation. Few, if any, governments are willing to pledge themselves to send their men anywhere the General Assembly may ask, at any time, for any purpose the Assembly may consider wise, even if the men are not likely to have to fight. Countries making such a commitment might find themselves, when the time came, faced with the alternatives of reneging on their promise or taking action they considered against their own national interest. The world community has not yet reached the point (despite high-sounding phrases in the U.N. Charter) where all use of force, for whatever purpose, is regarded as necessarily bad. However, a substantial number of governments might be willing to promise that, if they agreed with an Assembly decision to dispatch a peace force, they would contribute a certain number of troops for certain kinds of duties, and that meanwhile they would hold them in readiness for such a purpose.



It would be easier to get many countries to earmark troops if they knew in advance what their gesture of international-mindedness might cost them in cash. Of course, no one can forecast the specific nature and dimensions of a crisis, but the division of financial responsibility between the U.N. and the contributing country could be defined.

Still another related subject, to be clarified if possible, is the formula for sharing the U.N.'s share of the costs among member nations. These costs ideally should be shared by everyone on the same scale as the regular budget; but for any operation the size of UNEF or larger, the United States and a few other countries would in practice almost certainly have to bear more than their normal share, because many small and/or underdeveloped countries simply could not afford to add substantially to their present U.N. contribution.

AN AREA in which detailed advance planning certainly could be made is logistics. It should not be necessary another time, as it was in the case of UNEF, to telephone around the world seeking berets which could be dyed blue, or for vital rations to depend so largely on the accidental proximity of American supply depots. Those organizing the force should either have food and uniforms on hand, in rented depots, or should know where these things could be found and transported quickly. It would be useful, too, to know—for example—that Indian troops do not like Egyptian rice, and that Indonesians do not have winter clothing as part of their regular equipment. A certain amount of elementary strategic and tactical planning also would be desirable. Various maps and data on climatic conditions, for example, could come in handy. How should a police force have been equipped for use in protecting Tibet from Red China in 1950—and how could it have best gotten to the scene? Very little time would have been available to find out after a call for help.

Advance provision should be made for a headquarters and commander. It was a happy accident in November, 1956, that a commander for UNEF, with a ready-made staff, was available in the immediate crisis area. The next crisis might not be so conveniently located. A small pool of trained personnel ready to be flown to a danger spot immediately might also serve a highly useful purpose. A very few—a comparative handful—might be enough. The first estimate of probable UNOGIL strength was around 100. The physical presence of only ten observers in the Egyptian no-man's land in 1956, with U.N. insignia, flags, armbands, etc., had a remarkable psychological effect, according to eye-witnesses, calming the atmosphere and giving promise of fuller U.N. intervention to come.

UNEF has proved that there can be a severe problem of morale with men whose duties are routine and who are stationed far from normal entertainment. The glamour of a U.N. armband can wear off very quickly for a man who has to patrol a barren desert in 100-degree heat and sandstorms, and has nothing to look forward to when he is off duty except poker and shooting craps on a blanket in his tent. Some of the UNEF troops found beaches; a few soccer balls and chess sets occupied others; but it was not nearly enough. Officers discovered that the men were fraternizing with Israeli WACs across the demarcation line, a practice which could have undesirable political as well as other implications. A leave center ultimately was set up, and men rotated to it once every six months. Professional show people from the United States and elsewhere were enlisted, on a volunteer basis, to come and entertain. But it was all begun much too long after the men arrived. It simply had not occurred to U.N. headquarters that redheads and baseball bats were essential parts of the operation.

THE POWER of a United Nations force, as here envisaged, would lie less in its rifles than in its armbands; it would represent the moral authority of the United Nations.

Among the useful functions such a force could undertake would be to stabilize precarious armistices, deter aggressions, supervise plebiscites and help administer disputed territory. It could do a hundred other jobs which could all be classified as helping to prevent small wars. It could do this by harnessing a power the possibilities of which the world has scarcely begun to exploit: the power of world opinion, the moral judgment of mankind. Few, if any, governmental leaders choose to stand up for very long against this force. Even the men in the Kremlin have begun to show themselves sensitive to it, though by no means in the same degree as popularly-elected rulers. This power is the essence of the United Nations' peacemaking potential at the present stage of world development and anything which helps to channel and dramatize it strengthens the U.N. to a measurable extent.

2. World Problems: Town Budget . .

by Gerard J. Mangone

FOR ABOUT one cent — or a stick of chewing gum — a week, every American hopes to promote international peace and security through the United Nations. This princely per capita sum represents this country's support of the eighty-one-member international organization, eight U.N. specialized agencies, one international technical assistance program, four international relief programs, and a world court.

Silver-throated statesmen, here and abroad, eulogize the United Nations; scholars cagily analyze by document and citation the daily achievements of the Security Council or the General Assembly; and soft-hearted ladies from Auckland to Altoona form hot-coffee councils to nod with smiling approbation on the need for more international cooperation through the U.N. All this goes without saying — and without money.

In its twelve years of existence, the U.N. has been pledged to some of the most splendid ambitions of mankind: the raising of living standards throughout the world, the encouragement of human rights, the codification of international law and, of course, the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means. Five years ago, the annual budget of the U.N. itself was a mere $49.3 million; in 1958, it was estimated at $54.8 million, to which the United States will contribute about one-third — or the price of two bombers. Henry Cabot Lodge has said that the U.N. stands before the world as an agency for peace and justice "of great and growing influence." But the cash available to the organization is about one-fortieth of the annual budget for New York City.

In its formative years, the U.N. was a combined conference and administrative agency. It acted both as a forum for airing problems and a shop for organizing data. But year after year, pressed by headlong world events, the imaginative people who move quietly through the great carpeted halls overlooking New York City's East River began to operate substantial programs in refugee and children's relief, as well as technical assistance, and they boldly established the first international peace force. Strengthening the United Nations in the long run is going to depend upon the development of international programs and agencies which respond directly to the needs of the world community of states.

But the U.N. humanitarian programs to help displaced Arabs, Koreans and Hungarians have lacked adequate funds; requests for technical assistance have often been rejected because of lack of money to recruit the best experts; and the U.N. is on the verge of defaulting some obligations recently incurred as a result of the Emergency Force on the Israel-Egypt border.

Many high-minded citizens of the world, dazzled by the magnificent U.N. buildings (on land donated by a private individual) and the stream of shining rhetoric praising the principles and purposes of the organization, have no idea of how little they contribute to its operation. For example, in a year's time the cost to each American for membership in the U.N. is ten cents. He pays an additional seven cents to participate in the International Labor Organization, UNESCO and the other specialized agencies. And the sum of thirty-one cents last year was vol-

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unteered to all the refugee relief and reconstruction funds, the children's fund, and the whole U.N. technical-assistance program. The British and the French pay even less than these pittances. It costs each Russian little more than four cents a year to belong to the United Nations.

AFTER TWELVE years of post-war reconstruction and seven years of technical assistance, the wealth of the world is still maldistributed. Today, as the General Assembly meets to discuss the greatest challenges to world peace, the unfortunate contrast between the size, productive capacity and living standards of the member states is more evident than ever. Assessments to the regular budget of the U.N. are based upon national incomes. Fifty-six per cent of the entire U.N. budget is still paid by only three countries — the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain. The balance is shared by seventy-eight other states of the world.

But the one U.N. program which has been brilliantly dramatized as a means of raising living standards in economically underdeveloped countries is in difficult straits. Last December the General Assembly, in an official resolution, noted with concern that the resources available to the expanded program of technical assistance in 1958 might prove to be less than those available in 1957. It appealed to the participating governments to examine the consequences of the situation and to consider the possibility of increasing their contribution to the program.

The United States spends ten times as much on its own technical-assistance program as it does on the U.N. program. And it spends two hundred times more on military assistance and defense support to foreign nations than it gives to the U.N. technical-assistance program. Yet a United States Government spokesman recently remarked, "The United Nations Expanded Program of Technical Assistance goes to the very heart of the problem of economic development. It is for this reason one of the most satisfying aspects of our efforts in the United Nations." Such contrast between word and deed exists that the United States has been seeking to *cut* its contribution to the program.

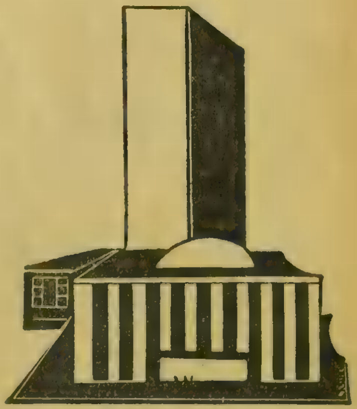
While it is true that the United States is the largest single contributor ($15.5 million) to the U.N. technical-assistance program, on a per capita basis Denmark, Canada, Norway and Sweden give more. It is clear that the United States Congress would like to see other states, particularly the Soviet Union (which contributed only $1 million to the U.N. program in 1957) assume a larger percentage of the financial need. For this reason, Congress has moved to reduce the American share from about 45 per cent in 1958 to 38 per cent in 1959 to 33⅓ per cent in 1960.

But to skimp on this vital program out of pique against the Soviet Union is absurd; and penny-pinching an international organization that can carry forward technical assistance without the bias of imperialism which many countries attach to unilateral American programs is extremely short-sighted.

THE U.N.'s technical-assistance program is no giveaway. Every nation which requests an expert to help its economic and social development must pay a contribution toward his living expenses while he is on the mission and must provide him with the secretarial help, transportation and interpreting aid required for his work. Moreover, each receiving government is expected to furnish a counterpart national to work with the expert side by side and thereby guarantee the local continuity of a program at the end of the U.N. mission.

Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold has long recognized the pressing need for another kind of technical assistance: namely, the existence of an international pool from which governments could recruit officials for national executive jobs. Many young or untrained governments in Asia, Africa or Latin America badly need executive-administrative cadres to staff their key offices, to build backbone and fibre within their governments, not just collaborate as an expert outside them. This is a bold scheme. But again words and deeds are hardly reconciled.

Last July the Technical Assistance Committee in Geneva recommended to the General Assembly, now meeting in New York, that the Secretary General be empowered to help governments who wish to obtain qualified personnel to perform temporary functions of an administrative or executive character. Nineteen nations on the committee voted in favor of this recommendation, none against, and only four abstained. Numerous other governments supported the proposal and none opposed it. The reason for this cheerful unanimity about a truly progressive idea is awkwardly apparent, for not only is this program to be tried on a limited and experimental basis, but *"without increasing administrative expenses."*



THE PLIGHT of the refugee funds is in many ways more tragic. As early as September, 1951, the International Refugee Organization was choked off without provision for some 400,000 persons still displaced by war or political upheaval. Instead, the U.N. appointed a High Commissioner for Refugees, stripped of operating powers, to provide liaison among governments, voluntary agencies and refugees. When, in desperation for funds, the High Commissioner was authorized by the General Assembly to seek voluntary contributions in 1952, he set a goal of $3 million — and collected only $800,000. A timely and generous grant from the Ford Foundation mitigated the international shame of thousands of refugees left in miserable camps.

Today the situation is no better. In Geneva, the High Commissioner for Refugees has just reported to the Economic and Social Council that only $1.6 million out of a required $7.5 million have been collected to close the European refugee camps by 1960. Funds for the maintenance of European refugees on the China mainland while in transit to Hong Kong have been exhausted and 8,000 Hungarian refugees were still seeking to emigrate from Austria to find permanent homes.

Dame May Curwen, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the U.N. Refugee Fund, has expressed her deep distress at the shocking lack of funds for the camp-clearance part of the High Commissioner's program: "Only a little more than the price of a single jet airliner would give nearly thirty thousand old refugees, many of whom have spent a decade in camps, a chance to return to normal life."

THE U.N. International Children's Emergency Fund also looks alarmingly at its prospects for financial support in the coming year. Despite rising prices and the needs of 325 programs throughout the world to benefit children and mothers by disease control or improved child care, contributions between 1956 and 1957 increased by only $900,000. Moreover, while the United States has pledged $11 million for 1958, Washington is expecting the other eighty countries of the U.N. to pay at least 47.5 per cent of the UNICEF budget. Otherwise it will cut its contribution proportionally.

The Economic and Social Council took grave note of the UNICEF report and, of course, unanimously adopted a resolution expressing the hope that "countries all over the world will consider ways and means to increase their support of the United Nations Children's Fund." Such resolutions, while salving national conscience, make little or no bite into a host of national budgets which are more concerned with the annihilation of man than the preservation of his children.

Other relief programs of the United Nations have also been starved for funds. In every case there is a stirring affirmative vote in the General Assembly upon heart-warming resolutions, but individual states stare in cool silence before the bill collector. Authorized a goal of $266 million in 1953, the Korean Relief Agency had collected less than half that amount by the following year. And 93 per cent of the total came from four governments alone.

Once again the maldistribution of the world's wealth plagues the concerted effort needed to wage war against disease, poverty and ignorance. Less than a third of the members of the U.N. have contributed to all the voluntary aid programs which the General Assembly has endorsed. Some states have little to spare from their own distress for the relief of their neighbors. But others, either because of political obtuseness or unenlightened leadership, lag in the realization that the insecurity and illness of other nations may ultimately mean disaster for the whole world.

It is imperative that, on the one hand, the United States Congress not be discouraged in its appropriations to the U.N., its specialized agencies and the voluntary programs; and, on the other hand, that the easy profession of international good will by states in the General Assembly be backed up by cash.

LAST AND most important of the U.N. agencies hamstrung for lack of funds is the Emergency Force patrolling the Egyptian-Israel border. While the establishment of this international peace army might go down as one of the most important advances in world history, it may also wind up as a complete financial fiasco. Boldness characterized the U.N. resolutions of November, 1956, calling for a cease-fire and the withdrawal of British, French and Israeli forces from Egyptian territory. And courage marked the idea of forming a small task force from small states not involved in the Middle East dispute to establish order on the long-troubled frontier. But again the rush to resolutions and the self-satisfaction of statesmen for their loquacity in maintaining international peace were not matched by plain, ordinary money to get the job done with honor.

From November, 1956, to December, 1957, the cost of maintaining the 5,400-man U.N. Emergency Force in the Middle East was about $29 million. Another $20 million will be needed in 1958 to cover the expenses of the units from Brazil, Canada, Columbia, Denmark, India, Norway, Sweden and Yugoslavia that make up the force.

Since the posting of the emergency units, unbroken quiet has prevailed along the entire line between Egypt and Israel. So impressed are many U.N. delegates by the success of this truly international peace force that even now discussions are under way to make it a permanent institution [see page 164]. But will the states of the world be willing to pay the small premium needed for insurance against catastrophic loss?

The $20 million required to maintain the force in 1958 is considerably less than the United States alone will contribute to the relief of the Palestine refugees in one year. Nevertheless, as of July 31, sixty-two of the eighty-one members of the U.N. had made no payment against their share of the expenses of the force. In fact, thirty-three states had made no contribution whatsoever to the force since it was established in November, 1956. Put into cold cash terms, the Secretary General two months ago was $19,854,146 short of his obligations incurred as a result of bringing peace to a frightful conflict which threatened many thousands of lives, millions of dollars of commerce, and enduring bitterness.

This ironic commentary on the finances of the U.N. mocks the fancy phrases of the small-minded men who shuffle papers in the lavish council chambers of the glassy New York headquarters. If the international public debates yield nothing more than sterile, printed papers for political home consumption, the chances of building a friendly community of states are indeed dim.

For Americans, endowed in this decade with the means and opportunity of strengthening peace through world cooperation and world law, our commitment to the U.N. must be beyond comparison. Harry S. Truman assured the first General Assembly that the policy of the United States was "to support the United Nations with all the resources that we possess." Today, as the thirteenth General Assembly meets in New York, the need is not less, but more. The time has come for all to put up or shut up about their tireless support of the U.N., their unswerving loyalty or sincere dedication to the principles of the Charter, and other hackneyed aberrations of truth.

The United Nations is a daring adventure, more vital than the exploration of the moon, and at a particle of the cost. If the small cluster of buildings hugging the shore of the East River is truly the hope of this generation, as so many statesmen reiterate, then big ideas should be welcomed and big money provided. There is a crying need in these cautious, crabby years for imagination and leadership. Surely the time has come to speak in billions of dollars, not millions, where the future of mankind is at stake.

THE TEAMSTER . .

by Kermit Eby and Martha Smith

MANY MONTHS have passed since the Teamsters Union was expelled from the newly-formed AFL-CIO. Much of the sound and fury which accompanied the expulsion has now died away. Perhaps this is a good time to examine objectively the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers Union; its boss, James Hoffa and, finally, the peculiar society which gave rise to them both.

The teamster has been called the "last of the individualists in the American labor force." The largest single group in the Teamsters Union are the truck drivers, who generally work alone. Most of the driver's time on the job is spent out of the range of immediate supervision by the employer. In most instances, he meets on the road a hostile world: traffic, police, long waits to unload and load at docks, the strain of maneuvering heavy vehicles through all kinds of weather and over all kinds of highways. If he is in the "over-the-road" classification, he is away from home for long stretches at a time.

The average educational level of the truck driver is low. But what he lacks in education, he is likely to make up in aggressiveness. He may have chosen the job in the first place as a gesture of independence from family controls. And, in the cab of a high-powered vehicle, he assumes a sense of power which he does not have in relation with the larger world. The prognosis of his economic future is blurred; one does not see old truck drivers, for the job takes its physical toll and reflexes are wont to slacken with the years. Anybody with a chauffeur's license is qualified to replace him. His social future is not much more promising; sociologists rate him in the upper lower class and as being "downward mobile" in general. In terms of marriageability, he is rated as an itinerant.

The truck driver's philosophy tends to be a temporal one: more pay *now*. But he wants to stay a truck driver (he is likely, for instance, to refuse a higher paying job in a factory). A few drivers, looking ahead, will admit that they would like to go into the hauling business for themselves, but most are vague as to what they'll do when they're too old to man their vehicles. Actually, their prospects are dim and can be related with frightening brevity: dispatching, working on the dock, an "inside job," watchman — the vocations of unskilled middle age.

INDIVIDUALIST though the teamster may be, he still wants respectability for his children — ascension from the laboring class to the white collar or professional. By and large his wages are better than those of the factory worker and he knows that this fact can in great part be attributed to his union. This brings us to the interesting question of how the teamster views his labor organization.

Because he sees his union as operative for him when he is in difficulty with employers and the police, he wants it to have "muscle" and influence. The older member sees the organization as an instrument for obtaining pension and welfare benefits. But in addition to bread-and-butter considerations, the union exerts an emotional pull. The fact that the truck driver as a worker lacks the kind of craft loyalty peculiar to the skilled tradesman cannot be discounted. For him, the term "Teamster" — with a capital T — has become a symbol to which he can attach himself. One way or another, all men need such symbols.

To the average teamster, however, it is not the international union which commands his loyalty, but the local which bargains in his behalf. The rolling abstractions in the official title of the organization are meaningless to him. He will know only the people at the lowest level of the union hierarchy — the steward and the business agent — since they are the people whom he sees when a problem arises, to whom he pays dues, to whom he turns for a job. What happens in the higher realms of the union is of minor concern; even Dave Beck, before his finaglings were revealed, meant little to the individual teamster.

No two union men have exactly the same attitude toward their union, of course, but the basic variations

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are relatively few in number. According to the writers' observations and those of skilled researchers in the field, six general classifications are sufficient to cover the whole range. If we apply these classifications to the membership of a typical teamster local, we are likely to get results somewhat as follows:

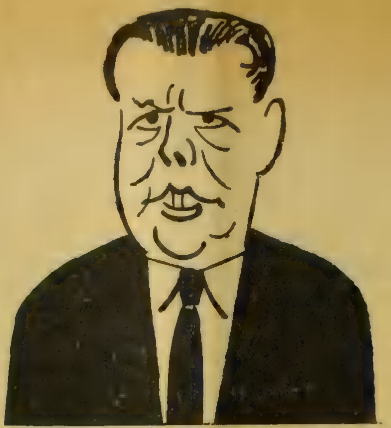
(1) *"Ideological" members* operate in the union with a sense of mission. Their orientation is primarily political. Their base is outside the organization — usually in a Communist, Socialist or other left-wing organization. They are a disappearing influence in the labor movement, and are barred altogether from the Teamsters Union by constitutional provision. The writers know of no teamster local where they are present in any significant number.

(2) *The "good union man,"* like the ideological unionist, is dedicated to the organization, but has a different concept of the goals. For him, the union is a vehicle for advancing his job situation. He has no theories of social change, generally has a knowledge of the union's history and structure and is, in many cases, influential in local union affairs. His role in the Teamsters Union might be that of a full-time officer, steward, active committeeman.

(3) *The "loyal but critical" member* is in opposition to the incumbent leadership. Frequently he is a former officer seeking re-election or he is trying for the first time to break into the leadership. Teamsters elect officers once every five years. Incumbents control petty patronage and the communication lines of the organization; they are in a strategic position to develop an unbeatable machine. It is rare for changes in teamster leadership to be effected except through time and disease.

(4) *The "crisis activist"* supports the *idea* of a union, but without emotional involvement — except in emergencies. Being a teamster, he knows the strategic importance of his role. He is proud of the fact that teamster strikes are usually 100 per cent effective. He is eager to be part of an organization through which he can express his resentments toward society.

(5) *The "man in the middle"* tends to view his work more from the employer's position. In industry, he is the skilled craftsman; in the trucking world, he is the dispatcher, with power to assign loads. He wants to maintain wage differentials in his favor between himself and the driver. Traditionally, he is a prospective supervisor.



Drawing by Berger

James Hoffa

(6) *The "card carrier"* is utterly indifferent to the union; he joined in order to get or to keep a job. Even so, in the Teamsters Union, he does not favor dissolution of the union. Possible economic reward, his pride as a truck driver, his lack of real rapport with management, create a milieu which keeps him a member.

Much of what has here been set forth is true because the teamster international has only tenuous connections with its locals. Constitutionally, the individual member's affiliation is with the local. The current trend, however, is to establish area-wide contracts. Since the international president appoints the area conference presidents, centralization of authority over contracts and over other union functions is the wave of the future in the Teamsters Union.

In any case, the evidence is strong that the individual teamster's power to effect changes in his organization is limited, even if he wanted things changed. Like many another American, he feels that he can do little to alter anything outside his immediate environment; he feels himself limited by all kinds of circumstances—income, education, or perhaps racial background. These are considerations which ought to temper our judgment when we view the teamster.

Now let us look at the short, volatile and quick-smiling Hoffa—a paragon of energy at forty-four. His record, since he began working in the labor movement at the age of eighteen, reveals a combination of competence, callousness and ambition. He has been indicted for perjury, for sponsoring hoodlums and for wire-tapping; quite possibly he will be tried in the future for income-tax evasion.

When he was seventeen, Hoffa went to work in the Kroger warehouse in Detroit for 32 cents an hour. "You hung around as long as they wanted to keep you," he said. "But you got paid for the hours you actually worked. The rest of the time you just sat around, waiting for more boxcars to come in." This was the depression period. There were 175 people in the warehouse. "I got interested in unions because we were getting kicked around," Hoffa says. "We started talking about it on the sly. We got four other people together who agreed to be leaders and we talked it up."

AT EIGHTEEN, Hoffa displayed the shrewdness that would mark his entire career.

> We had a strike at Kroger, but it lasted less than an hour. We went on strike just as a load of strawberries came in. The strike lasted only an hour because we timed it right. We notified management that we had formed an independent union, and wanted to bargain. Management showed up within an hour, because they had to get the strawberries unloaded before they spoiled.

President of the teamsters then was Dan Tobin. He was not long in recognizing Hoffa's talents and handed him the charters of moribund locals in Detroit. Hoffa began to climb. Following is his description of his early organizing campaigns:

> Our cars were bombed out. Three different times, someone broke into the office and destroyed our furniture. Cars would crowd us off the streets. Then it got worse. They hired thugs who were out to get us, and brother, your life was in your hands every day. There was only one way to survive—fight back. And we used to slug it out on the streets. They found out we didn't scare. The police were no help. They would beat your brains in for

> even talking union. The cops harassed us every day. If you went on strike, you got your head broken. The whole thing didn't take months — it took years. Once I was put in jail eighteen times in twenty-four hours. This was the Crowley-Milner strike in 1939. Every time I showed up on the picket line I got thrown into jail. Every time they released me, I went back to the picket line. Eighteen times in one day it happened. But we stayed on that picket line for a year and a half, and we won the strike.

In subsequent years, while other union officials were jockeying for status in the upper echelons of the labor movement, Hoffa continued to work with the same tools he learned to use in the "strawberry" strike. He was everywhere—filling the vacuum in the organization left by Dave Beck's rise to the presidency in 1952. A grievance in North Dakota? Jimmy Hoffa went. Negotiations in Dallas? Detroit's Hoffa led the committee. A strike in Springfield, Illinois? Hoffa settled it in three hours. A wage differential of almost $1.50 between the highest and lowest paid drivers in local cartage in the Midwest? Hoffa equalized the pay. As he explains: "In many cases it meant bringing drivers up from 95 cents an hour to $2.24, in thirty months' time. It meant reducing hours from sixty a week to forty. It meant overtime after eight hours a day, instead of twelve. It meant putting into effect a health and welfare program. It meant putting into effect a pension plan where there had never been a pension plan before." As is obvious, it took organizing talent and imagination to draw up a twenty-three-state, over-the-road driver agreement. His organizing philosophy reveals that he was prudent as well as militant:

> When you go out on a strike, brother, whether you are a coal heaper, a ditch digger or a truck driver of any description, you are just a picket walking up and down, and you better have a wallet behind the punch or don't swing it — one of the two. Because you are not going to win if you don't. . . . I am for five days, shorter hours, but I am not for strikes that can't be won except by sacrificing more than you gain by having the strike. . . .
>
> Without the city cartage and the road organized in a territory, you cannot organize the rest of the city, and I make it as a flat statement. Any employer who wants to fight you in any other branch of *our business* can whip the strongest local union in the international union unless you have the support of the road and city cartage, and I don't care what kind of a strike you've got. Once you organize the road, the city, the warehouses, nobody can whip the Teamsters Union, nobody.

In the words of a labor newspaper editor, this indeed is no "ghost-written, high flying jargon that teases the imagination, but hard words stemming from the elemental fact of strategic power in the teamsters along with a leader who worked with imagination and prowess."

WHAT OF ALL this? Of course, James Hoffa is a contradiction of everything the authors have taught and tried to live. We believe that, despite the environmental pressures described in this article, Hoffa must be judged in terms of his personal, private, morals and ethics, as exhibited not only in relation to his family but in his position as a leader of labor. An honorable man would break with a situation which he finds ethically intolerable, and if he doesn't find some situations intolerable, there is something wrong with him. Explaining the social situation does not exculpate the man; the individual remains no less responsible for what he does or does not do. Nevertheless social criticism, if it is to have relevance, should be tempered by some understanding of the pressures and forces that produce a man like Hoffa and a union like the teamsters.

FACES OF SPAIN: 1958 . . *by Dan Wakefield*

> Going back to Spain, as I have done three times since the Civil War, is a heartache and a joy. I had left a country of intense light and darkness, a world all black and white, like Picasso's tremendous and marvelous painting of *Guernica*. I returned to a gray, fuzzy Spain, strangely peaceful and apathetic. Almost one would think that the horrors and the pain, the glories and the exaltations, had been a dream, a vision of the past that had existed only because the heart was so profoundly moved and the mind clouded.
>
> Herbert L. Matthews, *The Yoke and the Arrows*

FOR THOSE of us too young to have known either one firsthand, but nurtured on Hemingway's vision of the Spain of the twenties and Orwell's report from the Spain of the thirties, Spain in 1958 is a series of discoveries of death. Here as elsewhere it is the fate of my own generation to find ourselves respectful visitors at the shrines of our fathers' departed passions. *Homage to Catalonia* in hand, we search Barcelona for the spots where the bricks were torn out of the streets and built into barricades; the buildings that once bore posters proclaiming the revolution now are plastered with announcements of the coming of Britain's Tommy Steele, "El Rey de Rock 'n' Roll." *Death in the Afternoon* in hand, we are guided to the monument of Manolete, another memory. An eyewitness to this year's fiesta in Pamplona reports that when the crowds had gathered for the running of the bulls through the streets of the city there was only a band of discontented calves, and at the head of the pack of citizens to run them was a crew-cut young man in a "University of Michigan" sweatshirt. We come now not as ex-

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

patriates or volunteers, but as tourists, and we find other tourists, buy leather wine flasks, and talk of *The Sun Also Rises.* Citizens of a fuzzy age, we play at the past of black and white.

What I can tell you of the present is only the impression of a tourist who had but a month to travel in Spain, and I must fairly warn you that Spain is a country of thirty million people and 195,000 square miles which include separate provinces as different in tone and character as the North, South, East and West are different in the United States. I was mainly in Madrid and the cities of Andalusia, the southern Spain which is the poorest and most backward part of the country.

SPAIN FOR ME began — as it begins for so many Spaniards now — in France, where I met with a group of exiles who sit in the outdoor cafes of Paris and hold the political discussions which are outlawed in their own country. The exiles as well as the tourists are burdened with the past, but in a much more serious and frustrating way, for it even now clouds their hope of the future. When I talked with three politically active exiles at the Café Flor in Paris, they forlornly explained that the interminable meetings and conventions through twenty years of talk have still produced no common political front among their factions and parties. As one of them frankly explained it, "Everyone still wants to prove he was right twenty years ago." The only agreement that cuts across all political lines is the old one that there mustn't be another civil war. I met no Spaniards who share the high hopes of some foreign journalists that Franco is ready to flee the land, and serious political discussions either inside or outside of Spain are not concerned with how to overthrow the regime but what to do when it (or, more accurately, *he*) finally dies. But the Monarchists, Socialists, Communists, Republicans, Christian Democrats and Trade Unionists (the latter two are nascent groups inside Spain which hope to be the basis for political parties when Franco dies) can only agree in their wish for something else than this regime, but not what the something else should be.

The three men I spoke with in Paris had all been Falangists, and all are now Socialists. They find their hope for the future, as always, in the workers and the young. The periodical strikes (all strikes are illegal) and student demonstrations which have occurred off and on in Spain throughout the fifties have provided new, fleeting straws for the exiles to grasp, but are always followed by arrests and then (in the case of workers but not students) new pacifications and improvements in wages and conditions which reseal the dike. The exiles I talked with had all departed the country within the last five years and were thus more realistic about the hopes of these risings than many of the Spaniards who haven't seen the country since the Civil War and tend to look upon every new ripple as an indication of the coming of a flood.

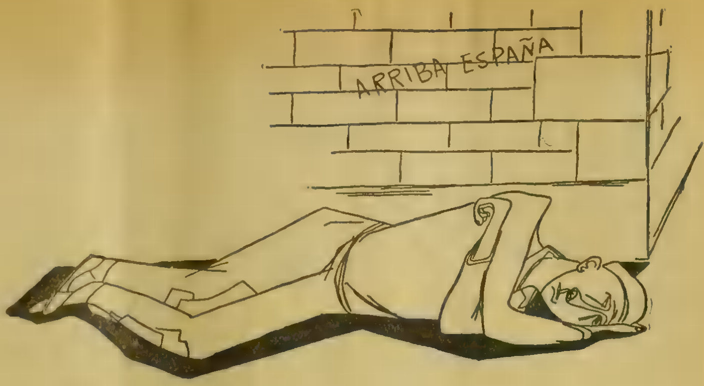
The most recent ripples were the Barcelona strikes of this spring, for which all Spanish political parties of the Left immediately claimed credit. All seem to agree that the strikes were initiated by the Communists, but soon were seized on as a protest opportunity by workers of all shades — or no shade — of politics. Beyond this the three Socialists I talked with admitted, as one of them explained it, that when great numbers of workers joined in, "It was really no political group — it was just the workers. They needed more money. One of their leaders who was questioned by the government merely said that the men were *contra toda*—against everything."

"We are very encouraged," one of the exiles said, "by the fact that there are many new discussion groups and secret political clubs among the young. Before the war, they knew nothing but the Falange and Franco; but many of them have been abroad now, and many are discovering politics for the first time. They are discovering the old ideas, and deciding they are Socialists or Democrats or whatever."

He showed me the Manifesto of one of these new groups. The document is called "The New Republic," and asks for democracy, justice, freedom, human rights, and "peaceful coexistence of all the Spaniards."

"Of course," he said, when I had read the Manifesto, "These are just small, isolated groups and it is impossible for them to keep in touch or join together in any big movement. And yet, we are glad that at least they are talking."

BUT MOST of the Spanish political talk is still to be found in France, South America, New York and Mexico, where the majority of the 500,000 exiles are flung in a diaspora twenty years old. In Spain itself the talk and the political passions that exist must be searched out, for they live, by necessity, below the surface. All political parties except the Falange are outlawed; all newspapers, magazines, books and plays are censored. But if the tourist wants to talk, the native will talk, and it is usually the talk of frustration, rather than passion, and mainly found among that minority that deals with ideas. Those who have an intellectual voice have no chance to raise it in the affairs of their country, but must sit by in silence as one man determines their fate. Even the most devoted anti-Franco partisans admit that it is not terror but frustration that results from living under the regime. A lawyer I met in Madrid explained sourly that "This is not a dictatorship — it's a bureaucracy, a means for spreading corruption. It imposes peace."



It is hard, indeed, to imagine yourself in a dictatorship as you travel through Spain; but this is the reaction of a tourist, of course, and it is obviously not so hard for the students and workers who now are in prison from participating in strikes and demonstrations against the government. Yet those who defy the government's security laws are a very small minority, and it would seem the great mass of men accept the regime with the same resignation and the same complaints as they accept the weather.

THE GREAT surface of the land and the cities often convey a sense of apathy and exhaustion, but never a sense of terror and oppression. It is true that the Civil Guard and the Army are usually around wherever you go — but what an Army! It is hard to feel oppressed by these half-asleep, sloppily dressed soldiers who, with their fine mustaches and long rifles, seem like something out of our own Civil War. In Algeciras I followed one morning an Army drum and bugle corps that was leading a parade through the town in celebration of a Saint's day. They progressed, perspiring, through the narrow streets, raising dust and children as they went, stopping every few blocks to play a tune and then move on — not marching, but dragging themselves ahead in half-hearted lines. The drummer dutifully banged out the rhythm, but it was impossible for anyone to be out of step, since no one was *in* step.

The sense of a sleepy, suspended past hangs on in many forms and many places throughout the country, but it is never far from some incongruous sight that shocks you back into the modern world. Sometimes it is tourism — for that sport has grown to enormous proportions, transforming many parts of the country. ("It is the biggest invasion we have had since Napoleon," one Spaniard remarked.) In the newly "discovered" town of Torremolinos which has now become *chic* for the strangers who come to the Southern coast, donkeys line up at dusk outside the veterinarian's office, and sports cars honk past on the way to hotels. One night I went to the "old town" of Torremolinos, a quiet fishing village which is still largely "undiscovered," and walked through the dark and cavernous silence of its streets where women slept on burlap sacks, and then, at the end of the main street, began to walk faster as I heard the faint sound of music (guitars and gypsies?) and the silence was suddenly broken by a blast of *How High The Moon* from a new beach night-club.

THE SAME strange superimposition of worlds is also found in the newspapers, which report exhaustively the foreign news — atomic submarines, adventures into space — but what little current news appears of Spain is mainly concerned with the politics of the past. I read several articles and editorials deploring the British conquest of Gibraltar and asking that the English reconsider this rash move.

The censorship of the current Spanish news is complete, and yet everywhere I went, people who were concerned with such matters knew, for instance, all about the strikes in Barcelona in the spring. I asked one man in Madrid how he heard about them if nothing was published in the papers and he explained that "we get it by word of mouth, and on the radio. Usually someone has a radio that gets BBC or New York, and there is also a Russian broadcast in Spanish that we get here. If you don't have such a radio you go to a cafe and someone tells you. You learn more in the cafes than in the newspapers."

The intellectually conscious Spaniards, of course, resent this roundabout method of getting the news, and yet there are many who accept it as quite understandable, according to the government rationale. A schoolteacher in Malaga told me that "There is no censorship in Spain," and when I brought up the matter of the strikes and political news she patiently explained that "In Spain, all political parties except the Falange are outlawed. When something happens like these strikes, it is the work of the Communists, and if the papers were to print the news it would help the Communists agitate throughout the country. As it is, the government radio station tells you about it four or five days after it is over, when there is no danger. So you see, it is not really censorship, it is just for the good of the public."

There are indeed those who feel that the policies of Franco are best serving the public good, and even those who are against him are proud of the fact that their country has managed to survive "on its own" when the world was not recognizing its existence, and out of the ashes of the Civil War managed to hold itself together without external help. As for the new millions in American aid, there seems to be a reason (as there always seems to be when it comes to American aid) for both sides to scorn it. The liberal intellectuals scorn it because they feel it has helped maintain a dictatorial regime that is staving off Spain's modern future. I met one student, who, when he learned I was an American, didn't want to talk on the grounds that my country supported Franco and Trujillo and was therefore not a democracy at all.

(Continued on page 179)

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Literature That Freed Itself

FLASHES IN THE NIGHT. Edited by William Juhasz and Abraham Rothberg. Random House. 87 pp. $2.50.

THE BROKEN MIRROR. Edited by Pawel Mayewski. Random House. 209 pp. $3.50.

THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK. By Marek Hlasko. Translated from the Polish by Norbert Guterman. E. P. Dutton & Co. 128 pp. $2.75.

Gleb Struve

THE 1956 Revolution in Hungary and the so-called "Polish October," which brought Gomulka to power and initiated a period of Communist "reformism" in Poland, were spearheaded by a revolt of the intellectuals, in which writers played an important role. Of the three books here reviewed, the two collections published by Random House aim at acquainting the English-speaking reader with the contribution of the Hungarian and Polish writers to the intellectual revolt in their countries.

Flashes in the Night, the Hungarian volume, borrows its title from one of the stories, a parable by Aron Tamasi on the theme of the Flight into Egypt, set in Communist Hungary. It is a modest collection, consisting of seven short stories (the longest is sixteen pages) of rather uneven quality, by five authors. The best are one of the stories ("Love") by Tibor Dery, who was arrested during the revolt and is still apparently in prison, and the title story by Tamasi. "Love" [first published in English in *The Nation*, February 23, 1957] describes, with dramatic restraint, the return of a political prisoner, after seven years of confinement, to his wife and son. Another story tells an amusing Zoshchenko-like anecdote about a resourceful stonemason who trims up an old statue of Emperor Francis Joseph, when town officials cannot afford to commission a Kossuth monument because they have recklessly spent the public money on all sorts of celebrations. The bulk of these selections lacks literary distinction, but they all reflect the writers' determination, after a period of enforced lying, to tell the truth about life in Hungary, and to do so in the way they choose. In a speech before the Writers' Association on the eve of the revolt, Gyula Hay, a leading Communist writer who had spent twenty-five years in exile in Germany and the Soviet Union, demanded complete freedom of literature: "the writer should be entirely free to tell the truth . . . not to weigh whether light and shadow are balanced in his work . . . to describe evils without simultaneously prescribing a remedy . . . to write in an unusual literary style," and so on (this speech, together with other interesting documents, is quoted by the editors of *Flashes in the Night* in the introduction). The volume shows how some Hungarian writers responded to these elementary demands for freedom: all the stories in it were written between February and September, 1956.

The Broken Mirror is more ambitious and meaty. It opens with a short note by the editor, who says that his aim was "to let the Poles describe the reality they live in themselves," and with a ten-page introduction by Lionel Trilling. It contains both fiction and non-fiction, the former represented by two stories, "The Defense of Granada" by Kazimierz Brandys, "The New Philosophical School" by Tadeusz Rozewicz, and one play, "The Philosophers' Den" by Zbigniew Herbert. The publication of Brandys' story in January of 1956 was a literary event because the author had previously been known, not only as a staunch Communist, but also as a faithful follower of Socialist Realism; several of his works had been published in the Soviet Union. This story, practically plotless, a little confused in the narrative, and somewhat ambiguous in its message, tells of the experiences of a group of young Communist actors ("Granada" is the name of their theatre) who become involved with the makers of the party's cultural policies. Rozewicz's story offers no action whatever: it is a monologue by a contemporary young Pole who lives alone in a big Warsaw house, professes to detest his fellow human beings, but at heart longs for the human companionship that is denied him. Zbigniew Herbert is described by the editor as a relative newcomer to literature and a predominantly philosophical poet. His play is about Socrates awaiting his death in prison. Its full meaning does not become entirely clear, but it contains obvious topical allusions and makes fun of Communist ideas.

THE SOLITUDE and despair which permeate Rozewicz's story, and the intellectual questionings of Brandys' young actors are probably typical of the post-October Polish literature; they would not have been tolerated in the pre-1955 "Stalinized" period, and it was by giving free rein to such moods and inquiries that young Polish writers rebelled against party control of artistic and intellectual life. The non-fiction pieces in *The Broken Mirror* give perhaps a still better understanding of this revolt. Most of the authors were convinced Communists (some might still so describe themselves) and for quite a long time followed faithfully the Stalinist line. Wiktor Woroszylski, a young poet and journalist, and a great admirer of Mayakovsky, tells in his autobiographical "Notes for a Biography" how communism for him was "supreme poetry," how he knew "no greater joy than that of taking an active part in the struggle for the Cause." His story then becomes one of gradual disillusionment:

> Most painful to us now is the awareness of what we failed to write about because we did not understand it or see it, or simply refused to see it. . . . I am still troubled by the memory of the problems and conflicts on which we turned our backs, fallaciously assuming that only a note of fervent affirmation was worthy of the poetry of the Party, mirroring the achievements of socialist progress.

Woroszylski's senior, Pawel Hertz, speaks with the same candor in his "Recollections from the House of the Dead" (his name for the Union of Polish Writers):

> The only essential thing is the work that wasn't created, the books we didn't write, the problems we didn't solve, the intellectual theories we didn't advance, for all this undoubtedly hindered the development of literature and impoverished the moral and intellectual life of the nation.

It is interesting that Lajos Kenya, one of the young Hungarian writers quoted in the Introduction to *Flashes in the Night*, said in 1953, at the beginning

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GLEB STRUVE, author of Soviet Russian Literature, *is a professor in the Department of Slavic Languages, the University of California.*

of the "New Course" under Imre Nagy, that what really mattered was what he had left unsaid, what he had withheld from the truth.

Woroszylski's final "undeceiving" came about in 1952, when he went to study in Moscow. He felt there "like a suspect intruder in a secret fortress rather than a foreign Communist in the first state of workers and peasants." Students of Soviet literature will note with interest the following remark dropped by Woroszylski: "One was . . . struck by the discrepancy between personal literary tastes and official pronouncements: thus many a work went unpublished and yet was appreciated in the writers' circles —usually non-political, often downright decadent writing." A body of works written "for one's own desk" has also been mentioned by Alexander Werth, for many years a foreign correspondent in Moscow. If these rumors prove true, more books like Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* may be expected from Russia.

I have no room to do justice to the two other non-fictional pieces in *The Broken Mirror.* Leszek Kolakowski's "Permanent and Transitory Aspects of Marxism," with its spirited contrasting of Stalinist "institutional" Marxism and true intellectual Marxism, has been noted already in the Western world and severely attacked in the Soviet Union for its "revisionist" tendency. Jan Strzelecki, author of "Notes: 1950-1953," is another "deviationist," who preaches the heresy of "humanistic Socialism."

MAREK HLASKO's *The Eighth Day of the Week* is both a complement to and an illustration of the Polish literary revolt against asphyxiation by Communist totalitarianism. He is not represented or mentioned in *The Broken Mirror,* but he is today the most popular and widely read young Polish author— a personification of the literature that has freed itself from party tutelage. Twenty-six years old, he has tried a variety of professions and learned a great deal from life at first hand. His stories first attracted attention in 1957. For one of them he was awarded a literary prize by the Polish émigré magazine *Kultura.* He recently visited Paris and in interviews with French journalists spoke very irreverently of Socialist Realism, which most Polish writers regard today as a blight on literature, and which never has been anything but a euphemism for the party line.

The Eighth Day of the Week is an excellent short novel, a poignant story, both poetic and ruthless, of two young lovers for whom there is no room in the drab yet nightmarish world of present-day Warsaw. Free from all didacticism, from all propaganda, its substance is the quality of human love and the tangle of human relationships (besides the two lovers, there are some sharply-etched characters, not the least important of them the heroine's brother, Gregorz, who boozes and philosophizes). Nevertheless, it sheds much light on life in Poland today, where—according to Gregorz—vodka and exhaustion are the two things that tie people to one another.

Hlasko has been compared by some critics with certain American neo-realists. But he also reminds one, in his combination of poetic lyricism and ruthless realism, of some of the Soviet Russian writers of the twenties. Polish "revisionists" are often accused now in Russia of idealizing the 1920s in Soviet literature.

Hazard of the Sea

SEAMARKS. By St.-John Perse. Bilingual edition. Translated by Wallace Fowlie. Pantheon Books. 363 pp. $6.

Ramon Guthrie

ST.-JOHN PERSE, who under his real name of Alexis Saint-Léger Léger has a distinguished record as a top-flight career diplomat, is in his early seventies. Since 1940, when he refused the post of ambassador to the United States and was deprived of his French citizenship by the Vichy government, he has lived in retirement in Washington. It is hard to guess what his reputation as a poet would have been if his entire output of unpublished manuscripts, written throughout what must have been his most productive years (1916-1939), had not been destroyed by the Nazis. *Amers* (in English translation *Seamarks*) was presumably begun in 1946 and finished ten years later. He calls it "my last song." He further describes it, in the opening movement of the work, as "poetry to accompany the march of a recitation in honor of the sea" and as ". . . a great poem beyond reason."

To a certain extent, all of St.-John Perse's poems have been both "beyond reason" and beyond any of the usual categories into which poetry can conveniently be divided. *Amers* has neither plot nor hero — nor, for that matter, characters in any true sense of the word — yet it has an implicit epic core of august splendor. By its sensitivity and imagery, it ranks among the best lyric poetry of our time. The overall effect is of a tumultuous drama performed in masks and buskins.

In *Amers,* more than in any previous work, the poet reveals the literary influences that have helped to form him. There are echoes of Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Whitman, Rimbaud, Pindar, "The Song of Songs" and Valéry (his "Sea drunk with sea" sharply recalls Valéry's sea "ivre de ta chair bleue"). Yet this ultimate poem has an even more highly personal vision than any of his previous works.

For Perse, as for Rimbaud, the sea is a symbol of completeness and creativity and fertility, the element of total liberation and of the oneness of conflict and harmony; but, such is his gift for fusing the mystic and the physical, it is at the same time a very real sea in every aspect, rich with wetness and saltiness and all the varied smells the sea can have. In the concluding lines of his principal movement the sea emerges for a moment as love, the enemy and annihilator of death. "Lovers, the sea follows us. Death is not. The gods hail us from the port," he announces and then cryptically, as if to keep the identification from being too absolute, he adds: "From under our beds we pull our largest family masks."

It is a temptation to read meanings into *Amers*, even where almost certainly

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RAMON GUTHRIE, poet and critic, teaches French and Comparative Literature at Dartmouth College. His latest collection of poems is to be published by Macmillan this year.

The Pure Passion

The wind has hollowed me.
All that remains
is sister to the stones,
wife to the sky.

On quartz-bright rock
hot from daylong sun
I feel the bones and vigor
of the world.

Life beats in the lake
as in my veins.
My vision thrusts to sand
bent by gold water.

Green-listening pines
slant waterwards, reflect
into my eyes
my look of wakened love.

DILYS LAING

none is intended. For Perse, a poem's function is neither to "mean" nor to "be" but to *do*. Essentially he takes for his own Rimbaud's concept of poetry, as a way of discovering "secrets for changing life." "The modern poet," he says, "has at his disposition sovereign powers of conjuration." In the exercise of these powers, Perse creates absolute metaphors whose effectiveness owes little to reference. Such images as "the white bitches of disaster capped with gold," "the Black who bleeds our lion cubs," "the field of black poppies where forked lightnings anchor" offer little hold for exegesis.

Although St.-John Perse speaks of *Amers* as a product of the "hazard of the sea," it has a solid structural unity. The longest of the four movements, *Strophe*, is a series of masterly variations culminating in a dramatic crescendo. The final movement, an elaboration of Rimbaud's "la mer mèlée au soleil," casts a fresh light back over the whole poem.

ST.-JOHN PERSE is the only French poet who has ever lived to see practically all of his published work translated—and well translated — into English. T. S. Eliot's translation of "Anabase," while not at all points faithful to either the substance or the tone of the original, is a considerable accomplishment in its own right. As Eliot explains, the French poet collaborated in the work so much that "What inaccuracies remain are due to my own wilfulness."

If Wallace Fowlie's translation of *Amers*, though admirable on the whole, sometimes fails to have the throb and glow of the original, it seems to be partly because he has tried to be too specific and partly because he has not felt at liberty to recast Perse's thought as radically as Eliot did. For example, a literal translation of the second sentence of "Anabase" would be: "A man put bitter berries in our hands." Eliot changes it to: "Came such an one who laid bitter bay in our hands." By itself, Eliot's rendering here seems cumbersome and forced, but seen as a part of the whole it justifies itself. It establishes a perverse barbarian overtone that is in the poem, but which Perse expresses by ambiguities that would not be effective in English.

No matter how far "beyond reason" a poem may be, its translator is usually obliged to give it at least touches of "meaning." That is to say, he must choose among the many potential meanings or implications that lie in the original text, even though the poet himself may not have been consciously aware of these implications. When Mr. Fowlie translates "fauves" as "red lions," he makes a choice. The reader can (and this reader does) feel that it is not a happy one — not so much because "fauves" aren't red and because too many English pubs have pre-empted the phrase anyway, as because "red" does not fit the context at this point. But when he renders "C'est trop de grâce parmi nous," as "There is too much grace between us," one feels that he has made *no* choice, that he has put a loose, prosaic statement in the place of a sharp, poetic one, without considering whether there might not be some alternative that would at least reproduce the pagan twist, conveyed by his syntax in this case, which Perse gives to such words as "grace."

A Very Imaginative Man

AKU-AKU. The Secret of Easter Island. By Thor Heyerdahl. Rand, McNally and Co. 384 pp. $6.95.

Louis Dupree

SENOR KON TIKI (as the Easter Island natives called him) has once again written a fascinating—and in some ways, fantastic—book in an attempt to further his theory that the Polynesian Islands were settled by American Indians. In his previous monumental work, *American Indians in the Pacific*, written as a result of his famed Kon Tiki balsa raft ride from Peru to Raroia (eastern Polynesia) in 1947, Mr. Heyerdahl postulated Polynesian settlement by two waves: the first by a seafaring people from Peru about 500 A.D., and a second wave about five hundred years later by Indians from the Northwest coast of America. These Indians (according to Heyerdahl) had come originally from the Malay Archipelago and had traveled to the Northwest Coast via the north Pacific current. They missed all the islands of the central Pacific on the way east, but settled them later on the return trip.

Mr. Heyerdahl's mania for evidence which supported his thesis and his neglect of the bulk of evidence which suggested an opposite theory worried many professional archaeologists, who were afraid of what he might do with stratified archaeological evidence that did not fit his scheme. His work in the Galapagos in 1953, and now his Easter Island work in 1956 should set their minds at ease. All the surveys and excavations were conducted by competent archaeologists with no vested interests in his theories. Yet, although the technical archaeological work is of high calibre, nowhere in *Aku-Aku* does Mr. Heyerdahl mention what his professionals think of his theories. No

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LOUIS DUPREE, associate professor of anthropology at Pennsylvania State University, has engaged in anthropological and archaeological research in France, West Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Libya, Panama and Puerto Rico. He has published extensively in the scholarly journals and is now completing a popular book, The Land of Insolence, *about his experiences in Afghanistan.*

Between Worlds

"Wait for me," said spring; "I'll not be long."
But we grow old. How long till spring be come?
Spring said, "Winds change. See, the snow is gone
Yet you indoors say, 'North and death make one.'"

What should we say? As a sunstart strikes a drift
The blue like a door slams close again with snow:
Is that your promise? This is our belief!
"I come as I must," said spring. "I wait for you."

Come now—to stay. When we were young, the seasons
Could spin like tops or tell four classic acts
Of soul in joy, death by time or poison . . .
"That was your play," said spring, "a trick of clocks."

That game of hearts! Winter unwinding spring,
A fallen summer. We have run you down
And you must come or find your world unstrung. . . .
"I come in hosts," said spring. "You die alone."

LOUIS O. COXE

thoughtful anthropologists deny the *possibility* that South American Indian seafarers reached easternmost Polynesia in pre-Columbian times; they merely question Mr. Heyerdahl's enthusiastic conviction that the American Indian played a dominant part in the settlement of Polynesia.

THE purpose of this review is not to criticize Mr. Heyerdahl's facile prose. He is a gifted writer and his descriptions of the silent, giant Easter Island statues, the newly-discovered family caves, the modern customs of the Easter Islanders, and the visits and excavations on other Polynesian Islands are written in a style which should satisfy the most discriminating (or should I say non-discriminating?) taste. Mr. Heyerdahl and his colleagues have added much new data to our knowledge of Easter Island and for this we are grateful.

I do, however, wish to discuss Mr. Heyerdahl's final dialogue with his *aku-aku* ("guardian spirit," or so says Mr. Heyerdahl; actually, the term refers more specifically to the "Spirits of the Dead"), in which Mr. Heyerdahl takes the role of antagonist to his theories. The *aku-aku* defends the author against his own doubts and wins, dialectics down.

Briefly stated, Mr. Heyerdahl's (or his *aku-aku's*, I got a little confused myself) conclusions about Easter Island are:

1. The first settlers came to Easter Island from South America about 400 A.D. Mr. Heyerdahl gives a carbon-14 date of 380 A.D. plus—or minus—one hundred years. If the other evidence agrees with this date, Señor Kon Tiki would have done better to postulate an early peopling of Easter Island from the *west*. This would have been spectacular enough for the most romantic of professional archaeologists, because conservative anthropologists date the discovery of Easter Island about a thousand years later. Even Heyerdahl's friend, Father Englert, concludes that the island was colonized in the sixteenth century, A.D., but this is not mentioned in the book. Englert arrives at this date using the same legendary king lists as does Heyerdahl, who generally accepts oral legends uncritically as history. Recent linguistic research indicates that the dialect spoken on Easter Island probably became differentiated from the main eastern Polynesian language stock between 300 and 530 A.D. This decidedly contradicts Heyerdahl's thesis that the island was settled from South America, for it is almost inconceivable that the Peruvian Indians reached Easter Island prior to 500 A.D. and left no vestige of their language! Linguistically, the Polynesian dialect of the Easter Islanders is almost indistinguishable from that of the Mangareva Island, the Marquesas and of the Maori of New Zealand.

2. Mr. Heyerdahl makes much of the similarity in masonry techniques between Inca Peru and the seawall and *ahu* (temple) structure of Vinapu on Easter Island. The similarity is at best superficial, and nowhere in Polynesia (including Easter Island) does one find the typical irregularly cut and neatly fitted monumental blocks of ancient Peru.

3. Mr. Heyerdahl announces the discovery of an unknown style of giant statue sculpture. He did uncover many hitherto unknown statues, but the styles are certainly not new or revolutionary, in either technique or iconography. Mr. Heyerdahl is a very imaginative man, but then, few of us ever talk to an *aku-aku*. Most specialists believe that the tall stone statues which dot Easter Island are a local variation of the religion-plus-art mania prevalent throughout Oceania. They are similar in style to the wooden images carved in central-eastern Polynesia. The Easter Islanders simply used available raw materials to express themselves.

4. Even the botanical and racial evidences, so conclusive to Mr. Heyerdahl, are open to various interpretations. What is a possibility to him on one page becomes a probability on the next and a fact before the end of the chapter.

And so on. Space limitations prevent a point-by-point rebuttal.

Heyerdahl ignores the fact that the total cultural pattern of Easter Island points to a central-eastern Polynesian origin. Since the Dutch Admiral Roggeveen "discovered" the island in 1722, European travelers have repeatedly reported these traits in detail. They include: tattooing, gardening (sweet potato, yam, banana, taro), domesticated chickens, *tapa* (bark cloth), intertribal warfare, ritual cannibalism, a highly stratified clan and kin system, dugout canoes, *ad infinitum*. Even the *ahu* platforms are simply local variations of the *marae* structures of eastern Polynesia.

FOR those who wish a soberer discussion of the "secret" of Easter Island (while awaiting the final report of Heyerdahl's archaeologists), I recommend Professor Alfred Metraux's *Easter Island* (1957), or the summary article of Professor Marshall D. Sahlins in the *American Anthropologist* 57:5 (1955), "Esoteric efflorescence in Easter Island," which, despite its esoteric title, is a straightforward presentation of overwhelming evidence contrary to Mr. Heyerdahl's controversial theses.

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public back on the right migration path, and enable anthropologists to point confidently and say, "they went thataway!" is for a competent anthropologist to organize (which includes the difficult task of raising funds) a counter expedition, which would follow the probable lines of migration from central Polynesia to the Marquesas to Easter Island to Peru, using accurate models of the large, sailing dugout canoe of the Polynesian seafarers. Money, anyone?

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

A GREAT deal has been, and will continue to be, written about the brilliance of the New York City Ballet and its Artistic Director, George Balanchine. When I saw the company recently, just after its return from a grueling Far-Eastern tour and when it was working with an ensemble partially denuded of leading dancers, I was more than ever impressed by the organic life which animates this group, and its quality of aesthetic, technical, and institutional continuity. I do not believe, at this point, that anything save losing the directorships of George Balanchine and Lincoln Kirstein could cause the company to evaporate, as ballet ensembles are wont to do.

Certainly, cataclysms have already struck it, if one considers the recent tragic loss to the company of Tanaquil Le Clercq; the absence, this fall season, of such dancers as Maria Tallchief, Diana Adams and Yvonne Mounsey; and the permanent loss of Robert Barnett and Herbert Bliss. Nor was the resignation of conductor Leon Barzin a small blow. And yet the company survives; excites and satisfies. Minor soloists are developed into prima ballerinas; young dancers feed up into the open spaces. And in the midst of change, the company goes on providing the most intelligent, stylish and important dancing to be seen anywhere.

As an ensemble, the New York City Ballet is in splendid condition. Everything has the look of having been vigorously rehearsed and then played to the point where easiness and relaxation could take over. True, the quality of almost cool precision which is the company's trademark, and which has been cause both for amazement and for "anti-athletic" grumbling by some European audiences, was not to be seen on the evening I attended. But that quality, after all, characterizes the company at an almost unbelievable height of excellence — a height reached often, but not always. At the moment, the company is dancing in a less angular fashion. And this has its own charm. In an intricate work such as the *Symphony in C* (Bizet), for example, where solos, *pas de deux,* and ensemble formations interlace, with invention surpassing invention from beginning to end, it is a slightly different experience to watch the choreography evolve with softness on its edges, rather than the strictly disciplined lines it has carried in the past. It would be wrong to say that one style is preferable to the other. Both are authentic and lovely. And I was impressed once more by the observation that Balanchine's compositions, for all their formality and incisiveness of thought, possess enough robustness and flexibility to support different interpretations.

Jacques d'Amboise, Melissa Hayden and Nicholas Magallanes were the leading dancers on the program I attended. The first ballet, *Con Amore,* with choreography by Lew Christensen, is a romp, its ridiculous overlapping of amorous non sequiturs giving an almost Dada wackiness to the whole. Except for Jacques d'Amboise, who seemed to be modeling his role after Jackie Gleason, everyone danced with refinement and comic accuracy. The little cadre which played the second scene, "The Master's Return" (Roland Vasquez, Marian Horosko, Robert Lindgren, William Weslow, and Edward Vilella), was responsible for pointed and hilarious characterizations.

The Balanchine *Waltz-Scherzo (Pas de Deux),* given its premiere on this occasion by Patricia Wilde and André Eglevsky, turned out to be a pretty trifle, less stimulating than other Balanchine creations in this tour de force category, but deft and gracious in tone. The real excitement of the evening was provided by the Balanchine-Stravinsky *Orpheus,* in which there is a fusion of music, dance, decor (Noguchi) and story so perfect that it overwhelms the imagination. The Orpheus legend is moving in any version, but Balanchine, by examining with such profound sympathy its human relationships, has arrived at a more affecting and humane presentation than any with which I am familiar. I know of no ballet which evokes the essence of love between a man and his wife, as do the passages between Orpheus and Eurydice, nor any which portrays a relationship between two men with such virile sensitivity as does the section depicting Orpheus' trip to the underworld, led by the Dark Angel. The Stravinsky score, too, is a humane document; one of his richest and most deeply satisfying.

ON THIS occasion, Melissa Hayden was making her debut as Eurydice; Nicholas Magallanes danced Orpheus; Francisco Moncion was the Dark Angel. Magallanes, as always, projected his role with absorbing, lyrical strength and sweetness of contour. At this point, he hardly seems to dance Orpheus—he *is* Orpheus. Moncion was similarly excellent. Melissa Hayden, perhaps because she was new to her role, seemed less in touch with its subtleties. The complex movements of her dance with Orpheus on their return from the Underworld, were not totally evocative of the pathos and wifely sensuality which is their point. They were still a bit thin and thought-out, which gave them a scratchy tone.

In the *Symphony in C,* however, she was more beautifully poised and elegant than I have ever seen her. Every fingertip glittered; she seemed as weightless as air, and impelled by internal joy. It was a performance surpassable by no one.

I should say, in conclusion, that the reading of the Stravinsky score given by Robert Irving, the Ballet's new conductor, was considerably less vital and warm than it might have been. It was one of those performances which, because of a certain vagueness of interpretive thought, seemed to drag behind the metronome. It did not, in actuality, drag, but it sounded consistently small and cloudy. Since Mr. Irving made the score to the Bizet *Symphony in C* sparkle like rhinestones, I infer that he does not really lack interpretive vivacity. I hope he will inject this quality into subsequent performances of *Orpheus.*

Last Resource

For poverty
We burn no candles, sacrifice
No bulls nor radar-read their lights'
Obscurity.
Once we could
A carving bribe, or lucky pendant
With: Let off, we will be good
And truly repentant.

Stripped and silent
Now of prayers and holy hymns,
With quiet mouths and limber limbs
We await the event.

KATHERINE HOSKINS

Faces of Spain

(Continued from page 173)

"You have sold out to McCarthy," he said.

"McCarthy is dead," I said.

"Ha," he said, and rode off on his Vespa.

As for the supporters of Franco, one of them, the owner of the hotel where I stayed in Madrid, said that American aid didn't mean anything now because it was being given *"con presión"*— with pressure. In return, in other words, for the air and naval bases. A girl I escorted in Madrid explained to me that her father hated all English because they took Gibraltar from Spain, and hated all Americans because they were *"Los Dueños"* — the owners — of the country.

Actually, the many American businesses now in Spain are only allowed, as are all foreign investors, to hold a 25 per cent share in business. But the fact of their being there, and the fact that Americans live, inevitably, in the finest houses and drive cars, is the same sore point in Spain as it is all over the world. The American servicemen are less immediately obvious because they are not allowed to wear their uniforms off the base, and the large SAC bases (the largest outside the United States is at Tarrejon, near Madrid) are usually twenty or so miles outside the nearest large cities. But the boys do get in, and when they do, the boys will be the boys, with the inevitable conclusion by the natives that all Americans talk too loud and drink too much.

Perhaps it seems to some Americans that the foreigner's complaints about America are the wrong ones. I never once heard a Spaniard complain about American aid or American bases on the grounds that it placed their country in a dangerous position in case of a war and could possibly mean an atomic bomb on Tarrejon which could destroy Madrid. But in Spain the very concept of an atomic bomb seems a bit inconceivable — something for those interesting foreign columns in the press about flying to the moon, which have no relation to daily life.

But again, I shiver at saying "in Spain"— for it is big enough and complex enough to find material within it to fit any theory. I have seen no city so modern and luxurious as Madrid, with its swarm of modern buildings (including the two tallest in Europe), its tree and cafe-lined boulevards studded with plazas of sparkling fountains. And yet I have seen no slum so hopeless as Madrid's Vallecos, which makes East Harlem seem rather plush. There, in the rising hills that border the city, is a human hive composed of tiny block houses of brick and plaster painted white with burlap sacks for doors, and roofs of branches and sometimes canvas weighted down with stones. In the hillside itself, dug out of the earth, are cave-dwellings reinforced with bricks and branches. Most of these huts and cave shelters are too low to stand up in. The houses are usually four of five feet high, and about ten feet square. Its paths are peopled with children half-clothed or naked, their bodies bloated with hunger; women with water jugs, donkeys carrying coal and wood. In the back of a row of the huts a woman was throwing what garbage she had in a community pit, and a young, pretty-faced girl was waiting to pick among it for bits of food. From here you can turn and see the finest view of modern Madrid, with its white, new apartments and its steeples and towers — but from here it is only a mirage.

THE VISITOR who chances to see such sights as Vallecos — and they are always there to be seen — often shakes his head and chalks it up as further evidence of the curse of Franco. But if the people themselves are not so quick to rise in anguish against these conditions perhaps it is because these are often the only conditions they have ever known. Slums like Vallecos are nothing new, and in many places throughout the country are said to be less widespread than ever before. When a worker from Seville took me out to visit a family he knew in a working-class neighborhood of that city, and we met the young father with a wife and child who earned 36 pese-

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tas (about 70c) a day from working on the highway, and he sat down to his evening meal of bread with sugar and oil; when we walked through the slums of tiny huts without heat or water or light, where the children played in a swamp-choked sewer stream; when we had seen these things I asked in innocence if things had always been this bad and he said with some surprise that "Things are better than they ever were!"

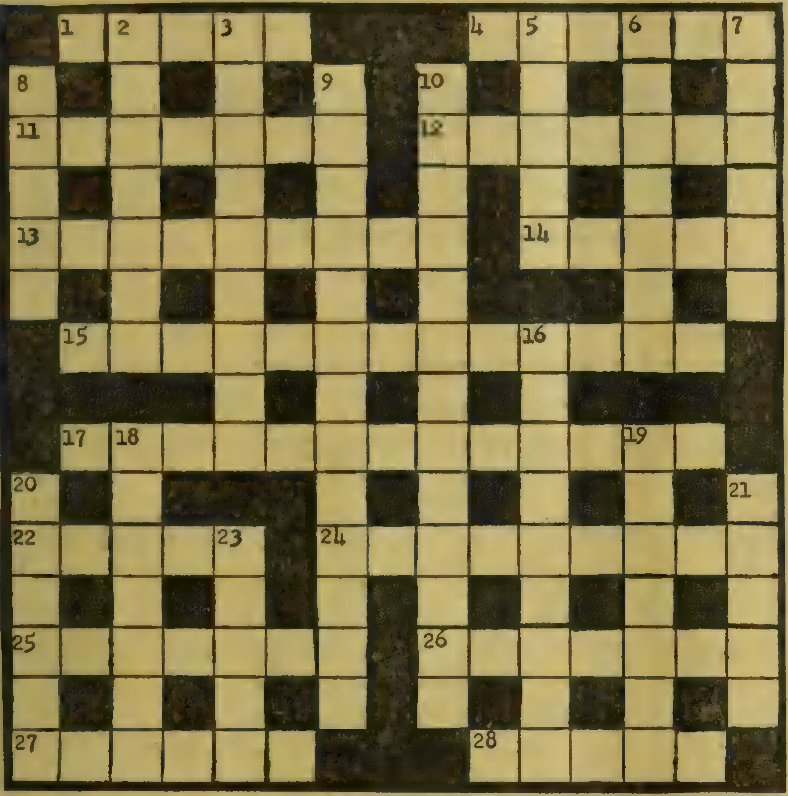
THE VISITOR can easily create any number of distortions by merely forgetting to set the poverty of modern Spain within its historical context. I read one report on the country which cited as an example of the "near famine" throughout the land that the peasants in a certain city were living mainly on lentils. It was true; but it was also true that they had been living mainly on lentils for the past five hundred years. And all of these neat little anecdotes are easy to "verify," for Spain, in its hugeness and variety, not only provides you with any type of anecdote you want, but any type of statistic you want. You can cite the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe report that the Spanish workers have a standard of living 10-30 per cent lower than before the Civil War; or, if you are so inclined, you can cite the First National City Bank report that the real income of Spaniards is 25 per cent higher than before the Civil War. The only sure thing is that in Spain you can find a poverty that is matched only in the Middle East, and that it is nothing new to the country.

The landscape, too, especially going south of Madrid, seems very much like the deserts and dry, white towns of the Middle East. On the train from Madrid to Malaga, as we moved farther south and the towns became hotter and whiter and dustier, it struck me how much the country was physically similar to Israel—but Israel without energy, without hope. As our train stopped to huff and puff in one of those tiny stations and men ran off to fill their water jugs at the nearby well (for there was no water on the train for the fourteen-hour journey), the young man beside me who was going home to Seville on vacation from his job as a seaman shook his head as we looked out the window and said, "This country, you will see, is more backward than any country in Europe. I have been in France and Italy, but this is the most backward. I am a Spaniard, but still I say it." We began to move forward again, the engine groaning, then picking up speed as we swayed through the landscape, past the walled cities and occasional castles that seemed undisturbed for centuries. As the seaman beside me pointed out a castle on the rise of a hill, he asked, "Do you know our history? We have a great, rich history. But that is all we have now — nothing more."

BUT THIS is still a lot, for no history is as violent or rich or dramatic as the history of Spain, and yet, ironically, I have seen no country which seems so essentially unchanged by its history. Perhaps, after all, it is only we tourists who believe in history anyway. For the people, history is tragedy, and in Spain above all places it is hard to forget, for everywhere you go you are met by beggars who are more bizarrely and hopelessly maimed than any you have seen before, and as you walk the streets of any city those sightless citizens who sell the tickets for "The Lottery of the Blind" serenade you with the constant chant, *"Para Hoy, Para Hoy* —For Today, For Today," and you know that today was no different than yesterday and doubt that it will be any different tomorrow. Just before I left the country I went to a great *corrida* in the town of Alcala de Henares, a few miles north of Madrid, and came out absorbed in the particular beauty and grace and magnificence of what I had seen, and then looked up as I left the plaza to see two men kneeling on a blanket who both had their arms cut off at the elbows. The stubs of their arms were stretched out straight, their bodies making two human crosses, the crowd streaming by them as if they were monuments. I think they were, and I think they are as old as Spain.

Crossword Puzzle No. 787

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A commonly clever sort of accent. (5)

4 Might be turned on a drunkard with the heart of a hog. (6)

11 Besides, a brother Etonian holds it now! (7)

12 Push out. (7)

13 Threatened to be left at the finish? (9)

14 and 20 down Candela would go straight up! (5,6)

15 Lots of bachelors will remember such dates. (13)

17 The imago of Hesperiidae? (The class has at least one missing.) (6,7)

22 A bad apple might bear the stamp of fencing. (5)

24 Picked by experts in almonds? (9)

25 What it measures might be relatively sound! (7)

26 Simplicity is not affected by it. (7)

27 Rather slippery eels in store! (6)

28 Certainly one of the better-known forgers! (5)

DOWN:

2 Welcome to England! (7)

3 See 5 down

5 and 3 Three p.m. there, it could be, at the capture of Jerusalem. (5,3,6)

6 Using our method, you can't help but find a type of connoisseur. (7)

7 Sometimes reputedly bitter, as one who might receive a pass. (3,3)

8 A public storehouse, yet a peculiar place to look for it. (5)

9 Does Daisy have to concentrate to make it? (9,4)

10 Casualty list, sometimes used by a grown-up 17? (4,9)

16 A rather bigger bore than a baritone! (9)

18 Strikes might appear to be the devil's doing! (7)

19 Truths were held to be by themselves, by declaration. (7)

20 See 14 across

21 He might lead the way, but his house fell. (5)

23 "Liberty Bell" might be extremely actionable. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 786

ACROSS: 5 Trimmer; 9 Timer; 10, 1 across, 23, 18 and 25 The Shades of Night Were Falling Fast; 11 Ebon; 12 Jerry-built; 14 Pistol; 15 Scot-free; 17 Infected; 19 Annals; 22 Calf-roping; 26 Prize crew; 27 After; 28 Legates; 29 Detects. DOWN: 2 Nimrods; 3 Gary; 4 Titled; 5, 1 down, and 16 The Wreck of the Hesperus; 6 Inhabitant; 7 Muddier; 8 Rose trees; 13 Concurrent; 14 Principal; 20 Aseptic; 21 Gnawed; 24 Earls.

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THE
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OCTOBER 4, 1958 . . 25c

Quemoy Brink:

WHERE ARE THE DEMOCRATS?

Harry Barnard

U.S. at the U.N.:

THE BURDEN OF FRIENDSHIP

Urban Whitaker

Who's On First?

THE GREAT AMERICAN RITUAL

Edward L. Rousseau

LETTERS

A War Is a War

Dear Sirs: I am afraid that Senator Morse ["How Dulles Tricked Congress," *The Nation*, September 20] has unequivocally placed himself among those who strain at gnats while swallowing camels. He is alarmed at the possibility that the United States Government may take us to war over Quemoy and Matsu — as well he might be. However, he himself is ready to go to war over Formosa and the Pescadores. Suppose a plebiscite were held asking the question: Should the United States go to war with China, and quite possibly Russia, in order to hold Formosa and the Pescadores as military bases? Does Senator Morse believe that even a bare majority of Americans would willingly back such a policy?

The current position Mr. Dulles takes in re Quemoy and Matsu is a logical extension of our Government's basic Far East policy.

Our Government's Far East policy is based on: perpetual hostility to the Communist-dominated Government of China; a commitment to try to get rid of this government and to establish one which will be "friendly" to U.S. foreign-policy aims. With such a policy, war is virtually inevitable.

There has never been a time when we were so desperately in need of courageous leadership, but if Senator Morse aspires to give it, he will have to dig deeper. Of course, holding on to, and building up military forces on, Quemoy and Matsu make it easier to create an incident to use as a pretext for war. But if this outcome really startles Senator Morse it must be because he neglects to read our press — and our State Department's official statements — for along with all the nonsense about "defending freedom" can be found extremely "realistic" statements of our Government's basic purpose.

A war is a war is a war. And whether the pretext is Quemoy or Formosa, the policy is still the destruction of an assumed "unfriendly" Communist-dominated Government in China. Our State Department, and Mr. Dulles, have repeatedly explained this policy in unequivocal terms. They would no doubt be glad if the Peking Government would merely dissolve without our military "being forced to" vaporize them. But, as our military leaders incessantly say for publication, "we are ready to use force if necessary." Our Government's policy toward Quemoy and Matsu is obviously designed to make the use of force "necessary." Senator Morse deserves credit for denouncing it. If, however, he wants to protect the interests of Americans, he will have to get down to the basic issues.

HELEN MEARS

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his able article, Senator Wayne Morse rightly blames the people and Congress for allowing the brinkmaker to lead us from disaster to disaster. Equally as culpable, even more so since it has the responsibility to lead the people into the light, is the Republican press. No matter how bumbling and catastrophic the policies and actions of Dulles and Eisenhower — as in Quemoy and Matsu — the GOP newspapers applaud and seem determined to back them to the death. And maybe that's just how it will be.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: If Senator Morse's comments were based more on moral and less on geographic grounds, his article would be deserving of more praise. As a well-known TV commentator said at the time of the Lebanon crisis: "In time of trouble, we all write in one cause." As long as this "political togetherness" exists, neither Congress nor anyone else will speak for the people. Dissent is as possible in America as a pacifist Senator.

THOMAS GRABELL

Brooklyn, N. Y.

[*To the implications of the last sentence of Mr. Grabell's letter, the repeatedly dissenting* Nation *begs to dissent.—Ed.*]

Blunders and Apathy

Dear Sirs: One cannot decide whether to be more alarmed at the widespread apathetic attitude toward the vital questions of our foreign policy or at the Administration's inept handling of repeated world crises. The present Formosan situation is a case in point. Is the U. S. going to risk an open war to support the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu to which the Taiwan Government's claim is at best indecisive? Will the American people submit to seeing bungling leadership commit them to complete support of the Chiang Government when that Government could hardly win a fair plebiscite among the Taiwanese (as was indicated in an August 24 dispatch to *The New York Times*)?

How long does it take for Washington to recognize that Red China is here to stay and that she could be better dealt with in the U. N. where pressures might be applied on her to behave in a civilized manner? Surely an attempt could be made to neutralize Formosa under international auspices and to leave Quemoy and Matsu to Red China, as has been suggested. Before matters drift further, it is to be hoped that the American people will cease to accept a bankrupt Far East policy with the inert air of cattle in deep pasture.

ANN HUBBELL

Ypsilanti, Mich.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Great Reconnaissance

One of the aims of aggressive diplomacy is to divine the limits of an opponent's tolerance. The technique is well established and the advent of nuclear weapons has not significantly altered it. The process remains one of probing, by propaganda, threats, ostentatious preparation for war, and actual military operations. Once the theoretical line has been established, by pressing up to but not beyond it, an advantage may be gained at minimal cost. A closely similar procedure is used to test the trustworthiness of an ally. The Quemoy islands are today the focus of complex reconnoiters of this type by Communist China, the United States and its satellite, Nationalist China, and the Soviet Union.

In this contest the roles of the United States and the Soviet Union are relatively passive, each having allowed the initiative to slip, at least temporarily, into the hands of its ally. The motives of the two superpowers are correspondingly confused, and in the case of the United States there is increasingly open dissension in official circles. In contrast, the Chinese Nationalists' purpose is clear and obvious. It is now or never for Chiang and it will be never unless he can drag the United States into a full-scale war. The dispatches from Formosa, the roars of George Yeh, Chiang's belligerent envoy in Washington, and the continued presence of Madame Chiang in the United States so testify. The logical test would be an attempt to knock out the Red batteries encircling Quemoy by air bombardment. According to the latest advices, even Mr. Dulles opposes this. Chiang may make one foray, perhaps more than one, but with the means at his disposal he is not likely to silence enough of the three hundred or more guns involved to relieve the siege. Once he has unleashed himself, Chiang is likely to enjoy less enthusiastic U. S. support.

By continuing the shelling, the Chinese Reds, for their part, are probing in three interrelated sectors. The first is the worth of the Soviet commitment to their cause, and to this question they are not likely to get a definitive answer soon. Verbally, Khrushchev will give them unstinting support, but he is not prepared to get into an all-out war over Quemoy any more than Dulles is. The second bit of information the Chinese Reds would like to secure is where American resistance will stiffen, come what may. Their answer is probably that the United States will avoid moving against the mainland, but the rapid build-up of American force in the area leaves no doubt that Formosa itself would be resolutely defended — even if the Reds were in a position to attack it, which they are not. Third, what is the strength of the bond between the Nationalists and the United States? By all indications these relations, always difficult, will tend to worsen as the tensions and frustrations increase. In this sector the Communists are not merely probing; they are also actively engaged in putting a maximum strain on the alliance. As another valuable by-product, they are causing the United States to lose ground in its long-continued effort to keep them out of the United Nations. The latest American "victory" in the General Assembly — 44-28, with 9 abstentions and 20 of the 44 votes in favor of the American position coming from Latin-American countries — shows this.

The reconnoiterers may discover one thing or another, to their advantage or disadvantage, but they should not discount another possibility. All are pursuing their aims under the protective umbrella of the assumption that no major war will ensue. True, three of the contenders don't want a major war and the fourth, who does, is the weakest. Yet unforeseen circumstances and events may favor Chiang. Then it would appear, but too late, that the game was never worth the stakes.

Great Liberal in the Making

It is a safe guess that the well-known Presidential hopeful, Richard M. Nixon, will have as little compunction about running as a dyed-in-the-wool liberal as he once had in labeling Helen Gahagan Douglas as the equivalent of a Communist. Votes are where you find them, and Mr. Nixon is nothing if not versatile.

Several indications of future Nixonian strategy may already be discerned. Attorney General Rogers, who is a kind of alter ego of the new Nixon, has been quite admirable in his speeches on the Constitution, the Supreme Court, Negro rights, etc. Mr. Nixon himself, writing to the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, not only expressed his distress at the attack on the Montgomery Negro leader by a deranged woman, but referred to the "cause of equality and human dignity to which we are dedicated." The wording will not endear the writer to the Dixiecrats, but most of the Dixiecrats are going to vote Democratic anyway.

Today as yesterday, the power of the Dixiecrats stems from the chairmanships and key committee assignments which the seniority system confers upon Southerners when the Democrats control Congress. If the Dixiecrats bolted the Democratic Party, they would forfeit the last main prop of their power. The governors of the Southern states, who assembled last week in Lexington, made it clear that they are not going to bolt. And as long as Governor Faubus and his colleagues stay in the Democratic Party, Mr. Nixon's Republican liberalism on civil rights will shine by contrast; for no matter how liberal the Democratic nominee may be in 1960, the taint of Faubus will attach to his party. Knowing all this, Mr. Nixon has set a course for 1960 that is calculated to cause the Democrats no end of trouble.

Interview

Last week a *Nation* correspondent attended a press conference on the West Coast held by the branch plant of a famous Eastern Seaboard company which manufactures instruments vital to rocket and missile production. His report follows:

> About 75 per cent of this company's business is on defense contracts, and the president explained cheerfully that he did not expect any cuts in defense. After a while, all the other reporters, having asked their questions, left the room. This reporter remained with the president and a platoon of other brisk executives.
>
> "You've got a big future in rockets and missiles," I said.
>
> "Tremendous," the president agreed.
>
> "But isn't at least part of your business contingent upon political considerations?" I ventured.
>
> "Politics doesn't bother us," he countered.
>
> "I mean big politics — between nations. . . ."
>
> "International affairs?"
>
> I nodded.
>
> "Well, of course, our business would mushroom in an international crisis."
>
> "Like what?" I asked.
>
> "War," he replied simply.
>
> "What would happen to your business in a war between the United States and Russia?" I inquired.
>
> "As I said," he declared, "business would mushroom."
>
> I took a deep breath. "For how many hours?"
>
> The president frowned unpleasantly. Two executives loudly shuffled papers. I arose, thanked them kindly, and sauntered out.

How to Get Out the Vote

California, the fun-loving state, has invented a new device for imparting a Mardi Gras flavor to election day. Some citizens of Sacramento, recalling the old game of guessing how many beans are heaped in the drugstore window, are offering attractive prizes to the lucky or astute voters who come closest to predicting the number of votes by which Proposition 18 (a "Right to Work" measure) is defeated in the November elections. First prize is $5,000; runner-up prizes range down through a variety of glamorous vacation trips to objects, mostly electronic, that are universally coveted. The only prize we question is the sixth — a mink stole: it is generally unwise to associate political activities with conspicuously luxurious wearing apparel.

From the wording of the contest rules, it is obvious that the sponsoring committee disapproves of Proposition 18 (so do we), but there is no reason why the idea should not be spread on a national and non-partisan basis. If the issues themselves will not bring out the voters (and year by year our Tweedle Dee Campaigns suffer increasing popular inertia), perhaps the marriage of the franchise with bingo is a union close enough to bread and circuses to have pleased the later Caesars.

Degenesis

"And the Lord said unto Adam(s), 'Behold thou hast eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat. Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it. Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.' "

Therefore the Lord sent Adam(s) forth from the Garden of Eden.—*Genesis III; 17, 19, 23.*

Senatorial Indictments

The New York *Herald Tribune* captions an editorial in praise of "the hard, cutting, devastating words Sen. John L. McClelland spoke on Jimmy Hoffa," as "The Indictment Against Hoffa." The title is apt. For this is precisely what the Senate Rackets Committee has done. It has indicted Hoffa — as it indicted Harold Gibbons — on the score of behavior it regards as vile and weaknesses of character it detests. It has then proceeded, as grand jury, prosecuting agency, judge and jury, to convict both men. Hoffa and Gibbons may be the vilest creatures in the land, but neither their behavior nor their character can be a legitimate concern of a Congressional committee except insofar as either relates to possible legislative action. And, on this score, the action of the committee should take the form of legislative proposals rather than the issuance of bills of attainder against named individuals.

In an excellent recent lecture at the School of Law, Northwestern University, Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., bluntly charged that even in this post-McCarthy era some Congressional committees continue to conduct hearings in the form of criminal prosecutions. As Mr. Rauh points out, this is shown first of all by the procedure, which frequently opens with the presentation of the "prosecution" case based on the testimony of "friendly" witnesses who are permitted to ramble on and on without cross-examination. This is followed by the "defense" case, which consists of calling "unfriendly" witnesses, who are vigorously cross-examined by committee counsel while defense counsel is told to keep still.

Not only do the committees frequently function as investigator, prosecutor, judge and jury, but they pronounce public sentence which seldom fails to result in punishment of one kind or another. They even, on occasion, issue "clearances." All of this is done with only slight observance of due-process requirements and, of course, no statutes of limitation ever run against the "charges." The indictment of Hoffa is defended by the Washington *Post* on the score that "every center of power in a free society must be reasonably clean to be tolerable." But Congressional committees are themselves centers of power; they have no more warrant to function in wild disregard of Constitutional limitations than Hoffa has to encroach on the rights of individual members of the union he heads. If a Congressional committee can determine who shall head a trade union, or, more precisely, who shall not head it, then committees can, in the guise of purifying centers of power, exercise a veto on the presidency of General Motors. The public denunciation of individuals by Congressional committees must cease. The Constitution does not authorize Congressional committees to function as criminal courts, nor does it charge them with the task of removing as "cancers" the elected officials of trade unions.

QUEMOY BRINK

WHERE ARE THE DEMOCRATS? . .

by Harry Barnard

I DO NOT believe that the American people approve our getting into a war with Communist China short of the clearest provocation against our clearest national interest, and certainly not over the offshore islands. The sanest voices of the land have been raised against such a disaster. Even newspaper editorialists and other opinion-makers who have defended the Eisenhower-Dulles rigidity with respect to China, do so mainly with the argument that it will prevent war, not make it inevitable.

True, rattling loosely in the shoes of the much-lamented Thomas L. Stokes, there is that new syndicated columnist, William S. White, who knocked off a paean to Dulles on the gruesome theme that now, at last, we have a foreign policy of which red-blooded Americans can be proud — and, if it leads to war, well that's just bravely facing "the bright face of danger." But I am certain that the idea behind Bill White's "bright face of danger"— an incredible euphemism for a possible nuclear holocaust which not even Admiral Strauss or Edward Teller ever attempted — has not been bought by anyone outside the lunatic fringe that all along has wanted a war in behalf of Chiang Kai-shek. Fortunately, that fringe, for all its noisy activity, is very small.

In his address to the nation in which he affirmed that we would oppose seizure by Communist China of the offshore islands, President Eisenhower himself went out of his way to say, "I believe there is not going to be any war." He also went out of his way to express fervently the hope that if the Warsaw talks "do not fully succeed there is still hope that the United Nations could exert a peaceful influence on the situation."

Obviously, these Presidential statements were made out of justified recognition that the people of the United States do not at all share the warlike mood of either Secretary Dulles or columnist White. (Mr. White, by the way, a couple of columns later backed down sufficiently to admit that lots of people did not share his elation over that "bright face of danger.")

Yet, the drift toward a war with China, and possibly Russia too, seems all too ominously unmistakable as this is written. Maybe we, as well as the People's Republic, have been only bluffing. Maybe the over-tough talk and over-tough gestures on both sides are merely substitutes for the real thing. But nobody can be sure of this, especially when so much confusion, planned — apparently as part of Mr. Dulles' game of "brinkmanship"— as well as unintentional, has marked the handling and manipulation of this crisis by the White House and the State Department. Nor can any sense of sureness that war will be avoided come from the appalling recognition that our latest moves in "brinkmanship" have come pretty close to depriving our country even of the ability to decide if there is going to be a war or not — the decision, in reality, having been placed by us in the hands of Chiang.

This is really the nub of the folly into which the Administration has brought the country — that the desperate, fictional "Republic of China" on Formosa has been permitted all along, it turns out, to determine as a practical matter whether or not the United States goes to war with the most heavily populated nation in the world.

When it is considered that getting us into a war with Communist

---

HARRY BARNARD writes a syndicated column for the Chicago Daily News *and is the author of* Independent Man: The Life of Senator James Couzzens.

China is the sum and substance of the foreign policy of the "Republic of China," and that such a war is the sole basis of the hopeless Chiang dream of returning to the mainland, it is clear what Chiang's decision *for us* will be if he is permitted to cash the blank check he seems to think we have given to him irrevocably.

BUT IS that blank check irrevocable? I think not. Despite the alarmingly rigid self-righteousness of Mr. Dulles and the equally alarming way in which the President appears now, more than ever, to have yielded policy-making to him, the Administration has shown that it can be swayed by public opinion. Back in 1954, it will be remembered, Mr. Dulles, abetted by Vice President Nixon, was all set to get this country into the Indo-China warfare. That folly also would have brought on a war with Communist China. But public opinion was effectively mobilized. Even the late Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune,* always friendly to Nixon, called Nixon a "gibbering idiot" for having suggested that we should send American troops to Indo-China — for the same reasons now given for risking war with China over Quemoy and Matsu.

The China Lobby lunatic fringe was all for the Indo-China intervention, hoping it would lead to outbreak of real war between us and the Chinese Communists, thus "saving" Asia — and Chiang — if it were won. This did not happen because public opposition forced Dulles and Nixon to back down.

That Mr. Dulles' "brinkmanship" can be held in check also was illustrated in the Lebanon crisis. True, we did send the Marines there — so quickly that they were on their way before the public could react. But the alacrity with which we recognized the Iraqi revolutionaries and also welcomed United Nations intervention reflected Administration sensitivity to the massive popular criticism of its Near Eastern recklessness.

The new crisis with Communist China is a far more serious matter. Though the possibilities of more devastating disaster are infinitely greater, Mr. Dulles has taken us, along with President Eisenhower, even farther out on the limb. The emotional factors are more serious in this crisis, too. For now we are face to face not only with the Chinese Communists, but the Soviet Union also — the "enemy," as the public has been told so often and so hysterically. So if public opinion once again is to check the Administration and force a settlement by political rather than military means, it will have to find a stronger voice than before. Public opinion will have to be mobilized so effectively that it cannot possibly be ignored — not even by the impervious Mr. Dulles, or by a President who seems now more insulated from the people than at any previous time since he assumed office.

WHO WILL DO this supremely important job?

A number of newspapers, and not merely the acknowledged liberal ones, have been trying valiantly to mobilize the opinion that might keep us from going over the brink — for example, the influential Knight newspapers in Chicago, Detroit, Akron, Miami and Charlotte, N.C.; and also the Cowles newspapers, among others. Even *The New York Times,* so often in there pushing for State Department "firmness," has been noticeably reiterating the hope that this crisis will be taken to the United Nations, even though it simultaneously insists that we ought not tolerate the use of force by the Chinese Communists with respect to the offshore islands. Moreover, both Arthur Krock and James Reston, whose respective columns often are in opposition, have been calling in unison for a political settlement — "extrication with honor," to use Mr. Krock's phrase. Walter Lippmann has been among the strong voices for sanity. Among metropolitan dailies, the New York *Post* has taken the most vigorous editorial position.

But this task calls for more than expressions of editorial or columnar opinion. Just as the solution of the crisis demands a political settlement, it is political action that is needed to produce the required effective pressure from the public. This political action should come from the Democratic Party.

What is needed, right now, is a forthright official Democratic Party policy statement that expresses vigorous dissent from the Eisenhower-Dulles program with respect to the Formosa Straits crisis and also with respect to the whole Chinese question. This is a minimum requirement. Such a policy statement must then be supported by Democratic candidates for the Senate and the House in every district of the land in the political campaign now going on.

Senator Green of Rhode Island, the Democratic chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has already gone further than this in a sense. His reaction to President Eisenhower's "no appeasement" talk to the nation was that, if the President believed there was danger of war with Communist China, he should summon Congress into special session. If that suggestion were to be followed, the issue then could be debated in Congress. Standing together, the Democrats could, of course, right there and then force a new approach.

Probably Senator Green's suggestion won't be taken up. Unfortunately, if the President should summon Congress, it probably would be for a request for a declaration of war on the basis of a *fait accompli* — when it's too late for calm statesmanship to prevail.

BUT ACTION now by the Democratic Party is a realistic and feasible alternative. The result of a Democratic Party stand for peaceful settlement of the China crisis would be so electrifying, I am convinced, and so potent for mobilizing public opinion against the Eisenhower-Dulles combination, that the Republican Party leadership in turn would insist on a new Administration course out of political self-defense. Many prominent Republicans — Bruce Barton for instance — are for that now.

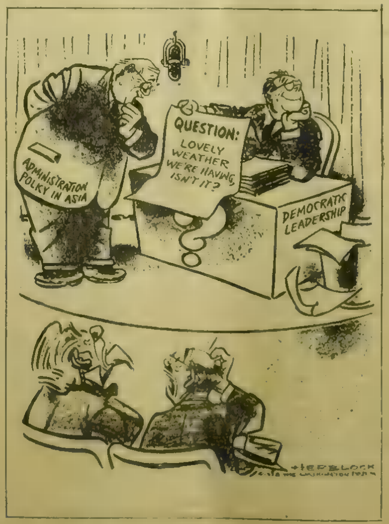
As individuals, some of the most representative reflectors of Democratic thinking already, in effect, have presented the country with the basis of a Democratic position along this line. Senator Wayne Morse, in his powerful indictment of the Administration's policy in *The Nation* ("How Dulles Tricked Congress," September 20); former Senator Herbert Lehman in a letter in *The New York Times* (September 23: "Not a single American life, not to speak of the peace of the world, should be sacrificed for the defense of Quemoy and Matsu"); former Air Secretary Thomas K. Finletter, often mentioned as a Democratic Secretary of State, in another letter in the *Times* (September 8: "The truth is that the defense of these islands is necessary only for the defense of an untenable United States diplomatic position brought about by concessions to a small, vociferous minority in this country. . . . We should instead turn over the entire problem . . . to the United Nations for decision"); Senator John F. Kennedy in an address at a Democratic rally in San Francisco on September 13 (". . . the weight of military, diplomatic, political and historical judgment would dictate a contrary policy"); George F. Kennan, former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, who has criticized our "excessive commitment" to Chiang's "fortunes"; Senator Hubert Humphrey in a West Coast speech (September 5: "We should ask the U.N. to call for an immediate cease-fire in the Formosa area"); and in varying degrees, Senator Joseph S. Clark, Adlai Stevenson and Governor Harriman have taken much the same position — these, among others have laid down what should be the proper Democratic line.

BEFORE THIS Quemoy-Matsu crisis came to the surface, Senator Fulbright of Arkansas rose in the Senate on August 6 to deliver strong criticism of Administration China policy, among other phases of foreign policy. "We cannot forever ignore 600 million people on the mainland of China, but what are we doing to make it possible to deal with them on the best terms possible?" he asked. The Fulbright address suggests that, in this instance at least, Southern Democrats will be found in harmony with Northern counterparts.

The fact that Governor Meyner of New Jersey, usually so careful not to become involved in anything controversial, found it possible to appear somewhat critical of Administration policy on China in a TV appearance on September 7, is to me impressive evidence as to how strong is popular dissent.

True, there are some Democratic Party leaders, North as well as South, who may be expected to go along with the Dulles policy. Senator Douglas of Illinois, usually so sound on many domestic issues, such as race relations, probably is so entangled with the so-called "Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations," that unfortunately he may have to be counted among these. But even he has shown in recent times a receptivity to public opinion on this issue that has not characterized him earlier.

THEN, too, there is Harry Truman. He, or whoever has been writing his syndicated stuff for the North American Newspaper Alliance, has been giving aid and comfort to Dulles — has even been cheering him on. I get the feeling that what is really in Mr. Truman's mind, whether he knows it or not, is a compulsive kind of need to defend his own Korean policy. And this is sad from the standpoint of present national interest. Unfortunately, lots of "the boys" in the Democratic ranks still listen to the former President as if he were still a factor in contemporary politics, rather than more properly a subject for history.


QUESTION:
LOVELY WEATHER WE'RE HAVING, ISN'T IT?
ADMINISTRATION POLICY IN ASIA
DEMOCRATIC LEADERSHIP
HERBLOCK

"There's Something Wrong With This Quiz Show, Too!"

But the harm that Mr. Truman might be doing in preventing party unity in this field is considerably reduced, I think, not only by the views expressed by Messrs. Lehman, Kennedy, Morse, Humphrey and the others, but in particular by Dean Acheson, his own Secretary of State. On other aspects of foreign policy, Mr. Acheson has laid himself open to the complaint that too often he out-Dulleses Dulles. But with respect to a sane policy in China, he has rendered great service not only to the nation, but to the party, especially by canceling (one hopes) Mr. Truman's influence in this field.

Mr. Acheson is chairman of a subcommittee on foreign policy of the Democratic Advisory Committee, which has been putting out policy statements on various issues. Its recently issued *Foreign and Military Policy For Peace and Security* was a singularly sterile fabrication — with China scarcely mentioned. This committee ought to be called into session immediately for endorsing the statement on Quemoy and Matsu that Mr. Acheson issued on September 6, amended, in my view, to include especially the views of Mr. Lehman and Mr. Finletter, who suggest putting the China problem into either the United Nations or the Court of International Justice.

I would urge a further amendment: that the policy statement also call for recognition by us of the People's Republic, and its seating in the United Nations, with the understanding that Chiang remain as representative of Formosa until the Formosans have had the opportunity to determine for themselves who shall govern them. This program would be offered Communist China in return for concessions on its part, of course, including an agreement (along lines suggested in the *Times* by Eustace Seligman, chairman of the Foreign Policy Association) to refrain from the use of force in any area and for a lasting peace in Korea.

That the overwhelming majority

of responsible Democratic leaders is ready to endorse such a program, I have no doubt. It should be remembered that when the issue was first raised in the Senate in 1955, twelve Democrats voted against U.S. involvement in the offshore-islands dispute. An amendment by Senator Lehman to this effect was supported by Byrd, Fulbright, Humphrey, Kefauver, the late Harley M. Kilgore, Long, Mansfield, McNamara, Murray and Neuberger. Six of the eight Democrats who are now serving on the Foreign Relations Committee voted for the Lehman amendment.

FOR THE Democratic Party to oppose the Administration on China means, of course, an end to the bipartisanship that has existed on foreign policy for more than a decade. Many Democrats, not to mention many Republicans, won't like this. Dissent from "established" foreign policy exposes politicians to the need for intelligent discussion of these important as well as emotionally-charged issues — also to criticism from highly vocal elements, such as the China Lobby, the American Legion, et al. The politicians like to avoid this. For the candidates of both parties, it's attractive just to make speeches in which all that's necessary is to attack "atheistic communism" as loudly as one's opponent. Bipartisanship makes possible that kind of sterile approach to foreign policy in our elections.

As Senator Morse wrote in *The Nation*, "American foreign policy belongs to the people, and not to Dulles or any other single man. . . . The people speak on foreign policy through both the Congress and the President." But the people cannot speak effectively unless the political parties present them with alternatives.

Bipartisanship on foreign policy has been sold to many Americans on the claim that it is the "patriotic thing"— that patriotism calls for differences "to stop at the water's edge," as the saying goes. But it is not true love of country to go along with policies which lead to harm of country. A higher patriotism calls for a loyal opposition, from whose challenge of Administration programs correct policies may result.

It is the responsibility of the Democratic Party to provide that kind of opposition. This has been so all the time. Right now, when the current campaigns afford an opportunity for the voters to make their views known, is the time for the Democratic Party to fulfill this responsibility. But they can do this only if the Democratic candidates, backed up by a national party position, stand in opposition to the Eisenhower-Dulles program, thus giving the voters an alternative at last.

TIGHT-MONEY TOURNIQUET . .

by Wilfred Lumer

FOR THE THIRD time since 1953 "tight money" controls are being imposed by the Eisenhower Administration in its as yet unsuccessful fight against inflation. This latest attempt to deal with mid-twentieth-century economy by using nineteenth-century central banking tools brought the following comment from a well-known Wall Street firm: "It is time the loyalty to the old-school-tie approach of credit control was ended. That approach has had a fair trial for six years."

An attempt to push the art of monetary controls beyond the confines of rediscount rates, bank reserves and Treasury bills is long overdue. Public debts of $275 billion do not manage themselves, nor can they be managed when monetary policy works at cross purposes with the Treasury. Budget deficits of $12 billion need to be financed and they cannot be financed in a non-inflationary way when the public is driven from the government-securities market. When government obligations, issued at par and above, fall ten points in three months, what investor is likely again to commit his resources to such a speculative security? Finally, the rise of the financial intermediaries and the use of installment credit require supplementary controls if a credit policy is to be effective. These are certainly not difficult problems to grasp and certainly the Administration is not unaware of them, but the sanctity of a "free" money market, or rather the *myth* of a free money market, must be preserved at all costs. Actually, the free market for money ended the day Congress passed the Federal Reserve Act. Since then the growth of the public debt, and the rise of vast federal lending agencies responding to social needs for abundant low-cost credit, have further made the concept of a free money market unrealistic.

Apart from these difficulties, general monetary policy is not a satisfactory way to deal with economic-stabilization problems. Controls cannot be applied accurately to specific areas of imbalance. More important, as monetary authorities have observed recently (but apparently drew no lesson therefrom), the psychological response of the market is quite different from what is desired.

Two previous misadventures with "tight money" failed to accomplish their stated objective, price stability, and have cost the country dearly. The rate of national economic growth has been restricted substantially below full-employment requirements. We have lost over $50 billion in production and wealth and added $20 billion to the national debt. The higher level of interest rates on public and private debt cost more than $2 billion additional each year. A

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record peacetime rise in living costs, in part directly due to higher financing costs and in part attributable to the mismanagement of monetary controls in 1953 and again in 1955, robbed consumers of over $14 billion in purchasing power in 1956 and 1957.

DESPITE THIS dismal record we are about to take a third trip on the "tight money" toboggan. With unemployment at 7.6 per cent of the labor force — highest since 1941 — and with the economy operating $25 billion below capacity, interest rates are being boosted and credit restricted. In a dramatic reversal of policy since June, the Federal Reserve has authorized an increase in rediscount rates and raised stock-margin requirements. Further, by absorbing funds through open-market sales of Treasury bills, it has reduced the banking system's free reserves from over $500 million in June to a little over $100 million in August. As of early last month, banks as a whole had negative free reserves. In the last few weeks there has been some temporary easing, but a shift in the direction of credit restraint is unmistakable in Federal Reserve actions.

The market response to all this was a frantic flight from bonds into the most popular inflation-hedge: common stocks. Bond yields rose sharply, as fixed-income obligation prices fell. In just one month, August, yields retraced all the ground lost since November and December, 1957.

The rise in yields cannot be explained by an upsurge in credit demands. Bank loans have risen only slightly despite the rebound in industrial production from the April, 1958, low point. It reflects instead the response of the money market to the Federal Reserve's induced inflation fears. Similarly, the run-up in stock prices, which led the Federal Reserve to raise margin requirements, was the inevitable public response to the Federal Reserve's shift in monetary policy. Thus a policy calculated to convince the public that inflation was not inevitable produced exactly the opposite effect.

What about the danger of a resurgence of inflation? Can we expect monetary controls to prevent it?

A rise in prices is implicit in a recovery from recession. Moreover, when there is superimposed on a recovery movement a tense international situation, plus a public state of mind conditioned to the inevitability of rising prices, one would expect a sharply rising price level. But there has been no sharply rising price level. In August, as the tight-money tourniquet was being applied, the Consumer Price Index reversed trend and declined. The twenty-two basic commodities' price index of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, despite all the international saber rattling, is no higher now than before Lebanon. Industrial prices have risen a bit, but lower food prices are expected to follow the sharp drop in farm prices since last April.

Reduced demand and heavy unemployment have weakened the bargaining power of trade unions, if not their will to strike. The "no-inflationary" U.A.W.-Ford three-year contract is estimated to cost about 6 cents additional per hour, the "cheapest" the company has been able to get in thirteen years.

It is true that the 9 per cent recovery in industrial production has been unexpectedly strong, but inventories are still high in relation to sales, and as yet capital appropriations give no sign of an end to the plant- and equipment-spending decline. Consumer incomes are up and expenditures are rising, but demand does not appear urgent enough to set off a real buying boom. While business recovery will undoubtedly continue through the remainder of the year, unemployment remains serious.

AS business continues to pick up, demand for loans will increase and, unless the needed reserves are forthcoming, interest rates will rise rapidly. A sharp rise in credit and capital costs could affect adversely the home-building and automobile industries. Home-building reports are not at all reassuring. There are indications that new starts this year have outpaced sales and with a tightening up of the mortgage market, a cut-back in residential building activity is a real possibility. Such a cut-back would affect the market for household items, including many consumer durables. The auto industry has its fingers crossed, hoping that consumers will buy their new models. If financing problems are added to consumer disenchantment with the kinds of cars Detroit has been peddling, hopes of a 5.5 million car year could be dissipated. The reaction would be felt in steel and related industries.

WHILE THE possibility of a business reversal induced by excessive credit tightening should not be discounted, it is more likely that the Treasury's need to finance the budget deficit will limit the extent to which the Federal Reserve might otherwise tighten up the market.

On the other hand, there is the possibility that an acceleration of the rate of recovery will bring with it a renewal of inflation. Short of bringing on another recession — perhaps this time a depression — classical monetary curbs have little chance of preventing a further price rise.

Six years of failure have demonstrated that, equipped with nineteenth-century central-bank techniques, we cannot sustain maximum employment (without inflation) and production. In place of a generalized tight-money policy, in which the money market rations credit in an inflationary, inequitable and irrational manner, we need a new policy based on selective controls, closer coordination of the federal agencies engaged in lending and borrowing activities, modernization of classical concepts of open-market operations and management of the public debt.

Such controls should recognize the need to regulate the activities of financial intermediaries who play such an important role in investing savings. They should provide for greater stability in the use of installment credit. They should take account of the desirability of promoting investment in projects with high social priority and which are capable, in the long run, of increasing productivity. They should assist in promoting the growth of productivity in small businesses situated particularly in the service industries. Consideration should also be given to the development of criteria and standards for regulating the rate of capital investment.

Closer coordination of the policies of the Federal Reserve and the Treasury is needed, together with those of other federal lending agencies. A re-evaluation of the "bills only" method of open market should be undertaken. Studies should be made of the feasibility of reconstructing public-debt maturities so that frequent Treasury financings can be avoided. The possibility of extending competitive bidding to the sale of all Treasury securities (other than savings bonds) should also be considered.

These are the elements involved in formulating an approach to a mid-twentieth century financial policy attuned to the requirements of maximum employment, production, purchasing power and rising productivity. Admittedly, they represent a radical departure from classical techniques and violate the sanctity of the so-called "free" money market. But they represent the only way of avoiding the abandonment of the Full Employment Act, inevitable if the old-school-tie approach to credit control is retained.

WHO'S ON FIRST?

THE GREAT AMERICAN RITUAL . . *Edward L. Rousseau*

EXCEPT FOR reading about them, no waste of time is more complete than watching or listening to spectator sports. Now surely we are given time in order to waste some of it, and the most rigorous moralist would concede that if little good is accomplished by watching the World Series, absolutely no harm is done. The innocence of money-making hours, so praised by Dr. Johnson, is as nothing in comparison. Yet there is a seeming contradiction that Americans, who value above all else the state of being busy, should be inordinately given to the idleness of watching games.

A similarity between the United States and the Roman Empire on this point is obvious; it might seem that we too have reached the stage of decline marked by bread and circuses. But some qualifications are in order.

Drawings by Dempster

American crowds, though more boisterous than the English, are (to say nothing of the ancient Romans) not so violent as those of some other modern nations. With us, broken beer bottles tossed at the bad guy or slack upholders of the good, are not the rule — unless, if we may believe reports, in Philadelphia. The violent antics of wrestling fans belong to another category than professional sports and are not, in any case, typical. Baseball players who seek summer in January on the Caribbean find, to their horror, fans who are serious to the point of violence. Modern Americans easily approve violence in principle as a solution of civic and international problems, but only in the abstract. The same voters who were vehemently for getting tough (in theory) with Communists, and even for a hypothetical atomic holocaust, were equally opposed to actual fighting in Korea or anywhere else. Despite the traditions of the frontier and the South, American crowds are surprisingly good-natured, and more so than usual when in a holiday mood. Anyone used to the ineffectual waspishness of academics is, perhaps, especially surprised.

If force and seriousness always went together, it might be argued that our sporting crowds are relatively detached in their attitude. A strange symbiosis of athletics and higher learning — more grotesque than the myth about rattlesnake and owl living with the gopher in his hole — is an American peculiarity, but not evidence in itself of any special value attached to watching games. That sports are a concomitant of academic life is *prima facie* evidence that they are counted among the childish things that a man must put away. That football should be cherished as a souvenir of youth rather than organic chemistry or economic analysis is surely understandable enough. It has even been argued that interest in spectator sports is diminishing since, as the do-it-yourself craze shows, activity is replacing passivity in American life. The popularity of TV would seem to refute this explanation.

IN ANY CASE, whatever the future may bring, at present sports do act as a link between social classes, with a special reverse snob appeal to intellectuals. Baseball is a universal subject of conversation at once innocuous and more personal than the weather. The case of baseball is enough to refute any minimizing of the place of passive athleticism in American life. Contrary to legend, relatively few among the past gen-

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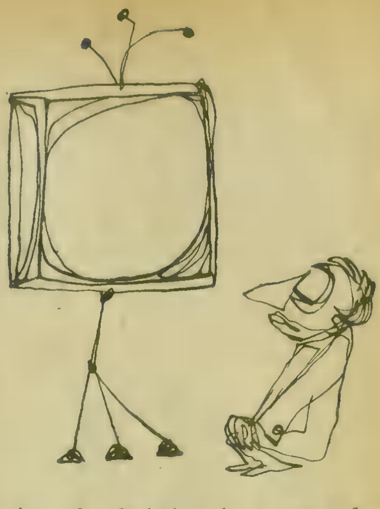
eration or two have played much hardball in their own youth. Unlike basketball or football, the so-called national game does not have the nostalgic association with high school or college days glanced at above. Like any ritual which has not degenerated into a relic, it is a unifying factor in society, imitating real life and yet different from it. The comparison sometimes made with ballet is false. The center of interest both in sports and in American life is a compulsive concern with what the score is. You don't keep score at the Ballet Russe — one reason why the American male is not at home there, in spite of the appetizing scenery. The world of professional athletics is as remote from the everyday round of American life as any art form, but sport — while sufficiently exotic to serve as an escape — appeals to a motive that is immediately intelligible. One of the most frequent complaints by listeners to a sports broadcast is that the announcer doesn't tell what the score is. Without a knowledge of who is ahead and by how much, the game is meaningless, just as our existence would be.

Americans can enjoy games both as active and passive participants without gambling, but not without keeping score. The same instinct is catered to by an immense flow of seemingly meaningless statistics and records from radio and television sports announcers. One reason, of course, is that the announcer needs to keep his jaw wagging when nothing much is happening, or at least nothing that he understands. The slower pace of baseball compared with basketball or boxing shows a reason for a plethora of statistics, though even in the fastest-paced sports enough figures are given to satisfy — one would imagine — the most avid. The announcer's convenience cannot be the sole explanation; the figures must please the customers, or they would not be given.

We seem to have a manifestation of an interest in facts, however useless, and even in abstract schematizations of fact, providing that they explain nothing. In some cases an undeveloped interest in truth, even trivial truth, for its own sake may be the cause of the attention paid to meaningless figures. "All men desire to know," as Aristotle says. Another cause is more important in the case of batting averages, one that applies to the interest in spectator sports itself. Even the most stupid human mind, like an athlete's muscles, calls out for something with which to occupy itself. But even the most intelligent find constant mental effort painful, and the best men find a real commitment of self guided by intelligence difficult. The difference between superior and inferior human types in these respects is one of almost imperceptible differences in degree. Man's need to pass the time without working forms a substratum in passive human interest in the arts —especially literature and music. The strength of this appeal is shown by quite honest irritation at whatever demands attention or judgment. But the need to waste time can be gratified with much less danger of effort and commitment in spectator sports, even when seen darkly through tables of statistics.

ANOTHER level of appeal is the entertainment value of sports — an intense but not demanding engagement in a spectacle with the attraction of an exciting story. As the old saw goes, the game isn't over till the last out is made. Modern literary criticism, both of the Freudian kind and by proponents of the new criticism, has neglected a similar source of interest in literature. It is hardly necessary to say that I don't intend a justification of the prize ring or of the gladiatorial games, but it is important to understand that their appeal is not altogether due to sadism. To say that sports appeal as an exciting spectacle is, then, an important part of the truth but not the whole truth.

Let us consider again the case of the so-called national game, baseball. People may enjoy it, but enjoyment by itself isn't enough to support the industry. Over the country as a whole the fans don't get enough fun out of going to the ball game to pay the price of admission. The minor leagues are dying. It may be argued that the fans want the best and, since they can get the majors free over television — so far as any immediate



price of admission is concerned — won't buy an inferior product. However, even if it were possible to expose all or most of the people in the country to genuine major-league ball and make them pay directly for it, the economic problems of the industry might not be solved permanently. The fans who are now in major-league cities can, even with a losing team, see the most skilled players in the world—baseball as entertainment at its best. Is this enough? Of course it isn't. They demand a winning team. Entertainment as such isn't valued by American sports audiences —or rather, the fun is spoiled unless another condition is fulfilled: the simple-minded morality play of the good guys versus the bad guys must be acted out before their eyes. The good guys must win, or in baseball finish first. A first-division finish isn't enough if it happens too often. There is something disquieting about the morality of the play. The only difference between good and bad is that good is my side, and to stay my side it has to prove its goodness by winning. Such a game is the great American ritual. Mr. Perini, the owner of the Milwaukee National League Baseball Club, had a point when he suggested that baseball be given a tax-exemption status similar to that of religion or education.

His proposal has, nevertheless, some peculiar ramifications. What Mr. Perini seems to have in mind is that he should still get his profits plus the present cut of the Internal Revenue Service. But what the logic of the situation calls for is that the government support the proven bad guys, the perennial losers. The customers will support the good guys readily enough. Nobody except the courts takes seriously the pious disclaimers that baseball is not a business. The facts are too plain, but it is certainly a strange business. The baseball owners don't seem to realize how strange, and they act like ordinary capitalists when such an attitude is inappropriate.

The New York Yankees, for example, seem unaware that their success creates a dilemma for themselves as well as for their competitors. They understand well enough that you've got to win to make money. But there is another aspect to the problem. However much collusion there may be among capitalistic competitors, and however much may be necessary except in the never-never land of an abstract *laissez-faire* economics, still, in other industries competitors are not necessary — only customers. The process of carrying monopoly to its logical extreme might destroy even the customers, but that is another story. General Motors could in theory take over Ford or vice versa. But in professional athletics the existence of the competitor is necessary. The Yankees have to have the other clubs in the league to beat, and the other clubs can't stay prosperous unless their customers identify them with the good guys who, by definition, can't be beat. Within the present framework of organized baseball, the situation could be eased somewhat if the rich clubs would permit an unrestricted draft of minor league players so that talent would be distributed more evenly, but those in power are all too human in their willingness to murder Santa Claus any old time for first grabs at his pack.

MY CONCERN with some of the economic problems of baseball as a business has been only to illustrate the importance of winning, an importance that makes spectator sports as entertainment depend on a ritual identification of spectators with the triumphant good. As has already been pointed out, the skills that make for success in games are not really those used in everyday life, but nevertheless Americans often call life itself a game. It is precisely what is taken most seriously in life that is most often so compared — the life-insurance or real-estate business; I have even heard an eminent Thomist metaphysician describe his own activities as "this game." He was not looking at himself through the skeptical eyes of a logical positivist, but assimilating his activities to real American life, talking as if he were one of the boys and as good as anyone else. What spectator sports have in common with the main current of American life — in spite of the obvious differences — is not fun or relaxation, though Americans are in fact quite serious about fun, but again emphasis on keeping score. Parenthetically, it must be remarked that people who place emphasis not only on proving themselves competitively, but also on counting and comparing their self-proof, give evidence that their society places a great psychic strain on the individual. It is a curious coincidence that our predecessors on this continent, the Indians, were great and compulsive score-keepers, counting coups in warfare on the plains and giving potlatches in the Pacific Northwest.

THE POSITION of sports as a ritual representation of life rather than a part of it renders intelligible the curious fact that just in the age when sincerity, making a good impression, and security (rather than risk-taking) are coming to predominate in real life, aggressiveness, toughness and the cult of hustling should prevail on the sports page. A businessman in any ordinary pursuit would not risk bad publicity by endangering the lives of others in order to make money. This observation may seem somewhat naive in view of the practices of the automobile industry, but it would be still more naive to regard poor car sales as a protest in favor of safety or even of common sense. Here we are confronted with sins of omission rather than commission and have no reason to doubt that if safety were at all popular, the automobile producers would sell it. In baseball, on the other hand, the practice of throwing at the batter's head is justified with the excuse that it's all part of the game and by the remark that nearly always the pitcher does not intend to maim or kill but simply to keep the batter from crowding the plate. With their usual ineptness, the powers that be in baseball have made the gesture of giving umpires authority to read minds and to fine pitchers and even managers if they persist in a malevolent mental attitude. The whole problem could be solved in a minute by ruling that any batter struck above the neck would score, with all runners in front of him, and the pitcher immediately be ejected and suspended for thirty days. There would be no possibility of abuse; some players may very occasionally abuse the present rule which gives one base to a batter hit anywhere, but nobody would deliberately stick his head in front of a ball. In justice, it must be observed that the owners have the reverse of a financial interest in having a very hard object thrown through the skulls of their valuable chattels. Nobody can accuse them of deep thinking, malevolent or otherwise. It is also true that bean-balling is almost certainly not so dangerous to life as putting a usually harmless dose of poison in a food portion, but no food producer could publicly argue that poisoning is part of the packing game. Aggression that would no longer be approved in real life is approved in its imitation on the playing field.

THERE IS a case for allowing youth to play moderately dangerous games when properly supervised. Physical courage and indifference to pain are not the supreme virtues, but they are a much more valuable endowment for life than their contraries. This has nothing to do with spectator sports as a business, even when supported on the side by educational institutions. One wonders how long courses of studies would be tolerated in which a sizable proportion of the students got broken bones every year. There is one department of our universities in which this is taken for granted. Public opinion would not tolerate a business which had a similar employee-accident rate, especially if the employees were under age.

Even the semi-sophisticated have learned to smile at the educational values of sport. But one pre-educational value they do have even for the audience: in the game all that really counts is competence. The student who tries to bluff himself into a grade of A would not expect to make the football team by the same tactics. Everyone even slightly able to judge gives professional athletes — if not the adulation they have learned to expect — the respect due to any competent workman.

But here we find the source of a clash with one aspect of sport as a ritual. Leo Durocher said that nice guys finish last; they don't if they have ability. A team of Musials wouldn't finish behind a team of Durochers and Stankys. All the color, toughness and aggressiveness in the world wouldn't help. It is part of the ritual character of sports that qualities are emphasized — if not on the playing field, then on the sports page — that are dying out in real life. The cult of the tough guy which, with one side of his nature, the American is taught to value is acted out ritually and read about in escape literature just when the opposing characteristics prevail in real life. The great era of spectator sports began when the old values of the self-made man had begun to decay. Practices no longer attained or even tolerated in real life are acted out on the stage of spectator sports, where the good guys who are not the nice guys always win.

Art imitates nature, just the same, and nature art. The attitudes of the spectator do affect American real life. Our salesmanship and production have, as Mr. Galbraith has pointed out, some of the unreal characteristics of a game. But they are the simply given aspects of life and cannot be questioned, any more than the convention of three outs in baseball, even if survival is at stake. Then, too, we are the good guys, and the good guys always win, by a natural law, without any effort — in the grandstand. If things don't seem to be going too well temporarily, we can always change the manager and have the front office spend more money. The future we might have made may be a spectacle we shall die watching. But to expect this may also be a naive expectation of a dramatic and definite conclusion, like that of a game.

U.S. at U.N.: The Burden of Friendship . . *Urban Whitaker*

DISCIPLES OF *realpolitik* have always regarded the United Nations as a forum for counting soldiers under the guise of counting noses; they believe, in other words, that its majorities are always on the side of the big battalions. For the first five years or so of the U.N.'s brief history, this was true enough. It was the United States, indisputably, which had the big battalions (read: the A-bomb); and it was the United States which could always command the majorities — when required, the two-thirds majorities — needed for measures it considered vital.

This is no longer true. The shift has been a gradual one, and it is by no means complete; but the trend is unmistakable. Where once we could dictate on the East River, we must now bargain and compromise. In brief, we can no longer afford to *demand* what we want; we must *bargain* for it. Our solo power has been progressively fused into a complex decision-making apparatus jointly operated by a large group of friends, near-friends and those whom we hope to make our friends.

Perhaps the first significant sign of this new trend came during the Korean War, when we sponsored the Uniting for Peace Resolution, a move designed to detour around the Soviet veto in the Security Council by giving the General Assembly jurisdiction in certain matters. When we took this step just eight years ago, there seemed to be no penalty attached. Most of the then sixty members of the Assembly had always voted with us anyway. We could—at least so it seemed at the time—afford the luxury of supporting international democracy without, in fact, relinquishing our role as the primary leader of the large anti-Communist majority. If things did not work out in the Assembly as we wished, we could always go back to the Security Council on the ground that it, rather than the Assembly, has the major responsibility for the maintenance of world peace.

Subsequent crises, however, have demonstrated that the Uniting for Peace Resolution signalized a *permanent* shift of power rather than the creation of a *temporary* one. The shift was not only from the Security Council to the General Assembly, but from the bigger powers toward the smaller, both inside and outside the U.N. Nor has it been possible for the United States, as it had hoped, to step back under the protective awning of the Security Council veto. Nothing demonstrates this more clearly than the December, 1955, proceedings, when the American coalition fell apart over the election of a non-Communist successor to Turkey on the Council, and over the "package deal" on membership. Legally, we could have blocked both the election of Yugoslavia and the admission of sixteen new members; politically, we could not afford it. The defeat was the more important because it laid the groundwork for its own repetition by increasing both the anti-American, and the occasionally pro-American, voting blocs, and providing the safety of greater numbers for any others who might decide to bolt the American leadership on particular issues.

The 1956 and 1957 Assemblies

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which followed this jolt to our power merely underlined the permanence of the change. Every major world crisis since 1955 has either waited for the Assembly to convene or has eventually resulted in an emergency Assembly session. Thus, in each crisis, the big powers have been faced with the necessity of currying favor among their smaller friends (the Soviet eagerness for an Assembly session on the Lebanon crisis, once plans for a summit conference fell through, is perhaps the most recent case in point). At present, the magic number for the United States is fifty-four, which constitutes a two-thirds majority of the current Assembly membership. Either we convince fifty-three other nations to join us on the major issues before the Assembly, or we suffer the consequences of being unappealing. And it follows that the more appealing we want to be, the more we must listen to and heed the counsel of our fellow-members.

IT WOULD BE naive to assume, in the light of this increasing trend toward international democracy, that we no longer live in a world of power politics, or that nationalism and the pursuit of self-interest by nation-states are on the decline. It is not that power has been supplanted by idealism as the key to international action; it is simply that the *nature* of power has changed.

Power no longer adheres exclusively to the big battalions; it can no longer be judged in terms of military might. And, curiously, it has been the achievement of the ultimate in military might — the hydrogen missile — which has set the stamp of decline, in a relative sense, on this traditional measure of power.

To understand this, it is necessary to recognize that the power struggle on the international scale — the Cold War — is being waged on three levels: (1) the military; (2) the economic, which is a struggle involving both physical and psychological factors; (3) ideas, which are predominantly psychological. *But the nuclear stalemate has eliminated any further meaningful competition on the military level.* With each side already capable of annihilating the other at least once, the advantage of further build-up, to enable one side to annihilate the other twice, is at least dubious. "Who can destroy the most?" is a question which has clearly ended in a tie. "Who can do it the fastest?" is a question not yet so clearly answered; but the difference between destruction by the minute and destruction by the half-hour is hardly a vital one.

We move on, now, to the economic Cold War. After discovering that relative power can no longer be measured on a military scale — the discovery can be said to date more or less to the Summit Conference of 1955 — both the United States and the USSR were forced to place new emphasis on the economic struggle. The results so far have been barely short of shocking from our viewpoint. We were aware of some advantage to the Soviet side because of its totalitarian organization. We were convinced, however, that our own system had demonstrated a sufficient superiority in the actual production of goods so that we could compete successfully.

While this may be true, and probably will continue to be true, it has obscured the fact that our economic production is essentially a "team" effort based on the cooperation of a host of raw-materials producers outside the Western hemisphere. The Paley and Randall reports are only two of the more publicized surveys of recent years which demonstrate a basic economic poverty on the American scene taken as a single unit. Manly Fleischmann, writing in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, points out that of thirty-eight important industrial minerals, we are self-sufficient in only nine. He concludes: "We must start by facing the unpalatable fact that America is today a 'have not' nation with respect to a majority of the metals indispensable to national survival." The stark fact is that the United States, by itself, cannot hope to compete with the Soviet Union in the maintenance of a jet-age economy. On the other hand, as the most autarchic nation economically on the globe today, the Soviet Union is relieved of much of the "burden of friendship."

It should be emphasized that the United States can and will succeed in carrying the "burden of friendship." But the price — like most prices — is subject to inflation, and it will cost us *politically* to compete economically. This political price is at once the most outstanding and the least appreciated fact of the cold war.

ON THE MILITARY level, then, the power struggle has already reached a stalemate. On the economic level, we are doomed to lose unless we can maintain the cooperation of friendly countries.

Quite suddenly, then, we are faced with a new and dramatic factor in the shifting phenomenon known as the power struggle: the force of world public opinion. To hold our allies, to maintain our economic strength, we must continually struggle to maintain public opinion on our side — in the United Nations, and outside. Thus we come to the third of the trilogy that makes up the Cold War: the war of ideas.

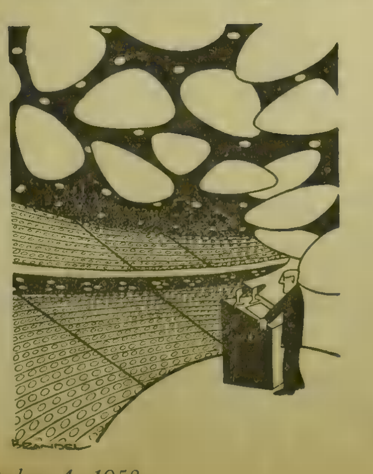
If world public opinion is the most important factor in the new power struggle, it is also the most elusive. Understandably, some critics insist there is no such thing. It is undeveloped. In one area, it is a truly public opinion; in another, a single man speaks effectively — if not dramatically — for millions. But the essential point is that he speaks; the millions follow, and we must at least listen.

United States policy has shown increasing, if not yet sufficient, awareness of this new necessity. The present Administration has even been accused of selling out to the United Nations. But there is nothing else we could have done. We are faced with a situation where the only effective way to advance our own national interests is by serving the national interests of others. It is a difficult concept to sell, but the only way up seems to be down. National progress depends on international progress. Selfishness is served by altruism — and also tamed by it. We have, in other words, a distinct national interest in hearkening to the voice of public opinion.

It is fair to infer from these developments that the world is quietly entering an era of *de facto* "world government"—with a small "w" and a small "g." As the power of the United States wanes, it is not going to some supranational authority; it is going to all the other nations of the world. The result is a new species of world government, unexpected and uninvited, a sort of nuclear accident which finds the big powers wondering what the little powers will tolerate next.

The consequences of this new measure of democracy in international affairs are not yet very well understood. It is still a shock to most Americans to "discover" that they are really a rather minor part of humanity — about 6 per cent. China alone houses more than 20 per cent of all human beings; India is home for another 13 per cent. That each of these and others whose national aspirations are only beginning to express themselves should seek a voice at least commensurate with their size is not only understandable, and perhaps inevitable, but it is consistent with the kind of democratic development we have always claimed to favor. If this kind of democracy goes on to triumph, we will only have been swallowed by the success of our own propaganda.

But the anatomy of the new international democracy is obscure. Surely the Assembly is more democratic than the Security Council. Of its eighty-one members, fifty-nine are outside this hemisphere; thirty are Asian or African; thirteen are new since World War II; ten are Communist. But its voting arrangement can hardly be described as democratic, legally or actually. Latin America with 150 million people has twenty separate votes. The United States with 180 million, and India with more than 350 million, have a single vote each. Eventually some combination of population and resources will probably dictate both the legal and *de facto* arrangements, and the United States will take a place second to both China and India but considerably ahead of Iceland, Burma and Mexico. In the meantime, we are faced with the task of designing effective means of measuring national psychological power. For this purpose we will continue to find the proceedings of the General Assembly a valuable guide.



WHAT CAN THE United States do about these developments? Throughout this article it has been argued that the combination of nuclear stalemate and economic interdependence has dictated a redistribution of *de facto* governing power in the world and that the relative power gap between the United States and her "weaker" friends has begun to decrease. The discussion, however, has been more descriptive than normative, and no conclusion has been drawn as to whether this is a good or bad development.

Americans are apt to react to their new situation in various ways. Walter Lippmann, for example, in his book, *Essays in the Public Philosophy*, suggests that the decrease in American power is not only bad, but avoidable, and we should set out posthaste to reverse it.

This line of argument, which is based on the familiar premise that democracies are too slow to survive in a world of fast wars, has a partial boomerang built into it. For if the foregoing analysis is accurate, the new psychological wars will be slower — if considerably longer — than the old physical wars, and there will actually be some new advantages to democracies *because they are democracies*.

At any rate we can hardly meet the challenge to the old international system by attempting to preserve it. The danger we face is not so much in the fact that we are becoming less powerful relative to the other inhabitants of the planet. The real danger is that we may foolishly try to drag the twentieth-century power relationship with us into the twenty-first century and thus earn the punishments which the primary powers of the next century will be able to pay to recalcitrant minorities.

This is not just a counsel given in order to avoid being "done in." The decline we are experiencing is relative. We are not losing ground so much as others are gaining it, and the change should be good for all of us. By the twenty-first century— only forty-two years from now — we will probably have less say than some of our global neighbors in world affairs. But if the Chinese and Indians are ruling the world, and we have the minority voice — well, they constitute one-third of the planet's population, and we *are* a minority. But both we and they will enjoy standards of living higher than anyone now has. Mankind in general will have increased its powers over its physical and social environments, and no group of people will necessarily grow less well satisfied with its lot.

IN FACT, IT IS the curious thing about power that our new weaknesses will prove to be a great strength in the long run. From dependence, from having to consider the desires of others — which have been described above as a loss of power — will come new, close relationships which will actually add to our power and theirs.

In short, we are forced to new positions of power by being too weak to resist. The power we are losing is, in many ways, the power to commit mistakes. By being weak enough to have to listen to others, we are being saved from ourselves. And this is an advantage the Communists do not fully share. Thus, paradoxically, the United States may find through the inexorable forces of international democracy that the very weakness which is reducing us to a second-rate power in terms of the old order will invite the strength necessary to establish us as a first-rate power in the new.

BOOKS and the ARTS

A Climax of French Culture

FROM THE N.R.F. An Image of the Twentieth Century from the Pages of the Nouvelle Revue Française. Edited with an introduction by Justin O'Brien. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 383 pp. $5.

J. G. Weightman

PROFESSOR O'BRIEN has accomplished an act of piety by making an anthology of articles from the dog-eared copies of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* he bought as a young man. The letters, *N.R.F.*, will always remain magic initials for anyone who was introduced to French literary life between the two wars; there were other reviews and other publishing houses — the *Mercure de France*, for instance, or the *Revue de Paris*, Grasset or Flammarion — but only the *Nouvelle Revue Française* and the Gallimard books bearing the black or red monogram on a white cover were cut open excitedly, with the conviction that here was the purest food for the contemporary mind. Begun in 1909, the *N.R.F.* reigned supreme from 1919 to 1939 and has not been replaced. The *Nouvelle N.R.F.*, which Gallimard now publishes in the identical format and which is edited by Marcel Arland and Jean Paulhan, both survivors from the pre-war team, contains a lot of good material but, compared to its prototype, it has a mysteriously devitaminized flavor. There are many other intelligent reviews, *La Table Ronde, La N.E.F., Critique,* etc. In the post-Liberation period, when Sartre was at his peak and really interested in *Les Temps Modernes*, that review for a short time occupied the leading position of the old *N.R.F.* At the moment, Maurice Nadeau's *Les Lettres Nouvelles* is probably nearest the heart of the literary situation, although it has not achieved the eminence of its great predecessor.

Why a review should fail or flourish and, more particularly, why it should take on the almost numinous glow of the old *N.R.F.*, is often hard to determine. In his introduction, Professor O'Brien gives a brief sketch of the genesis of the *N.R.F.* and of its history under a remarkable line of editors: Jean Schlumberger, Jacques Copeau, Jacques Rivière and Jean Paulhan. Schlumberger has explained that a group of intellectuals, who were united more by friendship than by any precise doctrine, had the idea of beginning a review to mark a new departure after the end of Symbolism. The animating spirit was André Gide, although he had no official editorial capacity. He was the "great man" who asserted himself against the leading figure on the declining *Mercure de France*, Remy de Gourmont.

GIDE HAD exactly the right blend of critical and creative energy, the leisure to be interested, an anxious sympathy with all artistic and intellectual endeavor and, more important still, a richly self-contradictory nature which kept the review open on all sides. He was the center of a loosely connected but quite definite body of literary people, more numerous and more broadly based than the so-called Bloomsbury Group in England. Its history is only now being written by M. Anglès, a professor at the French Institute in London, who has stressed the extraordinary verbal-mindedness of these intellectuals. They met constantly in Paris, or visited together in the country; they organized discussions and wrote one another immense letters; they kept diaries and even had the peculiar habit of reading extracts aloud to one another. They formed, in fact, probably the most genuine *literary community* that has existed in the modern world. Clearly, a great intellectual review is a respiratory apparatus which allows a culture to breathe on the highest level and so make the most of itself. Except for Gide and the *N.R.F.*, many writers totally unlike Gide and not particularly sympathetic to the *N.R.F.* (Claudel, for instance), could not have developed as they did. Professor O'Brien does not say this, but he goes even further in emphasizing the international importance of the *N.R.F.* He quotes Gertrude Stein: "Paris was where the twentieth century was" and he maintains that the example of the *N.R.F.* was behind *Criterion, Horizon* and several other famous periodicals which, for various reasons, were less effective.

All this being so, one would expect Professor O'Brien's *N.R.F.* anthology to be a fascinating book. I regret to say I find it an almost complete bore, quite devoid of the appetizing richness of, for instance, the *Partisan Readers*. However, it is easy to see why the apparently excellent idea of anthologizing the *N.R.F.* should have led to this result.

IN THE first place, the volume is written in that most distressing form of pidgin English, translatorese. Professor O'Brien and his team of translators, who are all (as he points out) doctors of Columbia University, work on the principle of the literal rendering. This, I admit, is better than woolly paraphrase but, as a doctor of London University, I must nevertheless denounce it as the dreariest variety of mistaken prudence. A literal rendering is intended to keep close to the original; in fact, since it violates English idiom and word-order, it turns the original into something clumsy and outlandish. The problem of translation is to preserve the literal force of the original in English. Professor O'Brien, apparently quite unaware of this, renders Gide's style as follows:

> When you speak of my unrest, there is a misdeal; dear friend, the unrest is not on my side but on yours. That is what chagrined Claudel in his affection: I am not a tormented man. I never realized this better than when reading you, and that the most Christian thing about you is precisely the unrest. But despite the meanders of your specious thought, the ageing Racine's Christian point of view and your point of view as a Christian novelist differ to the point of being in opposition.

Or, to quote only one more horror, which strikes me as I turn over the pages:

> Many were the planes over which Marcel Proust extended his domain, but with this intermediate plane his genius never signed a pact.

Surely a sentence of this kind — and, alas, there are dozens of them — must affect any literary sensitivity like a slap with a wet fish. Only slight alterations would be necessary to turn either passage into English, but they are the tremendously important alterations that make all the difference between literacy and illiteracy. It is the reviewer's sad duty to say that Professor O'Brien's volume is profoundly illiterate and so betrays Gide, Valéry, Paulhan and all the rest because, whatever their differences,

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the writers of the *N.R.F.* were united in their fanatical respect for language.

Secondly, the editorial problem was well-nigh insoluble. Professor O'Brien says that the *N.R.F.* was "first of all a critical review" and that no one has hitherto "delved into the storehouse." The truth is that the storehouse was constantly rifled by the Gallimard press. When you look through the files of the review, as I have just done to discover why Professor O'Brien has not chosen more substantial pieces, you see that almost everything of value has appeared in book form. The gist of the review was not critical; it consisted of the creative writings of Gide, Valéry, Claudel, Proust, Montherlant, Alain, Benda, etc. The critical notes were very important, of course, but they were usually written by first-line authors, who later introduced them into their collected works. It is interesting to see, for instance, that the review of Radiguet's *Le Diable au Corps*, one page in length, is by Cocteau and was republished in a book. The longest critical essays are by Albert Thihaudet, who wrote several thousand words every month for more than fifteen years—and used this material in his books.

PROFESSOR O'BRIEN is obliged, then, to glean among the unconsidered trifles. Why, otherwise, would he have resuscitated Valéry Larbaud's very short piece on Proust, written in 1923, when it has little instrinsic value except as a salute to Proust's genius and has been superseded by a whole library of commentaries? Why bother with François Mauriac's analysis of Edouard Bourdet's now forgotten play, *La Captive,* unless one has the rather malicious intention, which I should not attribute to Professor O'Brien, of showing that Mauriac was transparently obsessed with homosexuality? A few of the articles are good, but most were never more than minor contributions to the *N.R.F.*

Nevertheless, Professor O'Brien's book serves the good purpose of making us reflect on the remarkable phenomenon of the *N.R.F.* We can see at this distance that it was probably the last great flowering of a certain type of bourgeois culture, and really an aftermath of the nineteenth century. The writers of the period either had small private fortunes, as in the case of Gide, Proust, Benda, Martin du Gard, etc., or they found some means of livelihood which left them leisure for independent literary work; Alain was a teacher, Claudel a diplomat, Valéry private secretary to a wealthy invalid. Sometimes the writer, Suarès for instance, was really very poor and looked upon himself as a *poète maudit* in the Baudelaire-Verlaine tradition, but on the whole he managed to exist, and even to take a summer house at the sea-side.

On the other hand, he had no intention of making a fortune or even of rising above a certain modest standard of living. To make a fortune would have been basely to identify himself with the materialistic values of the bourgeois society of which he felt himself to be, precisely, the contradictory and spiritual flower. Following in the tradition created by Baudelaire, Flaubert and Mallarmé, which was ultimately a form of Romanticism, the writer had the firmest possible belief in his spiritual function as an intellectual, even when he was consumed by doubts like Gide, or contemptuous of literature as such, like Valéry, or inclined to stress character rather than intelligence, like Alain. The *N.R.F.* group probably achieved the perfect balance between thinking *for* and *against* their public. Although ultimately bourgeois, they were in a sense classless, because they thought outside convention and adopted any recruit who subscribed to their values. These apparently unimportant, and in some ways rather fussy little men assumed with intense spiritual pride that they represented France and that France represented humanity, and their assumptions turned out to be right.

Their present-day successors are without these basic convictions. France is now much more battered than it was after the Dreyfus case and the First World War. The country is, in a sense, even more bourgeois than ever, and technically more successful, but its brain is less able to rise above materialistic considerations and less sure that it ought to do so. Mauriac, Malraux, Sartre and Camus, although they all began within the circle of the *N.R.F.*, do not have the same common ground as Gide, Proust, Valéry and Alain. Camus has draped himself in solitude and style; Sartre has got hopelessly bogged down in his relationships with the French Communist Party; Malraux seems to have sold out to rhetoric and chauvinism; Mauriac, in spite of his qualities, is too peevish and personal to represent the serenity of conscience. Several of the younger writers have gone in for varieties of negativism and preciosity. It cannot be said that anyone is specifically to blame for this literary fragmentation. It just happens that France has at last been thrown wide open to the winds of international politics and has not been able to cope with defeat and a festering colonial problem. The inter-war period now appears like a blessed lull during which the individualistic, analytical spirit was able to achieve its final expression, in what might be called organized anarchy.

For when we think back now to the achievements of the famous writers connected with the *N.R.F.*, we are struck by the fact that their association was a way of insuring the development of individualism. They did not form a school. They came together to be different. It may be that individualism can only be perfected collectively, in a society which is still firmly enough based not to be afraid of internal contradictions and intellectual enough to think that man's prime duty is to use his faculty of language for the full expression of his being. The most interesting article in Professor O'Brien's collection is the manifesto in-

To David, About His Education

The world is full of mostly invisible things,
and there is no way but putting the mind's eye,
or its nose, in a book, to find them out,
things like the square root of Everest
or how many times Byron goes into Texas
or whether the law of the excluded middle
applies west of the Rockies. For these
and the like reasons, you have to go to school
and study books and listen to what you are told,
and sometimes try to remember. Though I don't know
what you will do with the mean annual rainfall
on Plato's Republic, or the calory content
of the Diet of Worms, such things are said to be
good for you, and you will have to learn them
in order to become one of the grown-ups
who sees invisible things neither steadily nor whole,
but keeps gravely the grand confusion of the world
under his hat, which is where it belongs,
and teaches small children to do this in their turn.

Howard Nemerov

troducing the first post-war number in 1919, in which Jacques Rivière wrote:

> We are the most candid people on this earth. Others may find us hard and pugnacious. They can take us to task for our nature, often scornful and aggressive. But we cannot be surpassed for the truth of our feeling or for the readiness with which we express it. The Russians have perhaps said things more base, more intimate than we have dared say, but their words are blended with lies or at least with dreams. Our literature is the most purified, the most free of all hypocrisy that any nation can produce.

This boast is probably justified. Gide, in fact, in his attempt to put the whole of one modern man onto paper, was going to confess things which were original in their baseness and intimacy. Proust was going to analyze human emotions with a thoroughness that has never been surpassed. Valéry, in the immense *Cahiers* which are only now being brought out, was carrying intellectual self-consciousness further than anyone had ever done before. Claudel deliberately built himself up into a mountain of dogmatism; Benda represented adamant nationalism; Montherlant did what could be done with erotic, neo-Catholic dandyism, and so on. If a literary culture is to be defined by the variety of extreme types it produces, then the France of the inter-war period can offer a display that has no equivalent anywhere.

Because of the violence of these oppositions, the intellectual temperature at the center of the *N.R.F.* must have been one of the highest on record. *Criterion* had *The Wasteland* in its first number but did not reach that height again. A major part of modern French literature went through the *N.R.F.*; all French writers were affected by the review's intense awareness of Surrealism, Freudianism, Marxism, foreign literatures, etc.; all were conditioned by the implicit assumption that the artist's essential loyalty is to his temperament and the thinker's to his thought, wherever it may lead him.

Some people have held that this is a suicidal conception of culture; that to offer everything up on the altar of the spirit is to consume the very basis of culture. It is, they say, to forget that nations are held together by a collective inarticulate, by healthy stupidities, which are better left untampered with. Certainly the size and contradictory brilliance of the French bourgeois elite provided no immediate protection against the onslaught of German fascism, and certainly the higher achievements are rarely allied with sound political sense on the everyday level. The French have paid in the past for their exemplary artistic and intellectual recklessness, and they may have to pay again. But on Judgment Day they will have several unique things to show, and one will be the collected files of the *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

Dark Illumination

THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Hannah Arendt. The University of Chicago Press. 333 pp. $4.75.

Richard Peters

IT IS A brave philosopher who will venture to write a "remarkable thesis" on "the human condition" which casts new light on "such subjects as semantics, philosophy, politics, aesthetics, the family, economics, labor movements and the growth of psychology and the social sciences."

As a matter of fact, Dr. Arendt's thesis is not all that remarkable. It is that we have become a society of laborers, preoccupied with survival rather than with creating objects that last or with making our mark in public life. Modern developments in space travel and automation are likely to set us free from the habitat of our survival and from labor. What will then happen to us, a society of job-holders, "where the only active decision required of an individual is the rejection of his personality"? For we have lost the zest of the Greeks for public affairs and the joy of the medievals in craftsmanship. And the life of contemplation is quite beyond the ken of most of us.

This rather somber and sententious diagnosis is wrapped up in metaphysical musings in the Hegelian style. The various transformations of "the human condition" are described in very general concepts, and the thought of most philosophers from Plato to Whitehead is interpreted in terms of them. Somewhat surprisingly, the concepts themselves are not of the rarefied and abstract sort so often associated with such high-flown enterprises. They are the earthy ones of labor, work and action.

Nevertheless these earth-bound concepts preserve the mystical overtones of so many previous trinities. When Dr. Arendt stresses the connection between labor and what is done for survival and consumption she is particularly difficult to follow. Whitehead once advised philosophers to ponder upon their organic sensations. Dr. Arendt seems to have taken him very seriously. "A philosophy of life," she says, "that does not arrive, as did Nietzche, at the affirmation of 'eternal recurrence'. . . as the highest principle of all being, simply does not know what it is talking about." Dr. Arendt arrives all right, and she may well know what she is talking about; she does not always make it clear to the uninitiated.

Labor, claims Dr. Arendt, is the activity which corresponds to the biological process of the human body; it is bound up with the survival of the human organism. But the initial trouble about such a view is that there are so few activities of this sort. Almost nothing that man does, apart from things like breathing and swallowing, corresponds to a merely biological process. For an act — let alone labor — cannot even be described without reference to social standards and conventions. Even eating is not just a matter of getting food into the stomach. Life is seldom a matter of mere survival; it is a matter of surviving in a certain manner. What constitutes "labor" in a given society is quite inseparable from the standards and conventions which make it a society and not just a multitude of men.

LOCKE, for stylistic reasons in all probability, spoke of "the labour of our body and the work of our hands." He had in mind the activities of the early colonists in digging the soil, making fences, hewing wood and drawing water. But Dr. Arendt elevates a stylistic gimmick into a crucial metaphysical distinction. "Work," she claims, is distinct from "labor" because it brings about a durable world of objects. Tools were invented to erect such a world, not primarily to help the human life process. (How does she know?) "Without a world between man and nature, there is eternal movement, but no objectivity." (Are the stars, then, less "objective" than electric-light bulbs?) Fabrication has a determinate, predictable end, labor has neither beginning nor end.

Is a man, then, who digs a latrine of a semi-permanent nature "working" or

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"laboring"? Is the fisherman not a laborer because he must use his hands rather than his body? He is, after all, furthering a life process — unless he fishes for fun. Or does he work when he fishes and labor when he eats the kipper? Or does he work when he makes nets and labor when he uses them? Where do "life processes" begin and end? Work, it is said, is the only activity that has a beginning and an end. But drinking, surely, has as much a beginning and an end as making a straw to drink with. For "end" is, of course, used in at least two senses—that of end-product and that of the terminating point of any activity whatsoever.

DR. ARENDT's concept of "action" is even more bizarre than her other two concepts. She wishes to reserve the term exclusively for activity that goes on between men and men, where men reveal themselves in speech to one another, make their mark and shape their stories. The city state arose from the need to multiply such occasions of "immortal fame" and to remedy the futile evanescence of action and speech, which passes away unless it is preserved in stories or history.

Action, Dr. Arendt goes on to say, may have a beginning but no predictable end. But this is surely an outrage to ordinary usage. For the model case of a human action is something done to bring about an end.

What Dr. Arendt really means is that the *consequences* or *results* of actions are unpredictable. That is no doubt true, but so are the consequences or results of producing material things like steam engines, wheels, pickaxes, and golf clubs.

Wittgenstein once said that language is a "form of life," and Dr. Arendt, to a certain extent, shares his insight into the sort of life made possible by speech. But she fails to see how far this insight must be pushed—right into the realm of what she calls "work" and "labor." She has intimations of what is distinctive of "the human condition" which are quite beyond the ken of Marxists, behaviorists, and machine-bound information theorists. But the concepts she uses to present them are too coarse and confused to pinpoint its complexities. They are, indeed, so bizarre that the reader is constantly struck by their strangeness instead of by what they are meant to illuminate.

The point of her scrutiny, however, is revelation rather than recommendation. "What I propose," she says, "is very simple: it is nothing more than to think what we are doing." And on her view "thought . . . has neither an end nor an aim outside itself, and it does not even produce results." (She even thinks that the laws of logic are rooted in the structure of the human brain!) Modern man, she concludes, is a laborer, oblivious to "work" and "action." He is alienated from his world by the adoption of the universal point of view introduced by Galileo, turned in on himself by Luther, the craven victim of Cartesian doubt. He may well be. But Dr. Arendt forgets that Descartes also introduced into the modern world the passion for clarity and distinctness, a passion which she does not seem to share. Her thesis is therefore bedeviled by the obscurity of her concepts and their lack of distinctness from one another. Like Collingwood's artist, she is pregnant with a message that she cannot clearly utter. Yet without her trinity of labor, work and action, would she have any message at all? Is the metaphysics of "the human condition" much more than the rigging of concepts to match a mood?

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Books In Brief

THE LAW. By Roger Vailland. Alfred A. Knopf. 314 pp. $3.95.

CITY OF SPADES. By Colin MacInnes. The Macmillan Co. 255 pp. $3.75.

THE UGLY AMERICAN. By William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. W. W. Norton. 285 pp. $3.75.

RICE ROOTS. By Arthur Goodfriend. Simon and Schuster. 209 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

GRANTED that there are no new plots, there should still be the chance of new devices, new runs of the cards. But even such novelty is so uncommon that a novel possessed of it immediately breaks from the publishing orbit and fixes a place for itself. *The Law* has this quality; I think it will hold its ground.

In the towns of Southern Italy, the game played at the wine shops is "The Law." The rules are simple, the deportment traditional. A group of players (six is a good number) gathers around a table and chooses by lot a chief, who appoints a deputy. A liter of wine is then ordered and paid for by the losers, who must, however, petition the bosses for a drink. Every such request is met with mocking inquiries and shrewd insults, which the victims endure with such fortitude as they can summon. In the end, they may or may not get the glass of wine, but if the game is being run by worthy padrones they will never get it until their weaknesses have been laid bare and their spirits whipped raw. Each game continues until the liter is emptied — most of it being consumed, naturally, by the proprietors of that game. Then lots are drawn again and the table may be turned.

The point of this game, obviously, is not the wine — the point is power, administered with the maximum malice. A good player of "The Law" holds the precise clues to his victim's fears and shames, knows just how far he can go without breaking up the game. For, of course, the power is illusory, the victim can revolt, the sympathy of onlookers (it is a game that almost requires an audience) can turn against the chief. But if he is an adept, he can keep a victim squirming in clammy humiliation hour after hour. Great are the evenings when some hapless player never draws the card of authority.

And Roger Vailland's point is that "The Law" so fascinates these village players because it is a theatrical distillation of their entire society. Sex and profit are the major drives in Porto Manacore, a fishing village built on Roman ruins not far from Foggia. The drives are pursued, however, not for their own pleasures, but for the chances they open to enforce "The Law." A man, or woman, is rich and happy according to the number of losers in the game he operates, and one's place in society is determined, month by month, according to where one stands in the hierarchy of imposing or obeying "The Law." This, evidently, is the pecking order, in itself no new thing, though carried out at Porto Manacore with frank and primitive elegance.

But M. Vailland shocks you into attention because, holding this view of his community, he has not written a bitter, cynical or angry book. On the contrary, his book is buoyantly alive, one might say sunny. *The Law* is curiously free of frustration, estrangement or other contemporary corrosives; everyone is fully engaged, vitally occupied, using his life to the full stretch of its capacity. To be sure, there are a few permanent victims; as in the wine-shop game, some victims never draw the avenging card. But on average this is a community where the knife of fortune can be endured with some equanimity because there is always the chance of a counter thrust in another quarter. And even the permanent victims are somehow sustained by being part of the apparatus — the only real failures are the unemployed, who are no longer able to play, and Don Ottavio who, as seigneur of the community, derives his rights outside chance or strategy and devotes his long life of disciplined venery to a slow suicide of disengagement.

What M. Vailland puts forward is an existentialism of the pack. Engagement there must certainly be, but not an engagement of the spirit, as we have supposed. Man is a carnivore and he engages his world with his teeth. This must be a reprehensible philosophy and we should all be finding flaws in M. Vailland's animated comedy. But at the moment I am much too grateful for his pack of substantial men and women, pursuing their implacable ends in a hard, tangible landscape, to play moral detective. It is exhilarating to be reminded of the tonic of pagan laughter.

Lullaby

Oh, who can hear the fall-out?
Nobody, my dear.
Silent as milk or silk
Rains the delicate flow,
All through the night
So light, so light,
And when you wake in the morning
It will be deeply here:
The drifting, lifting fall-out
Silent as the snow.

Eve Merriam

"WE LIKE living out our lives." So explains Johnny Macdonald Fortune, eighteen years old, from Nigeria, now in London to learn the science of meteorology and be a credit to his dad and mum back home. Of course Johnny doesn't make it — how much solid study would a youth of eighteen have accomplished in one of the gold towns of the Klondike?

Because to Johnny and his thousands of fellow Negroes from Africa and the West Indies, London is a frontier town. They are young men entirely without women of their own, they are prospecting for a golden strike on the streets of London, they are whole oceans away from the constraints of their own society and both ignorant and contemptuous of the constraints England expects them to observe. Johnny begins his career in London by running the wrong way up an Underground escalator (he had promised his sister Pearl) and ends it in flight from a police record of dope peddling, living off women, and generally riotous and disdainful behavior. Johnny is a sad, stubborn, innocent fool in London's complex society; he is also one of the new pioneers.

That is the substance of *City of Spades*, a rollicking but withal somber novel of England's colonial citizens who have so unexpectedly, and in such numbers, taken it into their heads to try fortune in the mother capital. Colin MacInnes appears to have worked his way quite deeply into the new Negro world of London. He is not one of those to whom all Blacks look alike — he can even tell an African from a West Indian and he has caught their speech (a breezy but formal English, as though spoken to an inaudible beat), their sense of fun, the quality of danger in them. A code is there — the pride, the ambition, the sense of future ("England is quite wasted," says Johnny) — even if to the English it looks like a jungle riot.

City of Spades is an absorbing book, especially against the bitter news stories from Notting Hill. Mr. MacInnes is a little dazzled by his charming new friends, a little indulgent of their misbehavior because they are such a bright relief from the welfare gray, a little over-ready to concede the future to these gay black conquistadors. He sells his own tradition short: it is still no shallow gift to be born an Englishman. MacInnes, in fact, is in much the state of euphoria that seized the white chroniclers of Harlem a generation ago, and I suspect that one of his heroes, reading the book, would charge him with prejudice by over-compensation.

For all that, *City of Spades* is an admirable first reconnaissance into Black London, a journey of some risk carried out with style, humor and the insights of affection. Later voyagers will not have the novelty to contend with.

(I'm reluctant to believe Mr. MacInnes that the C.I.D. has picked up so many unappetizing techniques and habits of mind from the American city police. If Scotland Yard is really playing dirty, the British thriller is doomed and the decline and fall of man's most brilliant island may be at hand.)

SO MUCH is said nowadays about the tide of conformity, the failure of debate, the reverence for designated power that I want to report an instance of the *j'accuse* spirit from an unexpected quarter. *The Ugly American* is a book written at approximately the *Saturday Evening Post* level by two men, William J. Lederer (*Ensign O'Toole and Me*) and Eugene Burdick (*The Ninth Wave*), who write consistently and successfully in that highly professional world.

Their book is a related series of short stories, vignettes, anecdotes, full of rapid action, easy, surface characterizations and sentimental relationships — good escape stuff, good movie stuff — and all directed passionately to the charge that the United States is conducting its affairs in Southeast Asia with the charm and effectiveness of a spoiled and ignorant bully. The American of the title is ugly like Abraham Lincoln and would win the approval of Booth Tarkington. If he has any politics he shares them with McKinley and he calls his middle-aged wife, who can wrap him around her finger, "girl" and "baby." He is an engineer named Homer Atkins and he and Ambassador MacWhite, another Uncle Sam stereotype, understand each other —and the issue. That issue, very simply, is to help the Asians to solve their own problems, improve their own standards of living, build their own defenses against encroaching tyranny from East or West and worship their own gods in their own way. The American way of life — a popular export — and the American balance of trade have nothing to do with it.

Atkins and MacWhite, Yankees with a vision, fight heroically and ingeniously against obtuse arrogance: they lose and the time-servers and the ax-grinders return. Lederer and Burdick have written the only book I have ever read that is at once slick and angry; they have an awkward way of advocating decency and generosity, to say nothing of intelligence, not for their own sake but because that is the way to beat the Russian game. Still, I hope their readable diatribe wins them a number of angry allies.

FOR THEIR comfort, I advise the authors of *The Ugly American* to read *Rice Roots*; Arthur Goodfriend is the kind of American they are looking for. The book is the account of a year that Goodfriend, a United States Information Officer, spent with his wife and two children in the native towns and villages of central Java. He had lived in the East off and on for many years, never felt competent to deal with the problems that came before him, and went to the rice roots for an education.

The education he got was rather rough. Indonesians are polite people, but when they were sure that Goodfriend really wanted to know what they thought, they told him. They confessed themselves not over-fond of America, and Goodfriend became convinced that not all the gold in Fort Knox would improve their opinion. Indonesians, it happens, don't like to be offered money—as they don't like to see the Koran printed upside down or to find the image of the Prophet reproduced in any form. They don't particularly object to Coca Cola, but they wonder how it fits into an aid program, as they wonder why comic books are so much more efficiently distributed than scientific texts. They don't, in short, feel that the United States cares much about them except as pawns in a world struggle, and they don't enjoy being used as pawns.

Goodfriend explores the details of this situation in a narrative that retains the vividness of his own growing knowledge, his own rueful errors and happy conquests. His examples are often funny, though the implications are something short of side-splitting. We can, perhaps, forgive ourselves much because we are so young a world power, but the East is in no mood to wait while we learn wisdom and tact. Nor is the task so staggering — it is not expected that we become philosophers and saints. What is needed is a small corps of men like Goodfriend who will risk their dignity, their prejudices and their digestion in the interests of an exchange at a level more vital than the diplomatic pouch and the invoice. There is nothing wrong with trying to win friends for our own happiness and security — what is wrong is the notion that we can buy them.

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RECORDS

Lester Trimble

ALMOST A YEAR ago [*The Nation*, Nov. 2, 1957] I wrote some glowing words about the Beaux Arts String Quartet, which had just completed a series of concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall. It was my opinion then that this youthful group showed every likelihood of becoming an important force in the musical world. I underestimated. Washington Records recently issued three discs devoted to the Opus 9 Haydn String Quartets, on which this ensemble demonstrates that it ranks with the finest chamber music groups of our time. I do not know of a single quartet, European or American, that could give more deeply satisfying, stylistically perfect and immediate readings of these works.

To one who has always held that the music of Haydn is unjustly neglected, these performances are particularly welcome. For, because of the Beaux Arts String Quartet's evident joy in the music, and their insights into its emotional depth, even the most recalcitrant ear must become aware that the Opus 9 No. 3 Quartet strongly presages the late Beethoven Quartets, and that the Opus 9 No. 4 is as fine an example of eighteenth-century elegance as one could hope to find. The Quartets Nos. 1 and 2 are less highly developed, although even there, in the Adagio movement of the second Quartet, an astoundingly intense, Romantic expression is in evidence. In the case of each Quartet, the Beaux Arts group plays with exquisite balance between sparkle and sobriety; graceful, intelligent phrasing; and an easy sense of stylistic authenticity. WR-450 (Quartets Nos. 1 and 2); WR-451 (Nos. 3 and 4); WR-452 (Nos. 5 and 6).

BY comparison, the playing of the Griller Quartet and violist William Primrose on the Mozart Quintets K. 406 (C Minor) and K. 516 (G Minor) must be described as heavy and rather dull (Vanguard VRS-1029). Their performance style in the C Minor might be justified if a Brahms chamber work were being played, but it lays a layer of dark varnish over Mozart's textures which ill suits their native transparency. The moody G Minor Quartet is interpreted with an astounding lack of breadth, considering that so eminent a violist as Primrose is involved in the proceedings. Throughout the first movement, each phrase seems to gasp quickly and then fade, with only the faintest connection tying it to the next. The tone of the ensemble is large and forceful, but somehow, perhaps in the quest for size, the intimacy and communicativeness of the music is lost.

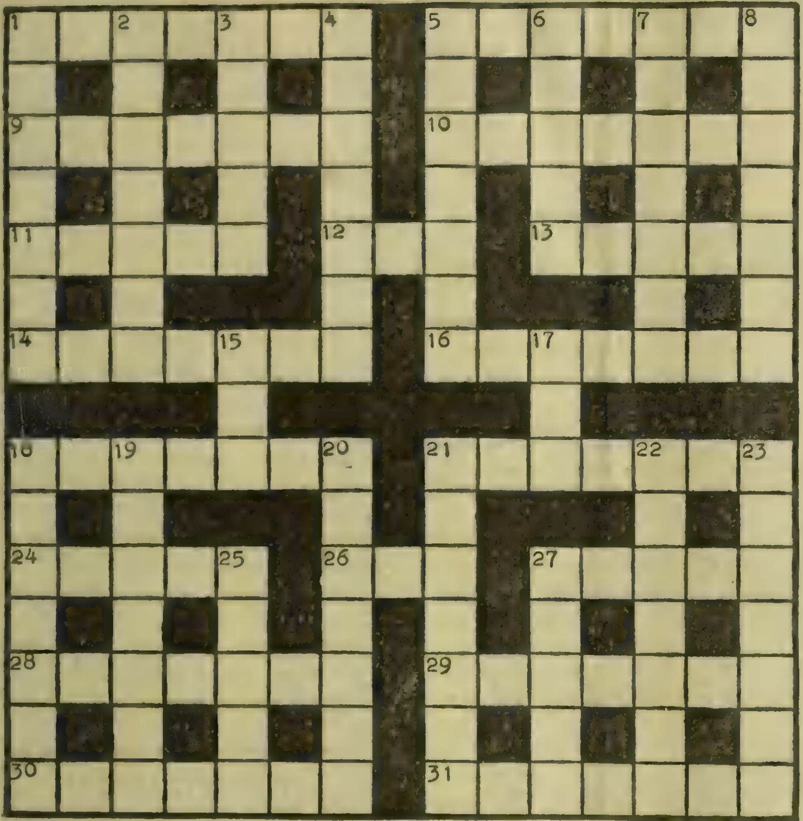
Two harpsichord discs of varying degrees of interest have been issued, one by RCA Victor (Wanda Landowska: *The Art of the Harpsichord*—LM-2194) and the other by Overtone (Albert Fuller: *Pièces de Clavessin* by Gaspard Le Roux — Overtone 15). The RCA recording includes J. S. Bach's *Partita No. 2 in C Minor;* his *Capriccio on the Departure of His Beloved Brother;* and *Fantasia in C Minor;* as well as a *Passacaglia in D Minor* by J. K. F. Fischer which bears a disconcerting resemblance to Bach's unaccompanied violin *Chaconne.* Landowska's performances are, as always, technically perfect, dramatic and forcefully articulated. The recorded sound of her instrument is intense and grand. Fuller's harpsichord is brighter and lighter in tone, and his playing of the highly ornamented Suites by Le Roux is elegant and thoroughly convincing. The music of this little-known composer of the Louis XIV period is exquisitely wrought, but not very compelling.

Bartók Records has come out with an unusual "sampler" disc, containing excerpts from twenty works from their catalogue. The purpose of this record is to provide the mail-order customer with an opportunity to judge the performance and recording quality of the various items. With the record goes a cash certificate applicable to the purchase of another disc. The sampler gives a tantalizing overview of Bartók's music, and judging by it, the company's standards are high indeed (BR-391). Another Bartók release (BR-927) has the soprano Lázló Magda singing Bartók's *Five Songs Op. 15* and six songs from Hungarian folk music by Zoltán Kodály. She does them beautifully; her voice is extremely handsome, warm and vital; and Leonid Hambro's piano accompaniments are models of vividness and stylistic accuracy.

Another interesting vocal collection is RCA Victor's LM-6056, *The Best of Caruso,* a two-record album containing re-pressings of thirty of the tenor's early, acoustical recordings, made between 1906 and 1920. In only one case has a modern orchestra been dubbed in, a feat occasionally attempted in the early thirties. The sounds are, therefore, authentic, and they provide a fascinating history not only of Caruso's voice and his style of singing, but of the recording techniques of earlier days. The one non-operatic song, George M. Cohan's *Over There,* brings with it a flavor of 1918 so poignant that it catches in the throat.

Crossword Puzzle No. 788

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

9 "Shut up"—as Ezra might say. (7)
10 There's no let-up in getting 18 down started. (7)
11 Taking up with this craft might appear saucy. (5)
12 This table might be taken to more than one 13. (3)
13 A number as youth might understand the same. (5)
14 Braces this in England, perhaps.
16 When the headwind lessens, it does, as one can see. (7)
18 and 26 A number of the 12 might be this—or at least its edges might be. (7,3)
21 and 5 across A junior college student to help support a lifetime of delivery at no expense to you (7, 7)
26 and 15 down But you probably do far less than revolt, if you do.
27 See 17 down
28 To shorten a sailor's back? (7)
29 At home, you'll get yours last! (7)
30 Burst open, as a pod does. (7)
31 Mates—and poses us a problem. (7)

DOWN:

1 and 1 across By comparison, are the light-fingered stupid? (5, 2, 7)
2 Impulse, or stump that is confused with it. (7)
3 Does it signify victory over the pain implied by guarantee? (5)
4 The horse might be, but he's not responsible. (7)
5 Was the unicorn one? (7)
6 and 26 But you can perhaps still see the picture of the military order. (5, 3)
7 Acted like Nemesis? (7)
8 Sent it less to name it, than to show it. (7)
17, 24 and 27 across Crime case once a favorite with children. (3, 5, 5)
18 Is he wealthy and somewhat less than difficult, or somewhat less than 10 and unfeeling? (7)
19 Just the opposite of "inter". (7)
20 See, as 17 does. (7)
21 What they used to do with snuff the wrong way? (No wonder the bills are big!) (7)
22 They extend shelter to you. (7)
23 One does, if he takes steps to 14 his actions. (7)
25 Phrygian writing about a Turkish mountain. (5)
27 There are bound to be many feet in this division. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 787

ACROSS: 1 Acute; 4 Spigot; 11 Thereto; 12 Extrude; 13 Portended; 14 and 20 Roman Candle; 15 Commencements; 17 Little Skipper; 22 Appel; 24 Mandolins; 25 Decibel; 26 Naivete; 27 Ensile; 28 Smith. DOWN: 2 Cheerio; 5 and 3 Peter the Hermit; 6 Gourmet; 7 The end; 8 Etape; 9 condensed milk; 10 Dead reckoning; 16 Euphonium; 18 Impacts; 19 Evident; 21 Usher; 23 Libel.

PUBLICATIONS

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THE
NATION

OCTOBER 11, 1958 . . 25c

Siege at Little Rock

THE BRAVE ONES

Dan Wakefield

The de Gaulle Mystique

ANATOMY OF A BALLOT

Alexander Werth

LETTERS

Schizoid Democrats

Dear Sirs: Mr. Barnard's happiness in predicting a Democratic landslide in the November election (September 13 issue), while pleasantly sanguine, struck me as politically naive. Though I would like to share his hope that a strong Democratic majority in Congress would result in a renascence of liberalism, I cannot believe that such a happy event will occur. For if the Republican Party is a sectional party, the Democratic Party is schizoid.

Such a statement as "It will certainly be a boon to have Mr. Hogan as Senator from New York instead of Mr. Keating, even if Mr. Hogan is more of a regular party man than a liberal" serves to point out what is to me a major and destructive weakness in the Democratic Party. For I believe that the Democrats are united not by loyalty to a party philosophy, but by fear—fear, in this case, of remaining out of power. And I cannot support the philosophy that any Democrat is better than any Republican, especially since a Democratic majority hands crucial committee chairmanships to Southern Democrats who, though they may bear the label, are not *my* Democrats.

Liberalism does not just happen. It will result, if at all, from liberal candidates (from either party) honestly discussing basic issues and presenting forceful solutions. Merely to go to the polls and vote a straight Democratic ticket in the hope that some liberal candidates will be elected is rather like casting bread upon the water—some pieces may float, but many will sink.

JOANNE LAFLER

Berkeley, Calif.

Faubus and China

Dear Sirs: America's attitude toward China is precisely that of the Governor Faubus type of Southerner toward the Negro: we can function democratically "as if" they aren't there. The Negro can go back to Africa and the Chinese can go back to Chiang Kai-shek. Americans, like Southerners, must learn to live with those of different ideas and color without trying to either deny their existence or trying to destroy them for being different. Variety is not only legitimate, but usually highly desirable.

We wonder if the thing that America fears is perhaps herself, rather than communism? She is uneasy with her leadership; she dislikes opposition, especially the kind that is built upon military strength approximating—if not surpassing—her own; she has a sense of guilt because of her backing of dictators and undemocratic regimes in the name of expediency.

The idea of negotiation from strength invalidates the idea of negotiation; gunboat diplomacy is no longer diplomatic; massive retaliation is whistling in the dark. Negativism — anti-communism — is no policy whatever. Establishing moral value judgments on other nations is name-calling in a minor key. The arms race guarantees little other than economic collapse. Defense, like security, has become obsolete terminologically.

R. JAY SHUTE
President, Unitarian Fellowship
for Social Justice

Monroe, N.C.

Policy Statement

There's an Alsop on the *Tribune*
Who got it in confidence from a General
Chiang
On the island of Formosa
After a conference with an Admiral
Smoot
Freshly told by a Defense Secretary
McElroy
Who heard from the White House
(after the usual nine holes)
As related by a Press Secretary Hagerty
Who had no more to say on it
Than the fact that he was saying no
more
Of what the White House
Freshly told the Defense Secretary
What was said to the General
Who gave it in confidence
To that man on the *Tribune*—
Clear?

SID BERNARD

New York City

Senator Clark (D., Pa.)

Dear Sirs: My conscience as a journalist is bothering me. At the time of the last Senatorial elections, *The Nation* sought and published (issue of November 7, 1956) my estimate of newly-elected Senator Joseph S. Clark. It was an almost entirely laudatory piece, based on Clark's superlative record as Mayor of Philadelphia and a creditable campaign.

In his first two years in Washington, however, Joe Clark, I regret to say, has come down with Forrestal's disease. Late last year Clark delivered a speech in Pennsylvania which he devoted to drawing the time-worn "deadly parallel"—the same one Eisenhower was supplied with the other night to give his TV lecture a hard gloss of internal logic: we "appeased" the Nazis and we can't

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 11

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Courage of the Court

The fact that the twentieth anniversary of Munich — September 29 — was about to be observed probably did not occur to the President when he tried, most ineptly, to apply the "no appeasement" logic to the debate on Quemoy. Nor is it likely that Chief Justice Warren was aware of the fact that the Court's decision in the Little Rock school case was handed down on the very day the anniversary was observed. Nevertheless the decision reflects a keen awareness that certain threats must never be appeased, regardless of the peril.

In the closing days of the 85th Congress, a coalition of Southern Democrats and right-wing Republicans came uncomfortably close to emasculating the Court's power to protect the rights of the citizens against unconstitutional legislative encroachments. The Jenner-Butler bill — to restrict the Court's appellate jurisdiction — was defeated by a narrow margin, 49-41, while HR 3, which, if adopted, would have limited the Court's power to interpret acts of Congress, actually passed the House (241-155) and lost in the Senate by a single vote, 41-40. No issue can be of greater concern to the members of the Court than the necessity of defending the judicial power itself, and it was precisely this power which the Court-curbing measures endangered. Given the narrow margin by which the bills were defeated, the Court might have concluded that now would be a good time to "appease" its Congressional critics; in times past, the Court has not hesitated to stage tactical retreats under Congressional pressure. But faced with this latest and most dangerous challenge, the Court retreated not an inch. On the contrary, the Little Rock decision contains a blistering attack on Southern officials, and therefore by clear implication on the Dixiecrats in Congress who, in disregard of their oath of office, would subvert the Constitution. Not only did the Justices exhibit great courage, but they acted wisely; the Court, we are confident, will be strengthened by their action. Handed down on the anniversary of Munich, the Little Rock decision will stand as a lasting testament to the proposition that the way to meet a challenge to the rule of law is not to whet the appetite of the lawless by appeasement, but to meet the challenge head-on, at the outset.

The Letter Writers

When, in response to a routine request, the Public Correspondence Branch of the State Department revealed that mail in regard to Quemoy was running four to one against the Administration, Vice President Nixon complained that an official in the State Department was trying to sabotage Secretary Dulles' Quemoy policy. This was so silly that even Mr. Dulles was unable to go along with it. The truth is that the mail, and the attendant publicity, could only improve the American position in the Quemoy imbroglio, which was partly, but only partly, of Mr. Dulles' making. Mr. Dulles originally chose to ally himself with the "China Lobby" or right wing of the Republican Party, whose views were reflected in the 1953 State of the Union message unleashing Chiang Kai-shek, and in the 1955 Formosa resolution. Chiang, unleashed, turned out to have no teeth, but the resolution enabled him to transfer a large part of his forces to Quemoy, within easy range of the Communist guns on the mainland.

Mr. Dulles now says this was foolish, but he gave in because of Chiang's insistence. The Secretary's present problem, then, is to free himself from the mistaken policy which enabled Chiang to take away direction of American foreign policy from the State Department, where it belongs, and restore to himself the normal latitude for diplomatic maneuver. The effect of the letters to the State Department could only have been to do just that. They make Chiang realize that his bellicose plans to bomb the mainland are impracticable; simultaneously, they encourage the Chinese Communists to continue negotiating at Warsaw since, popular support being lacking for a tough American policy, Peking can reasonably hope to gain a part of what it wants at the conference table. A further consequence might be that if the Communists displayed some "give," and Mr. Dulles displayed some for his part, he would have a shield to deflect the angry accusations of "appeasement" which will surely be hurled at him by the die-hards if he veers around to a less intransigent policy.

In addition to these services to Mr. Dulles personally, the letter writers have encouraged the Democrats to act as an informed, aroused, outspoken opposition, instead of a herd of pusillanimous yes-men. The Secretary should send a scroll of thanks to everyone who urged him to watch his step on Quemoy, and the official who revealed the fact that there are still Americans with minds of their own should receive a promotion to, say, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

Modest Proposal

The high schools of Norfolk, Virginia, remain closed, and no one can fail to admire the courage with which the segregationists of that city are sacrificing the education of their children to the high cause of white supremacy. We wonder, though, whether this sacrifice to principle is really necessary, whether a little community generosity and cooperation might not solve the problem of these woeful exiles from algebra, French irregular verbs and the campaigns of Alexander the Great.

The Negro schools are open; will they not consider crowding themselves a little to accommodate the white children locked out of their own premises? This, we realize, is no small thing to ask. Responsible Negroes — so the voice of the Old South is constantly telling us — do not like to associate with white people. But the Negro is traditionally a warm-hearted, open-handed man. It does not seem too much, in this emergency, to ask him to set aside his natural distaste for unpigmented skin and provide a haven for Norfolk's displaced youth. It would be only a temporary discomfort — just until the parents of the white boys and girls found some plausible device for evading the insolent mandate of the Supreme Court.

Lebanon – an Audit

Mr. Dulles seems to suffer from an irresistible urge to get himself—and the country—into almost every international morass that offers itself. Once he is well embogged, he makes herculean efforts to extricate himself, but would it not have been better to stay out in the first place? It would certainly appear so in the Lebanon instance, as the last U.S. Marine battalion embarks and the Army units prepare to leave.

Has Lebanon been pacified? On September 29, *The New York Times* correspondent cabled from Beirut that "the security situation . . . has shown no improvement." Other dispatches describe a state bordering on anarchy.

But perhaps we have earned the gratitude and affection of the Lebanese people? If so, it is not clear for what; nor are the Lebanese manifesting any such sentiments. Some of their politicians may be glad to have us, but they are finding that the only road to domestic popularity is to tell us, more or less politely, to go home. This is the one subject on which all factions vocally agree.

Surely, then, Mr. Dulles has at least insured the future pro-Western orientation of Lebanon? On the contrary, our boy, Chamoun, is out, and his followers are showing their resentment with shooting and arson. The new governmental authority, such as it is, is generally pro-Arab and neutralist. If he had not intervened, Mr. Dulles could scarcely have come off worse.

Moreover, Lebanon cannot be considered in isolation. The *Saturday Evening Post* suggests that the purpose of Khrushchev's trip to Peking may have been to induce the Chinese to start bombarding Quemoy by way of diverting American attention from the Middle East. Another version is that the Chinese did not need any encouragement from the Soviets to conclude that American involvement in Lebanon created a fine opportunity to launch their campaign for the offshore islands. Both versions suggest that our troubles in Lebanon are not unconnected with our current troubles over Quemoy and Matsu. Mr. Dulles can move the troops into one place, but he can't stop the Communists —who, after all, don't take orders from him—from making military dispositions elsewhere. On the debit side of the Lebanon adventure, therefore, must be entered its disturbing consequences in the Far East.

As for more tangible debit items, only a few Americans were killed in Lebanon, perhaps too few to mention; still, they are dead and their relatives bereaved, and who is the better for it? The cost in money and resources, if the Administration should care to reveal it, would be of interest to patriots and taxpayers. It would probably be enough to finance a U.N. peace force for several years. If there is a moral to the Lebanon affair, may it not be that Dulles & Company should restrain their penchant for policing the world *ex parte*, and support the U.N.'s collective, if nascent, efforts in that direction?

Badge of Infamy

Notwithstanding recent Supreme Court decisions, the Pentagon is continuing its "military personnel security program" on a business-as-usual basis. Recently the Army rejected as a security risk young Patrick Hallinan, the son of the 1952 Presidential nominee of the Independent Progressive Party. (At the moment, the father is being bitterly maligned by the Communist Party.) Young Hallinan, who is both a straight-A student and middleweight boxing champion at the University of California, was declared "unfit" for military service because he was "unable to refute a close and continuing association with two persons identified with Communist-front organizations," namely, his father and his mother.

Last March, in the Harmon and Abramowitz cases, the Supreme Court ruled that the Army had no right to impose a "badge of infamy" on soldiers by giving them a less than honorable discharge because of pre-service political activities and associations. The public was vastly relieved and promptly forgot about the matter. But the Pentagon sidestepped the import of the decisions simply by applying them with absolute literalness. On this basis, the Pentagon has continued to inquire into the activities and associations of selective-service registrants prior to induction and to reject those with unorthodox backgrounds. It has also continued to give security-risk discharges to service men whose ideological non-conformity carries over, to any extent, into their period of service. Finally, the Pentagon has held — in an official exchange of letters with the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights — that it regards the period of service as including service in the inactive or stand-by reserve, a status which is now compulsory for practically all categories of selective-service inductees and volunteers for a term up to eight years. In addition, the Army utilizes another powerful weapon, the industrial-security program, to battle unorthodox ideas. Under this program, the economic security of workers employed by defense contractors is subject to Pentagon security clearance.

For those who fail to understand the apparent apathy of a large section of the electorate, we recommend a close study of the Pentagon's powers to induce conforming attitudes. These powers are disturbing in themselves; even more disturbing, however, is the Pentagon's refusal to give more than narrow, technical obedience to mandates of the Supreme Court which, because they reaffirm basic Constitutional freedoms, should have been broadly interpreted.

Haunting Question

U.S. Steel hiked the price of tin plate effective November 1 and, as we pointed out last summer (see editorial comment: July 19, p. 22), there is no doubt that the can manufacturers, the principal customers for tin plate, intend to pass the increase along to the consumers. Much in the manner we suggested, i.e., by raising prices on particular types of steel on a selective basis, the industry has gradually upped prices approximately $4.50 a ton. Now *Steel Magazine* reports that a *general* price increase may be anticipated early next year. This probably means that the industry by then will have succeeded in imposing the $6 a ton increase which it wanted to impose in July but felt compelled to forego temporarily, largely because of the public attention focused on administered prices by the Senate Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee, chaired by Senator Kefauver. What steel can't get one way, it usually manages to get another.

Recently Roger M. Blough, chairman of the board of U.S. Steel, journeyed out to Detroit to address the Economic Club — heavily infiltrated by top executives of the auto industry — on the touchy subject of prices. Higher steel prices are seldom warmly applauded in Detroit and never less so than when cars are not selling briskly. But if Mr. Blough offered the auto executives little solace or comfort on the matter of steel prices, he did offer them an attractive scapegoat. Autos, said Mr. Blough, should join with steel in resisting the "campaign of misinterpretation and even misrepresentation" on the subject of administered prices which has been set in motion by the Senate Anti-Monopoly Subcommittee. *This* suggestion was warmly applauded, the more so because the subcommittee is scheduled to release a report on pricing policies in the auto industry in mid-October. Mr. Blough was particularly indignant over a question which a member of the subcommittee had voiced at the steel hearings: "'Price control' is a word we always used to be scared of, but we are letting someone else control the price; why can't the American people control the price, through the Government?" The heretic was not the senior Senator from Tennessee, but the senior Republican Senator from Wisconsin, Senator Alexander Wiley. A haunting question, it continues to reverberate in Congressional corridors and hearing rooms whenever the subject of administered prices is discussed.

"Ole No. 96"

Our recent comment on the appointment of Robert W. Minor, a former member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, to a vice presidency of the New York Central (September 27, p. 63), requires a word or two in amplification. Diligent readers have called our attention to the fact that Mr. Minor, prior to his appointment to the ICC, served as administrative assistant to Senator Bricker. To replace Mr. Minor on the ICC, the President appointed Mr. Charles A. Webb, a legislative assistant to Senator Bricker. The Senator, formerly chairman of the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, is now its ranking Republican member. For years the law firm of which Senator Bricker is a member, and in which he still retains a participating interest, has represented the Pennsylvania Railroad. Over a period of the last decade, the law firm has received $380,577 in fees and retainers from this treasured client. In the current Ohio campaign, Congressman Stephen M. Young, running for Bricker's Senate seat, recalled that the Pennsylvania owns a famous, ancient locomotive known far and wide as "Ole No. 96." He suggests that Ohio voters might do well to retire Senator Bricker and put him in a museum of railroad antiques alongside Ole No. 96. We hasten to endorse this charming suggestion.

SIEGE AT LITTLE ROCK

THE BRAVE ONES . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Little Rock

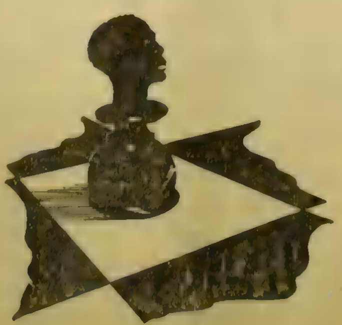
THE heavily-chronicled history of Little Rock's struggle with the federal government is one of the major stories of the times, producing daily headlines that flash around the globe. A less sensational, but perhaps in the long run an even more important story, is Little Rock's struggle with itself. It began a long time before the battle with the federal government, and it will continue a long time after that battle is over.

When Governor Orval Faubus closed the four public high schools of Little Rock and called for a vote of public sentiment on segregation, he brought the city's internal struggle farther into the open than it ever had been, and through his own tactics to insure a landslide pro-segregation vote, he effectively cut away what there was of a "middle ground." On the day of the voting, a visitor who walked away from one of the polls was confronted by two angry men with a petition which demanded a recall of the local school board. The visitor paused a moment after he read it, and one of the men, leaning forward and squinting at the stranger, said, "Tell me, boy, deep down, what are ya — segregationist or integrationist?" The word "moderate," once an important part of the Little Rock vocabulary, is now of little use. Orval Faubus has made it obsolete. Anyone who has opposed him, with whatever sort of alternative plan, has been branded at least as "integrationist" and often as "Communist."

Within such a setting of extremes, bolstered by the threats and slanders of the several growing White Citizens' groups in Little Rock, the possibility of leadership for a public opposition (a no man's land which had up to then been occupied only by the lone camp of Harry Ashmore and the Arkansas *Gazette*) seemed more remote than ever. In fact, the very notion of "leadership" has been made almost as obsolescent as "moderation" by Faubus' recent tactics, though his own use of his position as a leader has been not so different from that of most other public "leaders" in America. The Faubus approach to leadership was explained to me admiringly by a local city official and friend of the Governor who said: "I talk to the Governor off and on, but he never asks my opinion on anything. A friend of mine is one of his chief aides, and he told me once the Governor never asks his opinion, either. When the Governor wants to decide on something, he gets in his car and drives around for a couple of days, just talking to people in gas stations and barbershops and places like that. He says if you really want to know what people think on something you have to sit around a gas station. Well, he does that, and figures out what the people want, and that's the way he makes his decisions. You have to admit, that's real democracy."

It might be easier just to make the gas-station manager Governor, but the Faubus system probably comes out to the same thing anyway. There is danger in proposing something that the people don't like, so the safest course is to find the lowest common denominator of what they do like and make that into policy. Leading the people is always more difficult than being led by them, and a lot more dangerous.

And yet, on this most dangerous of all issues, leaders of Little Rock who previously had kept their peace spoke out publicly in the campaign for the school-opening referendum. Even after Faubus had branded the Presbyterians who urged opening the schools on an integrated basis as "brainwashed" by the Communists, a Baptist and a Methodist minister, as well as the boards of deacons of a Methodist and a Presbyterian church, all came out with public statements favoring the opening of schools with the board's integration plan. Methodist Dr. J. Kenneth Shamblin discovered and quoted, in his sermon on opening the schools, that "Life is action and passion, therefore it is required of a man that he should share the action and passion of his time at the peril of being judged not to have lived" — a sentiment which more and more citizens of what has been called "The Silent South" may be discovering as the crisis calls for voices. The Reverend Dale Cowling, Baptist president of the Little Rock Ministerial Alliance, asked that his congregation "vote to keep our public schools open even though this means integration. I recognize that to do so may bring us grave social problems. But these can and will yield to a spirit of love and prayer."



THESE may sound like timid words to us, who can make our fine moral pronouncements in the safety of the North, but the Rev. Cowling probably understood, as he spoke them, what their immediate effect would be on his church and his job. The next Sunday, it was necessary for the Rev. Cowling to deliver a sermon on the importance of church members continuing to give their tithes and contributions in order for the church to keep up its work. I sat in his church and watched the red velvet collection plate passed down my aisle after the sermon, and when it reached me, after passing some twenty worshipers, it contained a single nickel.

Later that afternoon I talked with

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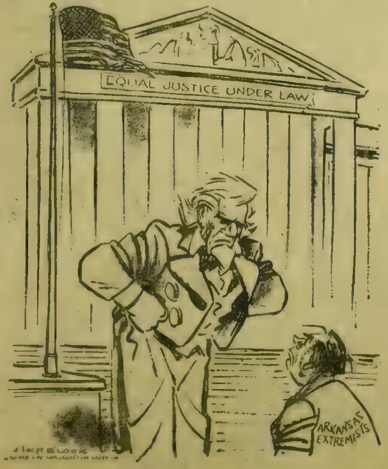
one of the Presbyterian ministers who, the Governor has charged, was "brainwashed." This minister said first that "I ask you not to print my name, because if you did, the day that the article came out I would be besieged by phone calls, most of them anonymous. Then I would be subject to new attacks and new reprisals from outsiders, trying to undermine my congregation and their faith in me."

Since stating his own position in a sermon, in which he supported the gradual integration plan for Little Rock and said that the next step is for the Negro to have full political rights, this minister has not lost any members of his congregation. "But," he explained to me, "some have told me flatly that they will no longer give their financial support to the church. We ministers who have spoken out have jeopardized our positions, but we would do it again if we had it to do over. We couldn't do anything else. I have never been through anything quite like this in my life — my big job now is to try to hold my congregation together. And I think I can. I think we'll weather the storm."

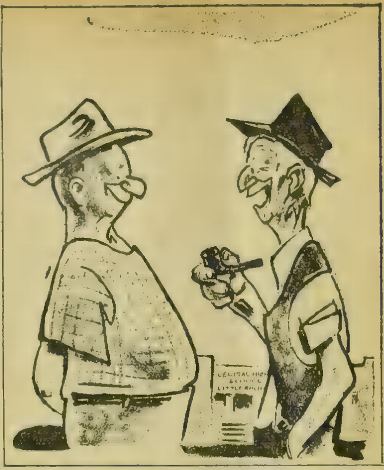
BESIDES the ministers who spoke out before the vote on opening the schools, other local leaders even more vulnerable to economic reprisals took a public stand against the Faubus plan. (The greatest and oldest instance of all is, of course, that of Ashmore and the *Gazette*, which has now lost 15,000 subscribers since it began to print the consistently articulate and outspoken editorials that support the school board's plan for gradual integration.) It has been common talk in the community that several of the members of the School Board have lost business for their respective companies because of their board membership, so the risks were understood by anyone who raised his voice. Yet before the voting, sixty-three prominent Little Rock lawyers bought an ad in the *Gazette* and signed their names to a statement that said the private-school plan would be illegal and urged the voters to cast their ballots "For Integration." What eventual effects this will have on the lawyers and their practices no one yet can tell, but one of the local segregationist groups, The States Rights Council, quickly issued a statement denouncing them and saying that "The people of Arkansas will long remember their names and in the future shun them like poison."



"Any Questions?"

Perhaps the leaders who risked the most in making a public statement in favor of the integration plan were the local unions, for time and again throughout the state the unions have lost shop elections when management used the racial issue to dissuade the workers from organizing. But before the special school vote, state AFL-CIO chairman Odell Smith made a formal statement urging union men to vote for integration, and all of the local union leaders in Little Rock but one spoke up in their meetings to support this policy.

When the special referendum (which really, of course, had no legal bearing on the crisis in Little Rock) ended with a 3-1 majority for the Faubus segregationists, none of the millions of people throughout the world who were disappointed by the results were as deeply disturbed as those here who had worked for the opening of the public schools. And yet, there were solid gains made even in defeat that were bound to have a bearing on the future. As White Citizens' Council president, the Rev. Wesley Pruden, said when he branded the lawyers who urged the school opening as "political enemies" of Faubus: "They are so desperate that now they are coming out in the open." That was true, and it was also true that once in the open they were not so likely to turn back to sheltered silence.


CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL LITTLE ROCK

Burck: Chicago Sun-Times

"Times Sho' Have Changed! Our Pappies Didn't Never Send Us to No Private Schools!"

A new group born in the desperation of the hour, The Women's Emergency Committee to Open Our Schools, decided after the voting was over that the referendum defeat for integration was not the end, but the beginning of their work.

The committee was formed just two weeks before the special school vote when Mrs. David N. Terry, a lady of one of Little Rock's prominent families, called together some friends to "do something" about the schools. The idea that women could do something in the crisis came from the memory of the women in Atlanta who formed a committee called Women Who Are Concerned and began the drive that eventually ended lynchings in the South. These women of Little Rock were concerned, too, and after the first meeting at Mrs. Terry's home, fifty-eight women announced the formation of the new committee and began to contact their friends and neighbors to join in the work. Soon there were hundreds of women involved in the campaign.

The president of the committee, Mrs. Joe Brewer, is a Little Rock born and raised citizen and Smith College graduate who seems to embody the kind of dignity and grace that is the South at its best and is now its greatest hope. Faubus is Snopes and his kin are the majority; Mrs. Joe Brewer and the others like her, who are people of intelligence and principle, will always be, by nature, his greatest menace.

A few days after the sad results of the voting, Mrs. Brewer explained to a visitor that "People have asked me if I wasn't despondent, but I'm really not—I'm glad about the response we got. I don't know how many women worked with us finally but I personally talked to 250, and they all talked to others. And anyone who got involved with the committee knew there would be abusive letters and phone calls, and that their husbands might be hurt in business. There's a lot of fear and hate here, and there's apathy, too—so many people say there's just nothing you can do about it. But we're going to continue to do everything we can. At least we've made a start now, and I'm sure we have a future. There are too many decent people here."

Mrs. Brewer said that in the short time since the committee had been formed, "So many people have asked me, 'Why didn't you get started a year ago?' Well, we should have. But when it first happened we were numb. And I guess we were afraid."

Many of Little Rock's leaders are still either numb or afraid or both. The powerful local groups of businessmen such as the Chamber of Commerce have remained silent, but at least there is now a minority who have broken the sound barrier, and who are dedicated to making themselves and their position heard. They —the Mrs. Joe Brewers and the Harry Ashmores—are the conscience of Little Rock in a way that no outsiders could ever be, and at a price that no outsiders would ever have to pay. The federal forces may eventually win the battle of Little Rock, but it is these local citizens who will have to win the war. It will be a very long and very cold one.

EDUCATION OF EARL WARREN . .

by Bradford Smith

CAN A MAN who looks upon the "colored" races as inferior, or fundamentally different, change his mind?

At a time when the world is looking at our efforts to wipe out segregation, this is a matter of compelling importance. For the larger part of the human population is colored. If we fail to overcome prejudice at home, our leadership will never be accepted in Asia and Africa and the Middle East. This is the wider issue behind the battle for desegregation. Unless we win it, we are going to be the ones who are segregated in a world which no longer has room for racial prejudice or master-race theories.

One of the most interesting case histories available is that of Chief Justice Earl Warren, who was Attorney General of California when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. Mr. Warren, taught by his environment to accept the myth that Orientals are inscrutable, was one of the men most instrumental in having Americans of Japanese ancestry, and their alien parents, expelled from their homes on the West Coast and removed to concentration camps inland.

Anti-Oriental sentiment had been strong on the West Coast ever since the Chinese influx of the nineteenth century. In the years between the world wars, it was directed chiefly against the Japanese.

"What can we do to protect ourselves," complained a California paper in 1920 about a Japanese who, starting with nothing, had cornered the San Francisco potato market that year, "when thrift, good farming and farsightedness turn out that way?" In brief, the feeling against the Japanese arose out of the fact that they were willing to work hard and long to get a foothold, and then to sacrifice themselves so that their American children could get an education.

In spite of the deep-rooted anti-Oriental feeling, for almost two months after the Pearl Harbor attack the West Coast remained surprisingly calm. People went out of their way to assure the Nisei (Americans of Japanese ancestry) that they were not being confused with the enemy. But the steady advance of the Japanese armies into Thailand, the Philippines, Hong Kong and Wake and Guam, and the Roberts report on the damage done at Pearl Harbor, worked to the advantage of groups who would benefit from the removal of all alien Japanese and their American children from the West Coast.

As Attorney General, Earl Warren was then in a position to exert tremendous influence over the lives of these people and to lead public opinion in one direction or another. As a guardian of the law, he showed a scrupulous regard for the legal rights of the children of immigrants. When the California State Personnel Board began barring Nisei from civil-service jobs, he ruled that they had no right to discriminate in such fashion.

YET THE evidence is clear that Warren had determined in his own mind that the Nisei and their alien parents could not be trusted — though the more numerous German and Italian aliens could. What the psychologist calls projection (reading one's own attitude into others) always seems to be a part of the racial picture. Where the ruling race has mistreated the minority, it cannot believe that the minority could possibly be "loyal" or "trustworthy."

"I have come to the conclusion

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that the Japanese situation as it exists in this state today, may well be the Achilles heel of the entire civilian-defense effort," Warren said on January 30, 1942. "Unless something is done it may bring about a repetition of Pearl Harbor." He also asserted that it was impossible to "distinguish between the dangerous enemy aliens of whom we are sure there are many here, and Japanese American citizens loyal to the United States."

"We believe," he later told the Tolan committee investigating conditions on the West Coast, "that when we are dealing with the Caucasian race we have methods that will test the loyalty of them." The Japanese were different — because they were not Caucasians. Mr. Warren's thinking was ruled by the bogey of race.

Yet naval intelligence and the narcotics squad had Japanese working for them, and the FBI had been watching for over a year the 1,300 alien Orientals who were seized as a precautionary measure within a few hours of the Pearl Harbor attack. Both sociologists and intelligence agents who really knew the Japanese communities were sure that the Nisei, if anything, were more "American" than the average citizen.

On February 21, 1942, the Attorney General testified before the Tolan committee that about ten days before he had asked a meeting of law-enforcement officers whether any Japanese, foreign-born or Nisei, had ever helped them out with information about subversive activities. "The answer was unanimously no," he stated. But at that very meeting he was discussing — actually it had been held on February 2 — he himself had announced that six law-enforcement officers had told him of specific information given them by Japanese informants against other Japanese. The fact is that the FBI, naval intelligence and the narcotics squad were all relying heavily on Japanese informants. What was it that caused this unusual lapse of memory in Mr. Warren?

In a supplement added to his Tolan committee testimony, Mr. Warren emphasized the existence of Japanese patriotic societies and cultural ties. Yet similar ties existing among even larger numbers of German and Italian aliens were ignored — even though these people, unlike the Japanese, were eligible for American citizenship.

Chief Justice Warren

"I consider that the first-generation-born Italians and Germans in this country are no different from anybody else, regardless of what the German government or the Italian government may think about their citizenship," Mr. Warren told the California Joint Immigration Committee. But the Nisei — they were different. It was not possible, he told the Tolan committee, to form "sound" opinions with respect to their loyalty.

Further proof of the deviousness and dangerous intent of the Japanese, he argued, was that they had settled under power lines and near oil and air fields. But an analysis of this evidence undertaken by Morton Grodzins, now dean of the Social Science faculty at the University of Chicago, has shown that it proves nothing. The power companies rented the land under their lines to Japanese truck gardeners because only they would put in the labor necessary to work such tracts. Other Japanese truck gardeners had been established for years before the advent of the factories and air fields they were accused of surrounding.

Mr. Warren has played an essential role, then, in arousing public sentiment for the removal of the Japanese, alien and American alike, from the West Coast. He also used his influence with federal officials to bring it about. Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles has reported that he and Tom Clark (now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court), together with Warren, held a long conference with General De Witt which led directly to De Witt's decision to evacuate the Nisei from the West Coast. Even before this, Mr. Warren had encouraged the California Joint Immigration Committee, an anti-Japanese pressure group, to urge evacuation. "It is my opinion," he told them, "that . . . the military and national authorities here would not be adverse to having pressure applied."

That the Western Defense Command was ready to accede to pressure is clear from the fact that it later, without acknowledgment, lifted large hunks of the Attorney General's arguments for evacuation and put them in its own final report.

After Mr. Warren became Governor of California, three members of the State Board of Agriculture succeeded in passing a resolution which favored the return of the evacuees to California and urged fair treatment. Governor Warren at once made new appointments to the board which assured reversal of this action.

THE mass evacuation (two-thirds of those affected were U.S. citizens) embodied, in the words of Justice Frank Murphy, one of the most "sweeping and complete deprivations of Constitutional rights in the history of this nation." Even so, it might be put down as nothing worse than a military blunder were it not for the fact that the program was tainted with racism.

Of this there can be no doubt. As Messrs. ten Broek, Barnhart and Matson point out in *Prejudice, War and the Constitution* (1954, p. 84): "It made racism a Constitutional principle. . . . Viewed in the perspective of a decade, with all the advantages of hindsight and subsequent disclosure, the Japanese-American episode of World War II looms as a great and evil blotch upon our national history."

In full recognition that the nation was at war, the episode was nevertheless a disaster and the role that the Supreme Court played in it has been rightly called one of the great failures in its history, comparable with its surrender to slavery in *Dred Scott vs. Sandford.* And so it was with the role played at the time by Mr. Warren. It could be said that he had merely made an error in judgment were it not for the fact, noted by Messrs. ten Broek, Barnhart and Matson, that "His [Warren's] arguments constitute a resumé of anti-Japanese clichés which had been accumulating for over a half-century."

BY THE time the Japanese were permitted to return to the West Coast in 1945, most of them had lost everything as a result of the forced evacuation. Yet thousands of Nisei had fought Japan and the Axis in all parts of the world, and many had died defending the land which had deprived them and their parents of their rights. Nonetheless, a virulent campaign supported by interested groups got under way to keep the Japanese from returning to California, and Governor Warren stated that allowing any Japanese to return might interfere with the war effort.

The federal government thought otherwise. It assisted those who wanted to return to their homes. Finally, Governor Warren too changed his mind. Recognizing that a great injustice had been done the Nisei, he actively aided them in getting reestablished.

Was it their magnificent war record that convinced him? Their willingness to volunteer for the dirty jobs, their high mortality rate, their immense value to army intelligence against the Japanese in the Pacific?

And was this whole experience an educative one for the man who in 1954 led the Supreme Court to a unanimous opinion in favor of public education without discrimination? Did he learn from the part he played in what has been labeled "our worst wartime mistake" that Americans, no matter what color their skin, are Americans still by every tie and test that can be devised?

Only small men are incapable of change, unable to learn by their mistakes. It speaks well for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that from a racially biased Attorney General he has grown to be a world leader in the fight for universal brotherhood, and that he has the courage to begin this fight at home — the place where it must begin if we are to have any respect in the free world.

The conversion of Earl Warren carries with it the proof that attitudes can change, and that by some miracle the same enlightenment may pierce other American minds before it is too late. The world is waiting to see whether we will earn our leadership by practicing the ideals we profess.

Quemoy: the Great American Trespass

W. Macmahon Ball

Melbourne, Australia

IN PUBLIC statements, Australian Government leaders currently are trying hard to make Mr. Dulles look good. Prime Minister Robert Menzies says it is very wrong of the Chinese Communists to try to achieve territorial change by force. R. G. Casey, Minister for External Affairs and head of the Australian delegation to the U.N., calls them wicked.

Personally, I am hoping that my Government is saying something different to Dulles privately. As a citizen, I would like to ask the American Secretary of State some simple, direct questions:

1. Does he accept the view of the British Government, stated February 4, 1955, and shared by nearly every government in the world, that the offshore islands undoubtedly form a part of the territory of the People's Republic of China?

2. If so, would he agree that the United States is now engaged in armed intervention in the Chinese civil war?

3. Does he agree that the offshore islands are of no military importance for the defense of Formosa; that their main military use for three years has been for launching Nationalist guerrillas and agents, plus U.S. agents, to the mainland for subversion and indirect aggression, which tactics continuously needle Peking?

4. In view of the fact that in 1955 the British Government and other friendly governments earnestly entreated the U.S. Government to arrange withdrawal of Nationalist military forces from the offshore islands forthwith, would he please explain why the United States has helped the Nationalists to do exactly the opposite—i.e., to put one-third of their best combat troops on islands three to fifteen miles from the mainland coast?

It is self-evident that the military build-up of these islands is designed not for the defense of Formosa, but rather to increase the chances of a military clash and to insure that, when the clash came, the Nationalists would have so much at stake that it would be difficult for the United States to allow them to suffer a big military reverse. Aged Chiang, with few years left to achieve his ambition of reconquering the mainland, will exploit every possible stratagem to embroil the United States in war. If the attack on Quemoy were to intensify and if the Nationalists maintained a gallant and prolonged resistance, American feelings for direct, decisive intervention likely would build up fast. The unspeakable wickedness of the Chinese Communists is revealed by their stubborn refusal to renounce force

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W. MACMAHON BALL, Professor of Political Science at the University of Melbourne, served as Commonwealth member of the postwar Allied Control Council in Tokyo.

to achieve their objectives. It is true that Chiang also stubbornly refuses to renounce force to achieve his ambitions, but this is irrelevant because he is a friend of the free world and the Communists are its enemies.

Dulles says the defense of Formosa depends on considerations that are moral and political, and not only military. This means the Nationalists must be protected from events which might lower their morale. But does their morale depend on the continuing belief that they are able to reconquer the mainland? If so, does it help Western prestige and moral standing in Asia or anywhere else to encourage the Nationalists' belief in what the rest of the world knows to be false?

What would be the effect of a Nationalist withdrawal on the Asian peoples, especially the twelve million overseas Chinese? Surely it is now time that Dulles accepted the hard fact that Asian leaders are not wholly dependent on his statements for information about what goes on in their part of the world. Most Asian leaders have got the impression from these supplementary information sources that China today is more powerful and united than ever before. Their respect for China's achievements, whatever their feelings about communism, is greatly increased by the knowledge that these achievements have been accomplished not only without America's help, but in the face of American hostility. Dulles' present policy could not be better contrived to bring solid Asian support for China.

It is a terrifying thought that the survival of mankind can turn on the obsessions of one man in Formosa, unwanted and condemned by the overwhelming majority of the 600 million people he pretends to represent. It is even more terrifying to reflect that he is able to toy with the world's future only because he has such powerful friends.

As I see it, the first urgent step for resolving the present crisis is a cease-fire to enable prompt withdrawal of Nationalist offshore forces from Quemoy and Matsu. Negotiations to this end are more likely to succeed if they are treated not as a bilateral Washington-Peking concern, but as the business of many nations, especially Asian. Thus the matter is essentially one for the U.N. Yet it is hardly possible for the U.N. to have a chance of success as long as the Nationalists, not the Communists, represent China; hence the present Assembly should reconsider the question of China's representation. Failing this, present Washington-Peking negotiations should be broadened to include at least one neutral. The obvious choice is India.

THE DE GAULLE MYSTIQUE

ANATOMY OF A BALLOT . .

by Alexander Werth

Paris

LIKE EVERY other commentator, I might as well start with the words: "The results have by far exceeded even the most optimistic forecasts." Listening to the results on the radio on the night of September 28, and then mixing with the enthusiastic well-dressed crowds in the Champs-Elysées, as they were cheering the victory figures on the Radio Building ("Strasbourg: 91 per cent Yes, 9 per cent No"), I had the feeling that we were in the presence of a psychological phenomenon not wholly explainable in rational terms. Had there been a 65 per cent Yes vote, the explanation would have been simple; but the extra 14 or 15 per cent that de Gaulle got gave a sort of "mystical" touch to a day of voting which, on the face of it, went off calmly and normally. Is one to conclude, then, that France is suffering from the kind of mystical exaltation that so many Germans knew when they voted for Hitler? Is there really, as Mauriac wrote recently in *L'Express*, that longing which the French get from time to time for an authoritarian government? Have the French people, by saying Yes to the extent of nearly 80 per cent, subconsciously said Yes to fascism? The answer to this must certainly be No; and yet the referendum figures remain disconcerting in the extreme.

There are, of course, plenty of obvious reasons why a large majority of the French nation said Yes. It was a vote for the man, much more than for the Constitution, which few had taken the trouble to read, still less to study. The Government radio (which is the only radio there is) had done little or nothing to explain the Constitution; nor had the pro-Government press (which represents around 90 per cent of the total press).

The reasons for saying Yes to de Gaulle were, of course, numerous and often completely contradictory. Some voted out of fear, remembering the threat of the Algiers colonels last May to send paratroopers to France and start a civil war here. Would not the same happen if de Gaulle were beaten in the referendum? To millions, de Gaulle was the proverbial "lesser evil." Others voted for him because they always vote on the Right, anyway.

It is striking that much of the voting was done in a spirit of resignation: "Now that de Gaulle is in the saddle, he might as well stay there; to turn him out would be too risky." In the Toulouse and Bordeaux areas, where I spent some time earlier in September, the most striking thing was the cageyness, the secretiveness of people. They did

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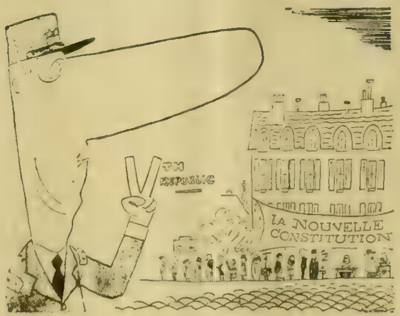
not like to tell you openly which way they were going to vote. It was as though they felt that there was something "not quite right" about voting Yes, as if to do so would somehow go against all their old republican traditions. Yet they were at heart convinced, as we now see, that there was no object in saying No. The irritation against the Republic, partly artificially worked up, which characterized French public opinion for the last few years, added to this feeling of "Let's try out something new, rather than go back to the Fourth Republic"—a return which in any case the Algiers "colonels" would not have permitted. Few had enough analytical sense to realize that the Republic, ruled and blackmailed since 1956 by the Algiers junta and the Algiers lobby, which were themselves responsible for the pernicious "government instability," was more sinned against than sinning. The feeling that parliamentary democracy had not functioned well was very widespread.

ANOTHER FACTOR contributed enormously to the Yes vote. The majority of the Socialist Party, led by Guy Mollet, as well as the Radical Party, which had preferred the opportunist politician Gaillard to Mendès-France, had declared themselves for de Gaulle. *They* were going to see to it that the Fifth Republic really *would* be a Republic—with respect for civil liberties maintained, and all that. True, de Gaulle in the past thundered against the parties; but now Mollet and his friends claimed that the General had had a change of heart and had long ago abandoned the totalitarian formulas of his French People's Rally movement of 1947-48. Still more important, Gaston Defferre, head of the Bouches-du-Rhône (Marseilles) Federation of the Socialist Party, had joined in the Yes campaign, and by so doing had assured a majority for Mollet at the Socialist Congress of Issy-les-Moulineaux earlier in September. This was perhaps the biggest single factor of its kind in increasing the Yes vote. Thanks to him a real Socialist split (apart from a few resignations) had been avoided. In this case, de Gaulle's personal conversation with Defferre had been decisive; whether sincerely or with his tongue in cheek (we shall soon know which), the General had assured Defferre that only a very large Yes vote would give him (de Gaulle) sufficient authority to dictate to the Army and the *colons* of Algeria and to work out a peace settlement with the Algerian rebels. The belief that de Gaulle was *different* from the Algiers "colonels" was one that the pro-de Gaulle Socialists did their best — and not without success — to put across.

The desire for peace in Algeria is extremely strong in France; and the very idea that de Gaulle *might* bring it about was enough to swing many votes. The story studiously put forward on the eve of the balloting that there was a latent conflict between de Gaulle and the Algiers *ultras* (both military and civilian), and that therefore de Gaulle, during his post-election visit to Algeria, would speak not in the "crazy" city of Algiers, but in the more realistic city of Constantine, seemed to confirm the idea that de Gaulle was going to get tough with the junta.



Of the more general reasons for the huge de Gaulle vote, by far the most obvious is the almost entirely one-sided propaganda. Radio and TV are in the hands of Soustelle; saying little about the contents of the Constitution, they spoke of national salvation and national unity, and flattered French patriotism and chauvinism. Opposition groups, including the Communist Party with its 5.5 million voters (1956), were given exactly five minutes on the air throughout the whole referendum campaign. Close to 90 per cent of the press was a Yes press. During the last week of the campaign, the government spent vast sums on Yes posters; the number of No posters was negligible. The usual *graffiti* were, in their large majority, Yes *graffiti*, the local authorities and the Prefects having been given instructions to delete No daubs and scribbles at Government expense! The referendum result can very largely be considered as the victory of a gigantic propaganda campaign which met with extremely little opposition. The very fact that de Gaulle kept people guessing about his real intentions, especially in respect to Algeria, in many cases produced the benefit-of-the-doubt reaction.

THERE was another factor: the formation of the "Algerian Government" and the numerous acts of terrorism committed by Algerian gunmen and *dinamiteros* played into the hands of the Yes propaganda. Soustelle made the most of it: he announced that, after the referendum, measures "which could not now be disclosed" would be taken to stop this terrorism completely. There are many people in Paris and other centers who are genuinely scared of Algerian gunmen.

Another propaganda device used by Soustelle with some effect was to identify the No vote with communism: anyone voting No would play into the hands of the Communists.

There was really no organized opposition to the Yes vote. There were the Communists, with only a very limited press. And there were a few political and intellectual minority groups: a few periodicals like *Esprit*, *France-Observateur*, *L'Express*; a few leaders with little following like Mitterrand and Mendès-France; the Socialists under Edouard Depreux who had broken away from Mollet's majority faction. True enough, the labor unions (and not only the Communist ones), and the bulk of the schoolteachers of France were anti-de Gaulle. But, as the results showed, all this had little effect.

Mapping the final referendum results is of the greatest interest. The traditionally conservative and clerical areas yielded a Yes vote which in places exceeded 90 per cent (most of Normandy and the whole of Alsace). Corsica, still in effect under paratroop rule, voted 87 per cent Yes. The "staunchly Republican" Center and South voted between 63 per cent (Corrèze) and 75 per cent (Haute-Garonne: Toulouse) for de Gaulle, despite the vigorous campaign conducted for the No vote by that highly influential Toulouse paper, the Radical *Dépêche du Midi.* But the most astonishing result, and one which has given the Government the greatest joy, is the substantial Yes vote in the traditionally Communist working-class areas of the Red Belt of Paris. Here the total No vote was smaller than the total Communist vote in 1956. Assuming that a considerable number of non-Communists voted No (and there is no doubt about that), the evidence is that a substantial number (one-third, perhaps even one-half) of the habitual Communist voters said Yes to de Gaulle. One may well wonder what conclusions both the Government and the Communist leaders will draw from this phenomenon.

And what now? The institutions of the Fifth Republic must be set up by February 5, 1959. The meeting of the old Assembly, which was to have taken place on October 7, has been canceled. President Coty will remain in office until the election of the new President — General de Gaulle. About the same time, a new Parliament will be elected. The election system will, in the next few days, be decided upon by the Government — despite the assurances given the old Assembly by Mollet and Pflimlin that Parliament would decide about this. For four months, the Government will have absolute powers to take any measures it considers "in the interests of the nation." This might mean *anything.*

The biggest question today is whether de Gaulle intends to justify fully the confidence placed in him by the bulk of the French people, and particularly by those millions of "genuine Republicans" who voted for him, by acting as a fair-minded arbiter, or whether he will allow himself to be dominated by the wild men in France and Algiers. But even if one takes the most optimistic view of his intentions, one cannot escape from the melancholy thought that democracy is dead in France, and that whether the French as a people will remain relatively free now depends entirely on the will of one man. And this man is surrounded by many men who care little for civil rights, and who are not at all convinced that an early peace in Algeria would be a good thing. As the left-wing Catholic monthly *Esprit* recently put it, "The longer the war in Algeria lasts, the better the chances of Fascism in France."

THE DECADENT PAVILION . .

by Philip Siekevitz

Brussels

ONE WOULD THINK that the designers of a national pavilion at a World's Fair would bear in mind certain practical considerations. For instance, it is unlikely that any pavilion can keep the average visitor captive for more than two hours; there is much to see at a fair, and the urge to move on is irresistible. The exhibits, therefore, must be selected and displayed so that they can convey their message, clearly and comprehensively, within that short space of time. Make no mistake, a fair of this kind has no other purpose but that of affording its exhibitors an opportunity for propaganda-making. If the propaganda fails, the exhibit fails.

Well, on this count, and on practically all other counts, the United States pavilion at the Brussels Fair is a dismal flop. First, the building. Undoubtedly, it is the loveliest building on the grounds; a huge metal and glass canopy with no internal support, it seems to be floating in the air, an impression emphasized by the adroit use of trees, water and light. But it is not a building in which to show anything, except possibly a circus, a rodeo or a bullfight. People tend to get lost in circular buildings; they can site no corners, no directions, to give them bearings. This makes for a feeling of confusion, even of fleeting panic, and turns the mind away from the exhibits. Again, a circular building has no beginning and no end, and the exhibits — together with the message they are supposed to convey — get lost in all the middles. So it is with the United States pavilion here. You enter at any one of many doors, and you can never be sure whether you are coming in at the end or the beginning of things. Of course, this situation confronted the designers at the outset, and so they arranged the displays without continuity. Exhibits are stuck any old place, so that it doesn't really matter by what door you enter; all approaches are equally confusing. The designers of almost all the other pavilions here worked on quite another hypothesis; i.e., that orderly progression is the essence of story-telling. So they put up their pavilions with definite entrances and exits, and with definite pathways for visitors to follow. The Czechoslovak pavilion, which I thought was the best, adheres rigidly to this arrow-pointing system. The eye-weary and footsore wanderers are grateful when they find that a path has been mapped out for them. Moreover, they are more receptive to whatever message the exhibit is designed to deliver.

GIVEN THE U.S. pavilion, what were the designers of the exhibits to do? It seems to me that they became so enamored of the building that they were afraid that to exhibit very much in it, and especially in its

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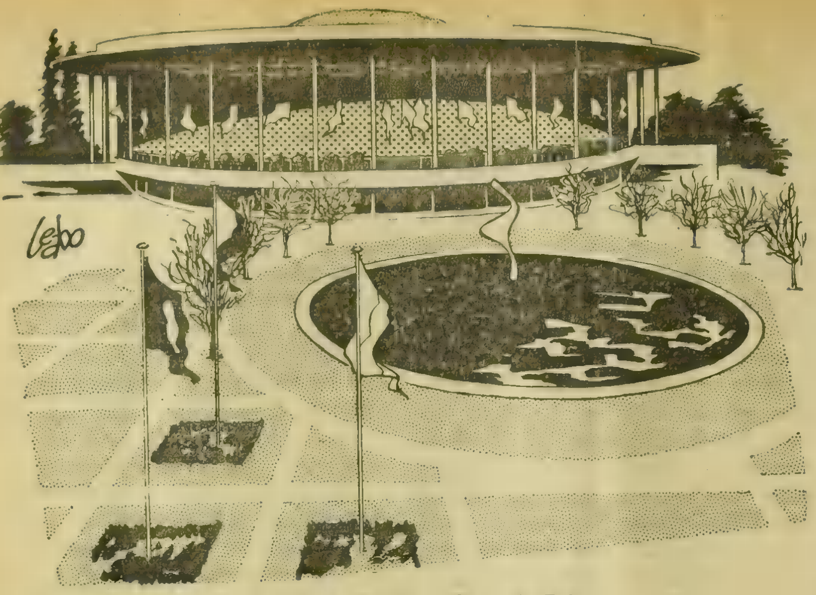

United States Pavilion: Brussels Fair

center, would spoil its looks. Still, the center needed something. So they thought and thought, and finally came up with a fashion show. Now, in my turn, I too have thought and thought, and I still haven't fathomed what message the fashion show is supposed to convey about America or Americans. If the designers wanted a circular building, and needed something in the middle which was in the nature of a circular exhibit, why a fashion show? Why a pond, which occupied nearly one-fourth the floor space of the building? Are American ponds so much different from Bulgarian, say, or Ecuadorian? I suggest the designers would have done better with an exhibit of one of the national sports, like baseball, football or basketball (played by midgets, of course, considering the limitations of space).

WHAT ELSE is inside this pavilion, which is supposed to demonstrate American civilization? Let me list the exhibits: blown-up pictures of various parts of the New York skyline, pasted upon flat and curvilinear cement walls, and also models of many new buildings (again mostly from New York); the license plates of the forty-eight states; a center-cut from a California redwood tree; several mail boxes and postage stamps; several photographs of Lincoln; a display of hundreds of newspapers; a 1903 model Ford; a model of the center of the city of Philadelphia, with moving parts showing how the city is being changed; a stock-exchange ticker; an electric computor; a music room where one can play one's own records; a TV studio where actual scenes are shot; a guided, automatic gadget for handling radioactive materials; art, including American Indian art and the modern art which the Museum of Modern Art thought wise to send over; the latest in American sculpture; Saul Steinberg's satirical cartoons pasted on walls; mail-order catalogues; a living room; some sand by the pond on which was deposited a boat, a cooking outfit and other sundries; an American drug store which served cold drinks and ice-cream; an electric kitchen; a display of shop windows; a children's creative playroom modeled after the one in the Museum of Modern Art; voting machines; a display of circarama.

I might have left out a few items, but not many. I guess it isn't too bad, given the limitations of the building. But most of the items are isolated bits and pieces, with no explanatory devices to link them with the home country or with any other item. It is as if scores of bright ideas were thought up, materialized, and were thrust helter-skelter into the building. In other words, a hodgepodge. Isn't it wonderful that America is so big that it has forty-eight states and so much territory? "Well, let's show them the license plates." Yes, it is wonderful that America is so big, that it took the sweat of many millions of people to build it, that the people came from all over the world, that they came with ideals, and to discover ideals, and that America today is the result of the dynamo of energy which these immigrants released upon the land. Was this the thought to be conveyed by forty-eight license plates?

WHAT DOES the average European visitor get out of the U.S. pavilion? In my judgment, nothing but confusion. The Russian pavilion tells him that the USSR is not an uncouth, barbarous country, but one with all the material possessions of the industrial West, and also with a deep respect for cultural accretions. From the Yugoslav exhibit he derives some understanding of an important experiment in workers' control of the industrial apparatus; the French and British pavilions impress him with the fact that these two countries are still industrial giants, powers to be reckoned with. Other pavilions teach their lessons: Dutch perseverance, fortitude and ingenuity in conquering the ocean; Japanese pride in their fine industrial achievements; the antiquity of Czechoslovakian culture and industry; Israel's achievements in ten years' time, etc. All these successful exhibits have one thing in common: change. In each, the past is sketched, the present shown, the future thought about. No nation is afraid to blow its own horn; many display, in photographs, in pictorial deeds, in quotations, the thought and actions of their greatest men. (There is some wry humor in connection with some of these displays. The United States gives Einstein to the Germans, while the Swiss take him as their own. In the Spanish pavilion, there is not one picture of Franco, but numbered among their greats is Picasso, who hasn't, and wouldn't, set foot on the Spanish soil of Franco, and Garcia

Lorca, the poet and playwright who was murdered by the Fascists at the start of the Civil War.) The United States display includes a few small photographs of Lincoln, with no comment, and an oil portrait of Eisenhower.

It has been said that we didn't want to boast too much about our material achievements, and that anyway the whole world knew about them. We wanted, rather, to show off our cultural progress. On this score, too, the U.S. pavilion is a failure. One cannot hope to demonstrate American culture by asking the Museum of Modern Art to throw together some paintings, most of them bad, and some sculpture, most of it good, and then devoting the rest of the available display space to what is essentially trivia.

YES, THE U.S. pavilion has had many visitors, but most came not so much to see as to relax—to take their shoes off, physically and mentally. Of course, perhaps this was the whole idea of our pavilion. Perhaps those responsible for it are convinced that we have solved all our problems, that today America is all park benches around swimming pools where Americans need do nothing but sit back and watch the struggles of the rest of the world. Surely our pavilion depicts a Pompeii among nations, a huge holiday resort whence all care has been banished! And as if this were not bad enough, we do not even indicate how others may reach this Nirvana (as expressed in our own terms). There is not a word said in our pavilion about Capitalism, not even People's Capitalism (the Communist pavilions boast of their economic system at every hand); there is very little about democracy; there is nothing to indicate (now that the exhibit entitled Unfinished Business has been removed) how many struggles we have gone through, and still must go through, to obtain freedom for all Americans.

And this brings me, sadly, to the keynote of my article: the U.S. pavilion, precisely because of its imperfections, is in its way perfect. It portrays exactly the America of the fifth decade of this century. In it is reflected faithfully the laxness in our lives, our refusal—despite foreign-aid programs and military bases—to acknowledge the problems of the world, much less our own domestic problems. Our pavilion describes the country of Eisenhower, whom we elected twice to office. It is a de-energized exhibit for old ladies hungry for the small joys that the twilight of their lives can bring them. There is not one item provocative of thought in the whole building; there is nothing to indicate that we have any ideas beyond today, or that for us a tomorrow will ever come. Our exhibit is static, a picture caught in time, a photograph out of context misplaced in the files of history. It says: "We have come this far; our capitalistic system has furnished us with all our material wants. Now we are satisfied, and we are finished. As for the future, we do not even see it; we have no thoughts about it; we refuse even to acknowledge that it exists; we could not care less. We are old; we await death."

True, the America of today is going to die, but this is not the America I believe in. Our money-mad capitalism will fall by the wayside, but this is not America; our superstition-ridden, race-hating America will disappear, but this is not America; a complacent, hedonistic America will be shocked out of existence, but this isn't America either. I think that eventually all the energy and goodness which is in us, all our ideals and aspirations, all the spoken and unspoken thoughts which are the real America will emerge in our children, by our efforts and their efforts, and even the memory of the pavilion in Brussels (the fair closes on October 19) will vanish.

Unfortunately, the men guiding our country now, those who are responsible for the U.S. pavilion, do not believe this. But these leaders are already dead; they have only to be toppled over.

LETTERS

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

do it again with the Reds. Clark is back with it now in a year-end report of his stewardship just mailed out to his constituents. After finding considerably more to praise in the record of the 85th Congress than was apparent to his own organization, the A.D.A., he identifies as the major deficiency the failure to appropriate nearly enough for "defense." If we permit the Soviets "superiority" (a fatuous concept in a period of beyond-saturation stockpiles), "we will not be in a position to protest Communist aggression anywhere," etc. Clark does not analyze the sources of Soviet power; he tends to see Russians under our beds; his tone is unmistakably strident.

Unfortunately, this is the liberal line in Pennsylvania. When Mayor Richardson Dilworth, Clark's long-time cohort and front-runner for this year's gubernatorial nomination, suggested before the primaries that we should recognize Peking, he was written off the ticket next day by Boss Dave Lawrence of Pittsburgh, who then took the nomination himself. What few inept utterances he has permitted himself on global affairs indicate that Governor Leader, though admirably welfare-minded, will add to this "liberal" cacophony in the Congress if he wins his Senate race.

Well, in fairness both to Clark and your correspondent, I should add that he was graduated from the 85th Congress *summa cum laude* on the report card of the AFL-CIO professors — all domestic subjects except one. But for those of your readers who may believe that promotion of the arms race might render domestic issues somewhat academic, I feel this addendum to my original report on Senator Clark should be inserted in the record.

David Wesley
York, Pennsylvania

Organized Protest?

Dear Sirs: Why not organize mass meetings all over the country in protest against our stupid China policy?

If this could be arranged, I would do my best in Arizona to cooperate.

Renz L. Jennings
Judge, Superior Court,
Maricopa County
Phoenix, Arizona

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Naked and the Clad

SELECTED POEMS, 1928-1958. By Stanley Kunitz. Little, Brown and Co. 116 pp. $3.75.
A LAUGHTER IN THE MIND. By Irving Layton. Jonathan Williams (Highlands, N. C.). 54 pp. $1.75.
A CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND. By Lawrence Ferlinghetti. New Directions. 92 pp. $1.

M. L. Rosenthal

STANLEY KUNITZ has a rich lyrical style; sometimes, a redundancy of it. Rock-faults of feeling, however, thrust their way up through the smooth surface; and, as he confesses, he looses "a gang of personal devils" and makes them "clank their jigging bones as public evils." The devils are brought to heel formally — Kunitz does not let them run away with his poems — but they are in evidence: the oppressions of love and marriage turned awry, the pain of one generation's inability to communicate with the other (a pain compounded in immigrant families), the private impact of war and race-terrorism, and the ever-present letch for "*Mobility* — and damn the cost!" The one translation in this volume is of the preface to *Les Fleurs du Mal.* It might well stand as epigraph, for though the heavy Baudelairean sense of secular damnation and all-pervasive ennui does not altogether dominate Kunitz's work it has marked it indelibly. An instance among many is the infinitely sad "Father and Son," with its account of the dreaming speaker's terrible plea for a reconciliation that will heal the break of years, while the imago of the old Jewish father, unresponsive, strides relentlessly toward a swamp at whose edge he at last turns to the son "the white ignorant hollow of his face."

Kunitz belongs to a group of distinguished American poets whose devoted craftsmanship is conventional but not rigidly so. He can, if he chooses, write in "free" forms:

> The dialogue of lovers,
> And the conversation of two worms
> In the beam of a house,
> Their mouths filled with sawdust.

For Kunitz, though, the traditional forms liberate more than they confine. Thus, by slight modulations within and away from blank verse in "Father and Son" and "Reflection by a Mailbox," he gets the emotional freedom he needs while retaining the great advantages of a recognizable line that need not be wearyingly "regular."

> . . . . the hunters of man-skins
> in the warrens of Europe,
> The impossible creatures of an
> hysteriac's dream
> Advancing with hatchets sunk
> into their skulls
> To rip the god out of the machine.

The jacket quotes Robert Lowell as calling Kunitz's work "savage," and Theodore Roethke as calling it the product of "a bold dramatic imagination." The attributions are truer of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Roethke than of the poet they are praising. One does not see Mr. Kunitz, as one does them, as stung by the fury of his vision and pushing against the limits of form despite the dizzying risks that lie outside. With all its passion, his writing is more rationally contained and oriented than theirs. They see him, rightly, as a kindred sensibility and therefore have read themselves into him; but there is another side to Kunitz, a world of restraint which is enormously expressive. A poem like "The Waltzer in the House" is almost entirely of that world in its lightness and dry toughness and elegance. It sings of "a sweet, a delicate white mouse . . . among the crackers and the cheese."

> O the swaying of his legs!
> O the bobbing of his head!
> The lady, beautiful and kind,
> The blue-eyed mistress, lately wed,
> Has almost laughed away her wits
> To see the pretty mouse that sits
> On his tiny pink behind
> And swaying, bobbing, begs. . . .
>
> As in a dream, as in a trance,
> She loves his rhythmic elegance,
> She loves to see his bobbing dance.

The poem has the sunny ambiguities of Chaucer's description of the Prioress. It is gaily what it is, and also it is "about" the relations of the sexes. A good deal of poetry about sex has come to us lately — a kind of priapic politicalizing in chant-form: endlessly reiterated sloganizing to the effect that if everyone stripped and jumped into bed with everyone else of the opposite sex the resulting melee would be the millennium. A poem like this one allows us to make our own departures from what it offers. It is wry, sly, bawdy, and — who knows? —even bitter. Yet it is clean-lined and luminous in its own way, as so much fine poetry has always been, and unpretentiously holds its many kinds of meaning as it were innocently within its depths. In a recent poem, "The Class Will Come to Order," Kunitz sums up the case for restraint and silence:

> Decorum is a face the brave can wear
> In their desire to be invisible and so
> To hear a music not prescribed,
> a tendril-tune
> That climbs the porches of the ear. . . .

AND ON THE OTHER HAND, the Canadian poet Irving Layton sounds a barbaric yawp and very nearly gets away with it. The interest of his work lies in its myopically observant acidity, its considered nastiness. It is doubtful that he would understand Kunitz's meaning of decorum as "a face the brave can wear." Mr. Layton pretends to a proud scorn ("Nietzsche and Marx," he has written, "have been my teachers; and I worship D. H. Lawrence") for those who do not share his vision. He delights in the models of Lenin's heroic contempt for the "chatterer" Kautsky, of Pound spitting at his critics and annotators, of Joyce and Rimbaud and Crane —

> fanatics without remorse whose pen
> scraped their own and their age's pus —

mocking "the distinguished & amiable men of letters." But Layton presumes too much. God knows one can sympathize with his resentment against the various kinds of superciliousness he must have run up against in his career, but this game of haughty contumely — no matter who plays it — is really one form that such superciliousness takes. Joyce was rude to Yeats, Lawrence to Pound, Harriet Monroe to Crane, and many a sibling to his rival any morning. Proving? Only that the spitting and snarling of the "great" are generally more interesting than those of "lesser" figures. One had better be a Lenin or a Pound or a Lawrence first if one wants credit (such as it's worth) for spitting in the faces of one's fellow-men.

Layton's insistence on advance certification of his right to revile would be more suitable for a novitiate bohemian than for an artist of forty-six. It is of a piece with his constant, self-flattering assumption of the satyr's mask (though one must admit he relishes the mask so well it almost fits him):

> When breathing hard spring arrived
> My face stared down at you lecherous
> And like a famished goat. . . .

or

> At my approach
> the ladies, unsubtle and ugly,
> rush their adolescent daughters
> upstairs. . . .

Even in these passages, which breathe so vividly the speaker's desire to be what he says he is, we feel a certain malice for its own sake, an unworthy urge to assert power and give pain: in Layton's own phrase, "the passionate will to hurt." That will reveals itself throughout the book; perhaps it is what the poet's "Nietzscheanism" really amounts to. In "Cain" he tells of shooting a frog, and of how he "couldn't help sneer" at the way it looked in death, and of how the sight built up in him an urge to kill "anything with the stir of life in it." Here, as in "Cat Dying in Autumn," there is a marriage of the morbid and the sentimental. The two moods, of course, go notoriously together in the superman-dream. Pieces like these two ostensibly take their cues from Lawrence, but the Laurentian trauma at the ruthlessness of things is something different from Layton's self-intoxication with it.

As I have suggested, it is his struggle to bring a not-quite-related malice out into the open that makes this writer interesting. There is a whole movement of this sort in the air, a movement of disgust and, inevitably, self-loathing, that values hot feeling above wisdom, form, or even syntax and has the authority of its own conviction. Sexual exhibitionism is one manifestation; the mere mention of the sex organs is felt to be a splendid triumph. And this desire to wound the self and others: It is startling to see how often Layton refers to castration.

No wonder, one might say, that one of these poems, "On the Jones Biography of Sigmund Freud," is devoted to an attack on the assumptions of psychoanalysis! And yet, out of these compulsions and rejections come some pure notes of suffering at the awareness of life gone sour that are comparable in effect if not in finish to those of Mr. Kunitz. And there are sharp moments of perception and comparison amid the careless posturing. And wit. A clear case of "the poet in spite of himself."

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI is certainly one of those advocates of universal nakedness, etc., I have alluded to, but he differs from most of the others in his high-flying joyousness of spirit and in his stylistic sophistication. He knows he is not the first man to take a peek at Darien and he has learned some useful things, and gladly, from various European and American experimenters. The religion of sex-and-anarchy, like other religions and creeds, starts off with certain simplicities but does not require its communicants to reiterate them monotonously and mechanically. Ferlinghetti can preach a little tiresomely; he proves he can in the seven "Oral Messages," written "specifically for jazz accompaniment," in which he tries to rival the worst of Ginsberg, Corso, et al. He doesn't quite succeed, for he is too bright and literate and many of his wisecracks and sideswipes are worth hearing, but finally he does become dull. The "great audiences" Whitman called for are not the improvised audiences of night clubs who must have their poetry ranting and obvious if they are to "get" anything at all.

Apart from the "Oral Messages," however, and from a few other preachy pieces, Ferlinghetti is a deft, rapid-paced, whirling performer. He has a wonderful eye for meaning in the commonplace, as in the lovely, sensual snapshot of a woman hanging clothes on a San Francisco rooftop, or in the memory of a New York candy store where

> Jellybeans glowed in the semi-gloom
> of that september afternoon
> A cat upon the counter moved among
> the licorice sticks
> and tootsie rolls
> and Oh Boy Gum

He has a fine imaginative eye, too, as the bawdy description of a contest with "the widder Fogliani" painting mustaches on the statues in the Borghese gardens shows. Even better — far better, because here he conquers his almost indomitable over-whimsicality — is the contrasting picture of laborers putting up a statue of Saint Francis ("no birds sang" despite the presence of a priest, reporters, and many onlookers) while, unnoticed in the crowd, there passes to and fro

> a very tall and very purely naked
> young virgin
> with very long and very straight
> straw hair
> and wearing only a very small
> bird's nest
> in a very existential place. . . .

These quotations will indicate Ferlinghetti's obvious debt to the stanzaic and rhythmic technique of William Carlos Williams and the other "modernist" masters, and his equally obvious independence of idiom. I have mentioned his whimsy and his tendentiousness—I think they are related to his failure as yet to find a really adequate form for the intellectual and idiomatic range of which he gives such encouraging glimpses. There are poems in this volume (for instance, "The wounded wilderness of Morris Graves" and "In Paris in a loud dark winter") which demand something more than the light music into which Ferlinghetti's characteristic line virtually forces him. The nakedness-symbolism is another kind of strait jacket. "Take it off!"— or even "*Vive la différence!*"— is a fine old war-cry. But Ferlinghetti is far too gifted to let himself be mesmerized by it, or by his somewhat too-easy mastery of one kind of metrical pyrotechnics.

Ideals for the Theatre

LIES LIKE TRUTH. By Harold Clurman. The Macmillan Co. 300 pp. $6.

MASK OR FACE. Reflections in an Actor's Mirror. By Michael Redgrave. Theatre Arts Books. 188 pp. $3.75.

IMMORTAL SHADOWS. By Stark Young. Hill and Wang. 270 pp. $1.65.

John Gassner

THERE are times when a reviewer is tempted to say that the theatre would be well well off if it could rise to the level of the books being written about it. The three books under review pursue perspectives of dramatic art that our opportunistic commercial stage rarely seeks and our idealistic non-commercial stage rarely attains. Each author, however, can only remind us how much more difficult it is to create satisfactory theatre, a synthesis of many elements and arts, than to talk about it.

Harold Clurman's *Lies Like Truth* deals most directly with the nature of the synthesis. It is inevitably his major concern as a director, and since he combines idealism with knowledge and executive ability, he writes with authority.

JOHN GASSNER, Sterling Professor of Playwriting at Yale University, is the author of Form and Idea in Modern Theatre, The Theatre in Our Times, *among many books and articles on stage theory and practice.*

He usually penetrates more deeply into a play and a production than most of us; he finds the core of potential or actual reality. He also requires more truth and more unity of vision than we are accustomed to expect from the makeshift stage of commerce and cliché. Clurman is perhaps the most reliable director in the American theatre and one of its few useful critics for one and the same reason: a play must *mean* something to him as well as *be,* for he refuses to dissociate sensibility from understanding.

Criticism based on such an operative principle is difficult to write, especially piecemeal, and Clurman is not the person to sacrifice the truth of an inquiry or observation for a quip, a flourish, or an elegant paragraph. *Lies Like Truth,* a collection of occasional writings from 1947 to 1957, is no masterpiece of belle-lettristic style, but it is a wonderfully rich book; if this or that individual essay can strike us as rather skimpy, the book as a whole cannot. A nimble mind is at work throughout the volume and a talent for sharp individual statement punctuates many of the observations. They fall just short of the epigrammatic and therefore cannot be easily extracted for quotation, but the gist of a number of these may well be remembered for a long time. I believe I shall remember his declaring that if Shylock is corrupt with hate, the Venetian playfellows are "corrupt in the thoughtlessness of their hedonism"; that "better a hestitant Shakespeare that is heard than a confident one that is blustered or blurred"; that "every character, besides having an ideal identity in the scheme of the play, has a real identity through the actor who embodies him"; that "Acting is not primarily related to words at all," and that "There is no such thing as a play without scenery. A bare stage is a setting; whatever is seen by an audience is part of the effect of the whole."

THE essays in *Mask or Face* express the views of an extremely intelligent actor. They supplement Clurman's views, which they also generally support. Although Michael Redgrave deplores the excesses of American disciples of the Stanislavsky Method (as does Clurman), he subscribes to Stanislavskian principles in general. He differs with Clurman only in rejecting the usefulness of "the Method" for playing Shakespearean roles. It is characteristic of an English actor that his most considered thinking should arise from a concern with Shakespeare. The most substantial chapter in *Mask or Face* is entitled "Shakespeare and the Actors," in which Mr. Redgrave discounts both psychology and philosophy as elements of any importance in the plays.

BY ITS very nature as an actor's testament, *Mask or Face* possesses a smaller range than *Lies Like Truth,* and to compare the two books would be unfair to Mr. Redgrave. *Lies Like Truth* invites comparison rather with Stark Young's *Immortal Shadows* published a decade ago and now made available in an inexpensive edition by the enterprising publishers of "Dramabooks." And this comparison could be somewhat unfair to Clurman, who is only a part-time critic whereas Stark Young was a full-time one from 1921 to 1947. His selected critical essays are as noteworthy for their style as for their content; they revive memories of many famous productions, and they abound in just and provocative observations. Mr. Young has never been excelled by any writer using the English language in all matters that concern aesthetic detail, whether in the play, the acting, or the production. His remarkable sensibility was invariably sustained by an enviable knowledge of literature and the arts. This is one of the very few collections of dramatic criticism by a single writer that cannot lose its freshness for anyone close to the theatre. In instances when my judgment has differed radically from Mr. Young's, I have found myself almost persuaded out of my opinion, so ably does he advance his argument, as in his disturbingly acute criticism of the 1946 "Old Vic" Laurence Olivier production of *Oedipus Rex* which he was apparently alone in disapproving. Where some degree of political or "social" thought would be in order, however, it may be advisable to look elsewhere, and especially to Clurman's criticism, as a comparison of their respective reviews of Anouilh's *Antigone* would show. "There is something about this play *Antigone* as it stands that invites power and intensity of tone but defeats the same," writes Mr. Young, but it is Mr. Clurman who tells us what it is —namely, the political ambivalence that tends to justify Creon and make an hysteric of Antigone in a work staged during the Nazi occupation of Paris. It is in judgments of taste and sensibility that Stark Young remains unrivaled.

The Rented Garden

We Sunday strode — I in leather,
My kids in red — through pure October.
We smelled a country gone bright
From decay, but I went to delight
In such burning
until we stood
In our garden across Lyme Road,
A rectangle hired at minor cost
To grow our greens on. I saw: cornstalks
Rattled white against blue, the squash vine
Had sprawled down in softness, and slime
Cracked from bleached tomato skins. Just thus
Our richness went, by three quick frosts.
The youngsters sang along the packed earth.
I listened. As if for some birth
The fool crickets whirred for this cloudless
Relic of summer. Deaf and dauntless,
My girl ran to a bonfire the wind
Had readied gaily, at the end
Of the garden. My boy followed; he
Ran right through the blighted broccoli.

BINK NOLL

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Government

THE durability of political problems is suggested by three new paperbacks. The most general, deriving from a classic liberalism, is *Reflections on Government* by Ernest Barker (Oxford-Galaxy, $2.50). It was completed just after the Second World War began and it treats only European governments, but its observations on nationalism, syndicalism and individualism as competing forms of liberty, its suspicions of legislative absolutism, its insistence on modifying and expanding equality and fraternity, its repeated emphasis on respect for the liberty of others have lost no relevance.

Political Ideas of the American Revolution by Randolph G. Adams (Barnes and Noble, $1.25; cloth. $3.75) is a standard historical and theoretical study of fundamental issues between Britain and the American colonies, 1765-1775. Professor Merrill Jensen's substantial commentary for this edition relates Adams' material to earlier British developments and to twentieth-century problems of federalism.

Great Issues in American History, a documentary record edited by Richard Hofstadter (Vol. I, 1765-1865; Vol. II, 1864-1957, Vintage, $1.25 ea.) is a new collection extremely well conceived. More than 175 documents, each with a pointed headnote, are grouped in fourteen parts. General introductions to the parts and the headnotes make this a consecutive history in documents, not merely a collection. Good indexes.

Drama

The English Dramatic Critics, James Agate, editor (Hill and Wang Dramabooks, $1.45; cloth, $3.95), samples theatre reviews, chiefly, from Richard Flecknoe in the Restoration to the early 1930s. Most items grow directly from specific performances, and the liveliness of first impressions gives the book charm and vitality.

Hill and Wang has so greatly improved the readability of the old Mermaid series that the exceedingly fine print in *The English Dramatic Critics* is disappointing. The original edition was a large octavo; this has been photographically reduced to a pocket-size duodecimo, impossible to read over a long sitting. Valuable as the tall duodecimo is for pocket books, it is dangerous when combined with photo-offset, as even Knopf has found with some Vintage books. Paperbacks and pocket books are no longer the same thing, and more publishers would do well to reconsider formats originally adopted to attract commuters and casual drug store or supermarket customers.

The Drama of Luigi Pirandello by Domenico Vittorini (Dover, $1.98) contains careful though sometimes wordy analyses of all Pirandello's plays and a useful but uncritically worshipful introduction.

Shakespeare: A Survey by E. K. Chambers (Dramabooks, $1.45) brilliantly employs a great store of scholarship to provide popular introductions to all the plays.

Texts of plays: *Four Plays* by Jean Giraudoux, adapted and with an introduction by Maurice Valency (Dramabooks, $1.75), includes *Ondine, The Enchanted, The Madwoman of Chaillot* and *The Appollo of Bellac*. *The Brute and Other Farces* by Anton Chekhov, new versions by Eric Bentley and Theodore Hoffman (Evergreen, $1.45; cloth, $3.50), includes an "Apologia" by Mr. Bentley on farce and Chekhov's success in farce. *Amédée, The New Tenant, Victims of Duty* by Eugène Ionesco, translated by Donald Watson (Evergreen, $1.75; cloth, $3.50). *The Balcony* by Jean Genet, translated by Bernard Frechtman (Evergreen, $1.75; cloth, $3.50).

Miscellaneous

The Dwarf by Pär Lagerkvist (Hill and Wang, $1.25) and *Barabbas* (Modern Library, 95c) are the novels by which American readers know the 1951 Nobel Prize-winner in literature. *Barabbas* tells the later life of the prisoner released in preference to Christ and ends on a detail of uncertain meaning. *The Dwarf*, with an Italian Renaissance setting and also unclear, is compared to Swift's work, but this is unfair. Gulliver not only helps convey Swift's ideas; he also comes alive. Though the point is often overlooked, he develops more than any character in the English novel before Jane Austen. Compared to him, the dwarf is a fruitless complication. The book fails to generalize satisfactorily on the struggle against evil, particularly within the individual, and it fails to bring life to a time and place.

The Praise of Folly by Desiderius Erasmus (Ann Arbor, $1.35) returns to print John Wilson's translation (1668) of one of the great satires, much of it against the Church, from the Renaissance humanist's point of view.

Literary Reviews and Essays by Henry James on American, English and French literature, Albert Mordell, editor (Evergreen, $2.45), collects sixty-two periodical reviews chiefly from the 1870s when James was shaping his techniques and his reputation. Largely from *The Nation* and *North American Review*.

Great Operas by Ernest Newman (2 vols., Vintage, $1.25 ea.) sketches the early history of thirty operas in the current repertory and analyzes the story and music of each with numerous musical quotations. (From *Seventeen Famous Operas* and *More Stories of Famous Operas*.)

Brave New World by Aldous Huxley (35c), *The Complete Short Stories* of Mark Twain (75c), *Four Great Comedies of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century* (50c) and *The Idiot* by Fyodor Dostoevsky (75c) inaugurate Bantam Classics. (*Ape and Essence*, Huxley's companion piece to *Brave New World*, appeared in Bantam's regular series last month.) *The Country Wife*, Wycherley's comedy of cuckoldry which has seemed too daring for most general collections, is the least common of the four plays in that volume. Mark Twain's tall tales and rather frequent petulance grow stale in a collection of sixty pieces. But the series is well produced and welcome.

At Your Druggist's: *A Midsummer Night's Dream* by William Shakespeare, Louis B. Wright and Virginia A. LaMar, editors (Pocket Library Folger Shakespeare, 35c); *The Oedipus Plays of Sophocles*, translated by Paul Roche (Mentor, 75c); *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* by Tennessee Williams (Signet, 35c); *On the Road* by Jack Kerouac (Signet, 50c); *Great Russian Short Stories*, Norris Houghton, editor (Dell, 50); *A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading* by Nancy Larrick (Pocket Books, 35c).

LETTER from TOKYO

Donald Richie

WHEN THE Anti-prostitution law went into effect last spring, most Japanese thought that it would become a dead letter in a matter of weeks. A number of equally unpopular laws have already become just that. Besides, having been legal in Japan for centuries, prostitution was not just an art or a trade; it was an industry. One might as well, many thought, try to dismantle the steel plants, or the big entertainment combines.

Furthermore, prostitutes played a rather important, if unacknowledged, role in Japanese society. Their quarters were

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where, for a time at least, men could forget the trials and humiliations of the average day. The young bloods could let off steam in lively Shinjuku; family men could visit the more pretentious Yoshiwara; and laborers could find inexpensive relaxation at Hatonomachi. And this was usually done with the tacit understanding of the wife or mother. It was a part of the man's world, like business conferences and all-night mah-jongg sessions; the woman's place was in the home. Since even now, most Japanese women marry for security and family—not for love—they did not feel their position threatened. A few wives actually encouraged visits to the nice clean girls—for they were clean—and few indeed complained.

The other side of life in the gay quarters, however, was not so pleasant. The girls all had to come from some place and even now the police are still busily checking into cases of peasants who knowingly sold their daughters. Too, many and gruesome were the tales of fresh country girls beginning a new life in the metropolis. They would step off the train at the capital and instantly find themselves befriended by kindly older gentlemen who would, under cover of the most transparent of false pretenses, install them in the houses of ill-fame. The girls scarcely ever ran away. Shame is a major social force in Japan.

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Also, the floating world was becoming rather overpopulated. In addition to the girls, there were pimps and picture-sellers and the people who put on private shows. And, as a natural result of this overpopulation, those involved became more and more obstreperous in their efforts to attract customers. Visiting missionaries were accosted in broad daylight and visiting businessmen would find pimps in the lobbies of the best hotels. Editorials were written, groups of "liberated women" paraded, city fathers lectured, and finally the government did something about it. The Diet passed a law which had been turned down many times before, and the war against prostitution was on.

IT IS a very real war. The police find it almost impossible to enforce the law because the girls and the brothel-keepers find it almost impossible to comply—even if they want to. There was half a year of grace between the law's passage and its application, but it takes more than six months to dismantle a social edifice that has been adding wings and third-story garrets since the seventeenth century.

In Tokyo alone more than a thousand brothel-operators were known and registered, and each owned from one to several establishments, each employing five to twenty girls. Thus, at the most conservative estimate, five thousand girls were suddenly jobless in a city where finding a job is of the utmost difficulty.

The Metropolitan Police Department's Prostitution Control Headquarters, anxious to know what was happening, took time off from its periodic raids and recently released some facts and figures which would seem to indicate that the war against the prostitutes is just beginning. Out of a small sample (4,000 girls formerly employed by 130 Tokyo houses) it was found that about one-third, or 1,486, have returned to their various homes in the country. Of these, 733 got married and another 264 found "decent employment." A fortunate few, about forty in all, had saved their money and were able to set up small legitimate businesses. And what about the other 2,000? They are the reason why the police are so busy making raids.

Most of the girls have been forced onto the streets. This is bad for a number of reasons. One is that now no adequate medical check can be made. Yet another, perhaps even worse from the patrons' point of view, is that inflation has set in and the fee has almost quadrupled. Before the law was enforced, girls were available at about $4 the night, or $2.50 on an hourly basis. Now, however, the price is up to $20 for an overnight stay. The penalties if they get caught are high, too. The minimum is six months or a fine up to $30; the maximum is seven years and the whopping (for Japan) fine of $850.

Yet, there is not much else the girls can do. In addition, there is much injured feeling and loss of face because the geisha has gone scot-free. She, too—contrary to polite foreign opinion—is a prostitute, and is morally just as culpable. The only difference is that she is ever so much more expensive and usually acknowledges only one patron (not customer, thank you) at a time; she is a courtesan rather than a prostitute.

Some of the more enterprising girls in Atami ("the Miami Beach of Japan") saw this as a way out of their difficulties. The local geisha guild was forced to lower its already sagging standards, with the result that any girl able to do one classical dance and sing one classical song was automatically a geisha. Then the Atami prostitutes got busy and many were the scenes of solid young people from the farms, whose nearest approximation to culture was Elvis Presley, going through muscular imitations of the lithe geisha dances, or learning by husky rote the vocal intricacies of eighteenth-century love ballads—perspiring the while and tripping over ceremonial kimonos.

AT THE same time—and for the first time in Japan—there have entered those accoutrements to illegal prostitution so familiar to the West. Taxi drivers, formerly used merely for transportation, are now regarded as valuable sources of information; the Japanese call them "pimps on wheels." The underworld has stepped in. When prostitution was legal there was little or no contact between prostitutes and gangsters; in fact, the former were on the side of the police. Now, however, the girls are no longer protected by law and the gang-boys are having a blackmail heyday. Even the old badger-game, long known in the West but until now unheard of in Japan, has arrived. This is the one where a knock comes and the police enter. Girl is taken away weeping and the man, terrified, pays the policeman to be let free. The police are, of course, fake and the girl is only taken to the next room and the next victim.

The Japanese male has been deprived of one of his few sources of relaxation and, though as a rule almost terrifyingly law-abiding, will openly grumble from time to time, interspersing complaint with hopes that in due course all this law enforcement will be forgotten.

That doesn't seem too likely. The new law had powerful backing—it needed it to get past the Diet. In addition it is publicly supported, if privately derided. There are various citizens committees for the Prevention of Prostitution and the Parents-Teachers Association has sponsored a nation-wide "Three Point Charter for the Purity of Fathers." The future seems as dismal as the formerly gay quarters themselves.

Once ablaze with neon and fluorescent, filled with smiling faces and mysterious allure behind the gently waving curtains, the licensed quarters have now become ghost towns. In fabulous Yoshiwara not a light is seen; it is a pool of blackness beside the gaudy amusement district of Asakusa which it once easily eclipsed. In the north of Shinjuku, row after row of gaily painted buildings stare empty-eyed at dark streets now littered with the refuse of a city. Even jolly Hatonomachi, the "City of Pigeons," is desolate; last week's newspapers scuttle along the lonely pavements and hungry dogs sit in the deserted doorways.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

STANLEY KRAMER produces in *The Defiant Ones* the lowest common denominator of the race problem. His idea is that if you chain a Negro and a white man together and set the dogs upon them, they will learn the advantages of cooperation and may very well end up in an embrace of respect and affection.

A prison truck, transporting convicts on a rainy night, is overturned. One pair of the chained men—played by Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier—escapes from the wreck, plunges into the sheltering swamp, and begins an agonizing endurance race against the traps of the terrain and the hounds of the posse that is certain to follow. This is the movie chase in pure and elegant form; it is also a handsome apparatus for social symbolism: one man standing on the other's shoulders; one dragging the other from the maelstrom; one tending the other's infected wrist (lest he face delirium at the other end of the chain). Similarly, one sees the futility of two men tearing at each other's flesh when they are shackled to the same future. Toward the end of the picture, the handcuffs are cut off, but by then the Negro and the white are joined by a chain of association and mutual obligation that neither can break. They are, you might say, gloriously united in failure.

I guess that ending is consistent with the characters as described (big lonely boys beneath the toughness), but I would not argue with anyone who held that it was dictated by the goodness of Mr. Kramer's heart. Mr. Kramer's heart interferes with the action at several points, and though these lucky accidents are traditional in a chase picture, they do cloud the allegory. The whites and the blacks of the South have been chained together for a good many years, and they have not grown notably sweet toward each other because of the confinement. I can think of several other ways the picture might have worked out—they are a good deal more plausible, though not nearly as pretty.

It is easy to commend Mr. Kramer for the skill with which he uses popular melodrama to elucidate a social problem, but his oversimplification may give people the notion that prejudice is just a big, unhappy misunderstanding and that it can be solved by a little effort at a common goal. Prejudice is a tougher root than that, and sentimentality is a poor weapon in a good cause.

What can be said for *The Defiant Ones* is that, on its surface, it is first-rate excitement; the acting is strong and simple, the scenery (except for a foolishly phony turpentine camp) is harrowing and well-photographed, the tension builds as it should in one of these nerve-stretching exercises. I wish only that Mr. Kramer would stay clear of the world's infamy—he has a great love of violence but no stomach at all for evil.

THE INDIAN *Pather Panchali* (Song of the Road), which has won as many international awards as Mumm's champagne, is a picture of great visual beauty and quite as great narrative deliberation. The reviews are full of the pastel adjectives—sensitive, lyric, delicate, etc.—and the movie earns them. Since the days of the expressionist art film, I haven't seen a movie that so underlined its own beauty. It even works with the old shots—the lily pads, the drops of rain making rings in the still water, the wind blowing ghost shadows across the reeds.

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yearning over the faces (admittedly very beautiful) of the performers, slows the action to the stalling point. Almost every shot starts from immobility and the essence of poetry is repetition. It will be protested that the funereal pace suits the mood of the picture and I agree. Misery it is, unrelieved and unresisted misery. The story is the kind in which a strapping girl of sixteen, having been caught in a sudden rain squall, takes to her bed and dies of pneumonia; the kind in which every pathetic flutter of gaiety or promise is slapped to the wall by the flat hand of disaster. It gets so you wince when anyone smiles. The rice has given out, the walls are falling in, feckless father is off somewhere chasing the illusion of a job and the rich landlady greets the woebegone family with sneers, ironic requests for payment and accusations of petty theft. I don't belittle such sorrows, or doubt that they are as prevalent in India as anywhere on earth; I recognize that the picture is filled with tender and accurate insights that make the heart weep. But you do not have a play —and the sympathy you feel is maudlin indulgence—unless someone fights back. And no one in *Pather Panchali* raises a hand except the subsidiary character of a wonderful old crone, who has the head of an unfledged turkey buzzard and who schemes for what is left of her life with the relentless greed of senility. All the rest seem doomed by definition.

At the end, the picture takes a curious turn. The father, hitherto paralyzed by delusions of talent, returns at last and is transformed into a masterful man by the spectacle of his ruined family. He immediately sets in motion plans for moving to a large city that will give scope to his abilities, he organizes the departure with speed and efficiency, he courteously rebuffs the village elders who call to complain that he is removing his family, long honored in the community, without consulting them. All this I assume to be Indian irony, and I may have missed other examples of this somewhat ambiguous seasoning.

What I did grasp seemed to be over-assertive as to photography and under-developed as to drama—it was all exquisitely downhill.

THE PHRASE "Based On" is one of the most useful in the movie business. It means that the makers of a film have borrowed the title, the public reputation and the over-all design of plot and character from some successful novel or play, but that they have changed details, implications, moral evaluations and conclusions to suit the producer's notion of what his censor will accept or his audience buy. It announces, in short, a willingness to ride on another man's talent, but disclaims any responsibility for respecting the vehicle.

By screen standards, then, the film "based" on *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is uncommonly good. The characters are full-bodied and arresting; the entanglements that perplex them are absorbing; the cast — notably Paul Newman, Elizabeth Taylor, Burl Ives and Judith Anderson — is strong and resourceful, and Richard Brooks, the director (also co-adapter with James Poe), has worked with such commanding purpose that there is not, I think, a vacant gesture in the work.

Much of this excellence is directly attributable to Tennessee Williams. He is unsurpassed among modern theatre technicians, and that is why the movies like to "base" themselves on his plays. Gelding a horse is not the same thing as shooting it in the head — you will still have a damn fine horse, and a more tractable one at that. The screen *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is still a damn fine play, and much safer to have around than that savage, embarrassing, anguished production Elia Kazan showed on Broadway a few seasons ago.

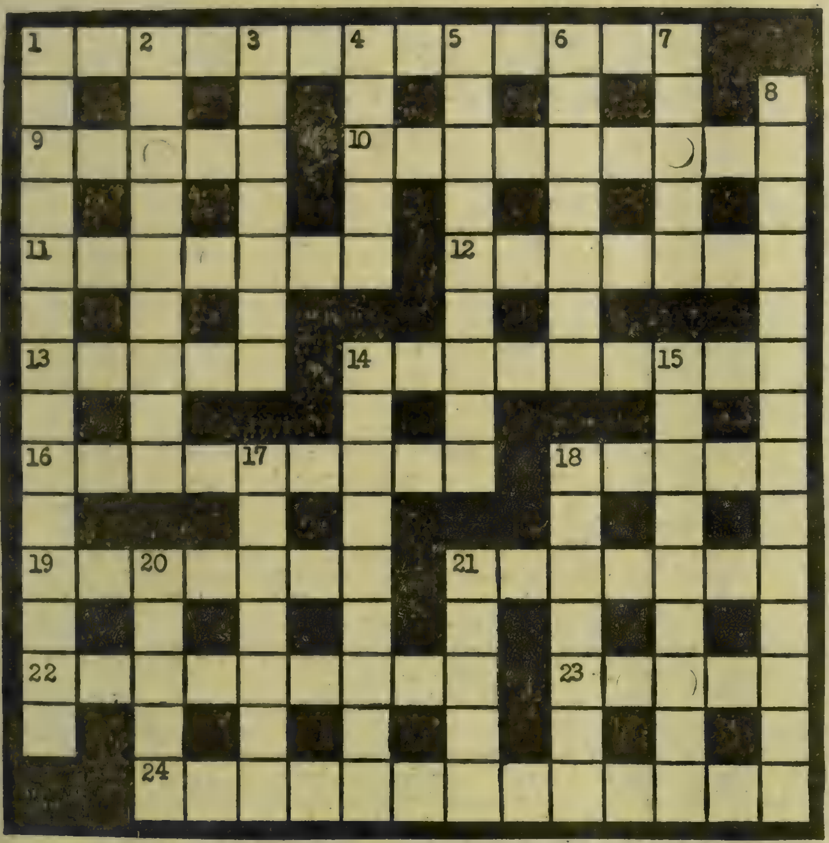
Instead of being rancid with evil, the *Cat* has become melodramatic with tension; instead of being hot and dark, it sparkles with cool sunshine; instead of ending in exhausted irony, it fades out in an embrace of love fulfilled. The taint of homosexuality has been wiped from this now-civilized fable. In its place we are shown what happens to a boy when his father, intent on making several millions, neglects the little fears and triumphs of childhood. In a word, juvenile delinquency begins in the home.

And can be cured by a timely pat on the head. Big Daddy, manfully withstanding the spasms of cancer, explains to foolish, drunken Brick that he has loved him all the time. That's all that was needed, a good talk between father and son. Now Brick, whisky forgotten, old fears and hates surmounted, with Maggie the Cat, faithful and loving by his side, will carry on the great plantation built by his great and lovable dad.

I enjoyed the picture. My sympathies were engaged, and the memory of Elizabeth Taylor begging for kisses will beguile my lonely hours for some time. The gastric guilt and loathing of Tennessee Williams disturbs and repels me because I feel that it is auto-induced and in the end uncommunicable to others. But he is a deeply committed and profoundly original playwright and his work is stamped with a vision of man that is his creative gift to our era. This movie is a psychological tear-jerker.

Crossword Puzzle No. 789

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The Washington *Post* has more than one! (7, 6)
9 All ready to act at the beginning? (5)
10 Exhorted—nothing more—but hardly accepted. (9)
11 One is likely to have a crooked joint. (7)
12 More of a racket, evidently. (7)
13 Was the lady from here a victim of consumption? (5)
14 Are they only fabricated achromatically? (5, 4)
16 In theory, was this original? (9)
18 Personally, this might be grand, but not uniformly speaking. (5)
19 What Bo-Peep's following did shouldn't be a welcome comment. (3, 4)
21 No place for one, even! (4-3)
22 Do some of them spend their time chasing gold? (9)
23 Make-up for after noon? (5)
24 They might contain advance information on how to start an escape movement. (5, 8)

DOWN:

1 Cape and point of sinister implication. (5, 3, 6)
2 Punch should find him a witness, implied Twain. (9)
3 His tales might not bear the stamp of approval. (7)
4 The composer of the Yale "Harlequin" show. (5)
5 What a stretcher might be used for. (9)
6 In turn, it provides some potentially shocking material. (7)
7 They come to the surface from the heart of the earth. (5)
8 Without even an "I'll be darned"? (14)
14 Working dwarfs, no doubt. (9)
15 No better among them! (9)
17 Press time? (4, 3)
18 Might an "ism" be so badly constructed? (7)
20 A runner might, on the fly. (3, 2)
21 Opening which proves one of our articles is a foreign one? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 788

ACROSS: 9 Impound; 10 Opulent; 11 Ketch; 12 Log; 13 Digit; 14 Suspend; 16 Dwindle; 18 and 26 Rounded off; 21 and 5 Prepaid Postage; 28 Abridge; 29 Innings; 30 Dehisce; 31 Spouses. DOWN: 1 and 1 across Thick as thieves; 2 Impetus; 3 Vouch; 4 Saddled; 5 Pronged; 6 and 26 Sound Off; 7 Avenged; 8 Entitle; 15 End; 17, 24 and 27 Ice cream cones; 18 Richard; 19 Unearth; 20 Diocese; 21 Puffins; 22 Awnings; 23 Desists; 25 Midas; 27 Canto.

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CALL CONGRESS AT ONCE, MR. PRESIDENT!

MR. PRESIDENT:

The United States now finds itself in a position in which it can at any moment be committed to an utterly insane and disastrous war by a single rash act on the part of either faction in a Chinese civil conflict.

We consider this an intolerable situation.

Without arguing the merits or defects of our past bipartisan policy with respect to the Nationalist-Communist struggle in China, we point out two facts:

1. Our policy has been and is at variance with that of our major anti-Communist allies and inconsistent with both government and popular opinion in practically all of the important uncommitted nations.

2. Our policy has remained static and inflexible throughout a decade in which profound changes have taken place and during which China—ten years ago a weak, strife-torn and impoverished nation—has emerged into a highly organized state comprising one-quarter of the world's population.

We profoundly regret that this change has come about under a ruthless Communist dictatorship, but our regret cannot alter the facts.

We emphasize that the radically modified circumstances have brought about no change whatever in a policy based upon the contention that the exiled Nationalist regime at Taipei is still the legitimate government of China and upon the hope of its restoration to power on the mainland.

We point out further that Chiang Kai-shek, to whom we are at present committed, rejects any and all settlements which would neutralize either the off-shore islands or Taiwan itself; and that our commitment to support his position renders it impossible for us to come to any sort of peaceable settlement with the Chinese People's Republic.

It seems evident that a continuation of our present policy can lead only to a war in which the United States will have few if any effective allies, or to the indefinite protraction of a state of affairs in which the United States can at any moment be plunged into such a war by an act or decision other than its own. We are not persuaded that there is no alternative to this policy except "appeasement" or surrender.

We therefore feel justified in demanding that the whole of our China policy and all questions incident to our involvement in the Chinese civil conflict be laid before our elected representatives in the Congress, in whom the Constitution vests the power to decide upon war or peace.

We feel that the American people owe it to themselves and to humanity to decide upon their course by the democratic process, rather than leaving the decision of life or death either to their own Executive or to the unpredictable actions of one faction or another in a quarrel within a foreign country.

We urgently request that you call the Congress into immediate session.

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Public protest by the undersigned against the present United States policy in the Far East elicited a nation-wide response asking for constructive leadership. The foregoing message to the President is offered as a suggestion.

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THE
NATION

SPECIAL ISSUE: 50c *OCTOBER 18, 1958*

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THE FBI

by

Fred J. Cook

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This special issue of *The Nation,* devoted exclusively to Fred J. Cook's investigation of the country's No. 1 investigators, the FBI, has a special interest for all organizations and individuals interested in the preservation of law, order and human rights and freedoms.

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THE FBI
by FRED J. COOK

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Crossword Puzzle (opp. 280)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 12

THE NATION

THE FBI

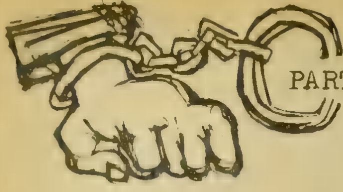
by Fred J. Cook

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITORS

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is, by any reckoning, one of the most important agencies of the federal government. In function, personnel and budget, it has grown enormously in the last two decades. The nature of its work touches on the most sensitive—and vital—aspects of government in a democratic society. Yet critical appraisals of the FBI are as scarce as adulatory notices are common. A number of books have been written about it, most of them under the unofficial imprimatur of the agency or of its director, but the last objective study was undertaken in 1950 (*The Federal Bureau of Investigation* by Max Lowenthal). In a way, this is not surprising. It is difficult to appraise the work of a police agency, particularly one as large, and with as many different functions, as the FBI. Much of its operations consists of routine investigations which are not intended to lead to official action of any kind. But difficult as the task may be, the importance of an objective appraisal is clear. Of the FBI, as of any important agency of government, the public is entitled to ask: How good is it? How well does it discharge its proper functions? In what respects is it subject to criticism? And who is responsible for assaying its performance?

Given the singular failure of criticism in relation to an agency of the self-evident importance of the FBI, the editors of *The Nation* decided to call in Fred J. Cook, one of the country's top reporters and investigators in the field of crime, and to ask him this question: Just how good is the FBI as a police agency? Is it, we asked, as good as the New York Police Department? as Scotland Yard? Is it the best in the world? Specifically, we wanted to know what other police bodies think of it; what experts have had to say of its work; whether it plays politics; why it continues to get so much laudatory publicity; why, almost alone among government agencies, it always gets its full appropriation from Congress.

What follows is Mr. Cook's response to that assignment. In asking him to undertake it, we promised him a free hand in developing his report in such fashion and at such length as he might deem necessary. What we wanted, and what is here presented, is the core of critical truth about the work of the FBI. — THE EDITORS



PART 1

POSING THE BASIC ISSUE

A STOCKY, hawk-nosed Cleveland industrialist caused a national gasp on the quiet Sunday evening of May 4, 1958, when he went before Mike Wallace's television seeing-eye and dared to criticize America's most sacrosanct institution, the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Cyrus Eaton, a seventy-four-year-old multi-millionaire who controls some of the largest industrial empires on the North American continent, was the offender. He warned that the United States, drifting far from the individualism that had guided and inspired the patriots of '76, was verging dangerously upon the attitudes of a police state. Of the FBI, he said:

> I think it's had a tremendous build-up. It has enjoyed wonderful propaganda and sold itself in a marvelous way. But I always worry when I see a nation feel that it is coming to greatness through the activities of its policemen. And the FBI is just one of scores of agencies in the United States engaged in investigating, in snooping, in informing, in creeping up on people. This has gone to an extent that is very alarming.

In Washington on that same quiet Sunday, possibly in anticipation of bleak Monday, one of the slowest news days of the week, reporters were being fed excerpts from the testimony that FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover had given recently before a House appropriations subcommittee. Though an appropriations subcommittee would hardly seem to be the logical forum, Hoover had taken advantage of the occasion to make it clear that he was extremely disenchanted with the Supreme Court of Earl Warren. He said "crime and subversion" had become "critical challenges" to law-enforcement agencies as a result of recent court decisions. He attacked these decisions for wiping out forty-nine of the 108 convictions of Communists under the Smith Act ban on teaching and advocating violent overthrow of the government; he stressed that he had "the utmost respect for the independence of the courts" and insisted that the "judiciary is not, and never must become, a mere rubber stamp for the other branches of government." Then, all the appropriate sentiments uttered, he laid down the law for the judiciary on its clear duty in these words: "But the courts themselves must eventually come to grips in a realistic manner with facts and join all forces for good in protecting society."

This clear call by J. Edgar Hoover for an independent judiciary that would agree with J. Edgar Hoover marks one of Fate's more propitious timings in the dramatization of issues. For disclosure of the Hoover testimony, coming on the same day that Eaton spoke out, presented this striking dovetailing of events: a critic denounces the growth in America of what he considers dangerous police power and, even as he does, the nation's No. 1 policeman demonstrates the extent of that power by taking to task the highest court in the land.

Perennial Questions

It is an apt coincidence that serves to raise fundamental and haunting questions — questions that hovered over the FBI at its birth and that have returned on occasion to plague it since. Is there danger in a highly-concentrated national police power? Is there danger to civil liberties? To freedom of speech? To the administration of justice itself?

These questions have been raised again and again; and always, until now, they have been answered in the popular mind in favor of the FBI. J. Edgar Hoover and the agency with which his name is inseparably linked — because in effect he is the agency — have been placed by public sentiment upon a pedestal and made the center of a cult of hero worship. Both have been garbed by popular imagination in robes of virtual infallibility. Because this is so, other questions inevitably arise. Is this lofty eminence completely justified? Even if it is, is there danger in it? For example, the kind of danger that comes from granting to any man and to any human agency almost complete absolution from criticism, almost complete acceptance of all their ideas as gospel.

Such are the questions that come thronging every time a Cyrus Eaton opens his mouth and lifts the lid on a Pandora's box of possibilities. For answers, one has to dig into the background and development of the FBI; one has to examine carefully, not just the sensational achievements, but the methods and attitudes as the record unveils them.

One thing, at first glance, becomes apparent: Hoover, in these latter years of the Warren Court, has not hesitated to step beyond the role of policeman and throw down the gauntlet to the judiciary. His 1958 criticism of the Supreme Court was no isolated harpoon, flung on the spur of the moment. Less than a year previously, he had been chiefly instrumental in kicking up a public storm against the Court, precipitating a controversy that lasted for months and that carried the imputation that the Court had become a positive menace.

Study in Contrasts

The furor centered on the Court's decision in the *Jencks* case. It was sparked by repeated barbed statements by Hoover; it was marked by deliberate maneuvers by him to force Congressional action to curb the Court. The entire sequence offers a dramatic study in contrasts — the reality about what the Court actually said conflicting with the myth that Hoover promulgated about what it said. The actual language and decree of the Court were buried and lost to view in the public acceptance of the myth.

Actually, the case involved seemingly clear-cut and simple issues. Clinton Jencks, a New Mexico labor leader, had been convicted on charges that he had filed a false non-Communist affidavit. Principal witness against him had been Harvey Matusow, long a favorite informer for the FBI and Congressional committees. After Jencks's conviction, Matusow demonstrated that he possessed the traits of instability and unreliability for which informers are often noted. He joined a church, professed to have discovered conscience, proclaimed that he had lied in his testimony involving Jencks and others — and promptly was jailed as a perjurer by an indignant government.

Conviction Is Reversed

The legal issue in the *Jencks* case had been joined, however, before Matusow's startling about-face. At stake was one clear and simple principle: Jencks's counsel contended that they should have been given access to FBI reports in which Matusow had detailed his original charges. The purpose was a logical one — to test Matusow's credibility, to compare the story he told on the witness stand with the story he had told originally. In the light of subsequent developments, this would seem to have been a sound idea, and the Supreme Court, by a nearly unanimous 7 to 1 decision, threw out the *Jencks* conviction and ruled that, when the government puts a witness on the stand, it must make available to the defense the details of his earlier questionings as a test of his veracity. "Every experienced trial judge and trial lawyer knows the value for impeachment purposes of statements of the witness regarding events before time dulls treacherous memory," Justice William Brennan wrote in giving the Court's decision.

This elemental rule of logic quickly became lost in the spate of wild denunciation that smothered Capitol Hill. Justice Tom Clark, in a dissenting opinion, had pictured the *Jencks* decision as opening the door to fishing expeditions in the FBI's secret investigative files. Hoover, with strong support from his allies in Congress and rabid sections of the ultra-conservative press, took up the cry, and almost overnight the impression was created that the Court had given Communists carte blanche to force revelation of the FBI's most closely guarded secrets.

A brief chronology of events shows how vigorously the campaign against the Court was pressed, how the anti-Court image in the press was cultivated. On June 28, 1957, *The New York Times* reported that Hoover was "understood to have passed the word that his agency will drop out of some espionage and other criminal cases if this becomes necessary to protect its confidential informants." On July 28, in a report to Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., Hoover stressed for the record that confidential informants had been responsible for the arrest of 2,700 persons in the nation in the past year, and he furnished ammunition to the anti-Court faction in Congress by this pointed declaration: "The very basis of our success is the FBI's assurance to this country's citizens that the information they give will be maintained in strictest confidence in our files." Hoover followed this up on August 14 in a letter to Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr. (R., Mass), minority leader in the House, demanding legislation to protect the FBI files from disclosure. He said that some informants already had clammed up as a result of the Court decision and added that he had had to drop some cases in preference to opening the files. Capping all of this, Hoover went before the American Legion in its 39th annual convention in Atlantic City on Sept. 19, 1957, and charged that the campaign to throw open the FBI files was the work of "a hard core of propagandists." The Legion praised Hoover and passed a resolution criticizing recent Supreme Court decisions, especially the one that "opened" FBI files.

The sequence tells its own story. The *Jencks* decision did not compel the FBI to disclose the name of a single informant; it did not throw open the FBI files. It simply required that, when an informant was put upon the witness stand to testify, his previous statements dealing with this testimony should be made available to the defense. All the Supreme Court had done, actually, was to draw the line between police-state methods that cloak and protect a favored accuser and the system of justice that should prevail in a democracy. It had done so in these memorable words:

> It is unconscionable to allow it [the government] to undertake prosecution and then invoke its governmental privileges to deprive the accused of anything which might be material to the defense.

As such an expert as Dean Erwin N. Griswold, of the Harvard Law School, pointed out, "There is absolutely nothing in the opinion giving the public access to the secret files of the FBI. It simply blueprints procedures used right here in Boston and every criminal court." Yet the repeated statements by Hoover, carrying the prestige that attaches to his name, and their solemn repetition on Capitol Hill, had convinced large segments of the public that the security of the nation was at stake.

Pugwash Waterboy

Such is the immediate background against which one must try to assess the validity of Cyrus Eaton's charges. In doing so, the question arises: just who is Cyrus Eaton? His name is not a household byword as are the names of Rockefeller or Carnegie or Mellon, and the daily press, which made note of his charges, wasn't very helpful in presenting a picture of the man. He was usually described as a "Cleveland industrialist" or a "Cleveland millionaire," vague tags of identification that conveyed no impression. Actually, except for the unorthodoxy of some of his political views, Cyrus Eaton might well qualify as the prototype of all the Horatio Algers of free enterprise: he began life as a waterboy in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, and now is numbered well up among the wealthiest men in America.

Peculiarly enough, Eaton and Hoover have at least one point in common. Both as young men toyed with the idea of entering the ministry. Hoover wanted to become a

Presbyterian pastor before he entered government service, and Eaton, for a brief period, actually did serve as a lay preacher in a Baptist church in Cleveland. He left the pulpit for big business at the behest of John D. Rockefeller, who recognized in the college youth who toiled upon his estate in summer the latent talents needed in a captain of huge enterprises.

Using for credit little more than an idea and his own reputation for trustworthiness, Eaton borrowed from the banks and put together the rudiments of a Canadian utility empire. He went on to amass millions — and to lose most of them in the crash of 1929. By that time, he had formed Republic Steel, now the country's third largest producer; Goodyear, the largest tire company; and Continental Shares, the third largest utility. All were lost to him in the stock-market debacle.

Second Empire

Undaunted, Eaton went to work to recoup and assemble a second empire. This now includes the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, one of the best money-makers in its field in the nation; the West Kentucky Coal Company, third largest in the world; the Greenbrier Hotel, where President Eisenhower has received and consulted with foreign dignitaries; Portsmouth Steel, which controls Detroit Steel and other companies; and Steep Rock Mines, one of the largest and richest veins of iron ore on the continent.

The record is hardly that of a man who is a secret Communist or a Communist sympathizer. Yet Eaton gets himself called some nasty names because he has dared to flout the mores of his big-business species by insisting that it's better to be friendly with the Russians than to run a hate campaign against them.

Never a man to hold ideas without attempting to implement them, Eaton created a minor rumpus a couple of years ago when he sent a prize bull to Russia to improve the breeding stock there. Criticized for his action, he explained his philosophy to Boonton Herndon in an article in *True* with this catchy phrase: "It's better to trade bulls than bullets." The uproar over the gift was a gentle zephyr compared to the gale that Eaton raised last year when he first summoned nuclear scientists from all over the world to a conference at his estate (he has since played host to them a second time). He included Soviet Russian and Communist Chinese scientists among his guests; he had the temerity to say later that he liked them and got on fine with them; he even charged that the Communist scientists were less fearful in talking about mutual scientific problems than the Americans were.

All of this has not made Eaton liked by the disciples of the far Right, to whom a sip of vodka with a Russian is regarded as contamination. To the dedicated zealots, there is only one explanation for a man who acts as Eaton does. He *must* be a Communist; he *has* to be. Eaton snorts his disdain at the imputation. He points to the fact that employees of his C.&O. own close to $3 million worth of the railroad's stock, and he insists that this joint ownership of a great industry by its employees is a people's capitalism that beats communism any day. "If Karl Marx lived today," Eaton told Herndon, "he'd be a capitalist."

Police-State Methods

This is the man who shocked listeners on the Mike Wallace program by declaring that police-state methods, as they are practiced by the FBI and other government investigative agencies, are throttling and restricting Americans. He told Wallace:

> I think our scientific development in this country has been enormously retarded. The scientist is conscious that the FBI is breathing down the back of his neck all the time, scaring him. He is not even allowed to talk to his wife about secret things. We've gotten so enchanted with the value of these security measures that we have carried them to an enormous extent and we have even praised the FBI for violating the rights of free men.

Eaton insisted that any idea that we can keep industrial methods and developments secret is "just a hallucination and an emphasis on the police side of our government," and he wound up by declaring that "Hitler in his prime, through the Gestapo, never had any such extensive spy organizations as we have in this country today."

The Gestapo gibe was, of course, the unkindest cut of all. Hoover, offered free TV time to reply, gave a performance that may best be characterized as being both above and below the battle. His on-the-record answer was lofty; he would not, he said, "dignify" Eaton's remarks with a reply. But he made no secret of his delight and support when others stooped to the task of dignifying.

First into the breach was the House Un-American Activities Committee, which asked for the time Hoover wouldn't use. Competent newsmen noted that this was an unusual demonstration of brotherly solidarity. Usually, Congressional committees do not take up the cudgels for administrators in the Executive Branch. But the rapport between J. Edgar Hoover and the House Un-American Activities Committee has long been close. Years ago, the House committee was fed the first tip on the Alger Hiss case out of the FBI's supposedly secret files; only last fall, when the House committee was under attack and the suggestion was made that perhaps it ought to go out of business, Hoover came to its defense by saying "real Americans" wouldn't be fooled by the attacks, that "real Americans" knew the committee had played a vital role in safeguarding freedom. And so the safeguarders of freedom came to the defense of Hoover.

Richard Arens, the committee's staff director, went on the air on May 19 and announced that the committee chairman, Representative Francis Walter (D., Pa.), had signed a subpoena yanking Eaton before the committee to explain himself.

Hosannas to which the committee has become accustomed when it makes such dramatic moves failed to resound this time. The great bellwethers of the American press, not noted on the whole for their fighting liberalism, did a double-take and began to ask editorially some embarrassing questions. Questions like: Isn't this precisely what the shouting was all about? Is the House committee trying to prove that Cyrus Eaton was right when he charged we are becoming a police state? Where is our vaunted freedom of speech if, the moment a man opens his mouth to express an unorthodox opinion, he is subjected to a Congressional inquisition to explain himself? Even the conservative New York *Herald Tribune* was moved to comment:

> We haven't agreed with many of Eaton's positions, but we think it is a very healthy thing, and a heartening affirmation of the pluralistic nature of our society, to have so wealthy a man taking such an unorthodox and non-conformist position. Go right on speaking your mind, Cyrus. Walter is making a fool out of nobody but himself.

This backfire in conservative quarters evidently gave the House committee pause. Some members protested that Walter, the chairman, hadn't consulted *them* about issuing that subpoena. Days passed and the much-publicized subpoena didn't get itself served. Finally, through mutual friends, a private session between Eaton and the House committee was arranged in the hope that all could be smoothed over. Never was hope more evanescent. Eaton appeared and made more direct and more personal everything he had said on the air. Walter stormed out of the hearing, denouncing Eaton as a Communist-lover; Eaton charged that Walter and Arens had adopted "un-American tactics . . . in attempting to intimidate, bully and push citizens around." He taunted the committee with failure to serve "its still-phantom TV subpoena" and said he'd be happy to appear at any time and tell the committee off in public.

The controversy between the committee and Eaton had left Hoover out of the battle and out of the range of the backfire. From this ideal strategic position, he deigned to dignify Eaton's charges with a reply in a personally signed editorial appearing in the FBI's *Law Enforcement Bulletin* for July. In this, without naming Eaton, Hoover defended his agency's "magnificent record of accomplishment" and attacked "an unscrupulous few" who "through studied insults and calculated distortions would besmirch and disgrace this world-renowned record of democratic achievement." A further attack on Eaton was delivered by Hoover's titular boss, Attorney General William P. Rogers, in a speech in which, again without naming Eaton, he denounced the Gestapo charges as "reckless criticism" and added that they were "an insult to the men and women devoting their lives to a career of service in the law-enforcement profession."

The duality of Hoover's position—his lofty pose above the battle, his not-so-lofty encouragement of the troops—is revealed even more graphically in a letter that he wrote to Walter Trohan, of the Chicago *Tribune*. Trohan had leaped into the fray with an article attacking Eaton. It was headlined: "Eaton Rates as Russia's Favorite U.S. Capitalist." This obviously delighted Hoover, for he wrote:

> Dear Walter: I have just heard about your article which appeared in the *Tribune* this morning concerning Cyrus Eaton, and you did a fine job in exposing him for what he is. Eaton's attack on the FBI is one of the most vicious ones which has ever been leveled against us, but frankly, his charges are so wild and irresponsible, I just can't believe anybody is going to pay any attention to him. This man has made his own pink little dream world and now he will have to live in it.
>
> With best wishes always,
>
> Sincerely, Edgar.

Does this letter strike one as lacking the lofty and statesmanlike tone that would accord with the noble image painted through the years on the mental retina of most Americans?

If it does, perhaps one is justified in inquiring further, in probing more deeply into the complex story of J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI. And perhaps one may be forgiven — although, almost certainly, one will not be — for seeking answers to the logical and legitimate questions: Is the FBI the perfect organization beyond reproach? Or is it a mixture, part heroic fact, part heroic myth, which Americans should try to understand before they worship?

PART 2

THE STORMY BEGINNINGS

EVEN THE MOST zealous defenders of the FBI do not attempt to defend some of the activities of its early years, which concededly fulfilled the worst predictions of critics when the agency was created. The best that can be said about that early record now is that it is far in the past and no longer matters; it belongs to that other FBI that existed before J. Edgar Hoover created the true FBI; and the contrast, if anything, just goes to prove how lucky we are. Thus the only point at issue is the relatively simple one: Is all this true?

To form an opinion, one has to go back to the beginning.

The bureau was set up by executive fiat during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt's Attorney General, Charles Joseph Bonaparte, had asked Congress to create a national detective force, but had run into strong opposition. One Iowa Congressman had insisted that "no general system of spying upon and espionage of the people . . . should be allowed to grow up." Editorial writers had raised the horrible specter of Fouché, Napoleon Bonaparte's rascally police czar who first intimidated the French people, then intimidated Napoleon himself because he knew so many palace secrets and finally, at the propitious time, double-crossed his master. Obviously, from this reaction, Americans were still suspicious, as they had been since the Revolution, of a strongly-concentrated police power, and so Congress vetoed Bonaparte's plan. But after Congress adjourned, on July 1, 1908, the Attorney General on his own authority set up the bureau.

Reconvening Congressmen, confronted with a *fait accompli,* were furious. Charges were made that the mail of Congressmen was being opened, that Congressmen were being shadowed by detectives, that dossiers on their private lives were being prepared as ammunition for Theodore Roosevelt to use against his enemies.

Congressional Fears

The spate of words seems to have contained more suspicions than fact, but in Congressional hearings and speeches on the floor, the fears of those who regarded a secret police as a potential threat to democracy found eloquent expression. For example, Secretary of the Interior James A. Garfield remarked: "Without in any way reflecting upon the work of good detectives, I find that the moment a man has perfected himself as a detective, he approaches every case with a desire to prove that the person against whom a charge is made is guilty." And Congressman J. Swagar Sherley, of Kentucky, drew applause in the House when he said: "In my reading of history I recall no instance where a government perished because of the absence of a secret-service force, but many there are that perished as a result of the spy system. If Anglo-Saxon civilization stands for anything, it is for a government where the humblest citizen is safeguarded against the secret activities of the executive of the government. . . ."

Attorney General Bonaparte attempted to allay Congressional fears by pointing out that the new investigative bureau was subject to his own direct, personal control. He received daily reports on its activities and so, he said, could keep tabs on the detectives at all times. Furthermore, he insisted, there was a second check-rein: Congress had the authority and could always investigate any abuse of power by the detectives. Critics found flaws in both of these safeguards. Under questioning, the Attorney General admitted that it was a considerable additional chore for him to study the daily reports and keep fully abreast of all the activities of the new bureau, and Congressmen speculated that even they might not be able to exercise a restraining influence because they foresaw the day when the bureau might claim it had to maintain secrecy even against Congress.

Such were the doubts that shrouded the birth of the Bureau of Investigation, the agency that was later, in 1935, to be renamed with its present title, the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

The first major test of the new detective force came in the trying days of World War I. The bureau was badly undermanned and poorly trained to meet the threat posed by skilled German spies and saboteurs. The result was that, both before and after America's actual involvement in the war, enemy agents had a veritable field day. Their major coup came on July 30, 1916, when some two million pounds of dynamite were touched off on Black Tom Island in New York harbor, a transfer point for the shipment of munitions to the Allies in Europe.

Dragnet Procedure

The bureau's failure to prevent espionage and sabotage wasn't the only mark chalked up against it in World War I days. Equally serious, at least from a civil-liberties point of view, was the dragnet procedure it adopted to round up possible draft dodgers. Massive raiding parties were organized, and all men in sight—the young, the gray-haired, the semi-invalid — were seized without discrimination and corralled like cattle in what the press dubbed "bull pens" until they could get birth certificates or other documents to prove they were not slackers.

A few examples are indicative of the indescribable turmoil that resulted. When the raiders swooped down on Atlantic City, for instance, they organized their task force well outside of town and then drove at top speed to the resort's amusement piers. A cordon of agents sealed off the landward ends of the piers, and others in the raiding force began slapping handcuffs on every male in sight. One woman, evidently mistaking the raiders for gangsters, became hysterical and leaped into the sea. The agents were so busy handcuffing, and the bewildered males on the pier so helpless at being handcuffed, that the woman almost drowned before an isolated man with two free hands found time to rescue her.

Trapping the Innocent

In New York City, federal raiders scoured the streets, snapping up every male who had the misfortune to be in sight at the time and day of the raid — 7 A.M., Sept. 3, 1918. The roundup continued for three days. Men were yanked out of barbershops with lather on their faces. Others were picked up in full evening dress returning home from a night on the town. One man was caught in a shoemaker's shop, carrying a pair of his wife's shoes that he had brought for repairs, and he was hustled off to a "bull pen," shoes still in hand. It took days to process the unmanageable horde of prisoners and inevitably, in the end, it was found that the innocent far outnumbered the guilty. Caught in the indiscriminate trap of the raiders were off-duty policemen out of uniform, workers in war plants, persons engaged in confidential military missions and even diplomats attached to the embassies and legations of America's Allies.

Accounts vary on what was accomplished by this flagrant flouting of individual rights. First reports, supposedly official, had placed the number of men picked up at 75,000; the bureau's final figure was 50,000. Originally, a bureau spokesman had estimated that from 25 to 30 per cent of those picked up would be found to be slackers; later, optimism waned and one incautious agent speaking out of turn — something that never happens in the new FBI — said that out of every 200 men seized, 199 never should have been. The final bureau tabulation showed that 1,505 were inducted into military service as a result of the raids, but this figure was made to look more respectable by adding to it another 15,000 whose cases were referred to draft boards. Even putting this best possible face on the matter, the black truth remained that more than half of the men who had been picked up and herded at bayonet point into the "bull pens" were law-abiding citizens whose treatment could not possibly be justified.

The resultant cries of outrage in the press and in Congress rocked the bureau. The slacker raids, originally scheduled for much longer life, were hastily abandoned. Investigations were begun. And a couple of attitudes emerged that still seem significant.

Means and Ends

The first was the bureau's insistence that it had committed no impropriety. The New York divisional chief defended the raids as "justified if only two or three slackers have been found." He took the view that the results justify the means and insisted that "the effects of this crusade would be of inestimable value even if the net had not brought in a single slacker." The second attitude that strikes one was that of Attorney General Thomas W. Gregory, who was both shocked and helpless: shocked at the violation of personal liberty; helpless to prevent it. The Attorney General took the responsibility for the raids, which he had felt were necessary as a wartime measure, but not for the manner in which they had been conducted. Indicating that the close control which Bonaparte had insisted the Attorney General could exercise over the bureau was already proving difficult, if not impossible, to maintain, Gregory testified that he had told agents "over and over again" what they might and might not do, but then they'd gone and acted "contrary to my express instructions."

It was against this background of wartime crisis that a new personality joined the bureau. He was a man whose name was to become synonymous with the FBI as we know it—J. Edgar Hoover.

Hoover was born in Washington, D.C., on January 1, 1895, the son of Dickerson N. Hoover, a minor government employee. As a high school student, he had sung in the choir and taught a Sunday-school class at the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, to which his family belonged. He was the valedictorian of his class and toyed for a time with the idea of entering the ministry. Abandoning this first youthful ambition, he decided to study law. He turned down a scholarship at the University of Virginia because living expenses away from home would be too much for the family budget, got a job as a clerk in the Library of Congress at $30 a month and studied nights at George Washington University. He received his Master's degree in law in 1917, was admitted to the District of Columbia bar, and joined the Department of Justice as a $990-a-year clerk.

One of the best pictures of Hoover as a young man on the rise was painted by Jack Alexander, now an associate editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, in a three-part profile in *The New Yorker* magazine in 1937:

> From the day he entered the department, certain things marked Hoover apart from scores of other young law clerks. He dressed better than most, and a bit on the dandyish side. He had an exceptional capacity for detail work, and he handled small chores with enthusiasm and thoroughness. He constantly sought new responsibilities to shoulder and welcomed chances to work overtime. When he was in conference with an official of his department, his manner was that of a young man who confidently expected to rise. His superiors were duly impressed, and so important did they consider his services that they persuaded him to spend the period of the World War at his desk.

Hoover was put in charge of a unit in the enemy alien registration section of the bureau. It was his first leg up — and an important one.

Postwar Troubles

With the end of the war came new troubles. The times, as is so often the case after the debacle of war, were marked by political and class upheavals on a world-wide scale. The Communist revolution in Russia, toppling the dynasty of the Czars, intensified the agitations of anarchists and radicals of every stripe.

The United States was not immune. Soapbox orators and pamphleteers were in their element. Labor, long downtrodden, especially in mining districts, began to flex its muscles. One of the most violent labor organizations the country has ever seen, the Industrial Workers of the World, popularly known as the IWW, had agitated against the war and the draft; its headquarters had been raided, its leaders jailed. But these actions by the government had not succeeded in stamping out the organization; indeed, if one may accept the prevalent belief of the time, they had served only to intensify the bitterness, the radicalism, the tendency to violence of some of the IWW's lower echelons.

Wave of Bombings

At any rate, a shocking series of bombings began in September, 1918, when a bomb exploded in the federal building in Chicago. Four persons were killed and many injured. The Bureau of Investigation, which had its district offices in the bombed building, promptly announced that the perpetrators were members of the IWW. As Max Lowenthal points out in his critical study, *The Federal Bureau of Investigation*, the timing from the IWW's standpoint, if indeed the IWW was responsible, couldn't have been worse. At the very moment the bomb went off, several IWW leaders were in the building, pleading with a federal judge for liberty under bail, pending decision on appeals they had taken to a higher court. The bomb blast effectively demolished their arguments and intensified public sentiment against the IWW. There was an intense manhunt for the bomb plotters, but the bureau, though it had instantly tagged the IWW with responsibility, never was able to solve the case.

In time, public sentiment simmered down, only to be revived with greater intensity in the spring of 1919 by another wave of bomb outrages. The new cycle started on April 28, 1919, when packages containing bombs began to turn up in the mails. The deadly missives were addressed to prominent business and political leaders. In all, twenty-nine bombs were mailed in the last days of April and the first days of May, but only one did any damage. This exploded in the home of Senator and Mrs. Thomas W. Hardwick, of Georgia, and injured a servant. The blast alerted postal inspectors to the new danger, and most of the other devices were intercepted before they could reach their destinations.

The novel terrorism by parcel post served, however, to make new and blacker newspaper headlines—headlines that were still fresh in the public consciousness when an even more dramatic wave of violence seemed to bring closer the specter of revolution.

The new outbreak came on the night of June 2, 1919. In Washington, at 11:15 P.M., a mighty explosion rocked and shattered a portion of the home of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer. The front of the house was blown in, the library wrecked, walls and ceilings cracked and windows splintered. Across R Street from the Palmer residence, a portion of a human body, evidently that of one of two dynamiters, fell on the doorstep of the home occupied by the then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Alarm Spreads

In seven other cities on that same June night, similar detonations touched off fast-spreading waves of alarm. Explosions startled the residents of Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, New York, Cleveland, Boston, Newtonville, Mass., and Paterson, N. J. At the scenes of many of the bombings, according to Don Whitehead in *The FBI Story*, detectives found handbills headed "Plain Words" and beginning:

> The powers that be make no secret of their will to stop here in America the world-wide spread of revolution. The powers that be must reckon that they will have to accept the fight they have provoked. A time has come when the social question's solution can be delayed no longer; class war is on, and cannot cease but with a complete victory for the international proletariat. . . .

The thirty-eight bombs mailed and planted in the May-June plots had for their intended victims three members of the Cabinet, four U. S. Senators, two Congressmen, two Governors and such eminent individuals as Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and financiers John D. Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan. The almost instantaneous public reaction was that the bomb outrages, so foreign to American democratic traditions, were the work of alien extremists. *The New York Times* called the bombs "plainly of Bolshevik or IWW origin," and *The Times* and other papers urged vigorous government action to halt the calculated campaign of murder.

Advent of the FBI

Attorney General Palmer, whose own life had been jeopardized, wasn't at all loath to act. He reorganized the Bureau of Investigation, naming William J. Flynn, former chief of the Secret Service, as its director. He brought in Francis P. Garvan, of New York, as an Assistant Attorney General to take charge of investigations and prosecutions arising from the bomb plots, and he created a new General Intelligence Division to press the investigation of radical-terrorist elements. The division was to be responsible directly to Garvan and was headed by J. Edgar Hoover, who was made a Special Assistant to the Attorney General. The date of the formation of the GID and of Hoover's appointment to command it is important in the light of subsequent developments: it was August 1, 1919.

The time element is significant because controversy rages to this day about the extent of Hoover's responsibility for what followed. Hoover's new General Intelligence Division had two tasks—to make a study and analysis of radical organizations and radical theories, and to press the hunt for the bomb plotters to a successful conclusion. Whitehead's *The FBI Story*, published under the aegis of the FBI with a foreword by Hoover and bearing a replica of the FBI shield on a jacket sporting the colors of the American flag, conveys the impression that Hoover was immersed completely in the study of radical theories; but Lowenthal, in his critical analysis of the bureau, makes it clear by copious documentation from court records and the testimony taken later in Congressional hearings that the new director of the GID also played a vigorous role in the active, nation-wide hunt for the bomb plotters.

Hoover was at the time, of course, a new administrator directing the work of a new division within the bureau. He was subject to the orders of Garvan, the Attorney General's legal specialist in the radical-bomb plot hunts; to the orders of Flynn, the bureau's chief; and in the ultimate analysis, to those of Attorney General Palmer himself. This chain of command makes it difficult to pinpoint individual responsibility, but one thing is obvious from the record of Congressional hearings: Hoover, whether he initiated the bureau's moves or not, loyally defended them.

Report of the GID

One of these loyal defenses is to be found in a report on the activities of the GID, submitted to Congress on June 1, 1920, just two months short of a year following the division's founding. The occasion was the appearance of Attorney General Palmer and Hoover himself before the House Rules Committee to defend their activities. A large section of the report submitted by Palmer consists of what the GID said about itself. The GID described the efforts it had expended to track down the bomb plotters and devoted special attention to a defense of the methods used in trying to elicit information from an Italian immigrant printer named Andrea Salsedo.

The following account is taken from Lowenthal:

The Bureau of Investigation was not yet in possession of any lawful authority to make arrests; however, subsequent to the creation of Mr. Hoover's division, "Salsedo was brought," as the division's report put it, "to the Bureau of Investigation office at 15 Park Row, New York City, for interrogation." An office suite in this building had been rented by the bureau because the Federal Court building was conveniently close by. In these New York offices the detective agency provided requisite office space for some of its researchers and stenographers as well as a place where its anti-criminal detectives and its anti-radical informers could work.

End of an Agreement

There was an initial problem with respect to having Mr. Salsedo remain in the offices, as the bureau at the time lacked power to undertake the operation or management of any jail or prison premises, or to set up any such arrangements even in its own secret offices. The solution of this problem was stated in the report of the anti-radical division: "It was agreed Salsedo should remain in the office of the department at 15 Park Row. . . ."

The agreement was phrased so as to make its terms quite clear; according to the official version, Mr. Salsedo had agreed to be "held" by the Bureau of Investigation in its offices. Mr. Salsedo spent his days and nights there for some eight weeks. Criticism directed against the bureau, after the affair became known, for "the alleged detention" for that period of time, was groundless, said the report of the Hoover division, because Mr. Salsedo was "staying at the Park Row building" by his "own choice." Mr. Salsedo, the report recited, "was . . . given comfortable quarters at 15 Park Row" during his long stay. He was assigned "a clean room." He was "permitted to occupy . . . clean beds." He was "given ample opportunity to wash and bathe and change linen." He was "regularly fed." He was "taken out for exercise" by the G-men. All in all, he was "well treated," the report said.

The object of his sojourn, according to the report, was to furnish clues leading to the bombers. But it seemed to the G-men that the willing visitor was an unwilling provider of assistance "in the location of the bomb conspirators." Though Mr. Salsedo "voluntarily" stayed in his room for weeks, Bureau of Investigation detectives "were unable to gather further information voluntarily" from him. The official history flatly denied that the bureau ever pressed this "likely" source of information against his will: "He was never mistreated at any time and never was struck, intimidated, or threatened. . . ." The federal officers did, however, inform Mr. Salsedo that he was probably guilty of violating a state law by printing views which they regarded as subversive; they also told him that another government agency, the Department of Labor, was going to try to deport him from this country. But this was not done, the Hoover division report indicated, by way of intimidation or threat; rather, "the situation was . . . explained" to Mr. Salsedo by the federal police.

After eight weeks or more of this, according to the division's report, "Salsedo put an end to his part of the agreement by jumping from the fourteenth floor of the Park Row Building upon the street, committing suicide."

The Second Guest

This impetuous and inconsiderate act of the bureau's pampered star boarder caused an understandable embarrassment. After all, a man's body cannot splatter upon the pavement without reporters becoming mildly curious. The result, as *The New York Times* of May 4, 1920, recounted it, was that newsmen rushed to the scene, hurried to the fourteenth floor and began to badger the detective-hosts of Salsedo with questions.

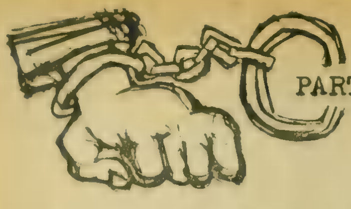
This journalistic harassment of officialdom led to the discovery that a second guest was also enjoying the hospitality of the bureau. He was identified as Robert Elia, a gentleman who for "possibly six weeks" had been living the same secluded life that Salsedo had ultimately found insupportable. Evidently not wishing to have Elia tell newsmen directly about the joys of his stay, detectives quickly hustled him out of word-range and turned him over to the Immigration Service for possible deportation.

The GID's report on these events, as passed along to Congress by Palmer less than a month later, noted that the "principal source of information" about the bombings had been "now closed by virtue of the suicide of Salsedo," but it still held out "fairly substantial hopes that ultimately the plot will be solved." The nature of these hopes wasn't disclosed to Congress. The GID report, lapsing into the first person, simply told the Attorney General: "I will embody [them] in a separate memorandum for your confidential information."

Broad Street Massacre

Whatever the basis of these hopes, they were to prove chimerical. Some three months after they had been expressed, the bomb plotters delivered a thunderous answer, pulling off their final and most horrible coup. At 12:01 P.M., Sept. 16, 1920, a horse and wagon pulled up and stopped in Broad Street, New York City, opposite the entrance of the J. P. Morgan building. The driver secured the reins, climbed down and melted away in the noontime crowds. Minutes later, a bomb made of dynamite and cast-iron window weights exploded with an earth-shaking roar. Lethal particles of iron were sprayed across the densely-crowded street. Men and women were mowed down in windrows like soldiers struck by a charge of canister on a battlefield. Thirty were killed, three hundred injured.

This final atrocity, like the bomb plots that had preceded it, was never solved.



PART 3

THE ANTI-RED RAIDS BEGIN

The frantic hunt for the bomb plotters led to excesses that even the extreme Neanderthals of our society prefer to forget rather than to justify. In the broad picture, the detention and suicide of Salsedo was only a minor incident. The events that stirred the American conscience to alarm, to resentment, to indignation were the so-called Palmer Red Raids of November, 1919, and January 2, 1920. In these, the bureau went back to the dragnet procedure that had brought such opprobrium in the wartime drive on slackers, but this time it committed the even greater offense of employing the cattle-like roundup of men for their possible beliefs and possible associations.

The raids were the outgrowth of an anti-alien agitation that had been brought to a climax by the recurrent waves of bomb violence. They came after months of intensive work by Hoover's Intelligence Division. The division, almost from the date of its inception, had begun a campaign of infiltration into radical societies; it had used informers on a broad scale and it had fastened eagerly on every scrap of gossip; it had confiscated literally tons of so-called radical literature and it had taken upon itself the tricky task of identifying and cataloguing just what was a radical idea and just who was a radical.

Official Silence

This is a part of the FBI story that one will not find in *The FBI Story*. One has to turn to Lowenthal for any adequate description of some of the techniques employed by Hoover, for even a hint about the more controversial activities of his division. Lowenthal writes:

> The Bureau of Investigation faced and solved one problem in the first ten days of the existence of Mr. Hoover's division, the problem of the kind of data detectives should send to headquarters. They were going to receive material from undercover informers, from neighbors, from personal enemies of the persons under investigation. The detectives were going to hear gossip about what people were said to have said or were suspected of having done — information derived, in some instances, from some unknown person who told the bureau's agents or informers or the latter's informants. Some of the information might relate to people's personal habits and life. The bureau's decision was that everything received by the special agents and informers should be reported to headquarters; the agents were specifically directed to send whatever reached them, "of every nature."

To gossip was added the more factual evidence of the printed word. The confiscation of radical literature went to almost fantastic lengths. The printing plants of so-called radical publishers were raided; private libraries and accumulations of anarchist and radical tracts were seized. Every inflammatory pamphlet that came into the possession of the bureau, from whatever source, was forwarded to Hoover's division for analysis. The books and pamphlets soon had to be weighed by the ton.

The speeches of radical orators swelled the tidal wave of data. Informers, agents, even stenographers covered meetings of suspected radical societies whose memberships were comprised largely of aliens. In some audiences with the GID sleuths were employees of private detective agencies serving anti-labor employers. This concentration of investigators sometimes produced a comic-opera situation in which, according to an estimate later made by one of the Senate's great leaders of the period, Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, the snoopers actually comprised 75 per cent of the "radical" audiences.

Another comic-opera development, with more serious overtones, involved one of the GID's star informants. This was a man named Ferdinand Petersen, and his double involvements are perhaps still of some significance in view of the FBI's continued enchantment with informers. Petersen, ostensibly, was so skilled as a master of intrigue that, all the time he was working for the GID, he was climbing to high rank in the hierarchy of the Communist Party. He eventually precipitated an intra-party crisis by informing the leadership that the party secretary was actually an informant for the bureau. Whether this was true isn't clear; the bureau naturally denied it. But the bureau did, it seems, give the activities of Petersen a closer scrutiny, and it made some unhappy discoveries. According to Lowenthal, it developed that Petersen had been giving "the Communist Party leadership a preview of every report he made to the Bureau of Investigation; and he relayed to that leadership facts which he had wormed out of the bureau about its espionage of the party. The bureau, saying that it had previously concluded that his reports to it were worthless, discharged him."

Detailed Studies

Correlating the information gathered from all these sources, Hoover personally composed detailed studies of the major radical organizations of the period, with special emphasis on the faction-riven Left that had embraced, in one form or another and with varying degrees of emphasis, the essentials of Communist ideology. He became convinced that communism was not just another political party but a revolutionary plot. Whitehead, in his laudatory work on the FBI, claims for Hoover the credit of recognizing at this early date the motif of violence in communism, the dictatorial dominance of Communist society by an inner core of leaders, and even the subservience of American Communists to the dictates of Russia. "Here was the most evil, monstrous conspiracy against man since time began—the conspiracy to shape the future of the world and to control the masses on the basis of cold, 'scientific' social formulas conceived in the brain of a few Communists," Whitehead writes, purporting to give Hoover's views at the time.

This treatment fosters the impression the FBI always conveys of Hoover's prescience and infallibility. What Whitehead does not say is that Hoover's division at the time was engaged in building up a fantastically-bloated picture of a great radical menace. Hoover's analysis of communism was part of it, but only part. The overall canvas — and this is a truth that has been conceded for nearly four decades—was so distorted that it lost virtually all contact with reality. Under the circumstances, the accuracy of the analysis of communism is something like finding one solid kernel in a moldy sack of wheat.

It's All in the Cards

To get some picture of what is involved, one has to understand the enormous energy that was expended in assembling a huge secret file of "radicals" in the United States. As Lowenthal points out, it is not clear just what standard of measurement was used in cataloguing ideas as radical ideas; for it is fairly obvious that one man's radical may be another's pale liberal and still another's near-conservative. In any event, Hoover, with his early training in the immense and intricate card-index system in the Library of Congress, established in the GID a similar card index to keep track of radicals. The first report of GID on the system showed that 100,000 radicals had made the card index; a few months later, there were 200,000; and a year later, more than 450,000.

With radicalism building so swiftly into a virtual army of nearly 500,000 members, it became necessary to single out for special attention the names that really mattered. Therefore, Lowenthal notes:

> Mr. Hoover directed his division to write biographies of the more important ones. The writing up of lives and careers proceeded rapidly, so that within three-and-one-half months of the GID's existence its biographical writers had written "a more or less complete history of over 60,000 radically-inclined individuals" according to the official information supplied to the Senate. Included were biographies of persons "showing any connection with an ultra-radical body or movement," in particular "authors, publishers, editors, etc." Rigorous secrecy has been imposed on the list of names of newspapermen, authors, printers, editors, and publishers who were made the subjects of the GID's biographical section. How many additional biographies have been written since the middle of November, 1919, who were the GID's first or later biographers, how they were trained so promptly and how they managed to write 60,000 biographies in 100 days — these questions have never been answered.

It is perhaps advisable to pause at this point and ask oneself a few reflective questions. Figures can always be used to build a menace if they are not properly and carefully compiled. Since this is so, just how accurate was the GID's enumerating of 60,000 radical leaders, its indexing of more than 450,000 names as the names of radicals? Were these really radicals or just persons who held different beliefs, unorthodox beliefs, that appeared radical to the compilers? Well, in his recent best-seller, *Masters of Deceit*, Hoover himself says that the Communist Party membership by 1922 had "reached" 12,400. Now, of course, there were in this period other radical groups —for example, the anarchists. One might expect, however, that the really radical, the really dangerous elements, ultimately would have found their way to communism. But Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* makes it clear that communism reached its high-water mark in America in 1944, when the population of the country was much larger, and even then, according to Hoover, the party numbered only 80,000 members. This is a far cry from the nearly half-million radicals Hoover's GID was actually indexing in 1920. Even adopting the Communist thesis, as Hoover likes to do, that there are ten sympathizers for every actual party member, the 1922 core of Communist-indoctrinated could have been multiplied to only 124,000. And this, remember, by guessing, by estimating—not by card indexing. Any way you analyze the figures, it seems apparent that the GID's enormous card-index file of radicals must have contained the names of thousands of solid citizens who could not be adjudged menaces to their country by any criterion of action, but only by the authoritarian judgment passed by uncharitable policemen about the thoughts their minds held.

The conflict between this judgment and reality became graphically obvious when the bureau implemented its ideological studies with action. Its failure to solve the riddle of the bomb plots was a motivating factor. Bureau spokesmen had reported repeatedly that they were making progress—sometimes "swift progress"—but the actual apprehension of the bomb planters eluded them. Congress and the press began to get restive. Senator Miles Poindexter, of Washington, introduced a resolution demanding an explanation for the Department of Justice's failure to arrest, to punish and to deport aliens who advocated the overthrow of the government by force and violence. So pressured, Attorney General Palmer acted. He ordered what came to be known with detestation as "Palmer's Red Raids."

1918 Sedition Law

The legal basis for the raids was a sedition law passed by Congress in October, 1918, a month before the end of World War I. This provided for the deportation of aliens who advocated undemocratic principles. The actual deportation machinery was handled by the Labor Department; the gathering of evidence and the arrests of those to be deported was the work of the Justice Department—and of the bureau.

The method adopted for the Red raids was the same dragnet procedure that had already brought the bureau into such disrepute in the draft roundups of 1918. The first target was a relatively small society known as the Federation of the Union of Russian Workers, whose offices in twelve cities were raided on the night of November 7, 1919. More than 250 members of the federation were seized, including the admittedly violent anarchists, Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman. The government charged that Emma Goldman's inflammatory speeches had incited Leon Czolgosz to murder President William McKinley nearly twenty years before. Hoover prosecuted both Goldman and Berkman, and they, along with 247 other aliens seized in the first raids, were whisked out of the country aboard the transport Buford, dubbed by the press the "Soviet Ark," in the latter part of December, 1919.

Relatively little public reaction seems to have been aroused at the time by this first, limited raid. The trouble came when the bureau, perhaps emboldened by this initial success, ordered a massive roundup of suspected radicals in suspected Communist meeting places on the night of Friday, January 2, 1920.

Technique of the Dragnet

These raids later became the subject of exhaustive studies. A group of twelve lawyers and law school professors denounced them in May, 1920, in *A Report Upon the Illegal Practices of the United States Department of Justice.* Another denunciatory report was prepared by the Interworld Church Movement and published by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Evidence regarding the organization and conduct of the raids was brought out in deportation trials and in testimony before the House Rules Committee and the Senate Judiciary Committee, whose moving spirit was Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana. From all of these sources, this picture emerges:

The raids were planned and synchronized with the help of the GID's informers inside the alleged radical societies. The bureau's instructions to its special agents in the field, dated December 27, 1919, read:

> If possible, you should arrange with your undercover informants to have meetings of the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party held on the night set. I have been informed by some of the Bureau officers that such arrangements will be made. This, of course, would facilitate the making of the arrests.

Disclosure of this order subsequently led to much heated debate over the role played by the bureau's informers. One was shown to have been the actual party leader of his district. Others obviously were influential in the councils of their respective groups; otherwise, they could hardly have made "arrangements" to suit the convenience of the bureau in making its arrests. The evidence would seem to indicate that the bureau was treading dangerously close to the vital border line that separates the legitimate agent from the *agent provocateur,* the investigator from the inciter leading sheep to entrapment.

When the trap was sprung, some 10,000 foreigners—by the later estimate of the Walsh committee—were swept up in the nation-wide dragnet. And it quickly became apparent that the experiences of the odious draft raids of 1918 were being repeated.

Some of those arrested were seized in the meeting halls; others were tracked down at their homes. One witness gave the Interworld Church Movement this description:

> I have lived long enough in Russia under the Czar. I have seen brutality committed there, but I have never seen the brutality that was committed on the Russian people here. In my case, when I was arrested, four men came into the room in the evening, when I was partly undressed, and was doing exercises in arithmetic, and asked my name and told me to go along with them. They showed me a badge, but did not tell me the reason for my arrest. When I left the house and at the time I was traveling in an automobile, they were beating me in the sides with their handcuffs, and this continued all the way until they brought me to the Park Row building in New York. In a room where they took me and asked me my name they were beating me again, without any explanation.

A woman among those nabbed at a Boston meeting described the tactics of the raiders in these words: "There was a man, a gentleman, and there comes some police in uniforms and they make every man 'hands up.' So every man just stand like that (illustrating) and they fish all the pockets of the men; they don't fish my pockets—of course not—and they get to me, they look over the bag, but there was nothing in it because I don't buy anything yet. So they looked over the hall; they broke the platform, move every chair. . . . They put every man two by two handcuff. . . ."

The agents denied all charges of brutality. In affidavit after affidavit, they insisted that their decorum had been above reproach; that they had been, indeed, the perfect symbols of gentleness.

Whatever the truth about the manner of the raids, the effects are indisputable. Among those arrested were many citizens as well as aliens. Senator Walsh later reported that, of 1,000 seized in Detroit, about half were American citizens who never should have been disturbed. The wrongly-arrested included all gradations of innocence—and outrage.

Post-Raid Investigations

The various post-raid investigations seem to have established beyond dispute that many of those arrested had been lured to club rooms and meeting halls for purposes that had nothing to do with subversion. Many were foreigners, lonely in a strange land, who liked to meet others of their own race and sing native songs. Others were attending classes, trying to learn English and to study American history and civics. One court case involved a man who had been adjudged contaminated by the government agents because he frequented a clubroom in Lincoln, N. H. It developed that the club was maintained by the lumber company for which he worked and that its purpose was to encourage the firm's foreign-born employees to learn to read and write and to develop some skill with arithmetic. Even more embarrassing as a criterion of detective work was a raid in Lynn, Mass. There, thirty-nine men were rounded up. Only one turned out to be a Communist, and he was an American citizen, not subject to deportation. The thirty-nine had been meeting, the government's own investigation subsequently showed, not to plot the overthrow of the national authority, but to discuss the formation of a cooperative bakery. How on earth could skilled detectives, backed up by babbling informers, have mistaken a discussion about a cooperative bakery for subversion? The best explanation seems to be that offered by one bureau agent who testified that, after all, these foreigners were jabbering away in a strange tongue and he couldn't understand them. The supervisor who ordered the raid confessed sadly to the Senate committee: "It may be that the Lynn Communists were elsewhere that evening, while we expected that they would be at the meeting."

"These people were holding a meeting to discuss the formation of a cooperative bakery," Senator Walsh snapped. "Is there any controversy about that fact?"

"Not now."

Conflicting Reports

Such were the Palmer Red Raids. Walsh's committee later reported that some 10,000 were arrested; that, in some cities, as many as ninety-seven out of every 100 were picked up without warrants; that some 6,500 were released without prosecution; that the vast majority of those prosecuted were ultimately freed.

These figures contrast sharply with those cited by Whitehead in *The FBI Story*. He reports merely that some 3,000 warrants were issued, that 2,500 aliens were rounded up, that 446 were deported. This watered-down version is in irreconcilable conflict with the press accounts at the time and, even more importantly, with the detailed and official findings of the Walsh committee. The discrepancy is significant if one is trying to understand an FBI that has been placed upon a pedestal, its every statement accepted on faith, without investigation, without suspicion, without even a normal curiosity. The Whitehead version certainly whittles down the magnitude of the Red Raids blunder. It does more. Whitehead gives Hoover credit for his perspicacity on the Communist issue; he lets Attorney General Palmer take the blame for whatever went wrong. This is a technique that the FBI itself has followed in recent years whenever the unpleasant subject of the Red Raids is mentioned; it is a technique that says quite frankly that Palmer and former FBI Director Flynn were the culprits, that Hoover was completely blameless.

This modern approach of the FBI to past unpleasantness was perhaps most graphically illustrated in 1940 in an altercation between the agency and Mrs. Mary R. Beard, wife of the historian, Charles A. Beard, with whom she co-authored several best-selling histories. The background was this: Hoover's General Intelligence Division of the bureau had been abolished as punishment for its performance in the 1919-1920 debacle, but Hoover in 1940, as FBI director, announced that he was re-establishing the old system by re-creating, as a wartime measure, the anti-radical bureau and the secret-informer system. Liberals became alarmed at this resurrection of a specter from the past. Mrs. Beard, in a speech before a woman's club in Washington, D. C., criticized both Hoover and the FBI and expressed the fear that old excesses might be repeated.

Alexander Holtzoff, for years one of Hoover's closest assistants and then chief law adviser to the FBI, challenged Mrs. Beard's statements. An exchange of letters followed that stretched over several weeks.

"Mr. J. Edgar Hoover was not in charge of, and had nothing to do with, the manner in which the arrests were made of the so-called radicals under the administration of Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer," Holtzoff wrote in one letter. "Mr. Hoover at that time was not connected with the Federal Bureau of Investigation but was a special assistant to the Attorney General. His function was at that time limited to the handling of legal matters and the preparation of evidence for presentation to the proper authorities in connection with those activities."

Mrs. Beard refused to accept the statement at face value. In a letter to Holtzoff, she pointed out that only five years previously, in 1935, the FBI's confidential reports had been made public by Attorney General Homer Cummings. These official documents reported that the GID had been organized in 1919 "under direct administrative supervision of J. Edgar Hoover" and that Hoover had been "since 1917 in charge of counter-radical activities as a Special Assistant to the Attorney General." Mrs. Beard wondered, in view of all this, in view of the fact that Holtzoff himself had not been in the bureau at the time, whether he had Hoover's "personal authority" for his statements. Holtzoff replied:

> My statement to you that he did not direct, supervise, participate in, or have any connection with the manner in which these dragnet raids were conducted was based on Mr. Hoover's personal authority to me. The arrests were made under the direction of William J. Flynn, then head of the Bureau of Investigation, who, together with Mr. Palmer, must be regarded as responsible for such excesses as took place. . . . He [Hoover] did not participate in ordering or carrying out the arrests.

Seven years later, Hoover himself in the *Look* Magazine picture book on the FBI denied that he had any responsibility for the raids. And in the same year, 1947, he told the New York *Herald Tribune:* "I deplored the manner in which the raids were executed then, and my position has remained unchanged."

What the Record Shows

With the issue thus placed in the proper perspective, it is instructive to look at what the actual record shows. The first point that seems clearly established is that Hoover played a dual role. He was a special assistant to the Attorney General; he did handle legal details of the prosecutions. But also he had been attached to the bureau since he joined the department in 1917, and he had headed the anti-radical division, renamed GID, from the moment it was created on August 1, 1919. More than this, as the records show beyond dispute, he played an active part in the pre-raid planning, and he was the man in actual charge in Washington headquarters on the night of the controversial January 2 raids. For example: In one celebrated deportation trial in Boston, the district immigration commissioner was on the stand, and the judge asked some probing questions to find out how the raids came to be born. The immigration official testified: "We had a conference in Washington in the Department of Labor with Mr. Hoover and another gentleman of the Department of Justice."

Hoover's active participation on the night of the January 2 raid was spelled out explicitly time and again in the orders transmitted to all branch bureaus by Assistant Director Frank Burke. The initial order, read into the record at the Walsh committee hearings, informed district agents:

> On the evening of the arrests, this office will be open the entire night, and I desire that you communicate by long distance to Mr. Hoover any matters of vital importance or interest which may arise during the course of the arrests . . . . I desire that the morning following the arrests you should forward to this office by special delivery, marked for the "Attention of Mr. Hoover," a complete list of the names of the persons arrested, with an indication of residence, or organization to which they belong, and whether or not they were included in the original list of warrants . . . . I desire also that the morning following the arrests that you communicate in detail by telegram "Attention of Mr. Hoover," the results of the arrests made, giving the total number of persons of each organization taken into custody, together with a statement of any interesting evidence secured.

This seems explicit enough. The Washington headquarters was to be open all night; the agents were to telephone Hoover there and report directly "any matters of vital importance." Subsequent reports were to be sent to Hoover; subsequent telegrams were to be sent to Hoover. Hoover and only Hoover was mentioned as the man to whom agents were to report their achievements. In final instructions sent just before midnight of December 31, 1919, Burke again emphasized Hoover's role. "Arrests should all be completed . . . by Saturday morning, January 3, 1920, and full reports reported by special delivery addressed attention Mr. Hoover," he notified the bureau's agents.

Throughout the long controversy, Hoover emerged again and again as a key figure. His disclaimer of responsibility in 1947, his revelation then that he "deplored" the manner in which the raids had been conducted, seems to clash with the impression of fervor for a cause that animated *The New York Times'* report of his attitude on January 27, 1920. Said *The Times:* "Deportation hearings and the shipment of the 'Reds' from this country will be pushed rapidly, Mr. Hoover declared. Second, third and as many other 'Soviet arks' as may be necessary will be made ready as the convictions proceed, he said, and actual deportations will not wait for the conclusion of all the cases."

Mr. Hoover's Role

The record of the Congressional hearings is replete with references to Hoover, with testimony by Hoover. When Attorney General Palmer went before the House Rules Committee and the Senate Judiciary Committee, his strong right hand on these journeys was Hoover.

On pages 35, 82 and 96 of the Senate Judiciary record, for example, one finds Palmer, unable to answer, turning to Hoover for help. On one occasion, the Attorney General protested, as had his predecessor at the time of the draft raids, that he had so much to do he could not possibly keep track of all the activities of the bureau. "It is obvious that I cannot have personal knowledge of all the facts with reference to the conduct of the large body of agents and subordinates of the Department of Justice," he said.

The Attorney General was questioned closely about the discussions between his department and the Labor Department over whether the Communist Party came under the proscriptions of the deportation statute. "Mr. Hoover was in charge of this in the Bureau of Investigation," he replied. "He is more familiar with the history of it than I am."

He Wanted Action

The Senate hearings developed evidence on several points that all dovetail into a picture of Hoover as pressing always for extreme action. For example, he argued with the Labor Department that, if a man's name appeared on a membership list, it was sufficient grounds for deportation; it should not be necessary, he insisted, for detectives to prove that the man actually knew and subscribed to the views of the organization. His position was that ". . . The fact remains that he is an alien and a member of an organization declared to be unlawful, and the same is sufficient grounds to warrant his deportation."

In the matter of bail, Hoover was also an extremist. Most of the aliens seized in the roundup were released in $500 bail until their cases could be disposed of, but testimony showed that Hoover fought strenuously in many cases for a $10,000 bond—an amount which meant, in effect, that the alien would rot in prison until his case was settled. An American Federation of Labor attorney told the Senate committee of one instance involving a man who was never even brought to trial, but who had been held originally in $10,000 bail. The application for reduction of bail, he said, "was vigorously opposed by Mr. Hoover." When the reduction was won, the man was re-arrested on a slightly different charge, and the Justice Department again battled for $10,000 bail.

Another panel in this portrait of extremism emerged from a letter Hoover wrote the Immigration Bureau of the Labor Department, asking it to refuse to free any prisoner in bail until he had agreed to answer questions put to him by detectives. Hoover argued that this was "of vital importance," stressed that it was necessary to get prisoners to talk, conceded that it would virtually defeat the ends of justice if prisoners couldn't be induced to give the information necessary for their own deportation. He opposed letting the prisoners talk to lawyers or communicate with anyone until they had submitted to questioning. This rule was, indeed, adopted. The bureau's raid orders to the branch offices stated that "persons taken into custody are not to be permitted to communicate with any outside person until after examination by this office and until permission is given by this office."

Attorney General Palmer was asked for an explanation of this order, which flouted the basic and vital principle that a man must not be threatened and coerced into testifying against himself, that he has a right at all times to the advice of counsel. Palmer protested: "At the time, I knew nothing about it. I never heard of it until long afterwards." Hoover was then asked to explain. He did. He said the stringent incommunicado rule had been adopted because subordinates in the Labor Department wanted it that way.

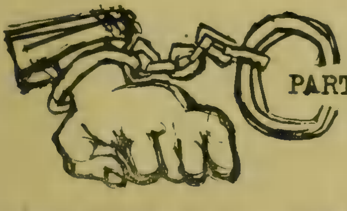
One further example should be sufficient to show that Hoover, throughout the course of this controversy, from the discussion that preceded the raids through the development of the Senate inquiry, played the active and dominant role that would be expected of the commander of the GID.

Detroit was the scene of one of the largest mass raids in the nation, and the inhuman treatment of prisoners there provoked expressions of outrage from the press, from leading citizens, from the Mayor and other officials. A letter from a Detroit lawyer, read before the Senate committee, charged:

> The space allotted to those arrested was not sufficient to even comfortably stand up. . . . The agents of the Department of Justice did not permit either an attorney or the wife or any relative to see the prisoners held. . . . At the Post Office building the aliens had to sleep on stone floors, there being no bedding or covers, nor any other of their natural needs.

Hoover promptly telegraphed Arthur L. Barkey, Detroit branch chief of the Bureau of Investigation, for an explanation of the charges. The answer, addressed "Attention Mr. Hoover," was submitted to the Senate committee. It insisted that the prisoners had been well-treated. The floor on which they slept wasn't stone, but wood, and the corridor in which they had been confined wasn't cramped, but really spacious, measuring "4,512 square feet, which allowed approximately 8 square feet for the occupancy of every alien held."

This prettied-up picture of conditions in Detroit received a rude jolt when W. O. Garred, assistant custodian of the building, testified before the Senate committee a couple of weeks later. The bureau's spacious 4,512 square-foot corridor shrank, according to a sketch that Garred offered, to 448 square feet. Into this restricted space, some 800 men had been packed. There was just one dim skylight opening on to the roof. There was only one toilet, and forty to fifty men were always on line, waiting. Some couldn't wait. "Before many days . . . the stench was quite unbearable in some parts of this corridor and room," Garred testified.



PART 4

INDICTMENT OF A SENATOR

WHEN WARREN G. HARDING brought the hungry Ohio gang to Washington, the Bureau of Investigation, like the nation, was in for one of its blackest hours. Harry M. Daugherty, an old Ohio crony of the President, was named Attorney General. He quickly made changes in the bureau. Director Flynn was fired and replaced with the well-known private detective, William J. Burns, whose affiliations with big business made him much distrusted by labor. On the same day that Burns was appointed, August 22, 1921, Daugherty promoted J. Edgar Hoover to the No. 2 command post as Assistant Chief.

The Harding regime brought to Washington and the Department of Justice two other notorious figures. One was a mystery man with the common name of Jess Smith. He had no official status, yet he operated from a private office in the Department of Justice as if he partially owned the place. He lived with the Daughertys in the Wardman Park Hotel, was known as an intimate friend of Harding and quickly became accepted in Washington, where the channels of influence were a bread-and-butter topic, as the man to know when one wanted to get things done.

The tail to Jess Smith's kite was a big, flamboyant blusterer named Gaston B. Means. He came striding into the bureau as a full-fledged agent on October 28, 1921, a personal appointee of Burns. Never, probably, did an individual appointment typify more clearly the rottenness of a regime. Means had been a German agent in 1916; in 1917, he had escaped by the skin of his teeth on a murder charge involving the slaying of a wealthy North Carolina widow whom he had assiduously courted; and after he had been acquitted, he was named the defendant in a sensational court action attacking a forged will that he filed—a will that would have given him control of virtually the entire estate of the departed widow. This was the odoriferous past of the man whom Burns, without an apparent qualm, made a bureau agent.

Means and Jess Smith quickly became a team. The brash, swaggering Means constantly huddled with Smith, used Smith's office as if it were his very own and ignored the hierarchy of the rest of the bureau as if it were beneath him. "Means and Hoover clashed almost immediately," Whitehead writes in his book on the FBI. "Hoover asked Burns to order Means to stay out of his office. Hoover didn't like the man's spending habits or his morals." It is easy to believe that Hoover couldn't stomach the sight of a character like Means, but more than individual detestation of an obvious rogue was needed to put the bureau on an even keel.

A New Field: Labor

Hoover's GID was still functioning and still turning up Red scares, but in the absence of further violence the hysteria about the radical menace began to lose much of its steam. In 1922, the railroad shopmen, faced with a second serious wage cut, called a nation-wide strike, and the Harding Administration threw the agents of the bureau into a labor-spying, labor-suppression campaign. The agents expended a vast amount of effort trying to show that the railroad shopmen, who were worried only about the contents of their lunch pails, were in reality the disciples of Moscow. The attempt failed, but not the bureau's anti-labor efforts. It arrested and prosecuted some 1,200 trainmen on all kinds of criminal charges or, when these weren't possible, on contempt of court charges for violating federal court injunctions. The strike was broken.

During these same checkered Harding years, the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan, operating on a three-point platform as anti-Negro, anti-Catholic and anti-Jew, terrorized whole states and became, for a time, a national menace. Whitehead in *The FBI Story* credits Hoover directly and personally with taking the steps that put bureau agents on the trail of the Klan—an investigation that led to the eventual breakup of the white-sheeted order. The standard used in apportioning credit is the old, familiar one. Hoover had direct, personal contact with the good work of the bureau; he had nothing to do, though he was the No. 2 man and the head of GID, the bureau's most powerful division, with the witch hunts and the anti-labor campaign or the surveillance of members of Congress that was about to provide a new sensation. "Them other fellows" did all those things.

And Now Teapot Dome

The "other fellows" were busy indeed when the Teapot Dome scandal hoisted the Harding Administration on a black and smelly gusher. Briefly, the background was this: The Navy possessed huge oil reserves in California and Wyoming. Soon after taking office, Harding turned the administration of these reserves over to Interior Secretary Albert B. Fall. He, in turn, promptly signed a contract with private interests headed by Harry F. Sinclair and Edward L. Doheny permitting them to pump and store oil on a royalty basis—a neat little arrangement that, as was soon to be charged, gave the private oilmen almost carte blanche authority to loot the naval oil reserves. Shortly after this official and private meeting of minds, neighbors in New Mexico noted that Fall's ranch was undergoing an expensive face-lifting. Montana's Senator Walsh, in one of the most sensational Congressional probes in history, blew the lid off the Teapot Dome scandal; and Sinclair and Doheny, in language that seems to have been preserved in carbon-copy form to the present day, explained that they had simply "loaned" Fall some $135,000; Doheny, who put up $100,000 of the "loan," explained in language that Bernard Goldfine surely would understand that the money had been "simply an accommodation to an old friend."

The Teapot Dome disclosures rocked the country. No scandal since —not the Truman mink coats, not the Adams vicuna cloth—has created such upheaval. The Attorney General's office was squarely in the line of fire, zeroed in by Congressional artillery. Where, asked Congressional critics, had been the watchdog of Justice while the naval oil reserves were being looted? Had he been sleeping? Or had he blinked both eyes shut? The school of thought that favored the deliberate-blinking theory recalled that there had been charges of mishandling of funds in the Veterans Administration — and that nothing had been done about it; charges of graft in the Alien Property Custodian's office—and nothing had been done about it. Why?

It was a good question. Too good a question. A lot of people, it became apparent, didn't care to answer.

In the midst of the bursting and the brewing scandals, the mysterious Jess Smith committed suicide on May 30, 1923, leaving an estate estimated at some $500,000. Not long afterwards, on a trip to Alaska, President Harding became ill and died on August 2, 1923. Tight-mouthed Calvin Coolidge became President. "Silent Cal" was no reformer. He appears to have hoped that the nasty mess would all just go away if nobody said anything about it and gave it time; he appears to have tried to accomplish nothing quite so hard as to sit on the lid. One prime example of his lid-sitting was his retention of the Daugherty-Burns regime.

But the time had passed when the fires of scandal could be smothered. An aroused Senate was determined on an investigation. Republicans previously had fought off several efforts to probe Daugherty's department, but they could block inquiry no longer. Senator Smith W. Brookhart, of Iowa, and Senator Burton K. Wheeler, who had joined Walsh in the upper house in 1923, led the fight for Daugherty's scalp.

Hardly had Wheeler opened his mouth to attack the Attorney General before he found himself the victim of a smear campaign that seems distressingly familiar to dwellers in the era of the "Truman-Acheson-ADA conspiracy." Even as Hoover today lashes out at a Cyrus Eaton for living in a "pink dream world," so did the supporters of Daugherty in 1924 attempt to tar Senator Wheeler with the brush of Moscow-tainted radicalism.

The "Bolshie" Label

A graphic example of the technique is to be found in a dispatch from Washington to the New York *Telegram and Evening Mail* of February 23, 1924. "Senator Wheeler denies that he is 'socialistic' in his views," the article said, delicately getting across the implication. It cited partisan attacks made on Wheeler by some of the press in Montana because he had "publicly allied himself with the seditious and treasonable Non-Partisan League"; because as a federal attorney he had failed to prosecute some of the anarchists rounded up in the World War I hysteria; and because he had attacked both Attorney General Palmer and Daugherty for "their campaigns against the Communists." The haymaker was swung in these words: "Last summer Mr. Wheeler made a trip to Russia and later made a speech at Baltimore in which he advocated immediate recognition of Russia. . . . Altogether Wheeler is well-known here as a radical of radicals. Probably no man in Congress has such radical tendencies with the exception of Senator La Follette of Wisconsin."

Parenthetically, it is perhaps advisable to pause here and make an obeisance in the general direction of sanity. If any lesson is needed on the dangers of categorizing ideas, this is it. Senator Wheeler, this "radical of radicals" in 1924, was to become in a relatively short span of years quite the darling of the conservatives. They loved him when he helped lead the fight on Roosevelt's Court-packing plan in 1937; and when he balked at the third term, he was hailed as a great American patriot and Republicans even mumbled in their beards about the possibility of making him *their* candidate for the Presidency.

This eminently safe statesman of later years had not emerged from the chrysalis of the developing politician in 1924, however, and the Republican National Committee, taking up the theme first planted and tested in the press, tried to blacken any inquiry of Daugherty before it could get started by statements intimating that Wheeler was a dangerous American Bolshevik. The propaganda and the desperation that inspired it were transparently obvious. On March 1, 1924, the Senate authorized the investigation of the Department of Justice.

Lifting the Lid

Brookhart headed the committee, and Wheeler was the prosecutor. The probers instantly began to lift the lid on a mess that rivaled the mess of Teapot Dome. When they turned to the issue of certain fraudulent airplane contracts for which the contractors had never been prosecuted, they put on the witness stand a former bureau agent, H. L. Scaife. Scaife testified that, when investigators began to audit books, "It was apparent it [the investigation] was going to be blocked." He said that he was just getting into the heart of the airplane frauds case when "I had instructions to begin a bread investigation." This sidetracking of airplane frauds for bread brought a what-on-earth reaction from the committee. Scaife explained that he had dug up evidence indicating that the government had been bilked of about $25 million on bread contracts, and "I got instructions to go ahead with the bread investigation. I paid absolutely no attention to those instructions."

"Who gave you those instructions?"

"I think it was Mr. Hoover, of Mr. Burns's office."

The Senatorial probers had hardly started to pick at the morass in the Department of Justice when they learned a startling fact: they were themselves being investigated. The powers of the Bureau of Investigation were being turned against Congress itself. Senators' offices were being raided, their mail opened and searched, their servants questioned. Outraged, the Senators summoned Means to the witness stand.

Means Tells All

Always one to preen himself in the spotlight, Means told all. Sure, he said, he had spied on the Senators — investigated them just like any ordinary criminals. He had delivered the reports on what he learned to the by-now conveniently dead Jess Smith. Means described his methods in these words:

> Oh, you search his—find out all the mail that comes in, all the papers, anything that he has got lying around. Find out in his home. Just like you would take—the same principle that you pursue, Senator, when you make a criminal investigation. There is a servant working in this house. If she is a colored servant, go and get a colored detective woman to entertain her, find out the exact plan of the house, everything they discuss at the table, the family, write it down, make a report. And any information you find that is—report what you find . . . and then if it is damaging, why of course it is used. . . .

While Means wasn't the kind of man to whom one would give an award for veracity, his testimony was substantiated in vital respects by former agents who had taken part in the official spying. Just how many members of Congress were investigated never was determined. Many of the agents who testified only knew bits and pieces of the story, and those who were still in service in the bureau naturally were reluctant to speak out. Despite these handicaps, the Brookhart-

Wheeler committee developed a picture of police spying upon the freely-elected representatives of the people that remains one of the most shocking examples of the abuse of police power in the history of American democracy.

The picture that the Senators pieced together was later described in speeches they made to their colleagues. This was the way Senator Thomas H. Heflin, of Alabama, put it: "These detectives went through the office of the Senator from Arkansas and they read his correspondence; they went through the office of the Senator from Wisconsin [the senior Bob La Follette]; and God only knows how many other offices they went through." Senator Henry F. Ashurst, a member of the investigating committee, added some other details: "Illegal plots, counterplots, espionage, decoys, dictographs, thousand-dollar bills and the exploring of Senators' offices come and go in the pages of this testimony; and these devices, these plots, counterplots, spies, thousand-dollar bills, and ubiquitous detectives were not employed . . . to detect and prosecute crime, but were frequently employed to shield profiteers, bribe takers and favorites."

With this scandal in the Justice Department adding its reek to the noisome mess of Teapot Dome, even "Silent Cal" finally had enough. On March 28, 1924, he demanded Daugherty's resignation. And on April 2, he appointed Harlan Fiske Stone, later to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, as his new Attorney General.

Stone had hardly had a chance to seat himself in the Attorney General's chair when a new sensation erupted. On April 8, a federal grand jury in Montana indicted Senator Wheeler on a charge of violating a federal statute by using his office to get oil and gas leases for Gordon Campbell, a loud-talking Montana prospector who bragged that he had discovered the first oil well in the state. The action was instantly pictured as the Justice Department's revenge upon the Senator who was investigating the Justice Department.

Verdict of Posterity

This, indeed, has been pretty much the verdict of posterity. Alpheus Thomas Mason, in his monumental life of Stone, gives an inside view of the plot against Wheeler, obtained in 1951 from Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, an assistant in the department during the Daugherty regime. "I think there is not the slightest doubt that Daugherty broke the Wheeler case prematurely in order to *discredit* Wheeler in his charges against Daugherty and Harding," Mrs. Willebrandt wrote Mason. She added that, when rumor reported Wheeler was about to "blow the lid off" the administration, "Daugherty came to the Department, summoned Burns and other political appointees to bring an indictment against Wheeler *before* Wheeler brought his whispered charges out in the open."

Wheeler carried his case immediately to the Senate. He demanded an investigation of his conduct and appealed to the Senate "to put a stop to this spy system, to put a stop to this 'framing' of every man." Wheeler's fellow Senators voted the inquiry, and on April 11, 1924, Burns was called to the witness stand before the Brookhart Committee. The bureau director was in an unenviable spot. Daugherty, his departed boss, had already laid down the line that should be followed. He had declared publicly that the Department of Justice had had nothing to do with obtaining the evidence that led to the Wheeler indictment. It was a flat statement, at complete variance with the truth, that Burns simply could not support on the witness stand under oath.

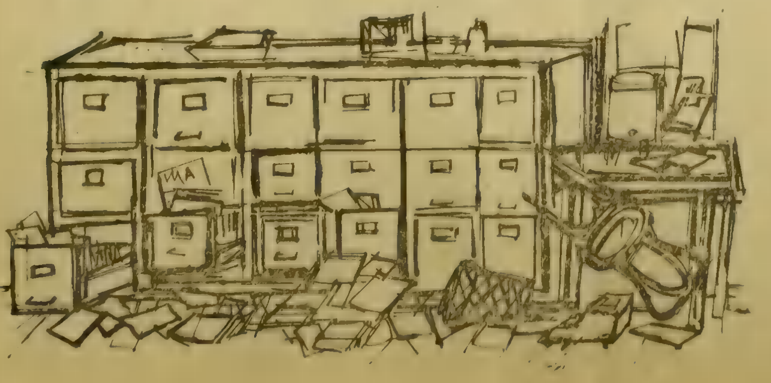
Under a hammering cross fire of questions, Burns admitted that he had sent three bureau agents into Montana to build the case against Wheeler; admitted that he had reported directly to Daugherty and had told Daugherty that the agents had discovered Wheeler had received a $10,000 legal retainer from Campbell; admitted that the investigation of Wheeler had started after Wheeler had started his investigation of Daugherty. "Mr. Burns's face was ashen as he made the admissions," *The New York Times* reported.

Talk Was Indiscreet

The committee received additional testimony about the plot against Wheeler from W. O. Duckstein, private secretary to Edward M. McLean, then publisher of the Washington *Post*. Duckstein testified that two men who identified themselves as bureau agents had told him, in advance of the event, that they were out to "frame" Wheeler. The agents had added that they were being sent into the home states of other Senators, that "they were looking into the records of the members of the committee, watching them all," Duckstein testified.

One member of the committee commented that he thought "the less attention we pay to it the better," but Chairman Brookhart disagreed: "Well, I do not think so, Senator. I think it is time to find out what this government by blackmail is; that it is an important thing to know and investigate."

With the Senate committee exposing the manner in which the Attorney General's office had been run,



the deposed Daugherty found it impossible to practice the discretion of silence. In a speech at Columbus, Ohio, on April 23, 1924, he charged that he was the victim of a Soviet-inspired plot. He noted that the Brookhart-Wheeler committee had asked him for the confidential files of the Bureau of Investigation. Daugherty, exhibiting the tender regard for these files that has been demonstrated almost every time the topic is mentioned, declared that he had refused to open the files, he had resigned first, because the files "contained abundant proof of the plans, purpose and hellish designs of the Communist Internationale." One might have thought that it would have been a good idea to bring these hellish plans out into the broad light of day, but not Daugherty. He preferred to tell his listeners about what those secret files contained. "I would sound a warning note to every American tonight," he thundered. "The enemy is at the gate. He aims at nothing short of the overthrow of the institutions which are your protection and mine against tyranny. . . ."

By this time, the former Attorney General was so discredited that much more than a phony Red scare was needed to refurbish him. Events marched swiftly.

Acting Director at 29

Attorney General Stone, thoroughly disenchanted with the performance of Burns, ousted him on May 9, 1924. In anticipation of the move, he had already been looking for a successor. Hoover's energy and evident ability, as described so well in Jack Alexander's later profile, quite evidently had impressed Stone. The Attorney General asked Mrs. Willebrandt about Hoover. She told him that she "regarded Hoover as honest and informed and one who operated like an electric wire, with almost trigger response." This recommendation and others convinced Stone, and on May 10, 1924, he called in Hoover, then only twenty-nine, and made him Acting Director of the bureau.

Just five days later, the Senate by a vote of 55 to 5 exonerated Wheeler. The pressure on Stone to drop the criminal action in Montana now became intense.

The new Attorney General was a great respecter, a stickler almost, for the forms of the law. An indictment was an indictment, and he refused to kill the Wheeler indictment out of hand. He ordered a new investigation. The crux of the case against Wheeler was that, after he had been elected to the Senate but before he had taken his seat, he had been added by Campbell to the oil man's staff of lawyers at a $10,000 retainer fee. Wheeler had made no bones about this; he had openly handled legal matters for Campbell in Montana. But he insisted that he had never compromised his position by appearing for Campbell before federal agencies. Stone's investigation turned up evidence indicating, however, that Wheeler had made at least one inquiry at the Interior Department about oil and gas leases, and Stone determined to have the Wheeler case submitted again to a federal grand jury in Washington.

The Trial Opens

There were other indications that, while Stone had brought a clean breath of air to the Department of Justice, he was no crusader. Pretty obviously, one of his main objectives was to inter the immediate past as rapidly and quietly as possible. The Brookhart-Wheeler committee, though it was treated with great politeness by Stone, had no better luck with him than it had had with Daugherty in getting access to the bureau's investigative files. And on one occasion, when a woman employee of the bureau testified before the committee (as she was forced to do under threat of contempt), the outcome was surprising. Samuel Hopkins Adams, noted New York *Sun* reporter and later a famous magazine editor and novelist, told of it in a book he wrote on the Harding era. "The next day," Adams wrote, "she [the woman witness] received a letter from J. Edgar Hoover, Acting Director of the Bureau, peremptorily demanding her resignation. . . ."

Other signs that perhaps the immediate past wasn't quite as dead as supposed were seen when the trial of Wheeler opened in Great Falls, Montana, on April 14, 1925. *The New York Times* reported that Department of Justice agents had swarmed into the city in unprecedented numbers. *The Times* added that it had learned "from reputable sources" that the agents were trying "to work up a case" against Senator Walsh, the prosecutor of Teapot Dome and the counsel for Wheeler. If such were ever the intent, Walsh scuttled it. His defense of Wheeler was so brilliant that the Montana jury took just ten minutes to vote acquittal.

The verdict is its own epitaph to the Daugherty-Burns era in the Department of Justice and the Bureau of Investigation. These old scandals, aside from their historic interest, are of significance now chiefly to those trying to reach some balanced understanding of the FBI, the power it wields, the danger — real or potential — that it may represent. While the new FBI of J. Edgar Hoover operates on a different plane than the unprincipled department of Burns, a riddle is still posed by the fact that Hoover himself held such high rank in a regime so thoroughly discredited. His position as assistant chief or, as Mason puts it, "Burns's secretary and executive assistant," put him squarely in the center of the hatching villainies, and a question still asked by skeptics is how a man of absolute virtue could have stomached the situation.

Who Was Responsible?

The answer, as it is given in *The FBI Story,* is that Hoover simply had no way of knowing much that went on. Whitehead writes that department records show the agents employed in the Wheeler case were reporting directly to John S. Pratt, Special Assistant to the Attorney General. He quotes a letter Hoover wrote in 1928 as good documentary proof. In this, Hoover said that, when he took charge of the bureau, he found that agents and accountants working on the Wheeler case had been "detached" from the bureau and assigned to Pratt, and that he didn't even know where they were or what they were doing until, after several months of effort, he managed to get an order issued letting him know at least where the men were. "I did not even then assume direction of their investigative work nor see any of their reports nor know what they were doing," he wrote.

The other side of the issue was expressed by Senator Wheeler himself. He later came to respect and admire Stone, but it is obvious that he never quite forgave Hoover. Of Stone, Wheeler wrote to Mason in 1950: "He and I afterwards became very good friends. I think he was an honest, honorable, and able man, and I believe that the only way you can account for the handling of the case against me after he became Attorney General was that he was lied to by the people in the Department." Wheeler's attitude toward Hoover, by contrast, was illustrated in a speech he made in the Senate in 1940 in which he pictured Hoover as a constant spectator, something of a hovering omnipresent force, during the Brookhart-Wheeler probe of the Daugherty regime:

> When I came to Washington and began the investigation of the Department of Justice, Mr. Hoover was present at the investigation and hearings, and sat through them during the time the charges against Mr. Daugherty were being heard. Agents of the Department raided my offices; they broke into my offices . . . they stationed men at my house, surrounded my house, watched persons who went in and came out, constantly shadowed me, shadowed my house, and shadowed my wife. . . . During all that time there were in the Department of Justice . . . Burns and Mr. Hoover.

Misgivings Voiced

Muted footnotes to the entire critical question of the potential power of the FBI over Congress have been written from time to time in the decades since the Brookhart-Wheeler investigation. These footnotes fall largely into the category of rumor and speculation because there has never been another Congressional probe of the Department of Justice, and so there is no possibility of proof. But many individuals intimate with the intricacies of Washington life insist it is no secret that the FBI has amassed in its very private and confidential files detailed dossiers of information about everyone who really matters. Hints of this sometimes creep into the press, though less frequently in these days of beautiful Republican rapport than in the old days when "that man" was menacing our democratic institutions. Still, *The New York Times*, in a special article from Washington on May 30, 1948, did turn a spotlight on the theme:

> Mr. Hoover's vast repository of information is viewed with misgivings by some people who view it as a power potential that is subject to grave abuse. Might not these files give their possessor power even over Congress? Conceivably they could. People have been intrigued by the idea, but so far they have had to rely on their imagination.

Eye at the Keyhole

In more vitriolic vein, during the angry Congressional growling about the possibility of an investigation in 1940, Westbrook Pegler, not exactly a disciple of Moscow, attacked the problem in one of his daily columns:

> It [the proposed investigation] would shock most of us, but it would subdue our inquisitiveness because it would smear so many of us. The FBI has more dirt on more Americans, including Senators, Representatives, labor leaders, Governors, Mayors and members of some of the political families of the New Deal Government, than the foulest whelp of an open-air grand jury bred to a professional blackmailer of the press, radio and screen could reefer up in a thousand and one nights under the goofy spell of the toxic weed. . . .
>
> The files of the FBI in Washington contain legal proof of perfidy by hundreds of thousands of Americans. . . . The files . . . include not merely confirmed criminal data but a vast amount of background on individuals who have never formally been accused of any crime. . . .
>
> The FBI cooperates with police departments which tap wires of family telephones and even, in one incredible case of which I am, nevertheless, positively aware, took photograph records and moving pictures, on suspicion, of conversations and scenes within the bedroom of husband and wife. That happened in Los Angeles. And how do you like that?
>
> . . . The FBI is the greatest deposit of personal dirt ever amassed, and it is an even question whether the forces of law and order would lose more or personal liberty and privilege would gain more by the total destruction of its files, including contributions from the military departments and the Treasury.

This dread contingency, of course, will never come to pass. Nobody is ever going to suggest that the FBI files be either opened or destroyed. The lack of even the most remote possibility of this is vividly demonstrated every time Director Hoover and Congressional committees stage a beautiful meeting of minds on Capitol Hill. The occasion is usually Hoover's annual appearance before Congressional appropriations committees, and Hoover is almost always introduced with a verbal flourish. In 1947, for example, the House chairman addressed these words to Hoover:

> You are a splendid American citizen. Your devotion to things worthwhile would be a very difficult matter to estimate. You are not only feared, you are greatly respected. You know, the other day I was reading a little article which said, "It is nice to have money and the things that money can buy, but it is very necessary that we check up on ourselves from time to time so that we do not lose the things that money cannot buy." I think that fits your life wonderfully, Mr. Hoover.

After such laudatory prefaces, Hoover hardly ever fails to get all the money he asks for from Congress. In fact, Congressional committees frequently lean over backwards and ask him whether he is sure he has asked for enough; wouldn't he like to have some more? As *The New York Times* noted in its 1948 article: "Two years ago, the FBI budget estimate was $28,700,000. Congress raised it to $31,600,000. This year the estimate is $43 million. Both the House and Senate have voted Mr. Hoover's organization every last cent of the budget request — a rare thing indeed these days in Washington."

PART 5

THE MAKING OF A NAME

ONLY A FEW months after Franklin D. Roosevelt introduced the New Deal in the spring of 1933, a newspaper article referred to the Bureau of Investigation as a department "little known . . . to the general public." Despite the bureau's quarter-century of life, despite the sensational controversies in which it had been involved, the description was an accurate one. For the bureau had made no impact on the public consciousness. Few persons outside official circles knew much about it; fewer still had any idea that it was to become, within a few short months, a household word invested with the trappings of glamour.

Probably the major reason that so little was known publicly in 1933 about the organization was that its more controversial activities had been eliminated and its functions severely curtailed by Stone. For nine years, it had confined itself to the relatively limited field of federal law violations that then fell within its jurisdiction; it had had no opportunity to indulge in the dramatic forays against desperadoes and kidnapers that soon were to catapult its name into eight-column headlines.

To understand the drama of the leap from obscurity to fame, one has to understand the reforms that Stone instituted.

When the new Attorney General called Hoover before him on May 10, 1924, and made him Acting Director of the bureau, a conversation is supposed to have taken place that was to have far-reaching effects. As Hoover tells it in *The FBI Story* and Mason's life of Stone, he told the Attorney General he would take the job only "on certain conditions."

"What are they?" Stone demanded.

"The bureau must be divorced from politics and not be a catch-all for political hacks," Hoover replied. "Appointments must be based on merit. Second, promotions will be made on proved ability and the bureau will be responsible only to the Attorney General."

"Young man," Stone said gruffly, "I wouldn't let you take the job under any other circumstances."

Three days later, on May 13, Stone laid down the rules that were to govern the bureau's future activities in a six-point memorandum to Hoover. His first decree, in effect, wielded the axe on Hoover's General Intelligence Division. Stone couched the order in these words: "The activities of the bureau are to be limited strictly to investigations of violation of law, under my direction or under the direction of an Assistant Attorney General regularly conducting the work of the Department of Justice."

Hoover, himself, appearing before the Brookhart-Wheeler committee on May 15, assured the Senators that this order meant exactly what it seemed to mean. He acknowledged that, prior to World War I, the bureau's "functions were limited to investigating all the violations of federal statutes and seeking evidence," and he added that "there has just been a circular issued restricting their activities to that particular function."

Program for a Purge

Stone's other prescriptions for the purification of the bureau dealt, in various ways, with the character of agents to be employed. He directed Hoover to clean out "the incompetent and unreliable"; to abolish the practice of employing politically-motivated "dollar-a-year" men; and to submit the names of all new appointees directly to the Attorney General for approval. In making new appointments, preference was to be given "to men who have had some legal training."

Within this framework, Hoover—"The electric wire with trigger response" whom Mrs. Willebrandt had recommended to Stone — began a vigorous house-cleaning. A career man himself, he detested venal political influence, and he was as anxious as Stone to rid himself and the organization that was now his of the pressures that had so badly corrupted it in the past. Whitehead documents the changes that Hoover effected with copious quotes from orders, letters and memoranda of the period. Whitehead writes:

> He [Hoover] began issuing a rapid-fire series of orders to agents, who were startled by the sudden and unexpected burst of attention from Washington. The bureau records indicate that many agents dismissed the whole thing as a passing flurry — they were confident that if they sat around long enough, it would go away, and that if it didn't they could always write their Senator or Congressman. Other agents expressed delight, because they glimpsed the hope of an organization of which they could be proud. . . .
>
> Again and again, in letters and instructions to special agents, Hoover hammered on a central theme: "This bureau is to operate solely upon the basis of efficiency. Influence, political or otherwise, will not be tolerated and any agent or employee of this bureau resorting to same will be disciplined."

Whitehead and Mason both tell the story of an early and dramatic test of the no-politics rule. Hoover had transferred an agent who, he felt, had been too active in politics, to a post in the Southwest far removed from the malign influences of his native locale. Almost immediately, a Senator came rumbling into Hoover's office, demanding that the agent be brought home because the Senator needed him to help in a re-election campaign. Hoover was polite, but adamant. The sequel is described this way by Whitehead:

> "I'll take this up with the Attorney General," the Senator snorted.

Fifteen minutes later Hoover was summoned to Stone's office. Stone peered over his glasses. "Hoover, what are the facts in this case?"

Hoover explained the situation.

"I think you are not on entirely sound grounds," Stone said.

Hoover later recalled that he braced himself and the thought flashed through his head: "Well, here's where you resign."

Stone added: "I'm surprised you didn't fire the fellow at once."

Remolding the FBI

Such experiences, repeated in infinite variations but with the same invariable result, remolded the bureau. While no organization is perfect and the FBI has had its bad apples, most of those who have had personal contact with the bureau will agree that its agents are men of character. They develop a morale and an *esprit de corps* that exalts the bureau in their minds so that often, years after a man has left, he looks back upon his period of service as the proudest of his life and he speaks of the organization itself in tones that italicize the mere mention of its name. To such men, it is inconceivable that the bureau ever could do wrong. Of course, disciples are not the clearest-eyed of critics, and almost all policemen, unfortunately, develop a tendency to feel that they always arrest the right man, even when the courts through some fluke of the law and lawyers' magic, let him get away. When these reservations have all been stated, however, the hard fact remains: Hoover's ability to inspire such a healthy, even at times exalted, spirit among the men who serve under him is certainly a striking personal achievement.

It was an accomplishment that took place during those relatively quiet years from 1924 to 1933, when the bureau's activities were limited in scope. And when the New Deal came to Washington, the rebuilt and revitalized organization was ready to meet the challenges of a new era.

The evils of the times were far-reaching. They flowed in part from Prohibition; in part, from the hardships of the Great Depression. It is probably conservative to say that no more disastrous law was ever passed by a great nation than America's Prohibition Act. It bred cancers that endure to this day; it laid the foundation that, to the nation's shame, was to make crime one of the nation's largest enterprises. Of course, crime has always been a social problem, but the individual crimes, the rowdy city gangs of pre-Prohibition days, were kindergarten stuff compared to the modern national Syndicate, bankrolled by illicit millions, possessed of its own enforcement arm, allotting territories and spheres of influence, decreeing life and death through its own tribunals—in a word, governing that other and secret and illegal life of America even as the national government governs on the surface. This entire development, then by no means fully apparent, was the outgrowth of an unpopular law that it became popular to flout. In the flouting, fantastic revenues poured into the laps of gangdom. Official life on every level became corrupted. Every town of any size had its speakeasies; the identities of the chief bootleggers were items of common knowledge; and the immunity of both speakeasies and bootleggers to the law meant simply one thing — that law-enforcement officials in virtually every echelon, from the flatfoot on the beat to the district attorney in his plush office, were on the payroll of the mob.

The Kidnaping Era

With the hard times of the depression years came new violence, like a twin partner to corruption. Desperate gunmen held up banks, committed bold robberies at gunpoint and shot their way out of trouble. A relatively new and heinous crime was born . . . kidnaping. On March 1, 1932, when Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., was spirited from his crib in the family home in Hopewell, in New Jersey's brooding Sourland Mountains, national horror, national outrage, reached a peak. Since law enforcement on the local level had brought itself into such disrepute, it was inevitable that public opinion, searching for a solution, should turn to a national police force beyond the reach of the petty bribe and petty politician.

Actually, there is some indication that the pressures of the times coincided with the long-held desires of powerful interests. William Seagle, in an article, "The American National Police," in *Harper's* of November, 1934, gave a picture of the behind-the-scenes influences that long had been attempting to channel public sentiment in the direction of a national police force. Seagle wrote:

> The story of the drive for federal crime control centers in the activities of an organization known as the National Crime Commission which was organized in 1925. The N.C.C. must not be confused with the later Wickersham Commission. It owed its existence not to governmental initiative but to a gentleman by the name of Mark O. Prentiss, who had had the singular privilege of accompanying Mussolini in his march on Rome, and who naturally became an admirer of the methods of the dictator. Incidentally, Prentiss believed that a majority of crimes of violence were committed by aliens. Prentiss interested the late Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation in the formation of a small national association of prominent men for the purpose of combating crime. The N.C.C. was organized at a meeting held in the directors' room of the United States Steel Corporation. The first executive committee consisted of several prominent captains of industry, two brigadier generals, several educators, and a number of nationally prominent statesmen. The chairmanship was offered to Richard Washburn Child, who had been American Ambassador to Italy, and who in this capacity had struck up a firm friendship with Mussolini, coming to believe that there was more democracy in Italy than in the United States.
>
> From the very first the Commission championed "vigorous measures." It definitely supported the treat-'em-rough school of penology. . . . A member of the executive committee of N.C.C. and an enthusiastic supporter of its program of national attack upon the crime problem was then a comparatively obscure state governor by the name of Franklin Delano Roosevelt who within a few years was to become the thirty-second President of the United States.

Even before Roosevelt took office, the Lindbergh kidnaping had spurred the first significant extension of federal police powers. In the closing days of Herbert Hoover's administration, a law was passed making kidnaping a federal crime. More sweeping powers followed. Soon after Roosevelt came to power, he jammed through Congress a series of bills that gave the federal government, for the first time, jurisdiction in fields that previously had been considered the responsibility of the states. Bank robbery, extortion, racketeering, murder or assault committed against federal officials — these became now the prerogatives of federal investigators. Even more drastic was an act that could be extended to include all kinds of crimes — one that made it a federal offense for a person to flee from one state to another to avoid prosecution or to avoid giving testimony. The agency that fell heir to these new fields was J. Edgar Hoover's "little known" FBI.

Promising Partnership

Fortune was smiling, and Hoover was not the man to be impervious to her smiles. Not only did he possess vastly increased powers, he had too an Attorney General whose ideas meshed almost perfectly with his own. Senator Walsh, the hero of the Teapot Dome exposé, had been slated to head the Department of Justice, but he had died suddenly of a heart attack before he could take office. Homer Cummings was Roosevelt's next choice, and Cummings, all the available evidence indicates, envisioned himself in the grand role of a general leading an army of the law against the legions of evil. "We are now engaged," he proclaimed on one occasion to the Daughters of the American Revolution, "in a war that threatens the safety of our country — a war against the organized forces of crime."

The public, long fed up with the corruption and lawlessness spawned by the Prohibition Era, hailed the new approach and cheered on the crime fighters. In swift succession, in the frenetic months of 1933 and 1934, a rapid-fire series of sensational headline cases treated Americans to a fascinating spectacle — the invariable triumph of the law. The nation took J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI to its heart.

The barest summary of some of these crime dramas is sufficient to explain the sudden hero worship.

First, of course, there was the Lindbergh case. When the 20-month-old son of the nation's No. 1 hero of the new air age was spirited down a ladder from the window of his nursery in Hopewell, a crudely-composed note demanding $50,000 ransom was left behind. Dr. John F. (Jafsie) Condon, a retired pedagogue, acting as an intermediary for the Lindberghs, established contact with the kidnaper, identified only as "John," and actually paid the ransom money. But the kidnaped baby was not freed; weeks later, he was found buried in a shallow grave near Hopewell, and the evidence indicated he had been callously murdered minutes after he was kidnaped. The fiendishness of the crime spurred a nation-wide manhunt. The FBI joined in. For months, detectives got nowhere, but on September 15, 1934, Bruno Richard Hauptmann drove up to a gas station in the Bronx and cashed one of the ransom bills. The case was broken, and Hauptmann's arrest, conviction and execution followed.

There was considerable quarreling over the apportionment of credit in the Lindbergh case, but the public had been conditioned already to believe that, if the FBI was in a case, the FBI was the agency that solved it. One of the factors in this conditioning was a sensational Oklahoma City kidnaping that did indeed reveal the FBI at the top of its form.

The Thundering Clue

On the night of July 23, 1933, Charles F. Urschel, a wealthy oilman, was kidnaped at gunpoint from his home. Hoover, who had set up a special kidnap line to carry complaints directly to FBI headquarters in Washington, was informed of the crime minutes after it happened. From his home, he issued orders that sent a large force of agents converging on Oklahoma City. In the days that followed, a $200,000 ransom was paid for Urschel, and the captive was released. FBI agents questioned him and obtained a remarkably detailed account of his experiences while he had been held prisoner. There were no clear, direct clues to the identity of the kidnapers, only little details that, it seemed to the public, might have been missed by any but the most careful and scientific of detectives.

Urschel described minutely how he had been driven in the kidnapers' car to a remote farmhouse where he had been held prisoner. He recalled that, on the way, his kidnapers had stopped at a gas station and passed the time of day with the woman there by asking her how things were. She had replied that "the crops around here are burned up." Obviously, the area in which Urschel had been held was suffering from a heavy drought.

To this tiny item of information, Urschel added another. He had made careful note of the fact that an airplane flew directly above his prison farmhouse at the same time each day. It passed overhead at 9:45 each morning and 5:45 each night. But on July 30, 1933, a severe downpour had brought relief from the crop-destroying drought—and, on that day, the evening plane did not pass over the farmhouse.

FBI agents began trying to fit these details into a pattern developed from meteorological data and airplane schedules. They found that on Sunday, July 30, a violent thunderstorm had forced an American Airways plane to swing to the north of its usual course on the Fort Worth to Amarillo run. A study of American Airways' flight schedules showed that, at the times specified by Urschel, the planes on this run would be passing over Paradise, Texas.

Concentrating on Paradise, agents located a farmhouse that Urschel identified as his prison home. The house was owned by the mother and stepfather of Kathryn Kelly, wife of a desperado known as "Machine Gun" Kelly. With this discovery, the case was broken; all that remained was to catch Kelly.

Whitehead, in *The FBI Story*, gives this description of the denouement:

> Kelly and his wife were traced to a house in Memphis, Tenn., where Kelly once had been a "society" bootlegger. In the early hours of September 26, 1933, FBI special agents and Memphis police raided the Kelly hideaway. Caught without a machine gun in his hands, Kelly cringed before the officers and pleaded, "Don't shoot, G-men! Don't shoot, G-men!"

Origin of "G-men"

FBI literature explains that this was the first time agents had heard themselves designated as G-men. Naturally curious, they asked Kelly what he meant, and the cowed desperado explained that "G-men" was underworld parlance for "Government men" and that it was a dread term conveying to a crook the certainty that his jig was up. The phrase was short, colorful and ideal for headline purposes; the press seized upon it avidly; magazines and the movies took it up — and so another FBI legend was born.

It is a bit curious, under the circumstances, to find that Howard McLellan, writing an article entitled "Shoot to Kill?" in *Harper's* for January, 1936, gave quite a different version of Kelly's final capture, one that does not so glamorize the FBI. Here is the way McLellan told it:

> In Memphis, Tenn., the local police were advised that Kelly and his wife were living in a bungalow in that city. Police detectives and Department of Justice agents kept the house under observation all night. On a dining-room table at which Kelly sat was an automatic pistol; on the floor were several sawed-off machine guns, his favorite weapon. At six in the morning, Detective Sergeant W. J. Raney, [of the Memphis Police force] slipped into the house. The bedroom door opened and there stood Kelly, a gun in hand, ready. The detective, who had been trained to look at a quarry's hands and not at his face, made one move. He shoved his shotgun barrel into Kelly's stomach and said, "Drop that gun." And Kelly dropped it.
>
> "I've been waiting all night for you," said Kelly, grinning.
>
> "Well," said Raney, "here we are."

This more subdued treatment of the final scene may impress some as carrying the ring of greater truth, but one thing is certain: it couldn't compete with the FBI's third-act climax for color and sensation. And vivid as this climax was, more sensations were to follow — cops-and-robbers dramas so thrilling, so filled with suspense that they could be told and retold over the years with never-failing interest. For these were the days when the FBI added the final ingredient of battle to its hero image; when its agents shot it out with kill-crazy gunmen, killed and were killed to uphold the law.

There was, for example, the months-long, headline thriller of "Pretty Boy" Floyd. The Floyd saga began with what became known as the "Kansas City Massacre" on June 17, 1933. Frank Nash, an escaped convict, had been caught in Arkansas and had been brought back to Kansas City for transfer to Leavenworth Penitentiary. FBI agents and local police were guarding him. The size of the squad indicated that they were well aware an attempt might be made to liberate Nash; but naturally they did not know, could not know, that an attempt actually was in the making.

At Kansas City, Nash was taken from the train to a waiting car. He was placed in the front seat. Two FBI agents and an Arkansas police chief were in the rear seat; another FBI agent walked around the car to get behind the wheel; two city detectives and still another FBI agent were standing beside the car. It was broad daylight; early morning crowds were hurrying past upon the street. "At this moment, the agents and police officers relaxed their guard," Whitehead acknowledges in *The FBI Story*. It was a fatal error. Three figures materialized suddenly out of the morning crowds, catching the detectives completely unaware. "Pretty Boy" Floyd, Vern Miller and Adam Richetti had come equipped for deadly business. Two were armed with machine guns, the other with pistols. Instantly, they opened fire. An FBI agent and three policemen were killed in the first barrage; two other FBI agents were wounded, one critically. Nash was killed by a wild-flying bullet from one of his rescuers' guns. The three desperadoes who had committed wholesale murder escaped unscathed.

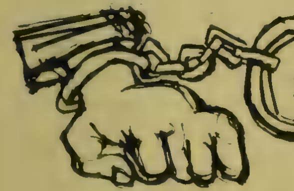
This bloody tragedy would seem to indicate, contrary to popular belief, that the FBI is no more infallible than other agencies; that even its much-heralded vigilance can relax at times at the wrong moment. To say this is not to criticize; it is merely to point out the facts of life which so much of the infallible FBI legend is calculated deliberately to ignore.

Understandably, the public reaction to the slaughter of officers of the law was one of outrage, and the ensuing hunt for the killers was a top headline topic. One by one, the law triumphed. Miller's body was found outside Detroit, riddled with gangland bullets. Richetti was captured by local police in Ohio and executed. And "Pretty Boy" Floyd, last of the murderous trio, finally went down in a gun battle with the FBI and police in rural Ohio on October 22, 1934. The sequence tells its own tale of redemption. Whatever the momentary and fatal lapse in Kansas City, right had triumphed; the FBI again had got its man.

Such examples clearly explain the birth of the FBI legend. Through them run certain fairly obvious threads. If the FBI is not as perfect as it is painted by its shouting partisans, it often atones for errors and stills criticism in the final accomplishment of its objective. It can make mistakes like any ordinary police department, and yet, if in the end it succeeds, the public, in a favorite phrase of Hoover's, has gotten its money's worth. All's well.

The Urschel kidnaping illustrates both sides of the coin. The detective work that broke the case by meticulously piecing together tiny clues was in the best traditions and would have done credit to any detective force anywhere at any time; the subsequent effort to wring the last drop of sensation and publicity value out of the arrest of Machine Gun Kelly appears less admirable. The FBI-inspired accounts certainly hog the spotlight from the Memphis cops who, if McLellan is to be believed, actually discovered where Kelly was—and actually made the final pinch.

These are tendencies which it seems important to analyze and understand if one is interested in piercing the fog of deification to determine just how much is fact, just how much is carefully cultivated myth. Such understanding seems vital if one is to gain any perspective on the agency and its director — the man who now stimulates the propaganda campaign against the Supreme Court and influences legislation in Congress. In this effort to disentangle myth from reality, perhaps no case is more significant than the one that is the FBI's proudest possession — the shot-punctuated hunt for a tough-bitten, minor-league hoodlum by the name of John Dillinger.



PART 6

A QUESTION OF CREDITS

MENTION THE NAME of John Dillinger to almost any adult American who has been reading the newspapers and magazines during the last twenty years, and it's a safe bet that certain images will flash through his mind. The Woman in Red. The trap set at the old Biograph Theatre in Chicago. The downward sweep of the chief agent's hand like a signal for execution. And the sharp, deadly-accurate fire of FBI agents dropping the nation's No. 1 menace dead in his tracks before the startled eyes of gaping theatre-goers.

But mention the names of St. Paul and Little Bohemia, and it's almost a cinch the reaction will be a bewildered: "What's that?"

Yet St. Paul and Little Bohemia are as integral parts of the Dillinger melodrama as the Woman in Red and the Biograph. And the fact that only the triumphant half of the story has registered in the public consciousness seems a tribute to the art of propaganda — to skillful manipulation of the facts by the storytellers, aided and abetted by media of information that are interested, not so much in truth, as in giving the public what they think the public wants —a good bedtime thriller.

Probably as good a place as any to begin unraveling the legend wrapped around Dillinger's death is in the anteroom of the office of J. Edgar Hoover himself. There, literally millions of Americans, doing the tourist's round of Washington, have been chillingly titivated over the years by the macabre Dillinger memorabilia clustered at the very threshold of the throne room. Jack Alexander, in his 1937 *New Yorker* profile, described the scene this way:

> In the anteroom where visitors wait to be admitted to the Director's presence the most compelling decorative object is a startling white plaster facsimile of John Dillinger's death mask. It stares, empty-eyed, from under the glass of an exhibit case. There are other exhibit cases in the anteroom, but this one, like a prize scalp, is significantly located closest to the Director's office. Grouped about the mask are souvenirs of the memorable night when the spectacular outlaw was cornered and shot down after he had emerged from a motion-picture theatre in Chicago. There are the straw hat he was wearing, a wrinkled snapshot of a girl which was fished from his trousers pocket, and the silver-rimmed glasses he was wearing to heighten his disguise, one of the lens rims snapped by a bullet. There is a La Corona-Belvedere cigar he was carrying in his shirt pocket that summer night, still banded and wrapped in cellophane.

With this introduction, let's take a close look at the Dillinger story. It is a story that falls almost exactly into two distinct parts in the career of a small-time hoodlum and bandit; the career of an icily inhuman killer. The dividing line between the two halves, as McLellan pointed out in his *Harper's* article more than twenty years ago, appears to have been an official order to shoot Dillinger on sight. Faced with this much-publicized ukase for his extinction, Dillinger not unnaturally began to shoot first—and with deadly intent.

McLellan put the case this way:

> The first period finds him [Dillinger] credited with five holdups between September, 1924, and September, 1933. But no killings were involved in these crimes. . . . In September, 1933, Dillinger was captured and held in jail in Lima, Ohio, and escaped when confederates of his killed the sheriff. Though he was the cause of this killing, Dillinger was not credited with it and others were jailed and tried for the murder.
>
> During the period from October, 1933, to December 13, 1933, he was credited with five holdups, two of which were raids upon police stations for the sole purpose of procuring guns and ammunition. Although policemen were in the station houses when the raids were made, supposedly by Dillinger and his gang, no policemen were shot. On December 13, 1933 . . . he and his gang robbed a Chicago bank but shot no one.
>
> . . . Immediately after the Chicago bank robbery the police of that city publicly announced their determination to kill Dillinger and his allies on sight. . . .
>
> On the night that the order to kill Dillinger and members of his gang on sight was published they descended upon a roadhouse near Chicago, held it up, and shot and wounded two highway patrolmen. A day or so later, John Hamilton, a Dillinger henchman, was cornered by Chicago police but shot his way out of the trap and killed Police Sgt. William T. Shanley. Six days later Edward Shouse, another Dillinger aide, shot and killed an Indiana State policeman. . . .
>
> Then, on the night of January 15, 1934, Patrolman William P. O'Malley was talking with a friend near the First National Bank in East Chicago when he was shot and instantly killed. O'Malley was utterly unaware that the bank was being robbed, but such was the fact. The robbery and murder were again credited to Dillinger and his men. It should be quite obvious why O'Malley was shot. Although he was not aware of the robbery, he was a minion of the law, and thus to Dillinger and his aides was a man who at any moment might fire at them.
>
> One begins to discern the cost in lives of the doctrine of shoot to kill. Two officers wounded and three killed within a few weeks after the order went out, and none of Dillinger's crew either shot or killed!

The killings catapulted Dillinger into the dangerous eminence of big headlines. They made the tier of states north of the Ohio too hot for him, and so he took some of his gang and their girls down to Tucson, Arizona. There, amazingly enough, the local gendarmes got on the trail and rounded up the lot without the popping of a single gun.

Perhaps the Tucson cops should have given lessons in the art of gentle and successful arrest, for their feat certainly stands out in bold contrast with the warfare that was to come. Shipped back to the Crown Point County Jail in Indiana, Dillinger wasn't confined for very long. He carved a wooden pistol from a washboard, blackened it with shoe polish, scared the daylights out of his jailers and took off in the sheriff's car.

In doing so, he committed a fatal blunder. He crossed the state line in the stolen car on his way to Chicago, thus violating a federal law and becoming bait for the G-men. Dillinger was now almost crowding Roosevelt out of the headlines, his scalp was a prize of priceless value, and a veritable small army of FBI agents was thrown into the hunt. Pictures of the agents hotting up their pistols in target practice were displayed prominently in the newspapers for Dillinger to see.

War in Little Bohemia

One thing has to be said for Dillinger: he didn't scare. The G-men tangled with him first in St. Paul. Dillinger and an aide, Eugene Green, were trapped in an apartment, a hard place usually to get out of; there was a furious machine-gun battle; Green was fatally wounded, Dillinger less seriously nicked. But both men, amazingly, got clean away.

The next encounter with Dillinger was even more embarrassing. The bad man took several of his other bad men, with women for all, and on Friday, April 30, 1934, holed up in a roadhouse known as Little Bohemia Lodge in a secluded area some nine miles from Mercer in northern Wisconsin. The FBI got a tip that they were there. Agents were rounded up from Chicago and St. Paul, and a raiding party was formed. The agents weren't familiar with the country, but they acted on a well-established principle of Hoover's not to take local police into his confidence unless they have the information and he doesn't. They went it alone.

One FBI-approved account says that only two cars were available to ferry agents on the last leg of the trip into the wilderness. Some of the agents had to cling to the running board, machine-guns in hand, in bitterly cold weather. Lights were doused for the last two miles of the creeping approach. Then the cars stopped, the agents took to the woods and started to deploy around the inn. In that instant, a dog barked; a Dillinger lookout stationed on the roof opened fire with a machine gun, and the pitched battle was on.

With bullets zinging back and forth, the FBI raiders dispatched a car and a couple of agents back to the nearest town to appeal for reinforcements. One of the agents was telephoning the alarm to headquarters when the local telephone operator broke in to report that there seemed to be some trouble at a house a couple of miles from the beleaguered lodge. The agents, taking a local policeman with them, drove to the new scene of disturbance. As they stopped their car, a member of the Dillinger gang, Lester Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson, stepped out of the blackness of the night and opened fire. Special Agent W. Carter Baum was killed instantly; the other agent and the local policeman were wounded. Nelson took their car and escaped.

End of a Chase

While this was going on, the embattled FBI raiders back at the lodge were waiting for daybreak. Then they made their final rush—and found a deserted nest.

Only the gang molls were huddled in the roadhouse; Dillinger and five henchmen had vanished. They evidently had escaped from the rear of the lodge while the battle was raging in front, a prudent tactical maneuver; but just how they had accomplished this from a hideaway that should have been completely surrounded, through rough country where there were few cars and fewer roads, were questions that nobody seemed exactly eager to answer.

Post-mortems showed that only three narrow roads led out of the wooded resort area, and these, had local officers who knew the countryside been allowed to help, could easily have been sealed off with road-blocks before the raid was staged and the quarry alarmed. As McLellan later wrote in *Harper's:* "There was criticism of the strategy of Justice agents for not having taken into their confidence the local police who were familiar with the section; for failing to watch the back door of the inn, through which the desperadoes escaped; and for failing to erect a barrier against escape at a bridge (which it was said the local police might have helped them to do)."

If this futile and tragic action seems like something less than the perfect deployment of force by the perfect police agency, one may be tempted to wonder how the general public has received so overwhelmingly exactly the contrary impression of the Dillinger case. Part of the answer certainly lies in writing techniques that hardly mention the failures in their devotion to the triumphs. Whitehead, for example, covers the entire St. Paul and Little Bohemia fiascos in two pithy sentences. "On two occasions," he writes, "FBI agents thought they had Dillinger trapped. Each time he escaped in a barrage of machine-gun fire." The pitched battle at Little Bohemia and the murder of Agent Baum are mentioned only in a chapter note at the back of his book. Yet, at the time, they had far-reaching effects.

More agents were thrown into the hunt; the Department of Justice offered a tempting reward for Dillinger, dead or alive. One of Attorney General Cummings' principal assistants vowed that the department was going to get Dillinger and added that, when it did, "I hope we get him under such circumstances that the government will not have to stand the expense of a trial." And Attorney General Cummings himself, never one to be outdone, shouted: "Shoot to kill — and then count ten!"

With all of this massive federal activity and soaring rhetoric, it remained for local cops to come up with the information that really did Dillinger in. The gunman, after an attempt to change his appearance by plastic surgery, had gone back to his old haunts around Chicago. There he committed the incredibly stupid blunder of attaching himself to Polly Hamilton, reputedly the ex-girlie of an East Chicago policeman. Even worse for Dillinger, his girl friend had a girl friend — and one who was in trouble.

She was Ana Cumpanas, also known as Anna Sage, a brothel-keeper whom immigration agents, showing a fine distaste for her profession, wanted to deport back to her native Rumania. Anna didn't want to go, and she confided to Captain Timothy O'Neill and Sergeant Martin Zarkovich, of the East Chicago force, that she might be willing to offer up Dillinger as a sacrifice to the law if she could win herself a reprieve. On Saturday afternoon, July 21, 1924, Captain O'Neill telephoned this exciting information to Melvin H. (Little Mel) Purvis, a jockey-sized operative who was then in charge of the FBI's Chicago field office. A conference was held with Anna. Things began to roll.

Anna Sage told investigators that she often accompanied Polly Hamilton and Dillinger to small neighborhood theatres. They were going, she thought, the next night. She would wear a vivid red dress.

About 9 P.M. on July 22, lurking agents spotted "the woman in red" and recognized Dillinger as he bought the tickets at the Biograph Theatre box office. They clustered outside, waiting until the show was over and the trio came out. Then, as Dillinger and the two women

strolled past Purvis' parked car, the chief agent stretched out his hand and brought it down in a sweeping gesture, fist closed. It was the signal. Some fifteen agents started to close in. Dillinger instantly scented trouble. He cast one frantic glance about him, whirled and started to run toward the mouth of a nearby alley, clawing at his pocket for a gun. He never got it. The FBI fusillade rang out, and Dillinger crashed down — dead.

In such fashion did Dillinger become a prize exhibit in the FBI showcase in Washington — and a two-edged lesson for those who have the will to read. His case was not unique. Anyone who studies the cases of this, the FBI's most heroic period, the period when the image was being created, will find other examples that seem to conflict with the myth of perfection and infallibility.

In December, 1937, for example, a federal agent went out alone to spring a trap on an extortionist near Independence, Missouri, but he was badly riddled by a shotgun blast instead. The local sheriff was understandably annoyed when he learned of the incident only by reading about it in a newspaper, and he protested to Hoover that "a dangerous killer" had been allowed to escape because G-men weren't cooperating with local authorities. In the same year, the police chief in Topeka was similarly unhappy after the Topeka post office had been shot up when G-men tried to spring a trap there. Local police hadn't known anything about it until the two New York gunmen, whom the agents were trying to take, had shot their way out of the trap, killing an agent in the process. The next day the desperadoes were captured by a Nebraska sheriff and his brother without heroics, without fireworks.

Public Rat No. 1

Equally revealing in its way was the capture of Alvin Karpis, who at the time had top billing as Public Enemy No. 1. Karpis was wanted for a string of crimes, including murder and the $100,000 kidnaping of William Hamm, Jr., of St. Paul, Minn. Like Dillinger and "Pretty Boy" Floyd, he was a choice headline item, and Hoover had done nothing to detract from his prestige by calling him the head of the "shrewdest, most cold-blooded gang in America" and "Public Rat Number One." Hoover wasn't the only one who wanted to jug Karpis. In addition to local police, postal inspectors were on his trail because his gang had looted an Erie Railroad mail train in Ohio. The postal inspectors, according to the Postmaster General's subsequent report, scored first when, with Kansas state police, they nabbed one member of Karpis' mob in March, 1936. They redoubled their efforts to track down Karpis.

The Missing Manacles

This was the situation when Hoover, on one of the few occasions in his life, got into a head-butting contest with a Congressional committee. Senator Kenneth D. McKellar, of Tennessee, who had no love for Hoover, was chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, and in late April, 1936, he subjected Hoover to severe grilling. McKellar's theme was that Hoover had begun his career as a clerk and a lawyer and so had limited personal experience in actual detective work. At one point, he asked Hoover sarcastically whether Hoover had ever made an arrest. His face flushed with anger, Hoover acknowledged that he hadn't. "Boiling mad," as *Time* described him, Hoover returned to his office and demanded the latest reports on Karpis. The timing was perfect. Karpis had been located in New Orleans. Hoover grabbed a plane and a number of G-men and took off.

Much miffed afterwards, postal inspectors intimated that the G-men were acting on leads they'd developed. Hoover denied it, though he never has said just how he learned Karpis' exact address. In any event, one thing is indisputable: Hoover beat the postal inspectors to the punch.

It was the evening of April 30 when the plane bearing Hoover and his raiders swooped down on New Orleans. Hoover and his men sped to Karpis' apartment on Canal Street, and as luck would have it, there was Karpis himself just getting into his car with a companion. Hoover ran to the left side of the car and grabbed Karpis before he could reach for a rifle on the back seat.

Then, according to contemporary accounts, Hoover turned to his agents and ordered: "Put the cuffs on him, boys."

The order led to a mortifying discovery — nobody had thought to bring along any handcuffs. The result was that the No. 1 Public Enemy of the nation was trussed up with nothing more substantial than an agent's necktie. Hoover then directed his men to drive to the post office building, but it developed that the agents were all such strangers in New Orleans that none of them knew how to get there.

One account that quotes Hoover directly gives this byplay:

> "Mr. Hoover," broke in Karpis, who hadn't said a word up to then, "if you mean the new post office, I know where that is, because I was just goin' to rob it."
>
> Fortunately for the dignity of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, it was the old post office where the prisoners were to be taken, and we didn't have to accept the proffered guidance. We did, however, have to ask the way from a passing pedestrian . . . .

Uses of Statistics

These details, which might seem to indicate that even in this major headline case some of the FBI's arrangements were less than perfect, didn't all come out at the time. What was immediately obvious was that Hoover personally had made an important arrest and that, by doing so, he had neatly turned the tables on Senator McKellar. The arrest of Karpis was a dramatic answer to McKellar's gibe, and the red flush of embarrassment had been neatly transferred to the Senatorial face. The result: Hoover rode higher than ever.

He rode so high that almost nobody asked any questions about the claims he advanced concerning his agency's achievements. Hoover's method was simplicity itself. Kidnaping, for example, was a major preoccupation of the bureau. It was the offense that had put the FBI into the big-league crime-busting business; it was the offense to which the FBI, as a result, devoted a major portion of its attention and all-out effort. In his annual reports over a period of years, Hoover always heavily emphasized the fact that almost every kidnaping case had been solved. He may not have said so explicitly, but the clear implication was that the FBI had done the perfect clean-up job. Newspapers headlined this suggestion as fact, and nobody asked the obvious questions: Should all of the credit in these cases go to the FBI? What about the local police departments which worked on the same crimes? Did they, perhaps, in a great number of cases, furnish the vital clues?

Fun for the Tourist

Milton S. Mayer, in an article, "Myth of the G-Men," in *The Forum* for September, 1935, pointed out that the McElroy, Lindbergh and Weyerhaeuser kidnapings were broken by other agencies, not by the bureau. Two years later, Jack Alexander, in his *New Yorker* profile of Hoover, made acid note of the manner in which the FBI indoctrinated thousands of tourists in the belief that it alone had broken the Lindbergh case. Alexander described how an FBI guide, with a line of running patter and graphic physical exhibits, carried his gaping audiences right into the heart of the recreated chase for criminals. Elaborately prepared maps and charts, on which blinking lights picked out the course of action, helped to make each tourist feel like Dick Tracy, hard on the heels of the malefactor. Alexander described the over-all effect this way:

> The tourists also get the impression that the FBI has been responsible for the solution of most of the recent major crimes. In dilating upon the Lindbergh case, for example, the tour leader tells how "we" solved it, and directs attention to a large map of New York City on which the G-men, using colored pins, kept a geographical record of the trail of the spent ransom notes. No mention is made of the fact that New York police kept a similar map, or of the fact that Treasury agents really set the trap which caught Hauptmann. Perhaps few of the tourists realize that the ransom packets as originally made up by J. P. Morgan & Co. contained no gold notes, and that it was only because Treasury agents insisted that the packets were remade to include $35,000 worth of them. The passing of one of the gold notes at a filling station led directly to Hauptmann's arrest.

Even more striking than the Lindbergh case as examples of Hoover's publicity techniques were a couple of 1936 captures in which Hoover emphatically took all credit for the bureau and in which, almost as soon as he had, facts popped up that seemed most embarrassingly to contradict him.

The first contretemps arose over the May 11, 1936 arrest of Thomas H. Robinson, Jr. in Pasadena, California. Robinson had been the object of a nation-wide hunt as the kidnaper of Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll. When he was nabbed in his apartment with an arsenal of five guns around him, the United Press reported: "Hoover said . . . that the capture was entirely the result of work by FBI agents and that no tips had been received from any outside source which were of the slightest value in the hunt."

Tipster Tells All

The same day that newspapers were publicizing this claim by Hoover, the United Press tracked down a source who, it appeared, must have been of some slight value to the G-men. He was Lynn Allen, a lunch-counter manager in a Pasadena drug store, who told in graphic detail how, two weeks earlier, he had spotted the tall and swarthy Robinson masquerading as a fashionably dressed woman. "He (Allen) telephoned police. Police notified the G-men," the United Press reported succinctly. In a separate by-line story, the news agency carried Allen's own account of the manner in which he had become suspicious of Robinson, despite Robinson's sex-changing disguise. Allen wrote:

> The thing that attracted my attention was his extreme height. Only a few women as tall as 5 feet 11 or 6 feet come into the store. I started scrutinizing him carefully when I waited on him . . . . I remembered a description of Robinson. This man fitted the description even to a dimple on his chin and a disfigured ear. He was heavily painted, apparently to conceal the stubble on his face. The only time he spoke was when I asked him if he wanted grapefruit juice or orange juice. He said "Orange juice."
>
> His voice was that of a man, although he tried to conceal it by making it high-pitched. I called police as soon as possible and told them I believed I had seen Robinson. They brought me to the police station and after seeing the photographs there was no question in my mind that it was Robinson.

This account would seem to make it pretty clear that the G-men were assisted in pinpointing the very area in which Robinson was nabbed by Allen's tip, forwarded to them through local police channels.

Tenement Battle

Even more detailed and more specific in its refutation of an all-out claim by Hoover was the case of Harry Brunette. Brunette and his partner, Merle Vandenbush, had been hunted as suspects in a series of bank robberies. And after November 11, 1936, they had been wanted for kidnaping, too, for on that day, in escaping from Somerville, N. J., they had kidnaped State Trooper William A. Turnbull and held him prisoner for a short time. The kidnaping naturally made headline news, and the hounds of the law were soon hot on Brunette's trail. They ran him down just after midnight, early on the morning of December 15, 1936, when Hoover personally led a squad of ten agents in a raid on an apartment at 304 West 102nd Street, New York City, where Brunette had holed up.

The raid was not staged with maximum stealth. G-men began the action by trying to shoot the lock off Brunette's apartment door. Brunette, not taking kindly to the idea, grabbed his guns and shot back. Bullets began to ricochet around the walls of the apartment building where twenty families lived. Unable to outshoot Brunette, the federal agents began hurling tear-gas bombs, trying to smoke him out. One of the bombs set fire to the building. Firemen were summoned.

The fire-fighters found themselves caught in a cross-fire of bullets, and it seems a miracle none of them got killed. *Newsweek,* in describing the battle, wrote:

> Amid the hubbub, a flustered G-man poked a sub-machine gun at a husky fireman. "Dammit, can't you read?" growled the fireman, pointing at his helmet. "If you don't take that gun out of my stomach, I'll bash your head in." For thirty-five minutes, the shooting continued. Then a lull. "Give up, or we'll shoot," shouted a G-man —as if they had been throwing spitballs up to then. A young woman, the wife of Harry Brunette, staggered out, shot in the thigh. Then came the unharmed Brunette—twenty-five-year-old bank robber . . . .

The New York Times reported that both the New York City police and New Jersey State Police were incensed at Hoover for the manner in which the raid had been staged and accused him "of violating an agreement with them in order to steal the glory that was rightfully theirs." Hoover, asked about the charges, expressed mild surprise. He said everybody ought to be happy because a bad man had been caught, explained he'd written letters congratulating the other law departments for their "cooperation," insisted he'd never double-crossed anybody. Hoover refused to disclose, *The Times* said, how he had learned where Brunette was, but he did deny flatly that the information came "from any law-enforcement agency."

Police Fall Out

This denial quickly got some rough handling from Colonel Mark O. Kimberling, commander of the New Jersey State Police, and Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, of New York City, one of the most famous police executives in the country. Both Kimberling and Valentine, quoting directly from basic investigative reports, made it clear that their detectives located Brunette and that they had told the FBI the details only after they had Brunette under surveillance.

The first part of the investigation belonged to Colonel Kimberling's state troopers. A car had been left

in a Philadelphia garage and hadn't been called for. The garage people had notified police; they had thought the vehicle answered the description of the one used in the Turnbull kidnaping. Jersey troopers, informed of the suspicion, went to Philadelphia and dusted the car for fingerprints. They raised one showing that Vandenbush had been an occupant. More important, in the glove compartment, detectives found an old garage bill. The garage was located in New York City. And so Colonel Kimberling contacted Commissioner Valentine.

Taking up the recital at this point, Valentine supplied specific, step-by-step details of the hunt. According to *The Times,* he referred to daily and detailed detective reports. A number of detectives had been assigned to the case; garage employees had been questioned; they had identified pictures of Brunette and Vandenbush as the men who had used the car. More important, garage attendants recalled that they had seen the car parked on a lot on 105th Street and that Brunette had been known in the neighborhood as the boy friend of Arline LaBeau, who lived with her parents in an apartment there.

The detectives had followed this lead. They had learned that Arline LaBeau had recently married her boy friend. The newlyweds were understood to be living in an apartment of their own in the same general neighborhood. Hoping to spot them, Trooper Turnbull himself drifted about the area in plain clothes. The girl had been in the car with Brunette and Vandenbush when the trooper was kidnaped, and Turnbull felt sure he would recognize her. Luck was with him. He actually spotted Arline on the street, trailed her, but lost sight of her near 102nd Street.

At this point, Commissioner Valentine said emphatically, the FBI was notified that city detectives and New Jersey troopers had developed a lead in the Brunette case. But the investigation was still handled by New York and New Jersey detectives. The commissioner went back to reading his detailed reports.

The detectives had made a careful house-to-house canvass of 102nd Street. At 304 West 102nd, Detectives James Cotter and James A. O'Brien and Trooper Sgt. Gustave Albrecht of the New Jersey force had learned from the superintendent that a new couple had registered in the building under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lake. The super had identified a picture of Brunette as the man he knew as Lake.

Three-Way Pact

The detectives had made a careful study of the building. They had noted all possible means of escape. They had examined the physical layout of the Brunettes' apartment when the couple was out. They had set up a plant in another apartment inside the building. The Jersey troopers had set up another plant in an adjoining building from which they could watch the entrance. At this point, said Valentine, Hoover had been notified again—this time that the quarry had been run to earth and was being watched.

An ironclad agreement was made with the G-men, Valentine and Kimberling insisted. It provided that all information should be shared, that all three agencies would act in concert. After the pact had been concluded, there were some rumbles of discontent from the FBI, Valentine admitted, and as a result a conference, with all the agencies involved represented, had been held in New

York police headquarters on Monday afternoon. Again, after some argument, the G-men had agreed to concerted action and a specific time had been set for the raid — two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

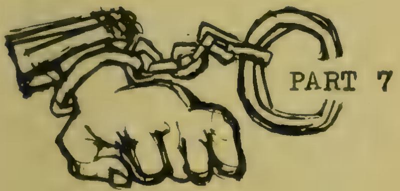
This time had been selected, Valentine explained, for two reasons: detectives were hopeful that, by watching Brunette's lair, they might catch Vandenbush, too, should Vandenbush come to visit Brunette; secondly, their surveillance had established that Brunette prowled by night, slept by day, and hence two o'clock in the afternoon appeared the ideal time to take him without trouble, without fireworks.

Ironic Epilogue

Notwithstanding this agreement, Hoover personally had led the G-men on the raid shortly after midnight—some fourteen hours before the agreed time. Detectives Cotter and O'Brien had left their plant for a coffee break, Valentine said, but Troopers Albrecht and Meade, of the Jersey force, were on watch. Startled when Hoover and his raiders showed up, they rushed out into the street to ask what he was doing, but, according to *The Times*, "he merely shrugged his shoulders, one of the police officers said." While Albrecht stayed on the scene remonstrating with Hoover, Meade dashed around the corner to drag Cotter and O'Brien from their coffee. By the time the three detectives got back, the G-men and Brunette were making war. Jack Alexander reported:

> An ironic epilogue to the raid was enacted two months later when the fugitive Vandenbush and two other hoodlums were captured by village police in Armonk. Vandenbush told his captors that he had come to 102nd Street to see Brunette just as the federal siege was starting and that he got so close to the excitement he could almost have leaned over and touched the Director on the shoulder. After rubbernecking in a crowd of other citizens for a few minutes, Vandenbush said, he strolled off. His captors received this message from Hoover: "Your work in apprehending Vandenbush constitutes a material contribution to the advancement of the cause of law enforcement." It had done all of that and more; it had furnished a striking lesson in contrasts. The rustic cops had not found it necessary to fire a shot or throw a single tear-gas bomb, despite the fact that the men they were stalking were armed and were trying to escape with $17,626 in loot. . . .

What was Hoover's explanation of all this? The record shows that newspapermen kept after him for several days. In contrast to the detailed reports of Kimberling and Valentine, Hoover spoke in generalities. He charged that the New York detectives, instead of taking a coffee break, had goofed off the job for four hours; one of his own agents, Hoover said, had seen Brunette on the street with a woman, evidently his wife, about midnight and had seen them go back into the 102nd Street building. So? As for the Jersey troopers, they couldn't see the front of the building adequately in the dark, Hoover said, ignoring the fact that they seemed to have spotted him quickly enough; and as for the charge that his men had fired "hundreds" of bullets, it wasn't so at all—they'd only fired sixty-two. As for the rest, it was all "unjustified and petty criticism," the New York and New Jersey cops were indulging in "kindergarten stuff," all that mattered was that the public had gotten its money's worth when the FBI grabbed Brunette—and anyway what was needed was less of this bickering and more genuine cooperation between local and federal law-enforcement agencies.



PART 7

EFFICIENCY — AND SCIENCE

JUST HOW efficient is the FBI? How does it compare, for example, with the little-publicized sleuths of the Secret Service, who have virtually eliminated the crime of counterfeiting and who guard the President? Or with the postal inspectors? Or agents of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics?

To ask such questions is to open up a vast and complex field of debate. In the popular mind, the FBI certainly overshadows all the other federal agencies put together. Pretty obviously, however, the popular impression is one that has been assiduously cultivated by the FBI itself; it is an impression based primarily upon the FBI's own estimation of its achievements. And self-appraisal never has been accepted as the most reliable aid to impartial judgment.

Because this is so, it is necessary to weigh many factors in trying to arrive at any balanced picture of the FBI. The personality of J. Edgar Hoover is a vital starting point, since he dominates the bureau so thoroughly that he determines almost single-handed what the public thinks of the bureau and even what the bureau thinks of itself. The nature and extent of the FBI's efforts at propagandizing itself are equally important, since these inevitably color the final popular opinion. The FBI's indubitably valuable contributions to the cause of scientific crime detection and better police work must be carefully considered, since these constitute an additional, vital realm of the bureau's functions. And finally the reliability of the bureau's figures and statistics must be weighed, since they are cited so often in substantiation of its claims to accomplishment.

Let's begin with the enigma presented by one of the most powerful men in America today, J. Edgar Hoover. A bachelor, he lived for years with his mother in the extremely modest family home in Washington, D.C., and after her death, he continued to live there alone. As Russell Turner wrote for the United Press in 1938, when Hoover's name had become a household word, the general public knew virtually nothing about the man himself. "His name has probably made more headlines than any other except President Roosevelt's," Turner wrote, "but those who know that he is a stamp and antique collector, that he is a baseball fan and an expert fisherman could be assembled in a small drawing room."

Turner described the Hoover of the thirties as "of medium height, inclined to stoutness, sharp-featured with coal-black curly hair. He speaks with sharp, clipped, staccato phrases. He dresses like a magazine fashion plate. Mr. Hoover's acquaintanceships are innumerable, but those who could be classified as intimate or close friends are few."

A Day With Hoover

A more detailed picture was drawn by Jack Alexander in his *New Yorker* profile:

> At home, in Washington, D.C., Hoover spends most of his free evenings puttering around in his study. He lives in the house in which he was born, a small stucco dwelling in the unpretentious Seward Square section. All about it are rows of similar dwellings, mouse-like in their lack of distinction and occupied mostly by government clerks and their families. In his study, Hoover is surrounded by paintings, etchings and bronzes, which he collects in a modest way. He reads all five of the Washington newspapers. His primary interest in them is the G-man strips and his favorites are "Dick Tracy," "Secret Agent X-9," and "War on Crime." He considers them highly important influences in creating a public distaste for crime and derives a keen inward satisfaction from seeing their flinty-jawed detective heroes prevail over evil. Among other types of newspaper strips, the one he likes best is "Tarzan." Hoover's book reading is apt to be of the inspirational type. He has read Emerson since boyhood, and in maturity [Hoover was then 42] has turned also to Vash Young and Edgar Guest, both of whose works he has in collected sets, and to Robert W. Service, the he-man poet. He also finds inspiration in "Verses I Like," a collection of poems which Major Bowes has read over the radio and which are described on the book-jacket as heart-warming. On the desk in the study is a framed copy of Kipling's "If." Hoover knows "If" by heart. His radio taste runs to softly-played dance music. If he happens to tune in a symphonic program accidentally, he will listen to it no longer than he has to, for the meaning of highbrow music has always evaded him.
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> At 8:30 in the morning a Pierce-Arrow sedan stops in front of the modest Seward Square house and with a brisk, military step, Hoover comes out and gets in. The sedan, which is a goverment car, rolls downtown and deposits him in the courtyard of the handsome classico-modern Department of Justice building, on whose fifth floor the FBI offices are located. The FBI is one of the most popular shrines in the capital for the tourist trade, and if Hoover happens to pass a sightseeing party in a corridor, he is likely to hear the tour leader point him out, not as Mr. Hoover, but, remotely and impersonally, as the Director.
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> The Director's office, the center of a felon-snaring web which covers the United States, is a large, stately room, carpeted in cherry red. From the doorway to the desk, which is at the opposite end of the room, is a walk of thirty or thirty-five feet. A few paces to the rear of the Director, as he sits down at his desk, are two tall brass standards, topped by brass eagles and clingingly embraced by furled American flags. Much of the Director's time is spent alone in the impressive quiet of this room, framed by the flags, and in other quarters than the underworld there is uneasiness over what he may be thinking. Some persons of liberal and leftish beliefs are uncomfortably reminded by the symbolic eagles, and the magnificent distance between door and desk, of the official lair of Mussolini. They cite this in support of a suspicion they have that the Director has Fascist leanings and is preparing himself to be the secret police chief and the spearhead of a Fascist dictatorship. The Director gets a wry amusement out of this. He insists that the idea of any non-democratic form of government for the United States, fascism included, is repellent to him, but he doesn't expect his critics to believe him, because, he says, they have "mental halitosis." He uses this difficult phrase for anyone who he thinks deliberately distorts his motives.

The picture that emerges seems to be that of a martinet, austere, lonely and dominating. It ties together with a couple of other facets of Hoover's personality that became apparent with the arrival of fame. He became a nightclub habitué, and he seemed to revel in reams of personal publicity. Were these perhaps compensations for the barrenness of his private life? Probably only a psychiatrist could give the answer, but about the facts themselves there can be little dispute.

At the Stork Club

Alexander pictures Hoover as a man so preoccupied with his work that he sometimes went about his nightclubbing in an almost grim fashion, as if determined to enjoy himself in spite of himself. His favorite stamping ground was New York's Stork Club, with whose proprietor, Sherman Billingsley, his relations certainly verged on friendship. Billingsley, Hoover and Paul Lockwood, at the time confidential secretary to Governor Dewey of New York, posed for one buddy-buddy picture that later was enlarged and prominently displayed in the Stork; and, as was revealed just a couple of years ago, when Billingsley applied for a pistol permit, he gave Hoover and Lockwood as his references. In the 1940 furor over the FBI, Representative Vito Marcantonio called Hoover "a Stork Club detective," and Westbrook Pegler held that this was "pretty good going, just as repartee" and added that, if Hoover would call Marcantonio "a Communist Congressman," the boys would be all even.

Agreeing that Hoover was "in a manner of speaking a nightclub fly-cop," Pegler went on to attack the FBI chief's propensity for personal publicity. The two things probably went together to some extent, for Hoover, by his nightclubbing, was thrown into constant contact with the gossip columnists who live off the salacious bits of scandal the nightclubs breed. Walter Winchell and Hoover, especially, formed quite an admiration society. Winchell built up Hoover in his columns, acted as an intermediary for Hoover in the nailing of Louis (Lepke) Buchalter, and in return—according to other newspapermen, at least, though Hoover and Winchell both deny it—was rewarded with some exclusive tips and tidbits of information culled from the FBI's vast repository.

Reluctant Dragon?

The inevitable result was the oft-expressed charge that Hoover was a publicity hound. This horrifies FBI spokesmen who have insisted repeatedly that nothing could be farther from the truth. Holtzoff in his 1940 correspondence with Mrs. Beard insisted that Hoover "does not share" the "common human failing" of liking publicity; in fact, wrote Holtzoff, Hoover actually shrinks with "unnecessary and undue modesty" from giving out good stories in the FBI files. Whitehead in *The FBI Story* similarly pictures Hoover as a man who actually detests personal glorification, but who embraced it reluctantly because he felt some counter-symbol was needed in the thirties to expose the phony glamour with which mobsters were gilded in the popular imagination. For this reason, says Whitehead, Hoover finally decided to promote the image of the G-man as the incorruptible fighter against crime. Alexander, in his much more balanced portrait, also accepts the thesis that Hoover at first shied from publicity. Hoover, he wrote, at first refused to cooperate with movie companies or fiction writers eager to promote the G-man symbol. Alexander adds: "But when he [Hoover] got thinking of it, he was unable to resist the temptation to capitalize on it. Somehow the Kansas City massacre had shocked the Director worse than anything that had happened before in that line." An all-out crusade against crime was needed, Hoover felt, and Alexander pictures his decision this way: "Someone had to become a symbol of the crusade, and the Director decided that, because of his position, it was plainly up to him. As he tells of it now, he was reluctant to accept the role because it meant sacrificing the personal privacy he had enjoyed before all the G-man excitement began, but he felt that he was not justified in refusing it simply because it was distasteful. So he accepted."

Hoover's self-portrait of Hoover as a reluctant dragon, accepted at face value by Whitehead and Alexander, might carry greater conviction if, in the subsequent years, Hoover had not exhibited such a marked disposition to resent criticism and to relish praise.

Even as Hoover labeled Cyrus Eaton's attack "vicious" and a "calculated distortion," even as he cheered the intimation that it was inspired by Communist sympathies, so in 1940, in speech after speech, did he belabor the critics of his bureau, who then included some of the most distinguished members of the Senate. "Un-American organizations," he said, were "smearing and discrediting" the FBI. "Foreign 'isms'" were seeking "to engulf Americanism." His critics were Communists whose charges were designed to "cover their own Trojan horse activities"; criticism of the FBI was "vicious, anti-American propaganda" and he vowed to get at "the truth of what is behind such untrue and utterly malicious rot."

Appetite for Praise

On the other hand, Hoover's appetite for praise was almost insatiable. Senator Norris told his colleagues of a Midwestern editor who "receives an average of one letter a week from Mr. Hoover. Whenever anything of a commendatory nature, or anything which could be construed as commendation of anything the FBI has done appears in the newspaper, the editor receives a letter of approval from Mr. Hoover." And Pegler, in more acid vein, wrote: "For a file of trashy personal publicity, he [Hoover] has permitted the prestige of his bureau to be exploited commercially by a personal following of self-elected junior G-men and himself to be identified in the public mind with gents-room journalism." Again: "Hoover's press apparently went to his head, and a quiet, efficient boss-cop became a celebrity and fight-night type. Cheap publicity began to appear about him, publicity of a romantic nature which any man can put a stop to if he is determined to do so."

Jack Alexander gags a bit when Hoover expressed delight at one outrageous puff. Alexander wrote:

> Many observers, including some of those who are friendly to the FBI and Hoover, deplore the publicity about it which first sprang up spontaneously and later was assiduously cultivated.
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> Last June *The Feds,* a pulpwood thriller magazine, began a series of articles about Hoover and his Bureau in which he was lionized as "Public Hero No. 1." Anyone who expected him to repudiate or ignore the puff must have been surprised to read in the September issue excerpts from a letter the publishers received from Hoover. In the letter, Hoover expressed himself as "particularly happy" about the series, which he described as one of the best treatises of its kind that he had ever read.

What Price By-line?

For more than twenty years now, publicity about Hoover and the bureau has poured out in a torrential stream of drama in which the old manhunts are told, retold and told again and again. Magazine articles, comic strips, speeches, books, movies, radio and television scripts — no medium has been overlooked in projecting the hero image of the bureau and its boss. This spate of propaganda is largely the work of a special publicity staff within the FBI. As long ago as 1938, public attention was focused briefly on the self-glorifying activities of the organization as the result of an acrimonious dispute between Hoover and Leon G. Turrou, special agent in charge of the New York office. Hoover fired Turrou when the latter committed the *lèse majesté* of writing his own memoirs about a Nazi spy hunt he had directed. The bureau pointed out that Turrou had violated an oath all agents take not to disclose any information gained while in service.

Turrou replied that he was doing only what Hoover himself had done all along, asked whether a rule that applied to the hired hand shouldn't also apply to the boss, and even aroused the chairman of the Republican National Committee to come to his defense. Turrou charged that Hoover maintained a full-time staff of half-a-dozen men, "camouflaged as a research division," who actually were "doing nothing else but preparing articles, books and so forth to be used under Hoover's name. . . . " The Turrou charges sparked some curiosity in the press. One survey showed that Hoover's "popularity as a crime writer [is] such . . . that he can name his own figure for an article. His annual income from his writings has been estimated in five figures. This year, with the sale of his new book, *Persons in Hiding,* to the movies, his profits might be expected to run into six figures."

Alexander and others have reported since that Hoover refuses to profit personally by his writings. Sometimes, according to Alexander, he has refused all payment; on other occasions, the money earned has been turned over to charity or to departmental benefit funds. Hoover insisted to Alexander that he would never agree to benefit personally from the crusade against crime and that he was content to live on his salary, then a mere $10,000.

Growth of an Image

The persistent activities of Hoover's energetic publicity staff continued, however, to occasion some comment, and two years later Senator Norris, in a long speech in the Upper House, declared that Hoover "has an organization, maintained at public expense, writing speeches for him to make or for anyone else to make who will take the speeches. . . . No organization that I know of meets in Washington without having some person appear before it to tell what a great organization the FBI is. The greatest man of all, who stands at the head of it, never made a mistake, never made a blunder. In his hands lie the future and the perpetuity of our institutions and our Government. All such organizations adopt resolutions of commendation of this great man."

Norris was concerned— and rightly, it would seem—with the size of the image that was being impressed indelibly, by over-emphasis and reiteration, upon the retina of the public mind. But another detrimental aspect of Hoover's unrestrained publicity campaign struck Alexander, who wrote:

> The ways of the FBI have been so exhaustively publicized, in the writings of Hoover and in books and articles by outsiders published with his blessing, that a moderately literate criminal ought to be able to avoid capture indefinitely. The books and articles, by implication, tell him what mistakes to shun, and some of them, in addition, give him an interesting slant on himself which he would be unlikely to reach by introspection. For example, one of Hoover's prides is a modus-operandi file, something which describes the characteristic touches by which the techniques of specific public enemies may be recognized. In cases in which none of the witnesses is able to identify the criminals from rogues'-gallery photographs, the G-men are frequently able to identify them from descriptions of their handiwork. Thus it is possible to get started immediately on the trail of thugs who think they have made a clean getaway and who are therefore apt to be careless. But a criminal who takes the time to read *The Feds* or *Farewell, Mr. Gangster!,* a book about the FBI published last year with a foreword by Hoover, can learn all about the modus-operandi file. Then, unless he is immune to suggestion, the wisdom of varying his technique from time to time must inevitably occur to him.
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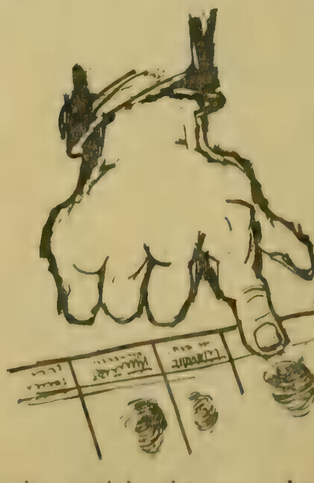
> The FBI policy of disclosing how it works differs sharply from the secrecy which often federal detective bureaus, notably the postal inspectors and the Treasury units, throw about their activities. No one learns how the Secret Service guards the President, and only rarely, usually through local police sources, does the public learn how it catches counterfeiters, how the postal inspectors trap perverters of the mails, or how the Treasury agents discover those who defraud the government of revenue. When these agencies work in conjunction with local police, they withdraw after a capture and let the police tell the story. In informed circles, their detective work is rated above that of the FBI. Their style resembles the homely style of first-rate police detectives, who dislike gunfire and tear gas and prefer to get a fugitive by slipping in quietly by way of the fire escape while he is visiting his mother.

This impression of a careful and astute reporter certainly should be kept in mind in trying to reach any final evaluation of the FBI. In the same manner, one must consider what is perhaps Hoover's greatest claim to fame—his foresight in establishing and his activity in promoting, on a scale never before attempted in America, high scientific standards in detective work.

A World of Whorls

The scientific achievements of the FBI under Hoover fall into three main categories: the establishment of a huge fingerprint collection, a principal resource of every police department in the nation in tracking down criminals; the creation of a skilled laboratory to make the most delicate of scientific tests on minute physical clues; and the establishment of the National Police Academy, which trains selected officers from departments throughout the country in the latest scientific methods.

All are Hoover's creations. On the fingerprint collection alone, he must share partial credit with others, but he is certainly the man who gave the technique its present great importance. The value of prints, no two of which have ever been found to be exactly alike, had been long accepted in Europe and by the principal law-enforcement agencies in this country before Hoover became



director of the bureau in 1924. The police chiefs of the country had wanted a national clearing house for prints, and a couple of centralized collections had been made. Burns, when he was head of the bureau, had brought these files to Washington and had attempted to establish a fingerprint center but had run into opposition in Congress. Hoover, taking over from Burns and with the support of his superiors in the Attorney General's office, got the appropriations to set up an Identification Division. Some 800,000 of the old prints that had been placed in storage were sorted out and filed as a starter, and Hoover began a nation-wide publicity campaign to get local departments to send him the prints of all arrested men.

The advantages of a central fingerprint bureau are obvious and have been demonstrated in thousands of cases during the years. Take an example of basic simplicity. A man calling himself John Johnson is arrested in Seattle, Washington, in an armed holdup; his prints are taken by local police and forwarded to the FBI in Washington, D.C.; a check of FBI files shows that John Johnson is really Everett Smith, who has been sought for murder ever since his prints were lifted from a car used in a ride-killing in Boston. Thus a murder is solved, a hunt is ended, simply because the FBI fingerprint nerve center could connect two crimes an entire continent apart.

Scotland Yard's Method

The Identification Division is open around the clock, with service available to police departments throughout the nation at all times. If speed is essential, prints can be transmitted to the department on a device known as the Speedphoto Transceiver, similar to the equipment used by news agencies to transmit pictures to newspapers, and an answer can be sent back within a matter of minutes.

The only criticism that has ever been made of the bureau's fingerprinting activities stemmed from Hoover's urge to gather more and more prints, to amass the most colossal fingerprint collection in the world. Tourists passing through FBI headquarters were urged at the end of the tour to let themselves be fingerprinted. Women's clubs, business and civic groups, even school organizations have been encouraged to conduct local campaigns for fingerprinting. In 1936, the bureau publicized, for example, that it had acquired the prints of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Edgar Guest and Walt Disney; and it urged everyone to follow these distinguished examples and be fingerprinted. The result of this campaign, conducted over a period of years, was that by mid-1956, according to Whitehead, the bureau had 141,231,773 fingerprints on file. Of these, 29,215,596 prints representing 11,336,712 persons, were in the criminal file; the remainder, 112,016,177 representing 60,753,062 persons, were in the separately-kept civil file.

This all-out effort to corral every fingerprint in existence contrasts rather sharply with the emphasis placed upon prints by that other famous police agency, Scotland Yard. There the effort is concentrated in the other direction — to weed out prints, to keep the collection down to manageable and efficient size. Sir Harold Scott, commissioner of London's Metropolitan Police, pointed up the contrast in his book, *Scotland Yard,* written in 1954:

> The main fingerprint collection at Scotland Yard, consisting of the prints of all ten fingers, includes more than a million and a quarter, and increases at the rate of 50,000 a year. Although the collection is weeded out regularly by removing the prints of people who have died or have reached an age when they are unlikely to indulge in further serious crime, an even more drastic weeding is necessary, and as soon as enough staff is available, all cards relating to offenders who have not come to notice for thirty or even twenty years will be removed. This will involve some risk of missing an occasional case, but in the interests of speed and efficiency that is a risk which must be faced. In any event, the weeded forms are not destroyed but only removed to a "dead" section.

What, then, is the purpose of the FBI's nearly-universal fingerprint collection? Liberal thinkers have been suspicious of it, insisting that fingerprinting of an entire population would be one of the best means by which a police state could keep tabs on its people. This danger, if danger it is, remains potential. Hoover insists that the argument is a lot of tommyrot. What has an innocent, law-abiding citizen to fear? he asks. On the other hand, he argues, fingerprints are a protection to the citizen. They have been used to identify victims of amnesia and return them to their homes and families; they have been used to identify the bodies of disaster victims who, otherwise, would have gone to unmarked graves. Such uses, as the FBI sees it, justify the mammoth collection.

The files in the criminal fingerprint section, aside from their value in catching crooks, have proved over the years to have another use. Local police departments, in weighing candidates for appointment, take their prints and check them through the FBI's criminal fingerprint collection. In an amazing number of cases, the fingerprint check establishes that men who have been arrested for breaking the law are the same ones who want to acquire the right to wear the uniform.

Prints and the WPA

One of the major disputes over this kind of fingerprint check arose in New York City during WPA days. The fingerprinting of all WPA workers was ordered, and in two years, according to Whitehead, some 46,663 sets of WPA fingerprints were checked through FBI files. Of these, 4,205 persons were identified as having criminal records, 2,506 of them for serious crimes. "Of persons applying for jobs as watchmen or as workers in the child recreation program," Whitehead writes, "some fifty had previous records of sex crimes."

This is the positive side of the picture. On the other side, a fingerprint record sometimes scars and hounds a man who has atoned for a long-ago transgression. Lowenthal, in his critical analysis of the FBI, cites this example:

> The FBI meticulously checked all persons connected with such depres-

sion-period agencies as the WPA, and reported all cases in which it found an adverse record. An example was the case of a man who had been in the Rainbow Division in World War I, had been sent back to the United States after being wounded in battle, had lost his wife in childbirth, had gone from his home in Brooklyn to Detroit looking for a job, and had there bought a ring on the instalment plan and pawned it to raise fare for his return home. The young man was sentenced to prison and served time. This was his only offense. Twenty years later, the FBI traced his criminal record and reported it to the WPA, with the result that he lost his WPA job. In the meantime he had become a construction engineer, was the father of two grown daughters, and the head of his American Legion Post.

Test-Tube Detection

Not as well known as the Identification Division but equally important in furnishing the scientific solution of many crimes is the work of the FBI laboratory, established on a shoe-string basis in November, 1932. Large city and state police departments, of course, have their own scientific laboratories, but for many smaller departments the FBI laboratory is a godsend — and the final, authoritative word on the scientific evidence connected with a crime. By ballistics tests, guns can be fired and linked — or not linked — to a murder; a fleck of blood on clothing can be analyzed and identified as either human or animal; a bit of hair clutched in a dying fist can often be traced to the head from which it came; type specimens of virtually every known make of American typewriter, and many foreign makes as well, are indispensable in tracking manuscripts to their source; some 42,000 different watermarks help to identify and trace paper; treads of every tire turned out by Canadian and American manufacturers enable detectives to link a specific car to a specific crime. This is only a fragmentary list, but enough to show the importance of the emphasis Hoover has placed on the scientific side of crime detection.

In extension of this interest, the FBI director in 1935 established the National Police Academy. In its first twenty-one years, the academy gave training courses to more than 3,200 law-enforcement officials, and Whitehead's breakdown shows that 28 per cent of these have since climbed "to positions as executive heads of their departments with such titles as chief of police, sheriff, and state police chief." The training given by the Academy has been credited with raising the standards of local police work, and it has the additional advantage, from the FBI's standpoint, that the bureau acquires influential contacts in local departments. An important example of this is New York's Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy, a product of the FBI school.

These scientific functions of the FBI under Hoover certainly represent major achievements. They have contributed greatly during the years to better law enforcement. This seems indisputable. It is, of course, the FBI's own view of its achievements; but in the scientific field, its claims appear valid.

Over-All Evaluation

What, then, is one to think in trying to reach some over-all evaluation of the agency? The FBI, as Cyrus Eaton said on the Mike Wallace show, has certainly had a "tremendous buildup." It has, indeed, "enjoyed wonderful propaganda and sold itself in a marvelous way." Recognizing this, is there any way to arrive at some sound, scientific basis for judgment?

There is just one important guidepost to the answer to this question. More than twenty years ago the Brookings Institution, of Washington, D.C., was hired by a Senate committee headed by Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, to make an impartial survey and comparison of all federal law-enforcement agencies. The institution's findings are to be found in a volume it published in 1937, entitled *Crime Control by the National Government*, written by A. C. Millspaugh of the Brookings staff.

Anyone who has become conditioned during the years to accept Hoover's statement that the FBI achieves from 94 to 97 per cent of convictions in its cases, a nearly perfect batting average, will almost certainly be shocked at the Brookings Institution's findings for the 1935-36 period. Instead of accepting the Hoover statement, the Brookings researchers cross-checked with the reports of federal attorneys, as incorporated in the U. S. Attorney General's own report, on the disposition of cases developed by the different federal detective agencies. It found that the FBI's record of convictions for the 1935-36 period was 72.5 per cent — trailing, in fact, the Narcotics Bureau, the Secret Service Division, the Alcohol Tax Unit, the Post Office Inspection Service and the Internal Revenue Bureau. The only agency that ranked below the FBI in percentage of convictions was the Customs Bureau, with 71.5 per cent.

Concerning the reliability of the FBI's statistics, Millspaugh wrote:

> For example, the Bureau of Investigation states that 117 persons were convicted in the federal courts in 1935-36 under the federal bank-robbery statute and only three persons were acquitted. In the same official report, the Attorney General's statistics show only 114 defendants tried for national-bank-robbery, only fifty-three convicted, and no less than thirty-one acquitted. Again, in his testimony before the House Appropriations Committee in January, 1937, the Director of the Bureau of Investigation stated that "the percentage of convictions obtained by the bureau in cases which we investigated was 94.35." Although this figure apparently represents the percentage of defendants who were not acquitted after trial, in order to obtain it the cases which were otherwise disposed of must be treated as if convictions had been obtained. As we have seen, the percentage actually convicted was 72.5.

The Brookings Institution pointed out also that the FBI's statistics on its own performance were greatly improved by the practice of taking credit for a tremendous amount of work performed by other agencies. A major factor for years in boosting FBI figures has been the recovery of stolen automobiles that have been driven or shipped across state lines. Relevant to this, the Brookings Institution sharply criticizes the bureau's 1935-36 figures, as follows: "In a considerable number of cases attributed to federal agencies, a part — in some cases a substantial part — of the work of investigation, apprehension and collection of evidence is performed by other law-enforcement agencies, federal, state and local. For example, of the 3,905 convictions reported to have been obtained by the Bureau of Investigation in the fiscal year 1936, 1,570 or 40.2 per cent were under the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act; and it would seem that in many cases substantial assistance must have been rendered by state and local law-enforcement officers."

In one prophetic paragraph, the Brookings report turned a searchlight upon the question of propaganda. "In order to obtain the appropriations which they consider necessary, a law-enforcement agency, like any other administrative service, finds itself between the horns of a dilemma," Millspaugh wrote. "On the one hand, it must reveal tangible accomplishments; on the other, it must show its inadequacy. It must report progress, but not too much; for, if it demonstrates that its problems are disappearing, it will be arguing in effect for a cut in its appropriations. Government bureaus rarely do that."

Need for a Menace

In other words, to justify a huge police bureaucracy, there must always be a menace. If one menace is killed off, or nearly so, it is vital to the cause of self-preservation to convince press, public and legislators that it has been replaced by another that is even more dangerous. The FBI shifts of emphasis in the years since the Brookings report was issued underline the prescient nature of the researchers' observations. The kidnaping menace was supplanted by the bank-robbery menace; this in turn yielded the stage to sabotage and espionage; and these were supplanted by the menace of internal subversion. And now juvenile delinquency and, just possibly, the interlockings of really big-league crime offer new and fertile fields of endeavor.

The technique employed by Hoover in shocking the public into awareness of the current menace was analyzed by Millspaugh in two biting paragraphs, buried far in the back of the Brookings report, that escaped the attention of the press at the time and seem to have been almost ignored. They read:

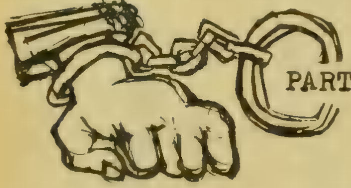
> The Director of the Bureau of Investigation referred in March, 1936, to the "armed forces of crime which number more than three million active participants." Three months later he stated that "the criminal standing army of America" numbered 500,000, "a whole half-million of armed thugs, murderers, thieves, firebugs, assassins, robbers and holdup men." About six months afterward he gave the total criminal population as 3,500,000, and the number of crimes as 1,500,000. Five months later he stated that 4,300,000 persons were engaged *by day and by night* in the commission of felonies, and estimated that 1,333,526 major felonies were committed in the United States during the year 1936. In these estimates, he refers only to major infractions and disregards "the millions of petty crimes which are often not even reported, the pilfering of possessions from an automobile, the theft by a servant of a few dollars, the filching of supplies from commercial houses, the stealing of trinkets from the desks of office employees."
>
> What is the basis of his estimates of the criminal population? Presumably, convictions and records of arrest. In an address about a year ago, he stated that "the files of the Bureau of Investigation show that there are actually three million convicted criminals. Beyond this there are enough more with police records to demonstrate that an average of one out of every twenty-five persons in the United States of America has at least had his brush with law-enforcement agencies and is inclined toward criminality." In the same address he declared that "there are today in America 150,000 murderers roaming at large"; but it appears from the Uniform Crime Reports [issued by Hoover's own FBI] that in 987 cities with a total population of 35,450,666 the police were cognizant of only 3,582 cases of criminal homicide, and, of these, 2,936 or 81.9 per cent had, according to the police, been cleared by arrest.

This analysis would seem to demonstrate in devastating fashion that, when the director of the FBI takes the stump to expatiate on the horrors of crime, he gets carried away by his theme until his figures lose all contact with reality. But this, of course, is precisely the point. The infallible policeman should never be out of touch with reality. Just how often such exaggerations have been accepted by press and public as gilt-edged facts because Hoover uttered them, it is impossible to say; for, in the last twenty years, there has never been another thorough and impartial study like the Brookings survey and the record that has been accepted is the record as the FBI says it is. One indication, however, that FBI figures should still be subjected to critical evaluation was provided by *The New Yorker* magazine in the spring of 1958. The publication had been shocked by a headline in *The New York Times* reading "Youths Charged with Nearly Half Major Crimes in '57, the FBI Reports." The headline was based on the FBI's annual crime survey in the nation, and a little deductive reasoning by *The New Yorker* developed this picture:

> If you took a "group of serious crimes classified separately—murder, manslaughter, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny, and auto theft," the FBI reported, "those under eighteen made up 47.2 per cent of persons arrested for such crimes."
>
> "Separately" to us seemed to mean "singly," or "one by one." We were astonished that JDs [juvenile delinquents] had committed 47.2 per cent of all murders, 47.2 per cent of all aggravated assaults, and the rest. In the next paragraph, though, it developed that "separately" referred to "group of serious crimes," which was to be considered separately from another group of (more, less, equally) serious crimes, not listed. In the group of serious crimes separately considered as a group, the FBI had taken the percentage of persons arrested for each type of crime who were under eighteen, and then averaged all the percentages. Sixty-seven per cent of the persons arrested for auto theft during 1957, for example, were under

eighteen. Auto theft is and has always been a typically adolescent crime; adolescents take autos because they are too young to own any themselves or to have driving licenses, and in most cases the autos are found within a week. Thus the 67 per cent figure is not very exciting news. Six per cent of the persons arrested for murder were under eighteen. If you average 67 and 6, it is plain that 36.5 per cent of the persons arrested for auto theft and murder, considered separately as a group of serious crimes, were under eighteen. This sounds more ominous; the 36.5 might give the fast reader an impression that one out of every three murders, like one out of every three auto thefts, was committed by a JD. Actually, if you cut burglary — which technically includes breaking into a locked summer house at the shore — larceny, and auto theft off the end of the separately considered group, the JDs come out inconspicuously. For instance, they have been arrested for 9 per cent of all aggravated assaults (which is far too much, of course), but that doesn't make as good a subhead as "nearly half." The facts are disquieting enough; nobody has to improve on them with statistics.

Such are the elements that must be considered before one concludes that the FBI is incapable of fault, incapable of serious errors in the name of justice. If the evidence is insufficient to pinpoint precisely the exact degree of the bureau's reliability and efficiency, it is certainly abundant enough to indicate that the FBI, especially with its own flagrantly active publicity setup, should not be accepted blindly at its own evaluation. And the exaggerations in which it and its director have indulged would indicate that a degree of caution—a quality noticeably absent in the attitudes of the American press and public — should be brought into play before the FBI is put upon a pedestal above the Supreme Court.



PART 8

THE BIG ONES GET AWAY

ON SEPTEMBER 29, 1935, J. Edgar Hoover announced, in the words of *The New York Times*, "a national campaign against racketeers comparable to the successful drive against perpetrators of violent crimes." Hoover had just returned to Washington from a "bird-dog expedition" to New York, where he had spent several days sniffing out possible violations of federal law. The rackets, he estimated, were costing New York businesses alone $50 million annually. A blanket of super-secrecy was being thrown about the new FBI racket drive, *The Times* reported, but agents all over the country were sending information to headquarters. In May, 1936, in the flush of victory after his personal capture of Karpis, Hoover denounced "the link of the so-called underworld to politics," which he said was the real "Public Enemy No. 1." And later in the same month, announcing that only one kidnaper remained at large, he indicated again that the G-men were going to concentrate on the big rackets and racket ties to politics.

On June 11, 1958, Hoover's new chief in the Justice Department, Attorney General Rogers, declared in a speech in Chicago that crime was costing the country $20 billion annually; organized rings, he said (telling the public nothing that hadn't been reported in eight-column headlines for years), were reaping a harvest by maintaining remote control over lucrative rackets. The Department of Justice, however, was going to set matters straight; it had undertaken a long-range campaign aimed at wiping out syndicates and jailing top racketeers.

In the context of these two statements, separated by more than twenty years, it seems fair to ask: What happened in the interim?

The inevitable answer has to be: Not much.

The FBI scored its greatest successes over the stumble-bums of crime — the trigger-happy desperadoes, the vicious kidnapers who were usually lone wolves and often rank amateurs. But with rare exceptions — Al Capone and Lepke Buchalter are two — it did not curb the dark emperors of the underworld. In these years of the FBI's dominance, the Syndicate perfected an organization that gave gangland virtual status as a forty-ninth state. Frank Costello reigned untouched until his nervously twitching fingers were exposed to the gaze of millions by the Kefauver Committee's television cameras. Even after his downfall, the Syndicate continued doing business as usual. It cut itself in on the lush Las Vegas gambling revenues. It went into virtual partnership with Dictator Fulgencio Batista in Cuba. And in November, 1957, it demonstrated the extent and nature of its organization by rallying sixty mobsters to a national crime conclave in a hilltop mansion at Apalachin, N. Y.

The evidence seems indisputable that, whatever happened to the stooges, the real powers of the underworld flew high, wings unclipped by the FBI. This is a picture shockingly different from the publicity-induced image. Didn't Attorney General Cummings proclaim in the thirties that the FBI, with its broadened powers, was going to get the big shots of the underworld? But, as was pointed out at the time, his conception of what constituted a big shot was schoolboyish.

Enter the Syndicate

The extensive powers bequeathed to the FBI by the first Roosevelt Congress in 1934 were predicated upon the idea, valid enough in itself, that crime was becoming interstate in character; that the automobile and the airplane gave gangsters mobility, enabled them to commit a crime and then hop across state lines to far-distant hideouts. For this reason, the FBI was specifically given jurisdiction in cases in which a person crossed a state line to avoid prosecution or to avoid giving testimony — a sweeping provision that, it would seem, would cover a multitude of cases and would embrace, if the effort were made, most of the major activities of the Syndicate.

But Attorney General Cummings and Hoover himself weren't so much concerned at the time with the secretive and important machinations of the underworld; they were preoccupied with the obvious, the sensational, the spectacular. In speech after speech, Cummings proclaimed the thesis that huge underworld gangs had been built up by bootlegging millions in Prohibition days, which was true; and that these gangs, deprived by repeal of bootlegging as a source of livelihood, were turning to kidnaping — a patently false and ridiculous theory.

As Milton Mayer pointed out in his *Forum* article:

> Kidnaping is largely an amateur sport. Unlike bootlegging, it is desperate and dangerous. It attracts two kinds of men: nuts and the kind of person who shoots up banks. It does not attract the kind of man who peddles illicit goods or murders fellow hoodlums for hire under the tolerant eye of both police and public. "Good" criminals, the foundation blocks of the underworld, avoid it because it is a one-shot racket; kidnaping is easier to solve than any other major crime; the life of a "kidnaping gang" has never been shown to be more than one kidnaping.

William Seagle in *Harper's* phrased the same thought this way: "The opinion of at least the New York Police Department is that kidnaping is an amateur crime, and this impression is certainly borne out by most of the front-page stories of kidnapings. . . . It is true that the record of the Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice has been very brilliant in the kidnaping cases in which it has assumed jurisdiction. But it has been conveniently forgotten that the record of local police forces has been brilliant too, the Lindbergh case to the contrary notwithstanding."

Business As Usual

Time has proved the validity of these analyses. The famous kidnapers were not the big names of the underworld. Hauptmann was an impoverished carpenter; Angelo John LaMarca, recently executed for the kidnap-murder of the Weinberger baby on Long Island, was an impecunious laborer driven to the border of insanity by the crushing pressure of debts. The record of the years makes it obvious that the dreaded powers of gangdom, the men who directed vast enterprises and held life and death in their hands — Lucky Luciano, Vito Genovese, Costello, Joe Adonis, Dandy Phil Kastel, Albert Anastasia, Meyer Lansky — never were so stupid as to mess with a cheap thug's crime like kidnaping. While the FBI was garnering its headlines with its successful pursuit of kidnapers and its gun battles with the Dillingers and the Floyds and the Nelsons, the really big-league operators of the underworld continued to amass their untold millions, their rackets in such lucrative fields as narcotics, the numbers, bookmaking and gambling casinos that rivaled the plush of Monte Carlo—and ran as openly.

Some of these enterprises, of course, were intrastate in nature and so beyond the pale of federal prosecution. But many more were not. Indeed, it would seem that the majority of the Syndicate's maneuvers violated the sanctity of state lines and made it, in one way or another, a sitting-duck for federal police agents really eager to join battle with the masterminds of crime. For example, it is a virtual axiom in law-enforcement circles that the big gang murders of the last twenty years have involved cross-continental planning. If a Bugsy Siegel is to be bumped off in California, a Willie Moretti in New Jersey, an Albert Anastasia in New York City, it is a cinch that the triggerman is not a home-grown product, but an imported expert who runs little danger of recognition. And once the bloody deed is done, the murderer hops car and plane and is speedily away, not across one state line but many. No clearer opportunity could be offered — under the provision of crossing state lines either to escape prosecution or to avoid giving testimony — for the vigorous entry by the FBI into the difficult field of big-time criminal prosecutions, the kind of prosecutions that would really matter. Yet the FBI, which has built up its statistics with the stolen cars recovered in interstate commerce, has seen fit only on extremely rare occasions to inject itself into the hunt for interstate syndicate murderers.

Capone an Exception

One of the notable exceptions was Al Capone. The notorious czar of Chicago gangdom had ruled untouched throughout the Prohibition era, and his mob had chalked up a gory tally of more than 200 murders before the FBI, in 1929, put the first crimp in his career. The immediate reason for intervention was that Capone had failed to answer a subpoena to appear as a witness in Chicago in a Prohibition case. Capone argued, with a doctor's affidavit to support him, that he had been too ill to appear; but the FBI's investigation showed that, at the time he was supposed to have been bedridden, he had been enjoying himself at the races and even taking off by air to the Bahamas. A contempt of court charge was lodged against Capone, the first of numerous legal troubles. He was subsequently arrested for carrying a gun in Pennsylvania, and the sleuths of the Internal Revenue Service ultimately put the seal on his career when they nailed him on an income-tax rap and sent him up for ten years.

Capture by Radio

The other exception to the FBI's generally inconsequential record in the field of big-league crime is Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. Lepke's had been a dread name in the New York underworld for years; he sat in the inner council of Eastern crime; his mob reputedly extorted a million dollars from the bakery industry alone. Yet he had led the charmed life of the untouchable until, in the late 1930s, Dewey began to ride herd on the New York rackets. Dewey wanted Lepke's scalp in the worst way, and the city of New York posted a $25,000 reward for his capture. Even with this inducement Lepke wasn't to be found, and it was obvious to any schoolboy that he was a fugitive beyond the pale of New York's jurisdiction. And so the FBI stepped in. It announced it, too, would pay $25,000 if information leading to Lepke's capture came to it *first;* otherwise, all it would dish out would be its standard $5,000 reward for the apprehension of a top fugitive.

This was the situation when Walter Winchell came to the aid of Hoover. He pleaded on his radio program for Lepke to give himself up. The indications are that Lepke, fearing the feds less than he did Dewey, was only too happy to oblige provided he could make a deal. He contacted Walter Winchell, was assured he wouldn't be double-crossed by being handed over to Dewey if he surrendered, and so on August 24, 1939, at a designated rendezvous, Lepke walked up to Winchell's car, sat down beside the columnist and was driven away to be delivered personally to Hoover.

Federal agents questioned Buchalter for hours and finally held him on a narcotics rap. New York's Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia and the local gendarmes were furious because they learned of these interesting developments only by reading their morning newspapers. Dewey, too, was considerably put out because his detectives were firmly barred from the presence of the prisoner. The only way he could get access to Lepke, Dewey was told, was to develop some charge that would take precedence over the federal narcotics case. Ultimately, Dewey did just that. He had Lepke indicted for murder, tried him, convicted him and sent him to the electric chair in Sing Sing.

To generations reared in the comfortable belief that the FBI represents the Nemesis of crookedness in every form, it may seem incredible that the scalps of Al Capone and Lepke Buchalter represent virtually the only exhibits the bureau has to offer in the really top echelon of crime. But so it is. The names of Costello, Adonis, Luciano, Anastasia do not even appear in *The FBI Story*. Yet the national ramifications of the Syndicate would seem to have offered some ideal opportunities for an alert and eager federal law-enforcement agency to lay some major demons by the heels. Take, for example, the history of the interstate New York-New Jersey gangland operation that ran brazenly, openly, in utter contempt of all law, during the entire decade of the 1940s.

Bridge to Crime

The peculiar geography, the colossal wealth and the temporary political climate of New York City were the factors that led the Syndicate to create a bi-state capital of Eastern crime. Dewey and La Guardia had made Manhattan uncomfortable for the hoods; William O'Dwyer in Brooklyn picked up the Dewey formula of crusading to political success and exposed the macabre, incredible story of Murder Inc., the enforcement arm of gangdom. O'Dwyer's probe stopped at the threshold of the throne room where Albert Anastasia, known throughout the underworld as the Lord High Executioner, ruled the sadistic thugs of Murder Inc. It was a strategic pause that made O'Dwyer no less a local hero and that naturally gratified the only slightly-inconvenienced Anastasia.

The boss of murderers moved his operations just a short hop away, across the George Washington Bridge to northern New Jersey where, atop the beautiful Palisades, he set up home and shop. Joe Adonis, another major power in the Brooklyn rackets, joined him there, and the activities of this grim pair were supplemented by two ambassadors of crime who already had been tilling the Bergen County pastures — Willie and Solly Moretti, widely and justly famed as smoothies with solid-gold local contacts.

The setup was perfect for the Syndicate. New York throughout the forties was bulging with the financial loot of war profits and post-war boom. The Syndicate could not be expected to let such a fat cow go bleating in pain from not being milked, especially when the solution was so ridiculously easy. A string of gambling casinos was established throughout the Bergen County countryside, a fleet of gleaming Cadillacs with liveried chauffeurs was maintained in New York, and nightly the Cadillac parade crossed the bridge to Jersey, ferrying the well-heeled suckers to the Syndicate's houses of lost chance.

This interstate traffic was not a secret. Mayor LaGuardia, his voice rasping on the radio, proclaimed frequently that the "tinhorns" (what a misnomer!) had been driven "across the bridge to Jersey." Newspapers headlined the fact. On one occasion, during the gasoline-rationing days of World War II, federal agents from the Office of Defense Transportation checked up on the suspicious stream of Jersey-bound Cadillacs and found themselves being led right to the door of a gambling hall. This was a much-publicized discovery, though of course all the gambling paraphernalia had been whisked away by the time Jersey cops poked dilatory noses into the scene.

Banking the Haul

Nothing happened to interfere with the gangland paradise in New Jersey's Bergen County, fed by literally millions in revenue from the sidewalks of New York. And very probably nothing would have happened to this day, had it not been for the fortuitous combination of two nearly simultaneous probes — one conducted by District Attorney Frank S. Hogan in New York; the other by Senator Estes Kefauver, whose crime committee picked up Hogan's sensational discoveries and catapulted them into the headlines.

Hogan, of course, is strictly a local prosecutor, with no authority at all in New Jersey. But in the summer of 1948 his curiosity was aroused by a Park Avenue charity gambling party that seemed to have professional overtones. He ordered an investigation. And his staff came upon the trail of one of the most fabulous money men in criminal history.

He was a three-chinned check-casher named Max Stark, of Teaneck, New Jersey. The Manhattan charity gambling checks had been deposited with Stark, but they represented little more than nickel-and-dime business, as Hogan's detectives quickly realized when they began to examine Max Stark's bank account. This looked almost like a page torn from the federal ledger. The detectives learned that daily Max Stark would descend upon the Merchants Bank of New York with a sack of crumpled, sweat-stained greenbacks —the haul from the previous night's losing agony in the Syndicate's Jersey halls of chance. It was a poor day when Stark showed up with a mere $30,000 in cash to be sorted and tallied; often, he lugged $90,000 through the bank's doors in a single morning. Handling this tidal wave of currency tied up the operations of the branch bank to which Stark first repaired to such an extent that little other business could be transacted, and arrangements were made with Stark to transfer his business to the main office, where a special teller was assigned to his exclusive use. After all, the Merchants Bank had to be polite to Max Stark, for there were just 20,000 shares of bank stock outstanding — and Stark held 2,000 of them!

Fantastic as this daily cash transaction sounds, it was only half of the Max Stark story. For Hogan's investigators found that Stark's check business rivaled his cash business. In the twenty-five months from July 1, 1946, through July 31, 1948, he had banked $6,810,847 worth of checks. When Hogan's fiscal experts added a conservatively estimated $200,000-a-week flow of cash to Stark's check business, they came up with a minimum figure for the gambling play in New Jersey: $13,500,000 a year. Actually, Hogan believed, the total wagered annually in the Jersey casinos was probably closer to $20 million.

3,000 Telephones

And even this was only part of the story!

In addition to gambling casinos, the Syndicate's master bookmaker, Frank Erickson, established payoff headquarters for the nation in the well-protected Bergen County paradise. To handle the tremendous betting on the horses, Erickson's agents rented the phones of some 3,000 householders in the county. They would call each afternoon, use the phone for a few hours, and depart as quietly and unobtrusively as they came by the time the family was sitting down to the evening meal. For accommodating such gentlemanly businessmen, each householder was paid a weekly phone rental of $50 — a seemingly bounteous reward for a courtesy that could hardly be described as entailing even a minor inconvenience.

Board of Directors

It is obvious that the management of such vast enterprises required skillful direction. After all, General Motors does not run without board meetings and staff conferences; neither does crime. Hogan's detectives, by much careful and peripheral sleuthing, ultimately established to their satisfaction that the Syndicate had set up a daily-functioning Council of Five that administered the affairs of crime from a closely-guarded inner sanctum in the now-defunct Duke's Restaurant in Cliffside Park, almost opposite the entrance to the Palisades Amusement Park.

Joe Adonis was chairman of the board, and his fellow councilors were the Moretti brothers, Albert Anastasia and Anthony (Tony Bender) Strollo, a power on the Jersey docks and in New York's Greenwich Village area. When major decisions were to be made, underworld minions would be summoned from New York and New Jersey; they would congregate in the bar and while away the hours while the Council of Five deliberated, decided and ultimately issued its orders. So autocratically did Adonis and his fellow chieftains operate that frequently three times as many hoods would be summoned as were needed — just to make certain that the right men were present to handle any chore that might arise.

This governing nerve center of gangdom was as well known to the minions of the underworld as the corridors of City Hall are to the ward heeler. Protected by a security screen worthy of the FBI itself, Duke's became famed as a secure haven to masterminds of crime across the nation. Frequently, when major decisions were to be made, Costello would be chauffeured across the bridge from New York to meet with the Council of Five. Or Abner (Longie) Zwillman, the old bootleg czar, would drive over from Newark. Or Meyer Lansky would fly in by plane from his swank gambling casinos in Hollywood, Florida and Saratoga Springs, New York.

Getting the evidence on such a well-protected capital of the underworld wasn't easy. So solid were the Syndicate's local contacts that Hogan's detectives, trying to watch the homes of some of the gang lords along the Palisades, actually were chased out of town by local police. Treasury agents on similar missions also found that the law wasn't on their side. Watchful local cops spotted them the instant they poked their noses into Bergen County and tailed them until they left the scene. Such handicaps were overcome by Hogan's office in a patient and dogged investigation that lasted for months. Witnesses who had played and lost in the Syndicate's gambling halls were summoned before a grand jury; more than 700 pages of detailed testimony finally were amassed. Even so, with ironclad evidence in his possession, Hogan had only a slim legal entering wedge that, just possibly, might justify criminal action — the charge of conspiracy to commit a crime in another state.

Kefauver's Exposé

This was the situation when, in 1950, Kefauver focused a spotlight on the ramifications of big-league crime. He picked up and highlighted Hogan's reports on Max Stark's multi-million-dollar check-cashing business. He threatened to bring his investigation into New Jersey. Thus menaced, Jersey cleaned up. Using Hogan's records, it indicted Joe Adonis, Solly Moretti and some of the lesser gambling henchmen. Willie Moretti, incensed at the imprisonment of his brother, threatened to blow the lid off the ties between the mob and politics. He declared that a payoff of $228,000 had gone directly to the State House in Trenton in one period of nineteen months. Not long after he committed this verbal indiscretion — it was on October 4, 1951 — Willie Moretti went to a late-morning rendezvous in a public restaurant with some supposed friends; and when the waitress and help weren't looking, one of the "friends" placed the business end of a gun close to Willie's noggin and blasted him into eternity.

Cars with New York license plates were seen driving from the site of the public execution, fairly reliable evidence of the interstate nature of the crime; but from that day to this, no law-enforcement agency on any level has exhibited any great eagerness to track down the slayers of Willie Moretti. The crime remains unsolved — an ending that can be written almost automatically whenever the top powers of gangdom execute one of their own.

Twilight of the Gods

The Kefauver exposé raised havoc with the rulers of the Eastern mobs. After Willie Moretti was murdered, his brother Solly died in prison; Joe Adonis came out of jail only to be deported; Costello ran afoul of a contempt rap and then an income-tax evasion charge; Frank Erickson went to the pen; and Albert Anastasia, the dark emperor of death, jailed briefly by the Treasury tax sleuths, gained his freedom only to become, on October 25, 1957, the victim of his own copyright. In the bright light of that fine autumn morning, Anastasia was reclining in a barber's chair in a midtown New York hotel when two fast-stepping gunmen strode in from the lobby. They walked up behind the Lord High Executioner and gave him the works from two fast-talking gats. Then they strode out again, discarded their guns, became lost in the subway crowds. The guns, later recovered, were traced back to Illinois, to the suburbs of Chicago where the old Capone mob still rules. The mute evidence of the murder weapons would seem to italicize again the interstate nature of Syndicate murder, would seem to indicate that the killers, mission completed, had probably hopped the New York state line for the good old purpose of escaping prosecution. Yet the FBI has shown no public disposition to ride to the roundup as it did in the days when it envisioned kidnapers and trigger-happy gunmen as the great menaces to the republic. And Anastasia's murder, like Moretti's, like the legion of murders that preceded them, remains unsolved.

Now no one supposes that the FBI is in complete ignorance of the facts of life in the underworld, of the organization of the Syndicate. Definitely, it knows — and knows in great detail — the names of the underworld barons, their ties, their interests. Some years ago, for example, its dossier on Anthony (Tony Bender) Strollo ran to three fat manuscript tomes, each thicker than *Gone With the Wind*. More recently, in May, 1957, when the underworld made an abortive attempt on Costello's life, one of the compelling reasons for the shooting was that the Syndicate feared the FBI was learning too much. Costello was temporarily out of prison and was much aggrieved because the boys, instead of according to him his old authority, had virtually read him into limbo as a man too hot to direct the affairs of state. In his cups in one of his favorite East Side hangouts, Costello couldn't refrain from muttering to a very dear friend about the injustice of it all. The element that he hadn't considered, astute as he is, was that his particular friend was also a particular friend of J. Edgar Hoover. The underworld through its own grapevine learned that Uncle Frank was babbling—and bounced a bullet off his skull as a pointed warning to him to shut up. Such incidents show that the FBI is well-informed about the major operations of gangdom. And, equally, they throw into startling relief the FBI's uncharacteristic silence, its apparent failure to turn all its batteries on the real masterminds of organized crime.

Apalachin Conclave

Probably no incident of recent years has underlined so graphically the FBI's role as a virtual spectator of gangland crime as the Apalachin conclave on November 14, 1957, just three weeks after Anastasia's murder. Obviously, when a power like Anastasia, with the vast interests of an Anastasia, is suddenly erased from the gangland scene, a vacuum is created. Obviously, the Syndicate could not tolerate such a vacuum; obviously it had to straighten out its organization, delineate new territories and new spheres of influence. The result was the convention of sixty top gangland figures.

This by now famous meeting took place in the hilltop mansion of Joseph Barbara, Sr. Any skeptics who doubted the sweep of gangland power and its close-knit organization must have been convinced of the reality of the Syndicate by the impressive evidence furnished by the list of delegates.

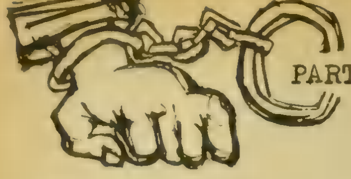
Representatives were present from the Eastern Seaboard, from the Midwest, from California, from Cuba, from Puerto Rico. And at least two were recent arrivals from Italy, where they were believed to have had contact with the international narcotics czar, the notorious Lucky Luciano.

The mere fact of Apalachin was enough to trigger investigations that continue today, nearly a year later. And the mere fact has been almost all there was to go on. Almost no evidence was gathered, for the mobsters were startled into premature flight and, ever since, efforts to put them under oath and make them talk have demonstrated merely how firmly they could wrap themselves in the Fifth Amendment. Yet the mere knowledge of Apalachin, the public outcry that it raised, has been important. And even this little we would not have had except for a New York State police trooper, Sergeant Edgar L. Croswell, who became suspicious when he found too many out-of-state Cadillacs parked at motels. Croswell rounded up a force of state troopers, got the help of a couple of Federal Alcohol Tax Division agents, and started setting up a roadblock. It wasn't the best way to find out what the mob was planning, for it flushed the quarry too soon. But it did demonstrate clearly, for all to see, the monstrous fact of the multi-million-dollar controlled conspiracy of the underworld.

In the wake of Apalachin came the usual spate of suggestions about what could be done to curb the mob. The New York *Herald Tribune* felt that the FBI ought to be able to do the job and that the only reason it hadn't was that it lacked men and money. Even the *Herald Tribune* acknowledged, however, that "Congress has never yet refused anything J. Edgar Hoover said he had to have. Let him demand the funds to take on this job. Let Congress provide them, plus stronger laws on national crime." The McClellan Senate Rackets Committee drew the usual clam-up from Apalachin gangsters and listened to a number of police experts expound on possible remedies. The committee itself seemed to lean toward the formation of a permanent federal crime commission to keep track of things, and some of the expert witnesses acknowledged that such a body would be valuable if it just clipped the newspapers and collected racket intelligence so that the FBI, the Secret Service, the Alcohol Tax Division and the Bureau of Narcotics could be informed quickly when gangsters were committing violations in their jurisdictions.

The Silent Bugle

All of these years-late proposals might not have been necessary, it would seem, had the FBI exhibited the same fervor in pursuing the big-shots of gangdom as it did in building up its record against the lower-rank hoodlums in the thirties. After all, the FBI budget today runs to more than $100 million annually, some twelve times what it was just prior to the outbreak of World War II. And, after all, it didn't take Apalachin to demonstrate the reality of what the *Herald Tribune* calls the Invisible Government. The Syndicate had flexed its muscles in public more than ten years ago when it practically annexed Bergen County to the underworld, when brazenly and openly it ran a nightly interstate business for fat-cat gamblers. All of this must have been obvious to an agency so well-informed as the FBI; and as the *Herald Tribune* says, Congress never refused J. Edgar Hoover anything. All that was needed was for the infallible policeman to sound the clear bugle call for the charge. But instead of a call, there was silence.



PART 9

THE FBI HUNTS SPIES

THE TWENTY years since the FBI established its reputation by hunting down kidnapers and desperadoes have been among the most trying and turbulent in the nation's history. A swift succession of seemingly never-ending crises confronted the American public: World War II, with its global fighting, its bewildering shifts of allegiance and allies; the Cold War, in which there was no war and yet no peace, in which the ally of yesterday was the potential enemy of today and tomorrow; Korea, a futility in battle, a war that could not be won and yet must not be completely lost; and through it all, the threat of spies, sabotage and internal subversion.

These were years in which the FBI played a new and difficult role guarding the immense maufacturing plants of the arsenal of democracy against sabotage, watching over the nation's military and security secrets in a constant duel of wits with foreign spies.

At least in a tentative way, the FBI entered into this new phase of its operations as the nation's watchdog long before World War II broke out in Europe. Whitehead, relying on memoranda and personal recollections of Hoover — details that, he says, never before have been revealed — traces the origin of the FBI's new responsibilities back to the morning of August 24, 1936, when President Roosevelt summoned Hoover to a conference at the White House.

Roosevelt's Concern

Roosevelt was concerned about the increasing activity of Fascist and Communist organizations. He felt that his information about their aims and actions was inadequate, and he wanted a secret, quiet investigation by the FBI to find out what these groups were doing. In the light of later events, it seems ironic and worthy of special emphasis that Roosevelt's major concern at that particular moment (according to the Hoover-Whitehead version, at any rate) appears to have been not with Fascist sympathizers, but with the Communists. The name most prominently mentioned at this initial conference, Whitehead reports, was that of Constantine Oumansky, counselor for the Soviet Embassy. Roosevelt was frankly disturbed by reports that Oumansky was rarely to be found at his desk in Washington; that he was constantly on the move, flitting all about the nation. The President felt that it was especially important to learn whether this strange activity of Oumansky had any possible connection with his role of foreign diplomat or whether it indicated a far more devious purpose.

Other conferences followed to clear away jurisdictional red tape and give Hoover authority to proceed with a quiet investigation of possible subversive groups. This was the start of a new trend that was to occupy more and more of the FBI's attention as the darkening shadows of World War II in Europe cast their menace over our shores. Such organizations as the German-American Bund, the Christian Front and the Communist Party came under the FBI's scrutiny and were the objects of its infiltration. As war neared, the possible sabotage of our defense plants, the certainty that spies would try to steal our most vital secrets, placed additional burdens upon the bureau, and its appropriations were constantly increased, its staff of agents constantly and swiftly augmented.

A mere glance at the budget figures tells part of the story. The FBI, which had operated on a $2,689,262 budget in 1932, was boosted to $6,533,776 in 1939 and to $43,039,542 by the end of the war in 1945. News items during these years made constant reference to the expanding force of agents, who were hired by the hundreds and specially trained in FBI schools on methods of combating spies and saboteurs.

One of the first products of this stepped-up campaign was a report prepared by Hoover's agents in 1938 and 1939 on the activities of the German-American Bund. The fourteen-volume study revealed that the Bund had a membership of between 6,600 and 8,300; that Fritz Kuhn, its leader, had participated with Adolf Hitler in the abortive Munich beer-cellar *putsch* of 1923; that it conducted military drills without the use of firearms, raised and lowered the Swastika and the Stars and Stripes together at Bund camps and made German mandatory speech in Bund schools. The report was the first step in a campaign that led to the eventual breakup of the group.

Spy Cases Increase

As war neared, the number of espionage cases mushroomed. On May 18, 1939, Hoover told the House Appropriations Subcommittee that spy cases had averaged about thirty-five a year prior to 1938, but that 634 cases were investigated in 1938 and he anticipated about 772 in 1939. By June, the United Press was reporting that "the government had mobilized the most extensive spy hunt since the World War" and that "more than 1,000 cases of alleged espionage are to be investigated." The news agency also quoted Attorney General Frank Murphy as saying that the United States was in "complete control" of the spy situation and that "only indifference or laxity would let the situation become more serious."

This assurance that all was well, that spies could never get past our guard, was a refrain that was to be repeated time and again during the war years; and the activity of the

FBI seemed to justify it. Numerous spy cases were broken. One that exhibited the FBI at its skillful best occurred in 1940. William Sebold, a naturalized American citizen, returned from a visit to his native Germany an acutely disturbed man. His grandfather was a Jew, and while he had been abroad, the Gestapo had threatened to exterminate his relatives unless he agreed to become a German spy when he returned to the United States. Sebold pretended to agree. The Gestapo gave him the details of a secret code; he was trained in the use of short-wave radio and given instructions for the use of microphotographic equipment that he was to pass on to other German agents when he returned to America. Once back in this country, however, Sebold went directly to the FBI.

Baiting the Trap

Given this ideal opening wedge for counter-espionage, the FBI made the most of the opportunity. It instructed Sebold to play his role of Nazi spy to the hilt; it helped him in the stage-managing — and carefully baited the bear trap.

FBI agents built a short-wave radio station at Centerport, Long Island. From this station, on May 20, 1940, a message purportedly coming from Sebold was sent to the Gestapo station in Hamburg, Germany. The Gestapo was delighted. With contact thus established, FBI agents fed the Gestapo a string of spurious information. Each message contained a grain of truth—non-vital truth, as the FBI made certain by clearing the details with Army and Navy Intelligence officers in advance — and the Gestapo, deluded by the apparent success of its plot, never suspected the ruse. In return, it sent instructions and advice to Sebold, who was operating out of a mid-Manhattan office that the FBI had helped him procure to serve as a front for the spy ring.

Never was an office more thoroughly booby-trapped. A looking-glass on the wall was actually a one-way window through which agents could observe everything that went on in Sebold's office without themselves being seen. Through the same aperture, movie cameras, grinding away quietly in secret, filmed each unsuspecting visitor. Hidden microphones picked up every whisper and carried it to recording devices. For months, the FBI watched, identified, tailed the unsuspecting German spies. During this period, some 500 radio messages were sent back and forth to the Gestapo in Hamburg. So skillfully was the counter-espionage handled that even the feared agents of the Gestapo suspected nothing until the FBI sprang its trap.

The prize catch was Fritz Duquesne, a German agent whose spy career dated back to the early 1900s. Thirty-two others were corralled with him. All were prosecuted and convicted.

The Duquesne ring was the largest to be uncovered before Pearl Harbor, but it was not an isolated success. Again and again, the FBI demonstrated its ability to nip Nazi espionage before it could accomplish its purpose. The record that the bureau established in such cases was a proud one; but again — and only because the FBI has been glamorized into a superhuman myth — it is necessary to point out that there was another side to the story.

Case of the Seventeen

At the very time that the FBI was pulling off its striking success in the Duquesne case, it was demonstrating by the conduct of another investigation that it, too, could occasionally be led astray by investigative enthusiasm. This second case broke on January 15, 1940, when FBI agents, in carefully-synchronized raids, swooped down on seventeen members of a Christian Front Sports Club in Brooklyn. The details, as given out at the time by the FBI and the U. S. Attorney's office, were of the shocking, sensational kind that automatically makes eight-column headlines.

The seventeen arrested Christian Fronters, the government said, actually had been plotting the overthrow of federal authority. They had been stealing arms and ammunition from a National Guard Armory. They had been making bombs. Hoover, personally announcing the arrests, said that he had wanted to wait until the FBI could catch the plotters in some overt act, but that he had been compelled to move when he learned they were plotting to blow up a public building. William Gerald Bishop, the alleged ringleader, was described by Hoover as a man who intended to place a dictator in the White House. Bishop planned to accomplish this, said Hoover, by instituting a reign of violence and terror —blowing up bridges, seizing and destroying communications centers, confiscating the gold in government vaults. In seeming support of these allegations, the FBI detailed an impressively long list of the weapons seized with the plotters. It included such items as fifteen partly-made bombs, twelve Springfield rifles, four 22-caliber rifles, an automatic, a shotgun, 750 rounds of machine-gun ammunition, and 3,500 rounds of ammunition for the Springfields.

The roundup caused a great furor because of the possibility that the plotters might be linked to the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin, extreme right-wing clergyman of the era. Coughlin announced that he had repudiated the group, but letters written by some of the leaders spoke of the necessity of defending Coughlin "with the last drop of our blood," pictured the dangers of a Communist revolution in America and stressed that the only way to prevent this was to act the way Franco had in Spain.

The government's presentation of its case in the newspapers, backed by such supporting details, certainly carried conviction; no evidence could seem more air-tight. And so it should be a graphic object lesson for an age that has been indoctrinated to accept the headline sensations of Congressional committees as revelations of ultimate veracity to see what happened to the great Christian Front subversion case when it was submitted to the stress of trial, of cross-examination, of counter-evidence.

Impressive Evidence

The trial opened in Brooklyn Federal Court in April, 1940. In early testimony, the prosecution added impressive details to its case. One

FBI agent testified that Bishop had bragged he had 174 New York City policemen who were ready "to join the revolution," that he had "300,000 men under arms in the United States." Another of the alleged ringleaders had suggested "knocking off at least a dozen Congressmen." The arsenal seized in the raids was introduced in evidence. Another striking exhibit was a film secretly made by FBI agents. This showed the Christian Fronters actually drilling with arms, sprinting across open spaces, flopping to the ground and practicing rifle fire. The mounting weight of evidence was impressive until the government ran into a couple of stumbling blocks — the activities of its own star informer and recordings that agents themselves had made of the plotters in conversation, verbatim transcripts that seemed to put an entirely different complexion upon the menace.

The informer was one Denis Healy. He belonged to a National Guard company. He had informed his commander the previous fall that he had overheard some subversive talk in the outfit and that he was going to the G-men. He had done so. Since the previous October, he had been on the FBI payroll, at first for $25 a week, later for $75 every two weeks. His wife, too, had been paid. In all, the FBI paid out some $1,300 to the Healys — compensation, it was explained, to reimburse them for loss of time from their regular jobs and to pay for expenses they had incurred in aiding the government.

The Lively Informer

These details, suggesting that Healys — compensation, it was ex- have been so bad in themselves if Healy hadn't acknowledged under cross-examination that, in his enthusiasm for the cause, he had aided and pushed the plotters, helping to create some of the evidence against them. He admitted, for instance, that he had gone to his National Guard commander and, with his cooperation — Healy understood the FBI had paved the way for this — had borrowed rifle and machine-gun ammunition from the armory to give to the Christian Fronters. Even the ammunition used in the rifle practice the FBI had filmed hadn't been obtained by the plotters, but by Healy. He had used FBI funds to purchase it. He had used FBI funds, too, he conceded, to treat the conspirators well; they had dined on pheasant at $2.50 a head and they had been supplied liquor, all courtesy of the FBI. The testimony inevitably suggested overtones of the *agent provacateur;* the line began to become blurred between the activities the Christian Fronters had undertaken on their own initiative and those they had undertaken with Healy's active stimulation and encouragement.

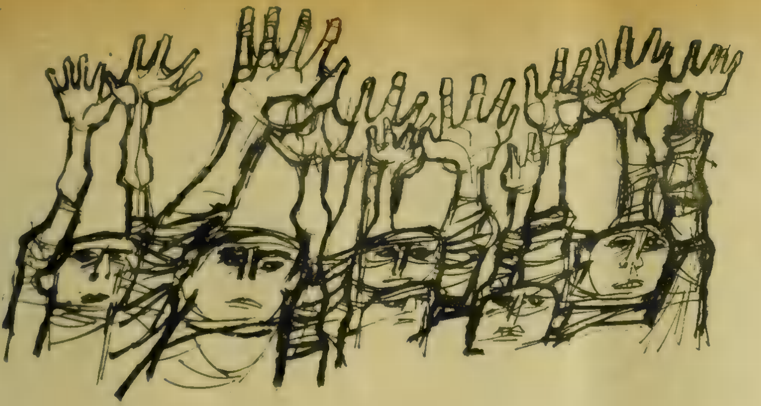
This other-complexion of the evidence mounted when recordings of one of the conspiratorial sessions in Healy's home were introduced into evidence. Instead of proving the desperate character of the plotters, these transcripts seemed to establish only that they had indulged in a lot of wild talk while under the influence of liquor. The clinking of glasses was clearly audible. The voices became thick and maudlin. "I want to be a revolutionist, I really do," one of the plotters said, almost plaintively. Healy himself remarked to another, "You drink too much of that damned stuff." As the evening progressed, one of the bottles fell off the table with a loud crash, there was talk about "a girl with a little hat," and finally one of the desperate characters remarked: "Oh, God, I feel kind of lousy; give me a cigarette."

In addition to all this, the defense scored some telling blows in cross-examining FBI agents about the methods used to extract statements from the defendants. The FBI vehemently denied it had used anything smacking of the third-degree, but one agent conceded that the questioning had continued for fourteen uninterrupted hours, with the longest interval between questions "about four or five minutes." Another agent acknowledged that one of the defendants had been questioned continually and had had no food for eleven hours, and that he had complained of headaches. Defense lawyers charged, certainly with some show of truth, that such methods constituted at least a mental third-degree.

When the case went to the jury in late June, 1940, the fate of only fourteen defendants remained to be decided; one defendant had committed suicide in his prison cell, and charges against two others had been dismissed by the trial judge for lack of proof. The evidence against the remaining fourteen was weighed for 47½ hours, but the battle over the verdict did not indicate, as it usually does, great doubt in the jury's mind. The impression made by the government's case is clearly shown by the fact that, on the first ballot, nine of the jurors voted to acquit all of the defendants. The final verdict was a compromise. Eleven of the jurors wanted complete acquittal, but one holdout refused to go along with them on five cases. The result was that nine were acquitted, and the government was left with the necessity of re-trying the other five if it wanted to persist with the case. It didn't. All of the charges finally were dropped.

Plot or Provocation?

The moral is obvious. The initial flourish of trumpets on the day of the great roundup had quoted Hoover and, inferentially at least, had claimed the credit for Hoover. Yet the evidence at the trial brought out conclusively that this was a case with reprehensible odors. Granted that the Christian Fronters were a group of wildly-talking fanatics, there is a vast gulf between wild talk and the overt violence that menaces the republic. Yet the FBI, its thinking possibly prejudiced by the information it obtained from the informer Healy, failed to appreciate this vital distinction. It actually had put up the cash for the purchase of some of the ammunition, and Healy had obtained for the alleged plotters other items in the "arsenal" that was to be used against them as evidence. If this is not using an *agent provocateur* for entrapment, it is procedure that treads to the outer limits of the borderline. It is certainly procedure that does not accord with the popular image of the FBI as an agency so upright that it could never possibly



violate accepted democratic principles of justice.

Keeping this in mind, let's take a look at the over-all FBI performance during the war years. The indications certainly are that, if the bureau's record wasn't the marvel of perfection its shouting partisans claimed, it was on the whole, by human standards, very good indeed. Hoover and the FBI were given jurisdiction throughout the Western Hemisphere. On two vast continents, their authority was supreme in tracking down spies and preventing sabotage. In the United States, Hoover devised a plant-security system that foiled the efforts of enemy agents. There were no repetitions of such disasters as the Black Tom explosion of World War I. On the human side, the record also was impressive. The dragnet raids that had caused such scandal in 1918 were not repeated. Checkups of draft violators were conducted quietly and sensibly, with investigations aimed at obtaining evidence against actual offenders before arrests were made. These were all signs of greater efficiency, greater respect for human rights. Many civil libertarians who, in the acrimonious days of 1940 had feared that the FBI was about to repeat the earlier abuses of its powers, breathed heartfelt sighs of relief.

The stature of the bureau as the perfect watchdog, the perfect guardian of our shores, was built up in year-by-year recapitulations by Hoover of his organization's achievements. On December 12, 1939, he told the Associated Press that "The internal security of the United States is better protected than at any other period of our national existence." In January, 1940, he told the House Appropriations Subcommittee that espionage complaints for the year might reach 70,000; and in what must be considered truly an astounding statement to anyone who, like a newspaperman, has been subjected to the unreliability of many seemingly good tips, Hoover declared that "comparatively few" of the leads furnished his bureau had been found to be without substance. Significantly, too, Hoover assured the House that the bureau had compiled a card index on all persons and organizations engaged in subversive activities so that, in the event of America's involvement in the war, they could be instantly identified and close tabs kept on them.

Success with Spies

Later in this same year, Hoover turned to authorship to assure the American public that all was well. On October 17, 1940, in a story carrying his personal by-line and copyrighted by the United Press, he said:

> The nation is safer from spies and saboteurs today than ever before. . . . The activities of spies and saboteurs have long been scrutinized. Their names and activities have been carefully indexed and filed geographically for future reference. Added to these are the names of leading agitators in the German-American Bund and Communist Party. Your government knows their identities and activities.

When Pearl Harbor plunged America into the war, the pattern continued unchanged. German spies and saboteurs, landed by submarines on our coasts, were caught before they could get into action, and Hoover, year by year, continued to claim credit for perfection. On October 9, 1943, in his annual report, Hoover presented some astronomical figures. He said his bureau had handled 390,805 national security matters during the year, a 50 per cent increase from the preceding year. "As in the past," he added, "a keynote of the FBI's work in this field was the prevention of espionage, sabotage and other activities inimical to the nation's security. . . . The only test of investigative efforts in this field is the absence of sabotage and futility of the efforts of enemy espionage agents."

Spies and saboteurs were being confounded with infallible success more than a year later. On December 30, 1944, Hoover reported, according to *The New York Times*, that there had not been one act of foreign-directed sabotage and that espionage efforts by the enemy had been kept under control. On February 11, 1945, Hoover repeated again that "espionage activity has been kept under control," but he conceded that he was worried because there was "no assurance that we are going to be as successful tonight or tomorrow."

These fears, evidently, were unfounded, for success still rode with the FBI, as the organization itself made clear in a story carried by the Associated Press from Washington on August 8, 1945. This reported that no sabotage had occurred at any of our atomic plants, although German spies here had had specific orders to get information on the A-bomb and uranium.

Guarding the Atom

Even more important than this assertion, especially in the light of future developments, was the claim advanced by the FBI that it had played a major role in guarding our atomic secrets. The FBI emphasized that atomic-plant personnel had been carefully checked for security by the bureau. "The FBI studied 269,303 applicants' finger cards for the 'Manhattan District Project,'" the Associated Press reported, "and found that 31,223 persons had criminal records worth investigating by the Army, the spokesman [for the FBI] said. In addition, the FBI investigated every person employed by the atomic-bomb development."

The FBI's role in protecting the A-bomb secret was corroborated by other sources. For example, William A. Consodine, former deputy chief of Manhattan District Intelligence, spoke before the New Jersey Association of Police Chiefs in South Orange on March 5, 1948, on the difficulties we had had — and the success we had had — in keeping the A-bomb secret from the Communists. "We had no Jap spies to deal with, no German spies either," Consodine said. "The Communists kept us busy. They tried to work through the people in the project wherever possible. We were forewarned only by the complete reports of the people in the FBI. The FBI and other government agencies stopped Communist espionage dead in its tracks."

Words — and Events

This was the view of Hoover himself in his final and most dramatic pronouncement upon the subject. Speaking before the International Association of Police Chiefs in Miami on December 10, 1945, Hoover declared:

> Early in the war skeptics proclaimed that we were wide open to espionage. . . . The record is exactly the contrary. We knew from the very outset of the war that espionage was under control. . . . Foreign powers tried to steal not only the atomic bomb, but other military secrets. . . . The counterespionage program which we developed did more than encircle spies and render them harmless. It enabled us to learn their weakness and their aims.

The timing of this last statement by Hoover is one of the most remarkable angles in the long and unwavering recitation of success. It is remarkable because the *Amerasia* case in June, six months previously, had revealed that 1,700 documents, some labeled secret and top-secret, had been squirreled out of government files. It is remarkable because, almost a month to the day before Hoover uttered this final boast, he had sounded an alarm, based on the revelations of confessed spy-courier Elizabeth Bentley, accusing thirty-seven officials in government of having betrayed their trust. If Hoover believed Bentley and the contents of his own memorandum, how could he be so certain that not a single spy had succeeded?

The question serves only to highlight again a thread that runs throughout the story of the FBI— the duality of Hoover's operation. Incompatible poles of fact are harmonized to look like twin kittens. The FBI's perfection when it becomes imperfection is still perfection because the imperfection wasn't the FBI's fault. Other less-than-perfect agencies must take the blame.

This was the case now. The persistent refrain of years that we had been absolutely secure because the FBI was guarding us was about to be changed to the shocking, the frightening, assertion that the Russians had stolen everything but our short pants. It is one of the most amazing paradoxes of history that the infallible policeman, who had been taking all the bows for guarding us perfectly, was to take none of the blame for guarding us imperfectly. Houdini himself never wrought greater magic.

The Amerasia Case

The great about-face began on June 7, 1945. On that day, eight-column headlines in the New York press informed readers of the great *Amerasia* spy case. *Amerasia* was a little-known magazine, published in New York and devoted to Asiatic affairs. It had a circulation of only about 1,700 copies, but, it was later to be charged, a disproportionate influence. Some officials in the State Department were said to follow it avidly and to look upon it as "the Bible" on China and the Far East. Behind the headlines was a months-long investigation. Early in March, 1945, an official of the New York branch of Brig. Gen. William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan's Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the wartime foreign secret-service outfit, happened to be reading a copy of *Amerasia*. What he saw in print almost made him fall out of his chair.

The article that had attracted his attention was one criticizing the British occupation of Thailand. In substance, it was virtually identical with a secret report the OSS had forwarded to the State Department. In fact, some of the language in the report appeared to have been lifted almost verbatim.

This discovery sent the OSS into action. Frank Bielaski, New York regional director, established a round-the-clock surveillance of *Amerasia's* headquarters at 225 Fifth Avenue. The watch wasn't very productive, and so on the night of March 11, 1945, Bielaski led his raiders in a search of the editorial sanctum.

The raiders quickly discovered six documents marked "top secret" from the Office of Naval Intelligence, the original OSS report on Thailand, five other original OSS documents which nobody had suspected were missing, and finally a bulging suitcase crammed with scores of documents ranging in importance from "restricted" to "top secret." The documents had originated in the offices of Naval Intelligence, Military Intelligence, Censorship, the State Department and OSS.

Bielaski, taking a few samples that he figured wouldn't be missed by *Amerasia*, left everything else just as he had found it and hopped a plane for Washington. General Donovan at once notified top Navy and State Department officials. A decision was made to call in the FBI for a thorough, secret investigation. Three months of intensive surveillance followed.

The Long, Long Tail

The principal figure in *Amerasia* was Philip J. Jaffe, its editor, a well-to-do greeting-card manufacturer. On several occasions, FBI reports later revealed, agents tailed Jaffe on visits to the Soviet Consulate in New York. Three times they followed him on trips to the home of Communist boss Earl Browder in Yonkers, New York. And on April 22, 1945, they watched while Browder brought a prominent Chinese Communist to Jaffe's Greenwich Village apartment, where the three conferred for five hours. The FBI attached significance to this meeting of minds because one of the documents Bielaski had spotted in Jaffe's stuffed suitcase was a complete report on the size and disposition of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist armies, then battling the Communists.

Probing into the history of Jaffe (a determined Marxist theoretician), the FBI identified him as a long-time supporter of Communist fronts, especially those devoted to promoting the Soviet foreign policy in China and Asia. Agents followed Jaffe on a trip he made to Washington and kept him under surveillance there for days. They watched while he met and conferred with a Navy lieutenant and a State Department Foreign Service specialist. Then, in a discussion within the Justice Department late in May, the FBI laid its cards on the table and recommended action.

Countermanded Orders

At first, the decision was to go ahead and make the arrests, but this order was quickly countermanded on the grounds that, with the San Francisco conference for the establishment of the United Nations in session, this was an undiplomatic time to be accusing the Russians of espionage. Julius C. Holmes, Assistant Secretary of State, balked at this roadblock, however, and notified President Truman of the situation. Truman promptly and personally intervened. He ordered the FBI to go ahead with the case and advised it to appeal to him if there were any further delays and to tell him who was responsible.

With this full backing by the White House, Hoover acted. On the night of June 6, Jaffe and five others were arrested. FBI agents, in serving the warrant on Jaffe, found four filing cases crammed with documents. The total count numbered some 1,700 documents, the vast bulk inconsequential, but a significant number — some seventy in all — dealing with such vital subjects as the disposition of American submarines, the schedule and targets for bombing in Japan, the disposition of the Japanese fleet after the Battle of Leyte, and plans for bombing barge traffic on the Danube.

The initial charge against the *Amerasia* defendants was conspiracy to violate the federal espionage statutes through the theft of highly secret documents. The question whether this charge would hold water had been raised before Holmes went to Truman. Holmes had conferred first with his superior, Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew, who had asked for FBI assurance on two points: Was the evidence airtight? Would prosecution be successful? The FBI answered "Yes" on both counts.

Flaw in the Case

Yet the case had, at first glance, one very obvious and serious flaw. It would seem that about the stupidest method the human brain could invent of committing espionage would be to write articles in a magazine based upon documents the spy has stolen. This public flaunting of the existence and success of espionage, one of the most secretive of all human pursuits, defies rationalization. But in addition to this implausibility, the *Amerasia* case had a gaping hole in evidence. The FBI had absolutely no proof — and later sadly acknowledged that it did not have — to show that information had actually been passed to the Russians. The case lacked, in other words, the essential ingredient of a bona fide spy case: a courier conveying the secret information.

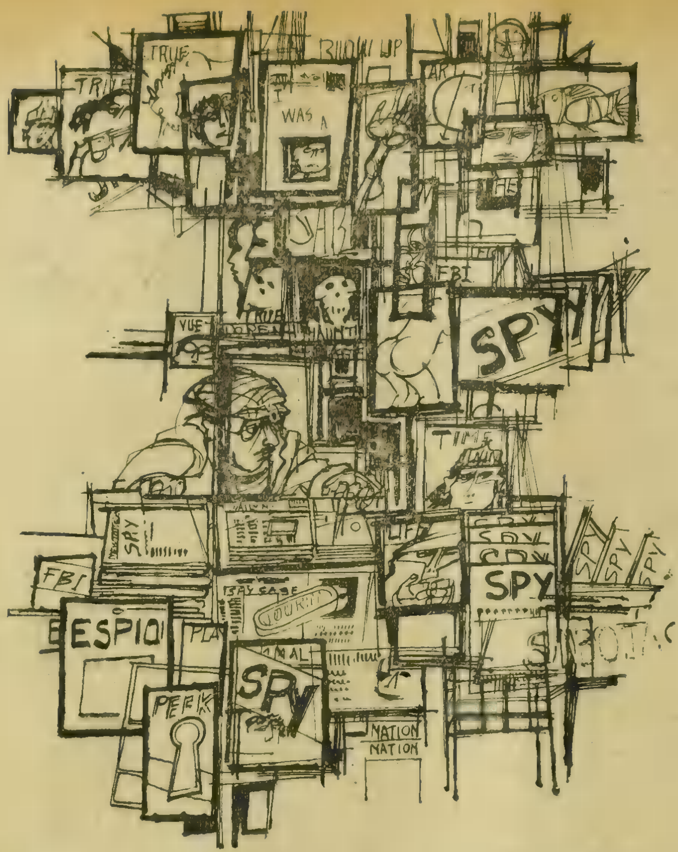
The result was that the great *Amerasia* spy sensation ran into trouble when it was presented to federal grand juries. One jury heard most of the evidence, then went out of session without acting and without asking for an extension of its time. A second jury refused to indict three of the defendants, but did indict Jaffe and two others on a greatly reduced charge of conspiracy to embezzle and steal government documents. Even this was not the end of the watering-down process.

Of the three indictments, one was later dismissed. This left just Jaffe and Emanuel S. Larsen, a specialist in the China Division of the State Department's Office of Far Eastern Affairs, to answer for the conspiracy. But even against them the government did not have clear sailing. The original OSS snooping in the *Amerasia* office had been conducted without bothering to get a warrant; furthermore, there was some indication that Larsen's apartment had been invaded by the FBI before a warrant was obtained. These illegal searches, according to the later official alibi, jeopardized the entire proceedings, and so, in an unusual Saturday morning court session on September 29, 1945, with hardly anybody present, Jaffe pleaded guilty to conspiracy and was fined $2,500. Subsequently, Larsen entered a *nolo contendere* plea and was fined $500; both the fine and $2,500 in legal expenses, he said later, were paid for him by Jaffe.

This disposed of the *Amerasia* case from the legal, but not from the publicity, standpoint. Roosevelt had died and Truman had taken office after the investigation was started. Republicans and some elements of the press, eager to get the Democrats out of the White House at whatever cost, were already toying with the treason label, and the *Amerasia* case was something that could be tortured to their ends. The battle cry quickly became the charge that the *Amerasia* defendants all got away because the Administration had put the fix in. One of the first indications of this tactic came from an amazing source — Larsen, the State Department specialist. In September, 1946, less than a year after his case had been settled, Larsen charged into print with the thundering accusation that the *Amerasia* case had been characterized by "a mysterious whitewash of the chief actors."

Was Evidence Suppressed?

Larsen's opus appeared in the first issue of a new magazine called *Plain Talk*, edited by Isaac Don Levine, who was later, as the confidante of Whittaker Chambers, to become a shadowy figure in the wings of the Alger Hiss case. The article charged that the State Department was infiltrated with Communists, that only part of the evidence in the *Amerasia* case had ever been presented to the grand jury, that the case had been killed because "further probing . . .



might assume proportions even more far-reaching than those of the Pearl Harbor investigation."

These sweeping assertions, made oddly enough by one of the only two men to be fined, made in a new magazine no one had ever heard of, were picked up by the New York press as if they had gilt-edged authenticity and were made the basis of lengthy stories hinting at a smelly Administration cover-up. In retrospect, these points seem clear: *Amerasia,* while it had exposed glaring leaks in key federal departments, was never, from a legal standpoint, a valid spy case; further, Truman's prompt and vigorous action in leaving a wide-open door for appeal by Hoover seems to discredit the whitewash charges; and finally, the court disposition so bitterly criticized was taken, according to the local prosecutor involved, only after consultations with Attorney General Tom C. Clark, now as a Supreme Court Justice quite the darling of the FBI.

One thing the *Amerasia* case seems to have established, however, was the Barkus-is-willing eagerness of some of the great media that form public opinion to make the Truman administration and the Democrats the scapegoats for any failure of security. It was an attitude that was to be capitalized upon eventually when the second major development of 1945, long kept secret, finally burst upon the public consciousness. This was the spy saga told by Elizabeth Bentley, who asserted that as a courier for a Communist ring she had access to a freight car full of secrets.

Slow-Motion Informer

Miss Bentley had become the queen bee of the informer sect, but when she herself first brought her information to the attention of the FBI, events moved in an almost incredibly dilatory fashion. The sequence, as established in later court actions, went this way: About August 21 or 22, 1945, Miss Bentley walked into the New Haven, Connecticut, office of the FBI with the sole purpose, according to her, of telling agents about her role in filching America's secrets. Documents later introduced in court show that she was also inquiring about an American captain whom she had dated and who told her he was a secret agent. In any event, whether the mysterious captain or the mysterious spying was the major topic of conversation, the FBI's initial reaction to Elizabeth Bentley was not a startled and excited one. The agent to whom she talked, she says, simply took her name and address, told her to go home and wait and that the bureau would get in touch with her later.

The Warning Flash

Weeks passed, and it was not until October 8, 1945, that the FBI office in New York wrote Miss Bentley to come in for an interview about the captain. The letter was sent to a temporary address, had to be forwarded, and it was two or three weeks before it caught up with Miss Bentley. Even then, when she went to the New York FBI office, she was told by the agent to whom she talked that the bureau's "expert" on communism wasn't available; would she please come back later when he was in the office? She would — and did.

It was November 7, 1945 — nearly twelve weeks after she first approached the FBI in New Haven — before Miss Bentley ultimately got her story across. The date is fixed by testimony Hoover himself later gave before the Senate Internal Security Committee on November 17, 1953. He said:

> On Nov. 7, 1945, Miss Elizabeth Bentley advised special agents of the FBI in considerable detail of her own career as an espionage agent. On Nov. 8, 1945, a letter bearing that date was delivered to Brig. Gen. Harry H. Vaughan. . . .

Hoover described this letter as "a preliminary flash," a warning of possibly impending danger. The letter stated that "information has recently been received from a highly confidential source indicating that a number of persons employed by the Government of the United States have been furnishing data and information to persons outside the Federal Government, who are in turn transmitting this information to espionage agents of the Soviet Government. . . ." Hoover added in the letter that the investigation was being pressed vigorously, "but I thought that the President and you would be interested in having the foregoing preliminary data immediately."

In this same appearance before the Senate committee, eight full years after his first flash on the Bentley disclosures, Hoover placed his entire personal prestige and the prestige of the FBI on the line in one of the most complete endorsements ever given by a top police executive to a prize informer. He testified:

> From the outset, we established that she [Miss Bentley] had been in a position to report the facts relative to Soviet espionage which she has done. All information furnished by Miss Bentley, which has been susceptible to check, has proved correct. She has been subjected to the most searching cross-examination; her testimony has been evaluated by juries and reviewed by the courts, and has been found to be accurate.

The "Famous" Golos

In the light of this blanket endorsement, it seems essential to understand just who was Elizabeth Bentley and just what was her story. A graduate of Vassar, she had studied abroad, had been revolted by the fascism she saw in Italy and had joined the Communist Party. In 1938, through Communist headquarters in New York, she met a man known to her at first only as "Timmy," with whom she was to develop a common-law husband-and-wife relationship. "Timmy," Miss Bentley learned in the fall of 1939, was actually none other than Jacob N. Golos — in her words "a famous person." A Russian who had left a wife and child behind him in the Soviet Union, Golos had been extremely active in the Communist Party in America; he had been one of the editors of a Communist newspaper in New York, and since the early thirties he had owned and headed World Tourists, a travel agency set up by the American Communist Party to promote travel in, and closer ties with, Russia.

This agency was now, right at the time of Golos' romance with Miss Bentley in 1939, to figure in one of the strangest aspects of the entire affair. On October 20, 1939, representatives of the U. S. Attorney's office, the State Department and the U.S. Marshal's office served a subpoena on Golos requesting that he produce all of World Tourists' records and books before a federal grand jury. Papers and documents in the office were examined by detectives, impressions were taken of the keys of all the office typewriters, guards were stationed at the door to prevent the removal or destruction of records.

No Secrets Here

In subsequent months, Golos made some twenty appearances before federal grand juries. He handed over nearly two truckloads of records. He was compelled to supply all the telephone-number indexes in his office. The exact nature of all this evidence remains an FBI secret, but Miss Bentley acknowledged at a subsequent trial that, as a result of the investigation, "there were found a lot of things on the premises which gave away a great deal about the underground organization."

This, quite obviously, was so, for on January 3, 1940, *The New York Times* reported from Washington that Attorney General Murphy had accused "eight persons and three business houses, all alleged to have Communist Party connections, of military espionage." Among those named were Jacob N. Golos and World Tourists. On March 14, 1940, Golos was indicted for failing to register as a foreign agent; the following day, he pleaded guilty. He was given a suspended sentence of four months to one year in prison and was fined $500. World Tourists was fined $500. Golos and World Tourists were the only ones on the list originally accused by Murphy to be indicted and convicted.

This encounter with the law would seem to establish conclusively that Jacob N. Golos and World Tourists were well-known to American authorities. Their names — and the names of innumerable contacts who appeared on their records — must inevitably have gone into that card-index file in which, as Hoover repeatedly told the country, all espionage suspects, all persons of suspicious or dangerous tendencies, were registered. Certainly, the one man and the one agency that had been convicted in a Soviet espionage case would seem to have been marked for continued FBI attention; their usefulness as an espionage conduit would seem to have been terminated. Yet, according to Miss Bentley, Golos now went right back to his old role of master spy, filching government secrets, operating with perfect impunity, attracting not the slightest suspicion!

Miss Bentley insists that she played a key role in all of this. She became a courier for Golos, traveling to Washington to meet Communist contacts there, lugging back information. Yet one would think that Miss Bentley herself would have been a marked woman, even as Golos was a marked man. She had been Golos' girl friend at the time of his arrest. Even more obviously, she worked for a subsidiary of his World Tourists, the U. S. Service and Shipping Corp. She spent, as she later wrote, "at least half" her working time in the office of World Tourists, and for one period of a year-and-a-half, she actually ran the parent concern.

Was the FBI Asleep?

These were visible, nakedly obvious ties, but amazingly the catalogue of obviousness does not end here. Miss Bentley writes that she made personal trips to consult with Earl Browder; that she used World Tourists' telephone, a dandy instrument, to call the office of the *Daily Worker* and set up personal meetings with the *Worker's* editor of the moment, Louis Budenz. The lack of secrecy, the lack of "cover" in all of this activity, poses the horns of a most uncomfortable, but inevitable dilemma: either Miss Bentley's sensational spy-ring disclosures were concocted in large measure of fantasy or they are completely valid — in which case, with all the wide-open opportunities for discovery, the FBI would seem to have been a most incompetent watchdog.

It is obviously important for America, in which large sections of the public still start at the specter of a Communist under every bed, to study the indications of the evidence in making a choice between these unhappy alternatives. On the one hand, there is the indisputable fact that many of the persons named by Miss Bentley — but it should be emphasized by no means all — later claimed the privilege of the Fifth Amendment when questioned by Congressional committees about their Communist ties. Some who claimed the privilege were undoubtedly Communists; others may not have been. But even if Miss Bentley could and did identify this or that person as a Communist, this did not in itself prove that the person so identified had information. To form an opinion about the existence of the great espionage ring in government, one has to look at the evidence of espionage.

Impressive Detail

One element becomes quickly clear: Miss Bentley was not too strong on specifics. She explained that much of the material she had brought home to Golos was on microfilm — one time she brought back so much, she told him she must have all the secrets of the Pentagon — but of course she didn't know what the microfilm held. She also wasn't an expert on military and scientific matters, and so she couldn't be too accurate about the meaning of some of the information she had gathered. With all of these qualifications out of the way, she did testify, however, to some hard nuggets of specific information. One that was a simple, clear issue of fact and involved no necessity to understand the intricacies of military science was Miss Bentley's positive assertion that her spies in Washington ferreted out the secret of D-Day well in advance of the event.

Miss Bentley stressed this impressive detail in her first appearance before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1948, and it was so striking that it has occasioned much tongue-clucking of the look-at-that variety ever since. It even impressed Rebecca West, the well-known British author, who cited it in an article she later wrote upholding the practices of Congressional committee inquisitions. So let's take a close look at this nugget of hard fact.

"We knew D-Day long before D-Day happened, and we were right," Miss Bentley told the House committee. She expanded:

> Mr. [William Ludwig] Ullman [one of her alleged spy contacts] was in the Pentagon with the Air Corps, and through his connection with Gen. Hilldring's office he had learned the date, and I remember it distinctly because with that knowledge he was betting with a friend of his when D-Day would be and, of course, he won the bet, since he knew of it ahead of time.

Some of the flaws in this simple bit of testimony were pointed out in 1955 in a brief filed with the Civil Service Commission's Loyalty Board by William Henry Taylor, one of the federal officials accused by Miss Bentley — and one who strenuously denied her charges. One of the lesser errors, according to the brief, was that Gen. Hilldring, the supposed source of the marvelous information, was never in the Air Force. In 1944, he was attached to the Civil Affairs Division of the War Department. Next, even more obviously and even more seriously from the standpoint of credibility, we were at the time of the D-Day landing in Normandy an ally of Russia. Remember? As allies, it was important that attacks on Germany from East and West should be coordinated; it served our patriotic purpose to inform Russia as explicitly as we could, in advance of the event, just when the Western invasion would begin. And this, the record shows, is precisely what we did.

Maj. Gen. John R. Deane, head of the U. S. military mission in Moscow, subsequently related in his book *The Strange Alliance* that he received instructions on April 7, 1944, to notify the Russians that the invasion had been set for May 31, with a two- or three-day margin on either side, depending on tides and weather. Note that even this official information wasn't specific; it didn't pinpoint the exact day—and for one very good reason. It couldn't.

As anyone who has read Dwight D. Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe* and other official books on the subject must realize, D-Day was a variable date, and even Eisenhower himself couldn't have named the exact day until the instant he made the crucial decision. In fact, the invasion was originally scheduled for June 5, but it was postponed at a staff conference at 4 A.M. on June 4 because meteorological reports were "discouraging." The actual decision to invade on June 6 was not made until the last minute, at another staff conference at 4:15 on the morning of June 5 — a sequence that seems to ridicule Miss Bentley's claim to specific prior knowledge.

Secret of the B-29

If this seems like one dent in the record of the paragon of perfection that Hoover pictured to the Senate in 1953, the question inevitably arises: Is it the only dent? Well, consider the Bentley testimony dealing with her spy ring's inside knowledge of the details of America's new and most powerful World War II bomber, the B-29 Superfortress.

In 1949, testifying before a subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary

Committee in an investigation of Communist activity among aliens, Miss Bentley said the Russians had particularly good information on the B-29 because "we had a man who was a specialist in B-29s. He was sent out to Dayton Field to work on them, as a result of which we knew how they tested, how they stood up, we even knew about the projected raids on Tokyo, and so on — that type of information."

> *Q.* Did you have any information respecting the Doolittle raid on Tokyo which you transmitted as a courier?
>
> *A.* Yes; we knew about the raid, I guess, a week or ten days ahead of time; yes.
>
> *Q.* From whom did you secure the information on that raid?
>
> *A.* That was from William Ludwig Ullman, who was a specialist, as I understand it, in the B-29 program.

In this testimony, Miss Bentley seemed to confuse and coalesce the B-29 and the Doolittle raid into one connected sequence. But the Doolittle raid took place on April 19, 1942; the first Superforts didn't go into action until June 5, 1944. And as any schoolboy of the time would know, schoolboys being hep on plane models, Doolittle performed one of the miracle feats of the war by getting stripped-down B-25 medium bombers off the tossing deck of the *Hornet;* the Doolittle raid had not the remotest connection with B-29s, four-motored monsters that dwarfed his small bombers as the Cadillac does the Volkswagen.

Secret of RDX

One other example of Bentley specifics that seems less startling on examination than it did on the witness stand may be taken from the same Senate hearing. Miss Bentley testified that her ring got information on RDX—"a sort of explosive. I am not a chemist and I don't know too much about it; it recently appeared in the papers." This feat appears to be one of the world's lesser achievements in espionage when one realizes that, according to the Encyclopedia of Chemical Technology, RDX was discovered in 1899, its explosive properties were recognized about 1920 and it was used on a large scale during World War II by all the major powers. In view of this common knowledge and use, what is one supposed to think of Miss Bentley's testimony that her spy ring ferreted out the secret of RDX?

37 Discrepancies

These are only some of the problems posed by Miss Bentley's various appearances upon the witness stand. The 107-page William Henry Taylor brief filed in 1955 charged there were a total of thirty-seven such discrepancies, some minor but several, like the story of D-Day, of striking significance. The entire Bentley episode inevitably gives rise to disturbing questions. How infallible is the policeman who would stake his reputation on the bold, emphatic assertion that Miss Bentley had never been discredited? If this is the kind of sweeping judgment used in accepting *in toto* the tale of one informer, what is one to think of the tales of other informers that led to the widespread hysteria over treason and subversion? Further, if the *Amerasia* case and Miss Bentley's disclosures really indicated that the Russians had made merry with our secrets, how did the head of the FBI come to tell the international police chiefs' conference *after* Amerasia, *after* Bentley, that we had been perfectly protected? Just where does the truth lie? How much is fact and how much fiction? The answers are not certain, can never be certain unless in the slow measure of time there is some thorough, impartial re-examination and investigation of the whole tangled skein and the FBI's role in it. One thing is certain in the timid climate of our day; such a time is not yet. In the interim, at least this much is obvious: either the FBI gave us perfect wartime security as it so long maintained, or it gave us such imperfect security that a clearly-labeled Golos could continue masterminding the theft of secrets. Take your choice. But make a choice. Truth cannot dwell simultaneously at two opposite, incompatible extremes.

Yet, for the American people, in the muddled press-agentry of our times, truth for years has done just that. We have had the perfect FBI, and we have had wholesale spy scares that have not tarnished in the slightest the luster of perfection. The Congressional hearings of 1948, highlighted by the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers, were followed by the perjury trials of Alger Hiss and William Remington. Of all the supposed thirty-seven government plotters named in the Hoover memorandum of November, 1945, just these two were prosecuted and convicted—and both cases raised some of the most disturbing questions in our time about the quality of justice. Even if one accepts the convictions at face value, one is left with another disturbing set of questions. What about the other thirty-five who were accused but not even indicted? Were they innocent of espionage and wrongly blackened? Or were they guilty and got away through sieves in our protective screen?

Perhaps no one will ever know. These questions were hardly even raised at the time because other spy cases followed so swiftly on the Bentley-Chambers disclosures as almost to preclude thought and forestall inquiry. The years 1949 and 1950 brought two fresh headline sensations — the Rosenberg case and the Coplon case.

"Crime of the Century"

The first involved, allegedly, the theft of the atom-bomb secret and has been called variously the "crime of the century" and a "crime worse than murder." The enormity of the crime is predicated upon the belief that information channeled through the Rosenbergs enabled Russia to copy our A-bomb and menace the future of the world. Curiously enough, no responsibility for the leak ever attaches in the popular mind to the FBI. Whitehead, indeed, conveys the impression that the FBI had nothing to do with security on the Manhattan project. "The Army had exclusive responsibility for guarding atomic security and for clearing personnel assigned to the Manhattan Engineer District, which directed the atomic energy program," he writes. He cites the terms of a delineation agreement under which the Army took full responsibility for the investigation of personnel and security. This version leaves the FBI completely out of the picture.

Actually, while the Army had responsibility for final decisions, the record makes it perfectly obvious that the Army did not work alone and did not work in the dark. It had active and important and constant help from the FBI. The FBI's statement that it had checked 269,303 fingerprints of Manhattan project applicants, that it had checked every person employed on "the atomic-bomb development," is clear evidence that it must share responsibility for the screening.

The most serious and most obvious flaw in the protective setup involved a member of the British mission sent here to work on the bomb. Klaus Fuchs, a German refugee who had become a prominent British atomic scientist, had been cleared by British security, and the evidence indicates that this clearance was accepted without question, logically enough, by American authorities who could not be expected to know as much about Fuchs as did the British.

In December, 1949, however, Fuchs confessed to British authorities that he had been a Communist spy. During the time he had worked on the atomic bomb, he said, he had passed information to a spy courier whom he knew only by the name of "Raymond." The FBI, after exhaustive search, identified "Raymond" as Harry Gold, a chemist employed at Philadelphia General Hospital's heart station. Gold had been among those named by Elizabeth Bentley as an active Communist; he had actually been questioned in 1947 and released. Questioned again after Fuchs's confession, Gold finally told his story, acknowledging that he had funneled information he obtained from Fuchs to Anatoli A. Yakovlev, Russian Vice Consul in New York.

Far-Ranging Confession

Gold's far-ranging confession implicated others. He recalled that he had been sent to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to pick up data from David Greenglass, an Army technician employed on the atomic-bomb project. Greenglass, questioned by the FBI, also confessed. He said that he had been recruited for the Soviet spy ring by his brother-in-law, Julius Rosenberg. Greenglass described how he had passed details of the lens molds, the triggering device for the atomic bomb, both to Gold for delivery to the Russians and to Rosenberg personally.

This espionage had gone undetected by the FBI and Army security, yet there had been some obvious clues which, it would seem, might have given cause for suspicion. Greenglass in his youth had been a member of a young Communist organization, a circumstance that seems to have escaped notice when he was employed on the atomic-bomb project. While it is understandable that this old and not too definite tie might not have been picked up, a more positive link was supplied in February, 1945, when the FBI identified Rosenberg as a Communist, questioned him and had him fired from his Army Signal Corps job. The family tie between Rosenberg and Greenglass evidently excited no curiosity at the time, a pity in its way because it was after the exposure of Rosenberg that the alleged A-bomb theft took place. Gold left for Santa Fe and his first meeting with Greenglass in late May, 1945, some three months after the unmasking of Rosenberg; and Greenglass, by his own subsequent testimony, at least, gave Rosenberg drawings of the triggering device of the Nagasaki A-bomb much later, in September, 1945.

This lost opportunity to catch Rosenberg in time and so to preserve our most vital secret, if indeed it could have been preserved, seems to have been lost to public view in the dramatics of the Rosenberg case. As it was, the interlocking confessions of Gold and Greenglass doomed Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who went on trial for their lives in New York in March, 1951. They were convicted, sentenced to death and executed in a case that provoked world-wide agitation.

The Communist Party, which had been almost completely silent during the period of arrest and trial, leaped upon the issue after the Rosenbergs were convicted and began a propaganda campaign to picture them as martyrs. On the night of the execution, mass meetings were held, placards waved, the American system of justice denounced. This 180-degree reversal of course suggests that the Communists, grim and ruthless, not caring a fig about two human lives, were happy with an extreme verdict which they could twist to their own propaganda purposes.

The Doubts Persist

In the years since the executions, the debate has continued. It has been clouded and prejudiced by obvious Communist ax-grinding, but there are disturbing elements. Doubt pivots, not so much about the Rosenbergs' Communist ties or even their involvement in shady business, as about whether they did indeed commit a crime of earth-shaking magnitude, one that justified the supreme penalty. Fuchs, it would seem, could have relayed to Gold much more important knowledge than could David Greenglass, a slow mental type who never in his life had passed a technical course. And except for the stories of Gold and Greenglass, both revealed in court actions as persons of dubious veracity, both possibly seeking leniency for themselves, there was no way of proving that the A-bomb secret was channeled to the Russians through the Rosenbergs.

Indeed, there are valid grounds now for wondering whether the Russians needed to steal the secret at all. It was easy to believe at the time of the trial that the only way Russia could have achieved an A-bomb was by picking the brains of her more educated betters. It was a day in which American scientific supremacy ruled unchallenged, in which to most Americans the Russians were little better than unlettered Cossacks. But last fall Russia hurled Sputnik into space, a dramatic argument against self-delusion.

While the shock of the Russian achievement was dissipating American complacency, Robert Morris, counsel for the Senate Internal Security Committee, rushed to the federal penitentiary in which Gold and Greenglass were serving out their time. The pair obligingly told him, as he triumphantly announced, that Russia had stolen the secret of Sputnik from *us*. The New York *Herald Tribune* found it impossible to swallow this one, commenting in a tart editorial that, if this were true, we had better dust off the carbon copies of our old secret, because we could sure enough use it.

Reappraisal Needed

The Russian scientific success, the obvious readiness of Gold and Greenglass to tell Senate investigators something the investigators wanted to hear, both suggest the necessity for some agonizing reappraisals of the Rosenberg case. The ultimate evaluation of the accuracy of the FBI's and the government's interpretation of the evidence will be affected by appraisals of Russian science like the one *Time* made on June 2, 1958. *Time* reported that Russian "physicist Igor Kurchatov possibly knew the basic principles of the A-bomb before the U. S." It noted, too — a fact now generally conceded — that the Russians developed a workable hydrogen bomb before we did; that they put their first pure-jet airliner into operation more than two years before we did; that their protective radar screen, in the words of one of our own scientists, "appears to be better than our own"; and that, in a word, "Soviet science is universally acknowledged to belong in the world's top drawer."

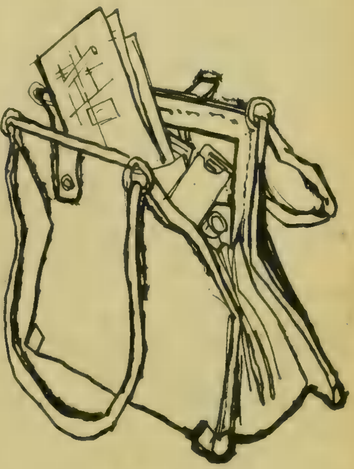
In the light of such developments, there seems to be a lot of good old-fashioned horse sense in Cyrus Eaton's statement that any idea that we can keep industrial methods and developments a secret is "just a hallucination and an emphasis on the police side of our government." In the light of such developments, one must wonder whether the Rosenbergs, whatever else they did, actually committed the crime for which they were executed — the "crime of the century."

The Coplon Case

The spy case of Judith Coplon was entirely different than the Rosenberg case—and just as significant in its own way. Miss Coplon had been a top student at Barnard College in New York and was employed as an analyst in the Justice Department in Washington. She was 27 on the night of March 6, 1949, when trailing FBI agents nabbed her on a New York street in the company of Valentin A. Gubitchev, an attaché of the Soviet delegation to the United Nations. In Miss Coplon's handbag, at the time of her arrest, were a number of documents, including one memo in her own handwriting. It read:

> I have not been able (and don't think I will) to get the top secret FBI report which I described to Michael on Soviet and Communist intelligence activities in the U.S. When the moment was favorable I asked Foley [William E. Foley, a security officer in the department] where the report was (he'd previously remarked that he had such a report). He said that some departmental official had it and he didn't expect to get it back. Foley remarked there was nothing "new" in it. When I saw the report, for a minute, I breezed through it rapidly, remembered very little. It was about 115 pages in length and summarized, first, Soviet "intelligence" activities. . . . It had heading on Soviet U.N. delegation, but that was all I remember. . . .

Miss Coplon was indicted on espionage charges both in Washington and New York, one case being based upon the theft of information, the other upon the attempt to pass it along. In the first trial, held in Washington, her attorney tried to explain away this remarkable handwritten memo by arguing that it was "allegorical" and referred merely to "prototypes" in a novel she was planning to write. As for Miss Coplon's association with Gubitchev, the explanation was that the pair was just "crazy, crazy" in love. The jury, understandably, had a little trouble believing everything was this simple, and convicted Miss Coplon.



Yet even this case, with all its evidence, picked up burrs from the way the investigation had been conducted. One of the problems, as in the *Amerasia* case, was that the FBI agents hadn't bothered to equip themselves with a warrant when they went to make the arrest. The trial evidence showed that Miss Coplon had been under surveillance for weeks; FBI agents had watched other meetings between her and Gubitchev; they had had plenty of opportunity to fulfill all legal requirements by getting a warrant — but they hadn't done so.

Even more important, from an ethical standpoint, was the issue of wire tapping. The defense had charged in the Washington trial that Miss Coplon's telephone had been tapped and that much of the government's case against her was the product of illegally-secured information. The government had emphatically denied this. With FBI agents present in court, including one who, it subsequently developed, had actually labored on the tap, federal attorneys assured the court that there had been no tapping.

Widespread Wire Tapping

The truth was dragged out finally in New York. The defense pressed the wire-tap charge more vigorously, and Judge Sylvester Ryan ordered the FBI to produce its records. Then, and only then, was it disclosed that the government had tapped the phone in Miss Coplon's home, her phone in the Justice Department in Washington, the phone in her parents' home in Brooklyn, the phone that she used to confer with her lawyer while the first trial was in progress. Some thirty FBI agents, the FBI conceded, had taken part in the electronic eavesdropping. Furthermore, faced with exposure in the New York trial, the FBI had destroyed the wire-tap recordings, acting on instructions in a secret memorandum from Washington. The memorandum read in part: "In view of the imminency of her [Miss Coplon's] trial, it is recommended that this informant [the tap] be discontinued immediately, and that all administrative records in the New York office covering the operations of this informant be destroyed."

In both Washington and New York, these revelations wrecked the Coplon convictions when the battle was fought out in the Court of Appeals. Leonard B. Boudin, Miss Coplon's appeal attorney, accused the FBI of "rankest perjury" in denying to the court in the Washington trial that wire tapping had been used. Fred E. Strine, special assistant to the attorney general, was hard-pressed to justify the government's position. In argument before the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, he insisted that the wire tapping didn't make any difference to the case because the evidence so obtained hadn't been used against Miss Coplon. Chief Judge E. Barrett Prettyman interrupted with the observation that this was "an extremely optimistic view." He added: "I'd like it explained to me how any appellant can have a fair trial if conversation between him and his counsel is intercepted."

In arguments on the New York appeal, Judge Learned Hand, one of the most distinguished of federal jurists, clashed sharply with Strine. The federal prosecutor had argued that the government had not been guilty of "deliberate or wanton destruction of wire-tap records." Judge Hand took him up sharply, asking: "Could there have been anything more wanton and deliberate than was shown by the evidence?" He cited the FBI's specific memorandum to destroy. Strine argued that this had been issued merely for security reasons, but Judge Hand disagreed emphatically. "You can point a finger at any person and say for security reasons," he pointed out.

Judge Hand later wrote the decision by which the New York district appeals court, by a unanimous vote, threw out the guilty verdict. He softened his stand a bit on the wire tapping, saying that the destruction of the recordings wasn't too vital, since copies had been kept in Washington, but he stressed that the government had failed to show that the taps had not helped its case. He wrote that Miss Coplon's "guilt is plain," but held in effect that the FBI had ruined its own case. He argued that upon the validity of Miss Coplon's arrest "concededly depends the validity of the seizure of the incriminating packet [of documents] and its competence as evidence at the trial." Only if Miss Coplon had been a fugitive trying to escape would arrest without a warrant have been justified, he said, and in this case, patently, this was not so. "No sudden emergency forced the hand of the agents," Judge Hand wrote. "They made everything ready except for the one condition which would have made the arrest lawful: a warrant."

New Law Passed

Congress later decided that the FBI shouldn't be bothered with such legal technicalities as warrants in espionage cases, passing legislation specifically exempting them from the normal statutory procedures. Nothing much could be done, however, to eradicate the impression that deliberate deceit had been practiced on the Washington court on the wire-tap issue. This is perhaps a harsh verdict, but it is difficult to see how, in view of the facts, any gentler one can be returned. Especially since it develops that the Coplon case was not an isolated one.

Last February, an almost identical contretemps developed in an appeals hearing on an action brought by the Justice Department to make the Communist Party register as a subversive organization. Throughout the entire earlier course of the action, Justice Department lawyers had repeatedly told the courts that no recordings had been made in 1945 of talks between the FBI and Louis Budenz. The Communist Party petitioned for a re-hearing and asked for more explicit assurance on this point. As a result, James T. Devine, a Justice Department lawyer, asked FBI agents to furnish affidavits. Instead of supplying the affidavits, the FBI acknowledged the truth — that, unknown to Budenz, it had taken recordings of the talks; it had had them all the time. Devine assured the court that this sudden admission came as a complete surprise to him and, he believed, to all other government attorneys working on the case.

Ethics in Law

Now some persons may say, "Oh, well, they were fighting the Communists; anything goes." But to others it may logically seem that the issue raised by such actions transcends communism or, indeed, any individual case. It is simply this: the word of the FBI and the Justice Department should be above reproach in our own courts of law. No rationalization can possibly justify the solemn and emphatic insistence of law-enforcement authorities on an assertion that is the exact opposite of truth — and which they must know to be the exact opposite of truth. And it will take a very great rationalization indeed to reconcile the wire-tap cover-ups in the Coplon and Budenz cases with the image of the FBI as an organization whose principles are so lofty and whose dedication to ideals is so steadfast that its word on anything and everything must under no circumstances be questioned.

PART 10

THE FINAL JUDGMENT

Anyone attempting to reach a definite verdict on the FBI must be overwhelmed at the outset by the complexity of the task and the difficulty of assessment when, for more than twenty years, there has been no attempt at impartial analysis; when, for more than twenty years, the public impression of the bureau has been built largely upon unquestioning acceptance of what the organization has said about itself. One conclusion, however, should be obvious to anyone who has gone to the trouble of trying to research the day-to-day newspaper files; the FBI, like any other human agency, is not perfect; it makes mistakes, sometimes serious ones. And because it does, it should not be placed, any more than any other human agency should be placed, upon such a pinnacle that its actions, its pronouncements, may not be questioned without the critic running the risk of being considered an enemy of the republic.

American democracy has not granted such immunity from criticism, such immunity from the thinking processes of the human intellect, to the greatest and most revered of our Presidents. Washington, as President Eisenhower not so long ago reminded us, was savagely attacked; so was Jefferson; so was Lincoln—and so, after the honeymoon of the first Administration, was Eisenhower. In all the annals of American history, it would probably be impossible to find another major and extremely powerful public figure who has been granted the immunity that since 1940 has been J. Edgar Hoover's lot—immunity not just from attack on important questions, but even from the hasty, harsh word.

Anyone who has been a small-town reporter and has seen how so empty a title as Mayor of Podunk inflates the human ego and fattens the human brain can hardly escape the feeling that the phenomenon of universal praise can hardly be good for Hoover himself, the bureau he heads or, more important, for the American public.

This, then, is an attempt to do what has not previously been done—to wash away some of the cobwebs of press agentry, to turn a deaf ear to the clamor of the claque and try to arrive, as fairly and honestly as one can, at something that at least approximates a final balance sheet.

How Good is the FBI?

Just how good is the FBI?

Opinions certainly will differ—from the bureau's own that it is the very best, to the less charitable judgments that it may not actually be as good as some of the other federal investigative agencies and no better than some of our best police departments. Only a few years ago, for example, Westbrook Pegler wrote that the FBI has personnel scandals just as does the New York police department, but the difference is that, when a cop gets into trouble, he makes a page-one headline; when an FBI agent comes a cropper, he is quietly shelved or bounced by the boss and nothing is ever heard about it. Pegler expressed the belief that the FBI is a fine and efficient organization, yes; but probably on the whole no more fine and no more perfect than the police department of New York. Personally, I would be inclined to rate the FBI considerably higher than that, but my judgment may be clouded from watching the day-to-day activities of the New York police more closely.

Certainly the record makes this much clear; FBI infallibility is a carefully-cultivated myth. The actual histories of some of the bureau's proudest cases proclaim this. The hunt for Dillinger, prize scalp in the collection, was a checkered saga successful in the end only after two humiliating defeats at gunplay, successful in the end only because the East Chicago police came up with the all-important tip. The arrest of Karpis, Hoover's personal triumph, certainly had its bungling and embarrassing moments, and one is tempted to wonder how many good local policemen on a planned raid, knowing their target was the nation's Public Enemy No. 1, would have forgotten to bring handcuffs.

The record says that there are other serious flaws.

Time and again, local police, quietly and efficiently, have made important arrests without the wild gunplay that the bureau found so necessary.

Time and again, local police turned up the key clues in sensational cases for which the bureau, in the popular mind, was given all the credit.

Over the years, Hoover has talked tough about getting the big-shot racketeers, and the public and the press, accepting these pronouncements, have looked upon the FBI as the Nemesis of big-time crime; yet actually, startlingly, the record shows that the real czars of the underworld, accommodating gentlemen when it comes to bankrolling political machines, rarely have been touched. The Syndicate has flourished in the very years of Hoover's ascendancy, capping its performances with the display of mob government in council at Apalachin.

Careless Statistics

And finally, FBI crime figures all too often lack that complete authenticity that has unquestioningly been accorded to them. The record shows that Hoover's GID mustered a radical army of half-a-million almost overnight in the hysteria of 1919-20; that the Brookings Institution discovered Hoover being careless with millions as he built up the picture of a menacing army of crime and murder in the thirties; and *The New Yorker* analysis this spring showed the same thing in regard to juvenile delinquency figures. The harm of such irresponsibility with statistics is obvious: the newspaper headlines and the stories of an uncritical press may delude the public into panic about non-existent menaces.

Solid Accomplishments

On the good side, there are solid accomplishments.

The central fingerprint file, with the rapid service the FBI provides, is an invaluable resource in fighting crime on every level.

The scientific laboratory is equally important, both for its role in bringing ultimate proof to many cases and the emphasis it has stimulated on science in crime detection.

The National Police Academy has played an important part in spreading the knowledge of these better, more modern methods through police departments across the nation.

And, finally, the quality of the bureau's special agents has been immeasurably improved since the old days of the Daugherty-Burns regime. Hoover's insistence on eliminating political influence in appointments is largely responsible for this, and while the no-politics rule has served Hoover's own good — after all, it has made him unchallenged boss with the entire bureau responsible to him and him alone — it has also by and large served the public good.

Were it not that these accomplishments have been overblown by press-agentry into such an image of perfection that the eye cannot see clearly and the mind cannot reason, there would be little cause for alarm about the power and influence wielded by the FBI; for in that case the bureau would be subject to normal scrutiny, normal criticism, the normal checks of American democracy.

But these checkreins have been swept away in the flood of propaganda poured out unremittingly for decades; they no longer exist — and therein lies the danger.

It is a danger magnified by the personality and the prejudices of the one man who dominates and determines: Hoover. One of the glaring inconsistencies of our time is that this name, by constant reiteration, has become a household word, while the man himself remains just a name —for the most part fleshless, bloodless, devoid of human foibles; a symbol more than a human being.

The symbol has been accepted almost universally on its own terms, but one who looks critically at Hoover's record during the years can hardly fail to be impressed by the duality of his nature. He rarely operates on a single plane, but on two or on several. No prominent American figure has ever landed more easily and naturally on both sides of every fence. The words are always the right words, but often they seem confounded in the deed.

The dual nature of the man and his methods was obvious in the Cyrus Eaton case. Hoover was loftily above the battle; he wouldn't dignify Eaton with a reply. But then he whipped on the troops and, in due time, in a medium where he could not be challenged or questioned— his own FBI magazine — he did just what he said he wouldn't do: he replied.

The same split, the same clash between profession and action, runs through Hoover's career. He disclaims publicity, yields to it only with the greatest reluctance for the good of the FBI and the good of the country; yet he reacts to criticism with ready vituperation instead of facts and, as was illustrated in the case of *The Feds,* which lionized him as Public Hero No. 1, he laps up praise with an insatiable appetite.

On another level, Hoover always loudly proclaims the need for close cooperation between the FBI and local law-enforcement agencies, all working harmoniously together on the side of right against crime; yet the record shows many instances in which Hoover and the FBI have hogged the spotlight, as in the Brunette case in New York, and anyone who has covered a local police beat knows full well that such tactics have caused widespread resentment that runs bitter and runs deep.

Guarding the Files

Again, Hoover always responds with righteous wrath to the faintest suggestion that the courts or any critically-minded Congressional committee be given a peep at the contents of the FBI's secret files. Yet there have been some repeated and pretty solid indications that this secrecy is often less than perfect. The Hiss case, which the FBI had failed to break by normal and accepted investigative methods, was funneled through an FBI tip to Senator Karl Mundt and became a prosecution deep-dyed with political overtones; in the Army-McCarthy hearings, McCarthy flourished a letter out of the FBI's secret hoard and there was testimony that his legal brain, Roy Cohn, had bragged (Cohn promptly denied it) that he had ready access to FBI secrets; and finally, far more conclusively, the late Senator Pat McCarran, an investigator of the McCarthy stripe, declared explicitly on the floor of the Senate on March 25, 1953: "I have had dozens of them [FBI secret files] in my possession and have taken them home and used them for Sunday reading." Even the sacredness of secrecy, it appears, is two-faced.

It is in the confusion created by such collisions of words and action that one must try to assess Hoover's

role in the postwar era that he has influenced so subtly and profoundly. While keeping himself in the background of hysteria, he has certainly helped, probably more powerfully than any other figure, to foment hysteria. He began it in 1945 with his complete acceptance of the revelations of Elizabeth Bentley; he gave the witch-hunt the full support of his prestige through his close relationship with McCarthy and through his testimony before the Senate in 1953; he capped the performance this year in his *Masters of Deceit*, which pictures a still-active and menacing internal threat in the very hour of American communism's virtual demise.

If America is ever again to see issues clearly and to react with the powers of the mind instead of emotionally, Hoover's role and the role of the FBI, at some day and some hour, will have to be assessed.

Some Basic Elements

In the meantime, basic elements of the picture should be understood. It should be realized that Hoover's GID in 1919-20 pictured in most alarming terms the real and imminent menace of violent radicalism and revolution. Events showed that the American people did not need the FBI to maintain their hold on democracy; for most of the years between 1920 and 1940, the agency did not operate in the field of "radicalism" and exercised no restraining political influence.

It should be understood that the language of Hoover's GID in 1919-20, the language of Hoover in 1940-41, and the expressions of Hoover today, all fit into one coherent pattern—a pattern that fails to distinguish between revolutionaries and liberals and tars with the brush of subversion all liberalism.

In 1919, for example, as chief of GID and the man in charge of deportations on the Buford, Hoover drew considerable criticism for a refusal to permit wives to accompany their deported husbands. Subsequently, GID in its report to Palmer attacked its critics in language that seems strangely familiar. It said: "There would have been no vicious and hurtful criticism of the administration, but rather free praise from all reasonable sides for its promptness and good effect, had it not been for the press agents of the Reds and their hallucinated friends among the parlor bolsheviks, and even a certain class of Liberal writers from whom better discrimination might have been expected. . . ."

In 1941, Hoover, reacting to criticism, labeled his opponents as:

> ...The rabble-rousing Communists, the goose-stepping bundsmen, their stooges and seemingly innocent "fronts," and last but not least, the pseudo-liberals.... By whom have these persons been set upon us? By persons whom we have trusted most—by certain teachers in our public schools and institutions of higher learning, by certain writers fattening upon royalties paid by the American people while fostering class hatred and discontent, by some prattle-minded politicians grabbing votes with one hand while waving the flag of pseudo-liberalism with the other, and worst of all by some ministers of the gospel. . . . The word "liberalism" is something we should weigh carefully during these dark days that confront our nation....

In *Masters of Deceit*, many of the same phrases are repeated, and in a speech this year, Hoover lumped all detractors together as "professional do-gooders, pseudo-liberals and out-and-out Communists." The master of the FBI always professes profound respect for democratic processes—the right of free speech, the right to dissent — but when these privileges are exercised, he lashes out in language that obliterates all essential distinctions and tars free-speakers and free-thinkers with the treason brush.

McCarthy Technique

The technique is indistinguishable from the technique of McCarthy, and it is not surprising to find that the FBI chief and the Senator formed a mutual admiration society. Nor is it surprising, though it may only be coincidence, to note that the key elements of Hoover's 1941 diatribe have been the pillars of the modern and horrible reality — the instilled distrust of "those we have trusted most," the anti-intellectualism, the Congressional probes of the colleges, even the 1953 charges that Protestant ministers, especially those of the

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Methodist church, were tainted with subversion.

This injection of an anti-religious, anti-Protestant theme into the witch-hunt provoked sufficient public outcry to hoist J.B. Matthews out of office as McCarthy's chief investigator, but it didn't affect the friendship of McCarthy and Hoover. The Senator let it be known that he was conferring with Hoover on Matthews' successor, and when he selected a new investigator, he picked one of Hoover's top agents. The rapport between the two men was put into words by Hoover himself during a stay the two happened to take at the same time in the same seaside hotel in La Jolla, California. Questioned by reporters, Hoover had only kind words for McCarthy. The Senator, he said, was "a vigorous individual who is not going to be pushed around," and he added: "I view him as a friend and I believe he so views me."

This endorsement came after McCarthy, in the full view of television cameras during the 1952 Presidential campaign, committed an unforgivable affront to democratic traditions. On the day Eisenhower tripped on his halo by embracing McCarthy in Wisconsin, the Senator put on one of his this-leads-to-this-and-that performances, trying to link Adlai Stevenson by remote control to the dark devices of Moscow. He wound up by declaring that if someone would only smuggle him on the Democratic campaign special with a baseball bat in his hand, "I would teach patriotism to little Ad-lie."

Face of Fascism

This was the naked face of an incipient fascism on your living-room screen. It was the technique that Mussolini used, that Hitler used, and it's easy to see why. Under such a system, all you have to do is shout treason to demolish your political opponent; you don't have to discuss issues. Especially, you don't have to discuss any possible virtues in a Roosevelt-Truman liberalism.

For the stultification of debate and thought that has resulted, Hoover must share responsibility. He is not, of course, alone. Mass media of information have helped mightily. So have Republican orators. But indisputably the top man of the FBI has lent his powerful support to the non-critical acceptance of the tales of informers, to the grandiose magnification of the subversive menace in a country where violence attracts only the creeps and the crackpots; he has fostered the use of all-inclusive terms of opprobrium like "pseudo-liberal" that defy exact definition and can be used to splatter anyone. Little wonder that we have reached a stage where no issue — not Lebanon, not Quemoy — can be debated vigorously or reasoned on its merits.

This pervasive role of Hoover and the FBI is not reflected in the one-way mirror that has been held up to picture the bureau to the American public. Whitehead's book is a graphic illustration. The author, allaying all fears, quotes a letter from Justice Stone to Hoover on January 2, 1932 — at a time when the FBI was still operating on the sound and conservative lines Stone had laid down, a time before the big build-up.

"I often look back to the days when I first made your acquaintance in the Department of Justice," Stone wrote to Hoover, "and it is always a comfort to me to see how completely you have confirmed my judgment when I decided to place you at the head of the Bureau of Investigation. The Government can now take pride in the bureau instead of feeling obliged to apologize for it."

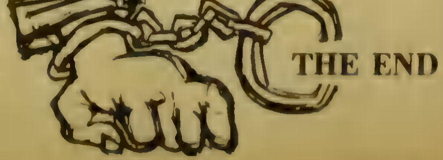
What Whitehead neglects to say is that even Stone had second thoughts. As Mason's life of Stone makes clear, the Justice later wrote: "Personally, I have been sorry to see [the bureau] get the great publicity which it has received, and I only hope that the ultimate effect will not be to break down its morale. One of the great secrets of the success of Scotland Yard has been that its movements are never advertised. It moves and strikes in the dark, and in consequence is more efficient both in its internal organization and its relation to criminals than would otherwise be possible."

Critic of the Court

An America that only this year saw the ultra-conservatives, with Hoover's blessing, fail by only a single Senate vote to curb the powers of the Supreme Court, might also take to heart the philosophy that Stone eloquently expressed in 1924 when he was straightening out the old scandal-ridden bureau. Stone then chalked a clear and sharp boundary line separating the fields a federal-police agency should and should not enter. He did so in these memorable words:

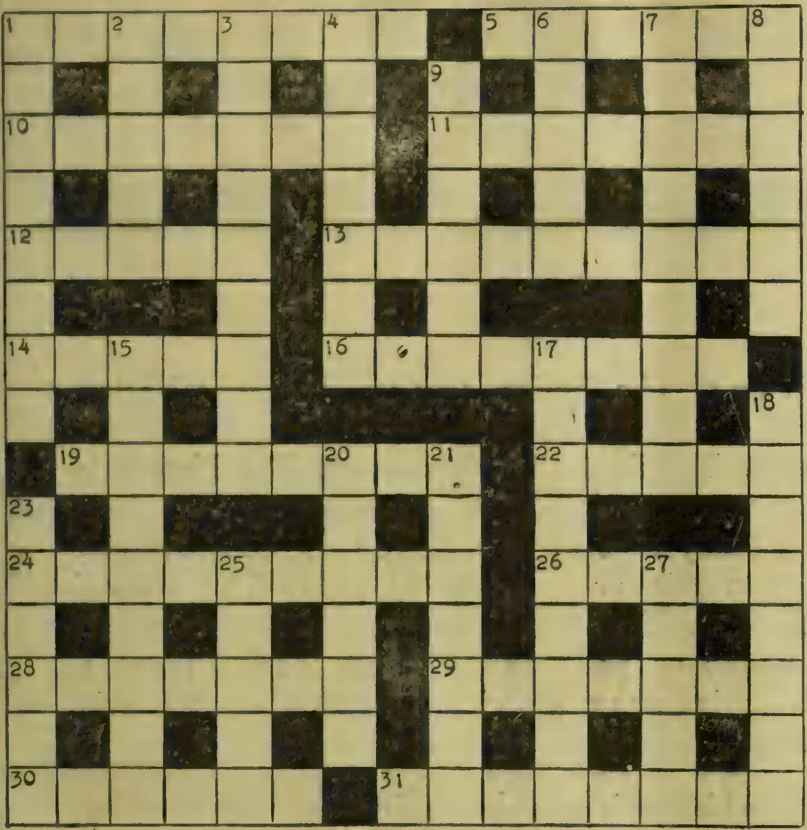
> There is always the possibility that a secret police may become a menace to free government and free institutions because it carries with it the possibility of abuses of power which are not always apprehended or understood. The Bureau of Investigation is not concerned with political or other opinions of individuals. It is concerned only with such conduct as is forbidden by the laws of the United States. When a police system passes beyond these limits, it is dangerous to the proper administration of justice and to human liberty, which it should be our first concern to cherish. Within them it should rightly be a terror to the wrong-doer.

Stone clearly did not envision an age when the man whom he had named to head the FBI could instruct the Supreme Court on its duty.



Crossword Puzzle No. 790

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A Templar is likely to be sort of bold! (8)
10, 11, 19 and 5 Might a would-be deb receive such a call, regardless of her place in life? (4, 3, 4, 3, 8, 3, 3)
12 Call the First Lady! She's around, all right! (5)
13 Is a talent an unusually strong word? (9)
14 Is leaving Paris for it, more or less.
16 If you have one of 17, you should be (at least so-called). (8)
19 See 10 across
22 and 25 One more painting, but not in the institution! (10)
24 If it drops, it might get wet. (9)
26 How we might find some of our food, like an Indian. (5)
28 Is the spirit sometimes moved by it? (7)
29 There's a sort of intuitive impression about it, when you get loose.
30 Not exactly happy to get improperly directed, while in the driver's seat. (6)
31 Concerning when the count is about reprimands. (8)

DOWN:

1 What could one cut with them — aces? (8)
2 Is it between the extremes of the Scarlet Pimpernel's whereabouts? (5)
3 The driver gets only between three and four feet in other than common surroundings. (9)
4 The way to soak people in the back-track? (7)
6 See 17 down
7 Satisfactory reparation. (9)
8 Almost all of what the Captain might use is still with us. (6)
9 Might be written to Cleo — the cat. (6)
15 Not so fast as a charioteer whose background could be ruined. (9)
17 and 6 The Roman fights poorly, according to Paine. (3, 6, 2, 3)
18 Bay windows? (8)
20 Strove to be represented by a choice expression. (6)
21 Plan the transit differently. (7)
23 Not indicative of the proper method tar employs. (6)
27 Serve a sort of what 4 should have done originally. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 789

ACROSS: 1 Capital letter; 9 Onset; 10 Heterodox; 11 Kneeler; 12 Noisier; 13 Niger; 14 White lies; 16 Darwinian; 18 Mufti; 19 Get lost; 21 Also-ran; 22 Engravers; 23 Atone; 24 Press releases. DOWN: 1 Cloak and dagger; 2 Passenger; 3 Tattler; 4 Lehar; 5 Extension; 6 Turbine; 7 Radii; 8 Expressionless; 14 Whistlers; 15 Inferiors; 17 Iron age; 18 Mismade; 20 Tag up; 21 Aisle.

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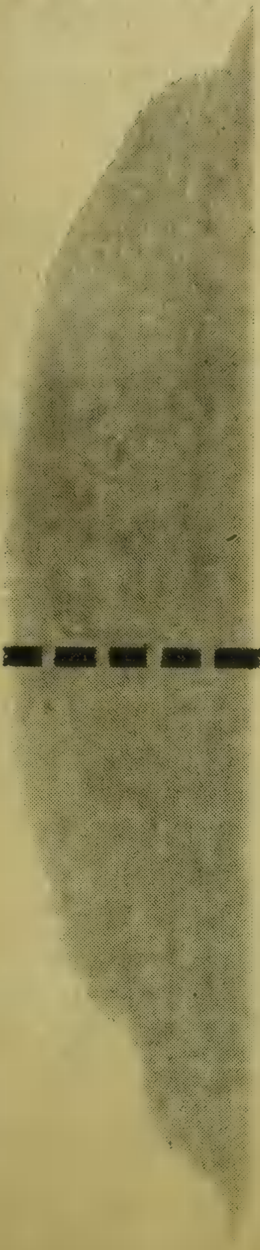

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Scientists and Diplomats

The three existing nuclear powers — the United States, Britain and the Soviet Union — are scheduled to meet in Geneva on October 31 to negotiate an agreement for an international ban on further testing of nuclear weapons. At a preliminary conference, scientists from eight nations, Soviet and anti-Soviet, unanimously agreed that the proposed prohibition could be adequately policed. This rare concurrence was hailed with worldwide applause. Whether it will lead to an actual cessation of testing seems doubtful, however, since, now that the scientists are agreed, the statesmen have already begun imposing conditions, trading recriminations and engaging in the customary mayhem of their profession.

The scientists, of course, have no monopoly of virtue any more than the diplomats are vicious through and through, yet the contrast in the behavior of the two groups is striking. Underlying it there is a difference in motivation. The scientists and engineers were concerned with solving an exceedingly difficult technical problem in a new and creative way. They succeeded, at least in theory, and found fulfillment in their success. The diplomats must grapple with a basic contradiction in their craft. Randolph Bourne pointed out that war is the health of the state, meaning that in war the state achieves a degree of unity and power which is difficult to command in time of peace. The diplomats, obsessed with national power and glory, find agreement not only difficult, but perilous. Almost instinctively, they resist the first steps toward what they fear.

The fault is neither entirely on the Russian side nor entirely on ours, but before looking for the mote in the eye of the "enemy" we are bound, in good faith, to look for the beam in our own. The headline, "Capital Suspects Atom-Test Spying by Soviet Agents," (*The New York Times*, October 10, 1958) indicates where we should look. The text of the article blames "leaks or espionage" (which are quite different things) for the surprising accuracy with which the USSR estimated the number of nuclear tests we have recently carried out. So many people are involved in an atomic test that, in the normally low security-consciousness of a democracy, anyone with normal journalistic diligence can probably find out the mere fact that a test shot has been fired. Since most tests are publicly announced, can we expect the unannounced ones to be regarded as sacred? The "leak" which gave rise to the *Times* story at such a time casts doubt on our desire to reach an agreement.

Even more dubious is the appointment of William C. Foster to head the United States delegation for the East-West talks at Geneva on preventing surprise attacks. Agreements on the atomic-test ban and on the prevention of surprise attacks are likely to stand or fall together. The surprise-attack meeting, however, is to be on the technical level, like the successful scientific meeting to devise means of detecting atomic tests. The other two members of the United States delegation are the commanding general of the Tactical Command of the United States Air Force and a professor of chemistry. They can qualify as technicians, while Mr. Foster, after a few years at M.I.T. before World War I, has devoted himself largely to business, coordination between business and government, and prosecution of the Cold War.

But there is an even more serious objection to Mr. Foster. *The Nation* commented editorially in its September 20 issue on his plan for "peace-fare" — to *double* American military expenditures. To match the United States militarily, he said, the Russians "would have to take away from their people one-third of the already sparse good things of life they have." Mr. Foster's bright idea may have no connection with the fact that he is an officer and director of Olin Mathieson, the nation's fifth-ranking chemical company, which is suffering a depression of its own and could conceivably benefit by a sharp upturn in armament expenditures. In any case, his appointment is hardly calculated to inspire confidence in the sincerity of our search for agreement.

Recognition and Non-Recognition

The ways of diplomacy are often strange to the untutored citizen, and after a lifetime of exposure to John Foster Dulles (anyway, it seems a lifetime), we may find ourselves more puzzled than ever. The United States does not recognize Communist China and, we are assured, never will recognize that iniquitous nation. Even so, for weeks on end our Ambassador has been carrying on lengthy conversations with their Ambassador, and the two, far from meeting by stealth, have been driving up to the conferential palace with the flags of their respective countries flying from their limousines. Probably they don't shake hands; thus recognition is avoided. Again, the Chinese Reds offer to stop firing on Quemoy if we will stop convoying the ships of our staunch though somewhat stiffnecked ally, Chiang Kai-shek, and we promptly comply. Was this recognition? Certainly not; it was they who recognized our expressed desire for a cease-fire; we were just talking aloud to ourselves. Finally, when the President at his press conference expressed his approval of the cease-fire thus adventitiously arrived at, he was recognizing only the reporter who asked the question, and this reporter was neither Chinese nor a Red. Any American to whom this is not perfectly clear should be turned in to the Committee on Un-American Activities, for by the very fact of his incomprehension (unless he can prove that he is well-meaning but stupid) he shows that he is not worthy of his citizenship.

Arkansas and Another Union

If Governor Faubus finds somewhat paltry the $18.15 sent him by South African white-collar workers (white, of course) to help him fight integration, he may take comfort in the fact that the sum is equivalent to two months' wages for three-quarters of South Africa's wage earners (the black ones, of course).

Too, if the Governor is beginning to feel lonely in his losing fight against apartheid — Arkansas variety — he might roam the corridors of the U.N. with members of the South African delegation who are apartheiding themselves these days from two committees, where such embarrassing questions as Negro ghettos, exploitation of natives and white land-grabbing in the Union are under discussion. He might find them glum companions, though, because for the first time in ten years of sporadic committee-bolting, their moral blackmail is not paying off. Even the Union's traditional seat-warmers, the United States and the United Kingdom, are beginning to squirm under their colleagues' scathing condemnation of Union racial policies.

The fellow racists could pluck at the thorns in each other's side. The Martin Luther King of the Union is a white, Anglican minister, the Reverend Michael Scott, who has proved to be a nuisance ever since the U.N. granted his petition to be heard in behalf of thousands of apartheided Africans. The Governor and his companions in distress could discuss states' rights, too, and their mutual troubles with higher courts of justice. According to the Reverend Scott, the inhabitants of the Mandated Territory of Southwest Africa would like to leave the aegis of the Union while they still have some land left, and yield themselves to a U.N. trusteeship. Since South Africa is loath to give up this rich source of semi-slave labor, some interloping U.N. members may ask the International Court of Justice to decide whether Pretoria has been guilty of violating the U.N. Charter. Then the Union would be forced to bolt the U.N. again — before it was thrown out.

Perhaps the racists here and in South Africa should get together just to exchange such pleasantries as "How would you like your daughter to marry a Kaffir?"

At the Starting Gate

On the theory that it is news when Midas goes broke, the recent shrill complaints by Republican Party leaders of a shortage in campaign funds is an item of curiosity and interest. No less an authority than the business and financial editor of the New York *Herald Tribune* informs us that "business has either deliberately deserted the Republican Party and its candidates, particularly its Senatorial and Congressional candidates, or else it is letting it suffer from mountainous apathy, inspired indifference." In three articles dramatically captioned "The Shameful Apathy," Mr. Rogers sets forth his reasons for the drought in funds: disenchantment with the President and his Secretary of Labor, James P. Mitchell; annoyance with the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice; and a feeling that trade and industrial associations make a sharper partisan presentation of "the businessman's cause" than the Republican Party under President Eisenhower.

Other reasons come to mind. Too many right-wing donors have been attracted by the possibility of making tax-deductible contributions to organizations such as Edward A. Rumely's Committee for Constitutional Government, which has been sponsoring full-page ads headed "Will You Let Reuther Get Away With It?" The Republicans have also neglected organizational activities in the long months between elections; to be milked successfully, donors must be cultivated. And, in the case of New York, the thought of chipping in to help a Rockefeller must strike most Republicans as about as funny as the thought of contributing to the elect-Harriman fund must strike most Democrats.

But isn't there a simple, basic explanation for the drying-up of those once-gushing Republican money wells? Looking westward to California, in a key contest, the Republican donor observes that Governor Knight is vigorously campaigning, not against his Democratic opponent for the Senate, but against his fellow Republican, Senator Knowland. Looking eastward to New York, another key state, the prospective donor observes that Mr. Rockefeller is avoiding Vice President Nixon as though in fear of some vile and dreadful contamination. Under the circumstances, it is not strange that erstwhile donors should have reached the quite sensible conclusion that this is not a particularly good year to invest in Republican nominees. But it is unfair of Mr. Rogers to accuse them of desertion or apathy. Normally they would bet on the horse that is carrying their colors, albeit a bit faded; they are loyal to the stable and there is nothing apathetic about the way their binoculars are glued to the course. The truth is that they are simply reluctant to bet on a crippled nag which has not done well in the trial heats and now is acting most erratically in the starting gate. Their reluctance to bet may not be sporting, but it can't be chalked up as desertion or apathy.

Titcomb of Albany

Earlier this month a man of twenty-nine died in Albany after being attacked with tear gas by state troopers who wished to evict him from his house. This citizen was clearly wrong in refusing to surrender his house when so ordered. The State of New York required his property for a new highway. But it is difficult, also, not to sympathize with a man who defends his home against the bulldozers. A man is no more a match for a bulldozer than he is for a windmill, but the very inequality of the combat is what makes it symbolically effective. We do not suggest that roads are anything but a public benefit, we do not even whisper that there could be too many of them. But perhaps we should decide (and soon, for the bulldozer has discovered parthogenesis) whether man has any needs that run counter to his appetite for driving at sixty miles an hour from horizon to horizon. You need a symbol for such an inquiry: we suggest the figure of the late Marvin Titcomb of Albany.

For Members Only

In the article on repressive sex laws which appears on page 286 of this issue, Dr. Karl M. Bowman remarks that the long-standing taboos on public discussion of sex problems are "beginning" to break down. The word seems to have been chosen with uncanny accuracy, for if the Kinsey studies stand as the symbol of a new freedom, what happened to Dr. Bowman himself proves that the freedom still has narrow limits. The article in this issue is based on a talk which Dr. Bowman delivered at one of the regular Friday luncheon meetings of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco. The club, be it noted, invited the speaker and selected the topic. Following the luncheon, Dr. Bowman proceeded to Station KLX in nearby Oakland, where a club official interviewed him for fifteen minutes on the highlights of his talk. The interview was taped for broadcasting the following Sunday, and releases on it were sent to fourteen other radio stations. All of this was in accordance with normal procedure long since adopted by the club, which prides itself on tackling controversial subjects and is anxious to share its information with the public.

But Dr. Bowman listened in vain for the scheduled Sunday broadcast. Inquiry revealed that the club had decided that the talk was "questionable" radio material and had sent a wire to all broadcasting stations normally carrying its program: "In view varying individual policies, suggest check tape Dr. Bowman Commonwealth Club 'Repressive Sex Laws.'" Result: so far as is known, only one of the fifteen stations has used the tape. Now KPFA of Berkeley, California, has asked for a release; so far the club has refused.

All other questions aside, the club's attitude is an affront to common sense. Dr. Bowman's subject was the law, and if people cannot be informed about the issues involved, and discuss them publicly, what kind of democracy do we have? Apparently it is the Commonwealth Club's thesis that the only place to discuss laws regarding sex is over chicken à la king on Fridays at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel.

Carmine's Many Faces

Carmine DeSapio is a man of many roles and faces — grand shaman of Tammany Hall, New York's Secretary of State — but whatever his role of the moment he is always the adept vote-counter. When it became apparent that the Democrats had to make their peace with Congressman Adam Clayton Powell to prevent a possible defection of Negro votes to Nelson Rockefeller, DeSapio the Tough Political Operator became DeSapio the Gentle Mediator with the ease and swiftness of a chameleon. In a jiffy, the troublesome Powell was welcomed back to the Democratic Party from which, in a more confident mood, DeSapio had recently purged him as disloyal and a bad influence on civic morals; indeed, the Congressman was upgraded and given new responsibilities, with some nice patronage thrown in for good measure and to guarantee future good behavior. Then, slipping into his role as Secretary of State, DeSapio proceeded to disqualify the petition of the United Independent Socialist Party, which is seeking a place on the ballot, because twenty-three of 27,000 signatures were found to be irregular on ingeniously technical grounds. For example, fifteen signatures were ruled "incomplete" because the signers did not list a full street number, although the registry books at the county seat did not include such information and merely carried the name of the village in which the voter resided. DeSapio is eager to keep the new party, which has nominated John T. McManus for Governor and Corliss Lamont for United States Senate, off the ballot because many of its supporters are potential Democratic voters if the new party is disqualified. The issue is being tested in the courts and DeSapio's capricious ruling may be set aside. Should it be upheld, however, the followers of the United Independent Socialist Party can anticipate a welcome back to the Democratic Party as warm as that given the recusant Powell. Where Democratic votes are to be counted, DeSapio is not the man to cherish a grudge.

MISSILES AND CHAMPAGNE . .

by Dan Wakefield

Dallas, Texas

IN THE tranquil dusk of early autumn, several thousand citizens stood around the trim green lawn of the Civic Auditorium here while the Texas Air National Guard band played sometimes martial, sometimes lilting, music that added to the festive atmosphere. Ladies stood regally in the still heat beneath heavy fur stoles and chatted pleasantly with handsome, gray-templed men. A young girl remarked to a friend that she had been to the fashion show that afternoon and had never seen such ghastly things in all her life. The band played "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," and then a lone gentleman ascended the red, white and blue draped platform and all eyes turned toward him as the music stopped and his voice came over the public-address system in friendly tones of greeting to the audience:

"Welcome to the first public unveiling of the first Intercontinental Ballistics Missile of the Free World. Dallas can be proud tonight; all Texas can be proud. . . ."

The speaker, Peter J. Schenk, president of the Air Force Association, explained that indeed the whole Southwest was honored on this occasion, not only because Dallas had been chosen as the site of the Air Force Association annual convention, but especially because the affair was to be marked that evening by the unveiling of the Atlas missile. It was appropriate that this historic event was to take place in Dallas, Mr. Schenk said, because this was an air-minded city; and, as further reason for local pride, there were more Air Force bases in Texas than in any other state in the union.

The next event on the program, Mr. Schenk said, would be a performance by the Lackland Air Force Base Drum and Bugle Corps. The audience applauded.

A gentleman turned to a lady beside him and asked, "Do you know what today is?"

"The 25th of September," she said.

"Three months till Christmas," he said.

A gentleman in a black flannel suit placed a cigarette in his mouth and pulled out a match-folder inscribed with the message: "Barefoot Sanders for Congress." A dark-haired, nineteen-year-old girl in a dress of white satin and a mink stole was identified by someone as the local young lady who had been chosen by the Air Force Association convention as "Miss Space." Over the music of the Drum and Bugle Corps came a roar which soon was identified as a "flyover" of "three Tactical Air Command F-101 Voodoo supersonic fighters" just arrived from Bermuda on a record-breaking, non-stop, non-refueling flight known as "Operation Long Leap." Their arrival signalled the coming of the special motorcade of Cadillacs which brought to the outdoor platform the "group of men who are responsible for developing the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile." The Texas Air National Guard Band finished playing "Our Team Will Shine Tonight," and amidst the resounding slams of Cadillac doors, a dozen or so men, some of them in uniform, some in civilian suits, climbed the bunting-draped platform. The men in civilian clothes were identified as members of "the Industrial Team" which had worked with the Air Force in developing the Atlas.

J. V. NASH, of the Industrial Team, explained that twelve years ago, a group of men in the Air Force "dreamed a great dream — a missile capable of going to distant parts of the earth. They coined the word 'atlas'. . . ." At the same time, Mr. Nash said, a group of men at North American Aircraft Corporation were "dreaming bold dreams of a missile power plant." Fortunately, these two groups "joined together to dream this bold dream." Today, Mr. Nash said, we stand here "a little nostalgically and look with pleasure at their dream that came true."

The eyes of the audience turned toward the slim, eighty-two-foot object which towered above the Civic Auditorium. There, encased in folds of royal blue taffeta, stood the Atlas. Those in the audience who had read the local evening paper knew that it had been brought to this spot from Los Angeles by the combined efforts of the Belyea Truck Company and the F. S. Oldt Company, at a cost of $75,000 to the United States Air Force. They knew, further, according to the paper's report, that ". . . As an Air Force spokesman pointed out, it is worth the expense. 'From Dallas, the whole world will learn more about the ICBM,' he said."

The historic placement of the Atlas on its base outside the Civic Auditorium, the report went on to say, was engineered by a crane which was operated by J. E. Brockway of 1531 Whispering Trail Street, Dallas.

TO PULL the lanyards which would unveil the missile, Mr. Schenk said that there was on hand a captain and a master sergeant from the Strategic Air Command. The lanyards were pulled, assisted by General Thomas White, Chief of Staff of the SAC, who said that the achievement before us was the result of thinking co-ordinated "under our free institutions." The taffeta slipped and fell, caught on the silver nose of the missile, and then, with extra tugs, came down to reveal the full form of the Atlas to the applause of the audience. Those in the crowd with complimentary tickets then proceeded inside the auditorium to the champagne reception of the Air Power Panorama, staged by the Air Force Association with the help of its Air Force and industrial members.

Negro waiters in white coats bore trays of pink champagne to the hundreds of guests of the Panorama opening. At the Bell System booth, an attractive, blond young lady explained, with pointer and map, in a slow, Dallas drawl, that the Bell Telephone Company had constructed a whole system of emergency circuits which would route calls around "disaster areas" in case of atomic attack on the United States.

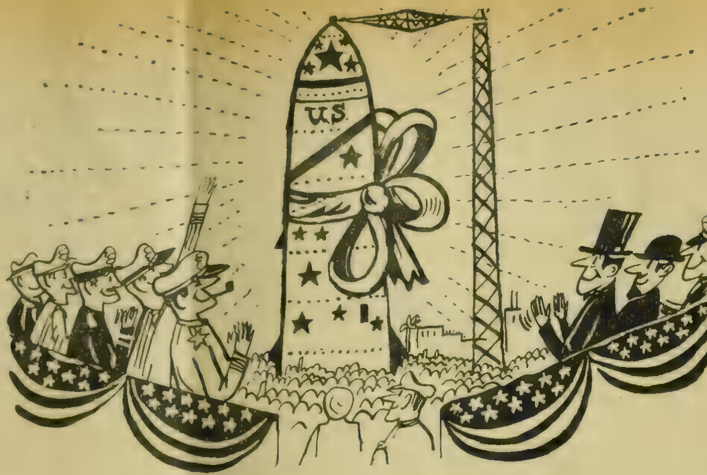
DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

"Suppose," the young lady pleasantly conjectured, "a city is destroyed — let's say by nuclear attack. . . . These green lines on the map are by-pass routes which can get information and calls through even if the city it ordinarily passes through is entirely destroyed. . . . Nearly a million telephone workers stand ready to get your message through despite any emergency."

At the G. B. Wiggins Oil and Tool Co., Inc., booth, sponsored by the company which makes "Wig-O-Flex" wire connections for missiles, a group of guests had gathered for the "launching" of a model cardboard missile from a special model launching pad. A recorded voice announced the count-down, and then a blast was heard, and the cardboard missile shot into the air and landed on the floor beside one of the ladies who was sipping from her glass of pink champagne. A general cry of delight went up, and one of the ladies commented: "How cute!"

OVER AT THE Small Business Administration Booth (just a bit east of the Thor Missile Booth), a pamphlet entitled "ABC of Selling to U.S. Government" was being distributed. This was only appropriate, since the Air Force Association, "an Independent Non-Profit Airpower Organization," is composed not only of some 60,000 active and former members of the Air Force, but also of more than 300 companies (("partners in airpower") who contribute a minimum annual membership fee of "$375 for first unit, $250 for each additional unit" — fees which, added to the $6 yearly personal member dues, probably amount to a very minimal minimum of $200,000 a year. This money goes to pay for the organization's fulfillment of its aim to supply "an alert and experienced full-time staff [which] represents your interests in Washington — keeps you informed, plugs your ideas and needs as a member, works for sound policies, sound planning, at every level in air affairs."

The convention itself, addressed by leaders of the Air Force and of industry, was made fully aware of the urgency of "plugging" the Air Force for greater funds and attention, in view of the forthcoming Third World War. This war, which will be fought with nuclear weapons, was one of the main topics of discussion throughout the proceedings. The actual date of the outbreak of hostilities was not announced, although there were those who urged that the time be "strategically" postponed. In the words of Lt. Gen. Clarence R. Huebner, Director of Civilian Defense for the State of New York, who outlined the evacuation plans for New York City: ". . . We think this plan gives people greater confidence in our ability to win the next war. But we need time to develop these things — tactical time through warning systems, but strategic time in holding off the war until we're ready, by the work of the President and the Secretary of State."



General Huebner explained, with the aid of maps and slides, that in this year's simulated nuclear attack on New York, an estimated twelve million out of a total of seventeen million people in the target areas of the state died from radiation, and a million more died within thirty days. "We get quite concerned about radiation," General Huebner said. However, the General stated that if the newest Civil Defense plans are carried out fully in New York State in a nuclear attack, "We don't all need to die — we have a better chance of surviving than any other people in the world if we just put our minds to it." General Huebner showed on his slides the six-point program of New York Civil Defense, from Point One, "Detection Warning," to Point Six, "Recovery After Attack." He flashed on the screen the outline for Point Four, which was as follows:

IV. Use of warning time for evasive movement
  a. Duck and Cover
  b. Take Cover
  c. Go Home
  d. Evacuation

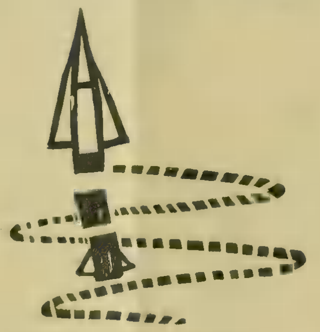
Unfortunately, it is impossible to present here in detail the full scope of General Huebner's plans, but he ended his talk by saying that "I hope you will take heart with what I have just told you." The audience applauded warmly. Maj. Gen. John P. Henebry of the Air Force Reserve, serving as master of ceremonies, then thanked the speaker for "throwing light on this serious subject."

Dr. Richard C. Raymond, manager of the Technical Military Planning Operation of General Electric Company, Santa Barbara, California, was the next speaker. Dr. Raymond pointed out that there was no limit to what we should do in preparing for defense, but that there was a limit to the practicality of preparing for *offense*. "When you have planned to kill every Russian once there's no sense in killing him twice," he said. "The idea of dropping 100,000 megatons on Russia, for instance, seems to me unrealistic." The speaker went on to offer a suggestion which had relevance both to the recession and to the defense of the nation in World War III. He suggested that all unemployed workers be put to work digging slit trenches for use as shelters during nuclear attack.

The Hon. Dudley C. Sharp, Assistant Secretary of the Air Force (in charge of materiel) spoke to the Dallas Rotary Club during the convention on other practical business aspects of the Air Force and its preparations. Secretary Sharp pointed out that, "When a commander takes his B-52 off the ground, he becomes in effect the vice president in charge of about eight million dollars worth of property. What percent of the business houses and merchants in Dallas have a greater inventory to deal with?"

The social highlight of the convention was the Friday night party entitled "The Western Wing-Ding." The AFA explained to those attending the convention:

"We have one little problem we would like to explain and solicit your understanding. Several months ago, we thought it would be most appropriate to give every convention registrant Western outfits. After studying the situation further, it became apparent that this would be a task that even a Texan would not want to tackle. We finally were able to arrange for a Western hat for each person who registered before the deadline given us by the hat manufacturers. . . . We are sorry that we could not arrange hats for everyone. So that no one will go bareheaded, we have arranged to have hats on sale for $3 each in the drug store at the Statler Hilton and in the check room at the Adolphus Hotel. . . . P.S.: Regarding Western hats — a number of registrants failed to list a hat size. We had to assume that these persons did not desire hats and therefore none were arranged for them."



THE convention was opened by a reading of the Air Force Association official invocation, led by Father Mulalley and recited, as suggested in the program, by the entire assembly:

"Lord, God of Hosts and Father of us all, be with us as we are about to open our national convention. Take out of our hearts all selfishness. May our constant motivation be the ideals and principles expressed in the Preamble of our constitution—Peace through Airpower. Lord, God of Hosts and Father of us all, may all our deliberations and all our decisions at this convention be in accord with thy Holy will and merit thy continual blessing. Amen."

Let us pray.

TOO MANY SEX LAWS . .

by Karl M. Bowman

ANCIENT HEBREW law made sodomy a capital offense. The Mosaic law, according to Goldin, included only thirty-six capital crimes; half of them involved illegal sex relations. Three of these described unnatural sex relations: (1) between man and animal; (2) between woman and animal; and (3) between one man and another.

The Christian religion largely took over the Jewish laws concerning sexual behavior. Sodomy came to be the crime "*peccatum illud horribile inter Christianos*" — that abominable sin, not fit to be named among Christians. The medieval ecclesiastic courts made it a serious crime, even when committed in secret. According to early English authorities, the guilty person was to be burnt or to be buried alive. By the time of Richard I, it was the practice to hang a man or to drown a woman guilty of sodomy. With the separation of church and state, the law was changed several times; once the penalty was even decreased. But in 1562-63 the original law was made perpetual and was not touched again until 1861, when a Victorian statute reduced the penalty to life imprisonment. American colonial laws inherited the early English enactments or English common law.

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We thus find that our laws regarding sexual behavior have been largely inherited from, and mainly based on, the ancient Jewish code of over two thousand years ago. It would seem time, therefore, to reevaluate our thinking, as well as our laws. In this connection, some questions are in order. First, what is "normal" and what is "abnormal" sexual behavior? In Moslem countries, a man may legally have four wives at the same time; in the United States, he may have four or forty different wives, but only one at a time. In many countries, homosexual acts carried out in private by two willing adults are not crimes. In fact, in some European countries (for example, France under the Code Napoleon), any sexual act carried out by two consenting adults which does not result in physical harm and does not offend public decency is not considered a crime. In contrast, our laws in the United States are highly restrictive. A great many types of sexual behavior are regarded here not only as immoral, but as illegal and punishable by law. It is of interest to note that some of the most highly praised books on marriage-counseling advocate sexual practices (when desired by both partners) which are felonies in most American states.

In other words, we have a situation in which leaders in science, medicine and religion advise that married couples should, if they wish, commit felonies.

Scientific observations show that many of the higher mammals indulge in various sexual practices such as masturbation, fellatio, cunnilingus and sodomy. To many investigators of human behavior, it seems that man inherits from his mammalian ancestry some or all of these tendencies; indeed, we all have various antisocial and undesirable impulses, not only along sexual lines, but also toward murder, assault, theft, and so on. Many great writers have expressed this idea one way or another. Goethe once said that he felt he had within himself the capacity for committing every conceivable crime.

Society recognizes the universality of these undesirable impulses and passes laws against the carrying out of some of them. Religion labels some as sins. As for the sexual impulses, it has been said that biologically there is no such thing as sexual perversion, that all perversions are culturally determined. Likewise, the society in which one lives decides what sort of sexual behavior may be practiced and what type is forbidden by law. The forbidden practices are commonly referred to as "perversions."

WE ARE beginning to see a breakdown of the long-standing taboo on public discussion of sex, and at the present time there is a revival of interest in the problem of sex legislation. Many persons and groups desire to modify the laws in the direction of greater leniency; on the other hand, some groups seek to restrict sexual behavior even more. Where we have honest differences of opinion about the propriety of certain types of sexual behavior, it would seem that we ought to rely on education, family training and the influence of society generally (including religious organizations), as a means of dealing with the problem, rather than on the passage of new laws.

The clearest current example of an honest difference of opinion is with regard to birth control and the dissemination of knowledge about contraception. At the recent Lambeth Conference in England, it was agreed that sexual intercourse in marriage is a normal expression of love and affection and should be indulged in freely without necessarily leading to pregnancy. At the other extreme on the same subject are statutes, effective in two American states, which forbid a doctor to give advice regarding contraception to a married woman even if he thinks pregnancy might lead to her death. This is, perhaps, an extreme example of how the law may seek to intervene in sexual behavior, even that of married couples.

NUMEROUS countries and several states of the United States have tried to modify certain sex laws, particularly those against homosexuality, with varied results. A few years ago, New York reduced ordinary homosexual acts from a felony to a misdemeanor. At the same time, California raised the penalty from a maximum of ten years to a maximum of twenty years, later fixing a minimum of one year and a maximum of life imprisonment for anyone "guilty of the infamous crime against nature, committed with mankind or with any animal." Again we see the two forces at work; one to decrease the penalties, one to increase them.

Perhaps it might be well to define homosexuality and homosexual acts. According to the dictionary, homosexuality is a sexual propensity for persons of one's own sex. The recent Wolfenden Report (British) of the Committee on Homosexual Offenses and Prostitution insists that the mere presence of such a propensity is not a homosexual offense and cannot be legally punished. Legally, no state in the United States specifies homosexuality or homosexual behavior as a crime by that name. But I would point out that the federal government has taken a somewhat different attitude; in the armed forces, not only homosexual acts but even homosexual tendencies may lead to an "undesirable," or "blue," discharge. Such a discharge bars the holder from all Veterans Administration benefits, including compensation or pension. It may also prevent him from getting a job.

A recent directive issued by one branch of the armed services stated that although homosexuals are security risks as well as moral risks, and their presence reflects unfavorably on the service, their cases must be disposed of justly. Two points must be decided in the individual case: Is the "homosexual" label justified, i.e., *is* the individual a homosexual, whether or not he has committed a perverse act? If so, what type of discharge is suitable?

In other words, we find that a psychiatric diagnosis of *latent* homosexuality may conceivably result in a type of "undesirable" discharge. Since, as I have pointed out, some degree of homosexual impulse is present in practically everyone, it would be fairly easy to label a large percentage of our population as latent homosexuals and then proceed to discriminate against them.

Homosexuals are often classified as latent or overt. It seems extremely far-fetched to speak of an individual as an "overt homosexual" who has had a few homosexual experiences in childhood or adolescence, particularly if as an adult he is leading a completely heterosexual life. Yet it has been reported that individuals with this kind of history have been discharged from federal service.

The latent homosexual can be divided into two subgroups. The first consists of those who consciously desire homosexual relationships, but who carefully control these impulses in the same way that others control their heterosexual desires — for example, young women with normal heterosexual drives who nevertheless maintain their virginity. The second group consists of those who have no conscious interest in homosexual relations and even react with disgust to the idea. However, strong homosexual drives are present at the unconscious level, and their behavior is often motivated by these drives, which emerge in disguised fashion. It seems probable that the tremendous degree of emotion which the subject often arouses in some people is due largely to the stirring up of their own repressed or latent homosexual impulses.

It is clear, then, that the term "homosexuality" does not describe a simple homogeneous group, but includes several groups which differ from each other in many ways.

From a legal standpoint, I would agree with the Wolfenden Report, which argues that laws and regulations regarding sexual behavior should accept the fact that homosexuality *per se* is not an offense. I also feel that legal procedures should be invoked only against persons who have actually committed homosexual acts.

THERE IS much controversy over what causes homosexuality, and I will not attempt to settle the matter here. I would point to a study by Kallmann on identical twins which indicates homosexuality as an inherited tendency. Various endocrinological studies show, at least in some cases, definite physical causes. There are many psychological theories. Freud, for example, considered that homosexual impulses are part of the normal state in the evolution of the sexual instinct through which everyone passes. In a letter to an American mother who asked about treatment for her son, Freud wrote:

> Dear Mrs. ....
>
> I gather from your letter that your son is a homosexual. I am most impressed by the fact that you do not mention this term yourself in your information about him. May I question you, why you avoid it? Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage; but it is nothing to be ashamed of, no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness; we consider it to be a variation of the sexual function produced by a certain arrest of sexual development. Many highly respectable individuals of ancient and modern times have been homosexuals, several of the greatest men among them. (Plato, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, etc.) It is a great injustice to persecute homosexuality as a crime, and a cruelty, too. If you do not believe me, read the books of Havelock Ellis. . . .
>
> Sincerely yours with kind wishes
>
> Freud

Under Freud's theory, everyone would be classified as having latent or repressed homosexual impulses. Other students of the subject emphasize the conditioning experience of early life, the relationship of the child to the parents, the way in which he may have been initiated into sexual practices, and many other factors. Homosexuality may arise from a multiplicity of causes rather than from a single cause. There is evidence, moreover, that certain aspects of our culture may tend to drive individuals away from heterosexuality and into homosexuality.

SOCIETY has the right to protect itself against behavior — including sexual behavior — which it feels is a crime against the "peace and dignity of the state." The question is: Where should we draw the line and when should the state pass laws regulating sexual behavior? Society should be and is most concerned about two things: sex crimes of violence and sex crimes against small children. I think there is universal agreement that laws with strong penalties should be kept for these two offenses. I do not believe that anyone advocates any diminution of severe penalties for these two crimes.

The most controversial point is the problem of overt homosexuality. Regarding this, a number of medical and legal societies and some religious organizations in Great Britain and the United States have advocated less repressive laws. The report of a council representing the Church of England, the British Government paper comonly known as the Wolfenden Report, and the recommendations of the British Medical Society all advocate that homosexual practices between two willing adults, carried out in private, should not be considered a criminal offense.

In our own country, the American Law Institute (in May, 1955) after considerable argument, voted 35 to 24 to recommend that sodomy between consenting adults "be removed from the list of crimes against the peace and dignity of the state." In the final debate, Judge John J. Parker opposed any change in present law on the ground that many things are "denounced by the Criminal Code in order that society may know that the state disapproves." But Judge Learned Hand, speaking for revision, stated that criminal law which is unenforced is worse than no law at all. He declared that, after previously voting the other way, he had decided that sodomy is "a matter of morals, a matter very largely of taste," and not something for which people should be put in prison. Many members of the medical profession share this attitude.

I would therefore advocate that we should probably follow the Code Napoleon not only in the matter of homosexual acts, but as to other sexual acts of a heterosexual nature. I do not believe that bestiality, for example, should carry a possible maximum penalty of life imprisonment, as provided by the California statute. I would also advocate that the state has no right and should not seek to regulate the sexual behavior of married couples. Sending a married couple to prison because they were accidentally seen to be carrying out a so-called "perverse act," and placing their children in foster homes, seems to me an unwarranted interference on the part of the state. Nor has the state any right, in my opinion, to interfere with the use of birth control by married couples, or with the practice of medicine by physicians. Is it reasonable for a state to forbid a doctor to advise a married woman about the practice of birth control when pregnancy might endanger her life? Here I would like to quote from the Lambeth Conference Report:

> Sexual intercourse is not by any means the only language of earthly love but it is, in its full and right use, the most intimate and the most revealing. . . . It is a giving and receiving in the unity of two free spirits which is itself good (within the marriage bond) and mediates good to those who share it. Therefore it is utterly wrong to urge that, unless children are specifically desired, sex-

ual intercourse is of the nature of sin.

The report of a council of the Church of England, drawn up several years ago and not for general publication, recognized the fact that although homosexual acts are a sin in the eyes of the church, they are not necessarily crimes punishable by the state. In England, fornication and adultery are sins, but are not crimes, although they may well have much graver social consequences than homosexual practices. It is therefore unjust that consenting homosexual men can be sent to prison under a criminal law that ignores both heterosexual sins and female homosexual acts. The present law, instead of protecting the young and preserving public decency, offers a chance for blackmail and may indirectly cause suicides. It also helps the homosexual, by giving him a just grievance, to ignore the moral implications of his act. For these reasons the council urged an investigation into all possible revisions of the law.

We have in the United States a considerable number of persons who want to regulate by law the behavior and even the thinking of others. I agree with Thomas Jefferson: "That government is best which governs least." The idea that the state should increasingly regulate human behavior and human thought is to me a departure from the whole theory of democracy. I believe that a liberalization of sex laws is desirable. Such a course is backed by some of the greatest authorities in the world.

THE ENTANGLING MR. CHIANG

by Alexander DeConde

THE PRESENT crisis over Quemoy and Matsu has confused and divided American opinion on foreign policy as it has not been since Dwight D. Eisenhower moved into the White House. Many Americans are asking themselves if their Government's entanglement with Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Chinese regime on Formosa (Taiwan) will lead to the nuclear war all of us dread. Some of us recall that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles on December 3, 1954, signed a formal treaty or mutual-security pact — in old-fashioned words, an alliance — with Nationalist China. Some of us may be asking ourselves: Was this departure from the traditional principle of avoiding entangling alliances, a foreign-policy principle that served us well for a century and a half, really necessary?

Events and the nature of the alliance itself seem to show that the Formosa treaty *is* an unnecessary entanglement, and that it lies at the root of part of our present dilemma. The classic advice in George Washington's often misunderstood Farewell Address of September, 1796, is still valid; Washington, it must be remembered, warned against *permanent* alliances, though he saw nothing wrong with alliances designed to achieve specific objectives in line with our national self-interest.

Washington's suggestion was provoked by his unpleasant experience with the French Alliance of 1778, which achieved the two basic objectives of the signatories: it contributed to England's defeat in war and helped this country win its independence. But after U.S. independence was achieved, the alliance — which pledged both countries to defend each other's territory "forever" — became an obnoxious burden to the new nation. It threatened to drag the American people into a war against England that could benefit only France and created dissension and political turmoil among American partisans of England and France. Moreover, it promised no compensating advantages.

So President Washington and his successor, John Adams, tried to obtain a release. When France refused, they risked war with her rather than cling to an alliance that, in their view, was harmful to their country. Finally, France agreed to give up the treaty — for a price which the United States willingly paid. In retrospect, the price seems low. This country agreed to abandon claims of American citizens, amounting to about $20,000,000, against France for the destruction of ships and other properties in the wars of the French Revolution. President John Adams thus sacrificed the interests of the few for the welfare of the many.

This unpleasant experience made such a lasting impression on Americans that the United States did not sign another alliance for a hundred and sixty-nine years. During this period, taking Washington's advice with great literalness, we completely avoided "entangling alliances" — the phrase was first used by Thomas Jefferson — of any kind. So strongly was this principle entrenched that President Wilson brought the United States into World War I not as an "ally" but as an "associated power."

IT WAS only after World War II that the United States, faced with the growing and aggressive power of Soviet Russia, discarded the principle. We have since created a complicated, world-wide network of alliances embracing forty-eight nations. We are tied to multilateral pacts in the Western Hemisphere through the Treaty of Rio de Janeiro of 1947. We launched the North Atlantic Treaty of 1949 for the defense of Western Europe. In 1951, we signed the Anzus Pact with New Zealand and Australia, and in 1954 we committed ourselves to the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty (SEATO) with Australia, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand and Great Britain. We have also made bilateral treaties

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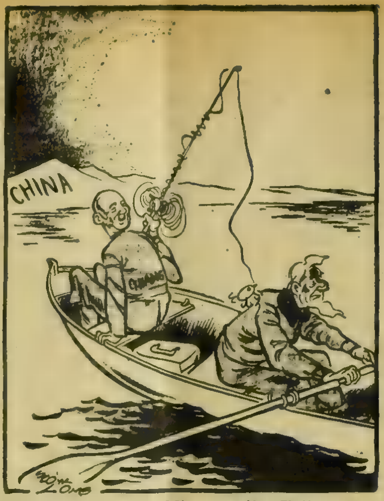
with Japan, South Korea and the Philippines, as well as with Nationalist China. Indirectly, we are also connected with the Baghdad Pact of 1954, uniting Iraq with Great Britain, Turkey and Pakistan.

The main objective of this system of alliances is to confront the Russians, and also the Chinese Communists, with a solid alignment of power that will dissuade them from aggression. Some of the treaties serve the main objective of the United States; some reflect a common purpose of the signatories and bring strength to the individual members, thus meeting the basic test of a good alliance. But other of our treaties do not meet this test.

By definition, all alliances "entangle." To have value to its signatories, to survive stresses and strains, an alliance must be based on mutual interests. Paper bonds alone do not tie effectively. An alliance will prove reliable only as long as all the signatories continue to fear the contingency, or party, against which it was originally directed. There must be, moreover, reasonable assurance that, acting together, the signatories are capable of meeting the contingency. Above all, an alliance should serve the interests of *all* parties, and not merely the interests of one to the detriment of the others.

SOME OF OUR alliances do not meet these conditions. At the present time, the agreement of 1954 with Chiang Kai-shek meets none of them. From the beginning, in fact, it brought us no advantage and was a dubious entanglement. The alliance grew out of one of Secretary Dulles' famous "brinks"; i.e., one of his attempts to preserve peace by risking war. Late in 1955, the Chinese Communists began shelling Quemoy, threatening then — as now — to invade it.

The bombardment was so intense that Dulles, on his way home from the Philippines, stopped off at Taipei, Formosa's capital. In the talks that followed, Chiang insisted that he needed an alliance with the United States. Dulles pointed out that Chiang already had the protection of the Seventh Fleet, a protection more potent than any alliance. But Chiang insisted, and Dulles then opened negotiations.



Minneapolis Tribune

"So Sorry!"

One of the main difficulties in the negotiations stemmed from Chiang's avowed objective of reconquering the Chinese mainland. The United States did not wish to commit itself to a war, in which it would do most of the fighting, solely to serve Chiang's interests. At the same time, we did not want to deny Chiang's claim to the mainland, for to do so would be to admit that the Communists were China's true masters and hence the logical incumbents of Chiang's seat both in the Assembly and in the Security Council of the U.N. This is something the United States has consistently refused to allow to happen.

The Mutual Defense Treaty with Formosa, therefore, did not mention the extent of Chiang's dominion. Theoretically, it kept him from starting a war of reconquest, inasmuch as a clause stated that neither his Government, nor the United States, could act under the treaty without mutual consultation. The operative part of the text reads:

"Each party recognizes that an armed attack in the West Pacific Area directed against the territories of either of the Parties would be dangerous to its own peace and safety and declares that it would act to meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes."

Dulles and Chiang had agreed that this pledge included the offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu. Subsequently, however, the President insisted that the treaty must *not* commit us to defend Quemoy and Matsu. Dulles then persuaded Chiang to accept the omission, and the final text is specific: "The terms 'territorial' and 'territories' shall mean in respect of the Republic of China, Taiwan and the Pescadores."

However, according to Dulles' biographer — the only published source for this information — the American commitment to Chiang was much more extensive than the text indicates. The President, the biographer wrote, sent Chiang a personal letter satisfying the Generalissimo that the United States would help defend Quemoy and Matsu against Communist attacks.

PREMIER Chou En-lai called the Formosa alliance "a grave warlike provocation" against Communist China and kept up their shelling. Dulles then persuaded the President to take a dramatic step to gain public support for the new Formosa policy. The Secretary wanted Chou En-lai to know that war, supported by the American people, would follow if the Communists attempted to take Chiang's islands.

So Eisenhower and Dulles sought and obtained from Congress clear authority — actually, a blank check — to deal with any emergency that might arise in Formosa Strait. A joint Congressional resolution authorized the President to use U.S. armed forces for the specific purpose of "securing and protecting Formosa and the Pescadores" and "such related positions and territories of that area now in friendly hands" against armed attack, and to take such measures as he judges to be "required or appropriate in assuring the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores."

The House approved the Formosa Resolution on January 25, 1955, by a vote of 409 to 3, and the Senate on January 28 by a vote of 85 to 3. What debate there was — as Senator Morse pointed out recently in these columns [see *The Nation*, issue of September 20]—centered on the question of whether or not the President considered Quemoy and

Matsu "related positions." To allay fears that Chiang Kai-shek or some excited American military officer might "pull the trigger" of war in defense of the two islands, the President announced that he alone would decide on when and how to use the authority Congress had voted him.

Dulles' supporters have maintained that the alliance and the Congressional Resolution, ambiguously phrased as they are on the question of the offshore islands, constituted a diplomatic triumph. These supporters have argued that by bringing us to the "brink" of war, Dulles kept the Communists guessing as to our intentions and forced them to let up on their pressure against Quemoy and Matsu. For a time, this argument appeared reasonably sound; the question of the offshore islands lay dormant for almost four years.

But then suddenly, last August, the Chinese Communists renewed their shelling of Quemoy and the question burst into the headlines again. This time the Eisenhower Administration said that it would repel any Communist attack and announced that the protection of Quemoy and Matsu had become "increasingly related to the defense of Taiwan." Premier Khrushchev then warned that he would support his Chinese ally if the United States became involved in any attack on the Chinese mainland.

Many Americans became alarmed; this diplomatic duel over the offshore islands appeared to be the most dangerous "brink" since the Korean War. Why, many asked, should we risk a nuclear war over some indefensible islands? Chiang, Administration critics point out, is a dangerous liability. He purposely committed a third of his armed forces to vulnerable Quemoy with the hope of drawing the United States into his own war, aimed at the reconquest of the mainland. In this instance — contrary to the usual practice — the weaker member of an alliance was sucking the stronger into a conflict that had nothing to offer the stronger.

The time has come, recent events indicate, to recognize that Chiang is a liability we cannot afford. One of the first steps we could take to lessen this liability would be to clarify our alliance with him or — if necessary — abandon it entirely (as we have the legal right to do). This need not mean abandoning Chiang, for we could still defend Formosa. But without the alliance, Chiang would not have legal sanction for his schemes for drawing us into his own war of reconquest.

Such a step would represent, lamentably, a retreat before Communist power. Yet we have little choice. For the alliance was never based on sound principles; it was always a sentimental tie, and sentiment should not blind us to its weakness. Either we beat a diplomatic retreat, or — unless the Communists themselves retreat — we face the danger of nuclear war. In the long run, for us to retreat at this time would involve less risk than a strong stand within the coastal waters of China. It would be a retreat to a position of strength, and not an abandonment of the principle of opposition to the Communist use of force.

We got rid of our first alliance with France when it was no longer useful; and we did so without irreparable damage to our foreign policy. It seems sensible, therefore, to extricate ourselves, as gracefully as possible, from our entangling alliance with Chiang — an alliance we should never have made and one which has never brought us any advantage. Both the treaty and the Formosa Resolution ought to be rescinded by the Senate when Congress reconvenes. Ties of sentiment have no place in international relations when they appear to threaten a people's survival. To this extent, Washington's and Jefferson's principle of avoiding unnecessary "entangling alliances" is still a sound one.

Politics of the Auto Settlement . .

by B. J. Widick

Detroit

THE SIGNING of three-year contracts between the United Auto Workers Union and General Motors, Ford and Chrysler did more than end a six-month period of anxiety in the auto industry. It marked a significant turning point in labor relations in this pace-making field. A formula for amicable coexistence, which both sides sought, was attained despite enormous pressures which made themselves felt in the course of the negotiations.

The settlement opened new vistas for Walter Reuther and his colleagues which they are impatiently waiting to explore. For the national economy, a period of relative labor peace in the industry removes one of the possible hindrances to recovery, and jubilation is widespread in both political and industrial circles.

But ironically, at the moment when all sides hail a new era of labor peace, the auto industry remains plagued by the greatest number of authorized and unauthorized strikes since the turbulent 1930s. There are other paradoxes. Although the agreements have been hailed as "non-inflationary," car prices for the 1959 models will go up. The U.A.W. no longer blames the price rise on high profits; nor does management, in turn, blame "exorbitant labor costs." Walter Reuther, paraphrasing former Defense Secretary Wilson's famous remark, informed the world that "It is a good settlement, good not only for G.M. and its workers, but for everyone, since it is a noninflationary settlement." Such a bipartisan display of goodwill is something new in Detroit and reflects the desire of both sides to present a

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better public-relations front to the American public, which has been criticizing the auto industry for its "big car" ideas, and the U.A.W. as a "dangerous" union.

Since the end result of the prolonged negotiations was about what had been expected from the beginning, there remains the puzzle: why did the talks take so long? The new contracts are improvements largely in the area of so-called fringe benefits, for which the money was already available from previous funding. The difference between the final package and the corporations' offer six months ago amounts to hardly more than one cent per hour. What kept the parties from getting together was obviously not money, but other factors. And it is these factors which give the settlements such importance.

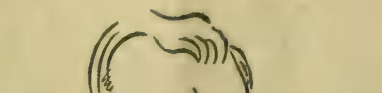
When the auto industry declared last spring that it would stand firmly on the old contracts, its motive was primarily political. The auto barons were seeking "to cut Walter Reuther down to size," as they told journalists. They were banking heavily on two factors to assist them. The recession could be expected to force the U.A.W. to scale down its demands (which it did, as indicated by Reuther's abandonment of the idea of fighting for a shorter work week without loss in take-home pay). The industry also knew that influential Democrats were exerting strong pressure on Reuther to avoid a strike on the theory that a work stoppage would hurt the chances of the Democratic Party not only in Michigan, where the future of Governor Mennen Williams is at stake, but nationally as well.

The kind of pressure that Reuther and his colleagues were getting from that direction is illustrated by the failure of the U.A.W. to endorse Carl Stellato, president of Ford Local 600, in the Democratic primary against incumbent Congressman John Lesinski. The Wayne County (AFL-CIO) Political Action Committee wanted to endorse Stellato, but was finally dissuaded by the U.A.W. leadership, which argued that to do so would antagonize Democratic friends in Washington. Even without all-out support, Stellato obtained 21,000 votes to the incumbent's 27,000, and most observers agree he might have won with support from the Reuther forces.

UNDER THESE conditions, the U.A.W. from the outset rejected the old union slogan, "no contract, no work," and ordered its members to work without a contract, under company-dictated rules, until the 1958 models had run their course. Reuther preferred this strategy to accepting the offer of a two-year renewal of the old contract, which would have meant a serious blow to his prestige.

During this "no contract" period, the auto corporations made two major miscalculations for which they have had to pay. General Motors, Ford and Chrysler sought to whittle down the U.A.W. at plant level by imposing arbitrary working conditions and rules and by weakening the plant-union bargaining structures. This led to a flurry of wildcat strikes which threatened at times to upset Reuther's strategy of waiting until production of the '59 model began before fighting back. Louis G. Seaton, a G. M. vice president, charged that the wildcats were "push-buttoned" from Solidarity House, U.A.W. headquarters. The truth was that the U.A.W. tried repeatedly to calm its secondary leaders, and found itself increasingly unable to do so.

Persons high in the Republican Party's hierarchy may have kept insisting that the industry stand firm against Walter Reuther. They hoped for a knock-down, drag-out fight and, as ammunition, they had already financed Joseph Kamp's vicious attack on Reuther. What these outsiders failed to grasp is something that the labor-relations directors of the auto plants knew. Walter Reuther was playing a responsible and conservative role in the negotiations in the face of increasing internal difficulties. The wildcat strikes were not "push-buttoned"; quite frequently they were in defiance of orders from Reuther's staff. The auto industry might want to do the Republicans a favor, but not at the cost of a return to the class strife of the 1930s.



Eric

Walter Reuther

The U.A.W.'s rank-and-file upsurge has been largely ignored by journalists. Placating the men and women in the shops is not an easy task for a union leadership even with a national agreement. In fact, now that the ranks know that there will not be a nation-wide strike, many locals are determined to improve working conditions and remove seniority and wage inequities in their own shops. It will be a long time before the harmony that appears to have been achieved at the top trickles down to the ranks. There remain many large, unresolved problems for the workers. Even if the auto industry builds 5.5 million cars in 1959, approximately 200,000 auto workers will be permanently unemployed. Nor will a return to "prosperity" end the widespread unemployment that plagues metropolitan Detroit, a situation which must inevitably affect the auto union, whose membership is centered in this area.

ALTHOUGH the 1957 U.A.W. convention mandated its leadership not to sign contracts covering a period longer than two years, Reuther took a gamble and signed three-year pacts. This may seem inexplicable until one realizes the importance of timing in Reuther's calculations, and the political implications involved. The auto settlement largely destroyed the right-wing Republican image of Walter Reuther as a bogeyman inciting class war. In Michigan, peace between the U.A.W. and the Big Three gives further weight to the generally accepted belief that the Democrats will win a clean sweep in the state

(*Continued on p. 300*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Twentieth-Century Faust

BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS. A Personal History of the Atomic Scientists. By Robert Jungk. Translated from the German by James Cleugh. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 369 pp. $5.

Carl Dreher

THIS book will not please the many industrialists, scientists, engineers and publicists who have acquired a vested interest in atomic weaponeering. The author, a brilliant anti-Nazi, anti-Soviet German-American journalist, probes deeply into the moral dilemma from which most of the atomic scientists have averted their eyes. Predominantly, in Robert Oppenheimer's words, they have acted on the premise that "when you see something that is technically sweet you go ahead and do it and you argue about what to do about it only after you have had your technical success." Of course by that time the power of decision is in the hands of soldiers and statesmen, not scientists or philanthropists. Oppenheimer's admission, Jungk suggests, "perhaps explains why the twentieth-century Faust allows himself, in his obsession with success and despite occasional twinges of conscience, to be persuaded into signing the pact with the Devil that confronts him: what is 'technically sweet' he finds nothing less than irresistible."

Starting with Ernest Rutherford's transmutation of matter in 1919 and ending with the Pugwash conferences, Dr. Jungk weaves a multitude of episodes into a fascinating account of the entire atomic development in its scientific, moral and political phases. By assiduous research and interviews with the principal figures, he has uncovered much that is new and clarified much that has been obscured or distorted. An example is his revision of the story of the inception of the atomic-bomb project in the United States. The better-informed have known all along that the protagonist was not Einstein, but the Hungarian-American physicist Leo Szilard. Jungk raises Szilard's stature as a political-technological prophet still higher. As early as October, 1933, provoked by Rutherford's assertion that the release of atomic energy on a large scale was "moonshine," Szilard considered bombarding the uranium atom with neutrons to achieve the result which the dean of atomic scientists scoffed at. In 1938, after much preparatory work by themselves and others, the Germans Hahn and Strassmann duly split the uranium atom. Szilard, by that time in New York, repeated the experiments and "perceived with shocking clarity a possible race in the production of atomic armaments." His first resort was a voluntary agreement among anti-fascist scientists to keep further work in nuclear physics secret. This was only partially successful and Szilard's compatriot Eugen Wigner suggested that the American government should be apprised of the danger. Since Szilard, Wigner and their colleagues, mostly former Central Europeans, were unknown except in the scientific community, Szilard enlisted Einstein's support in what was conceived as a purely defensive counter-move to a possible German success in the development of atomic explosives. Through Gustav Stolper, a leading German economist who had emigrated to the United States, he reached Alexander Sachs, a banker and scholar who, with a series of remarkably accurate economic forecasts, had gained Roosevelt's confidence. Sachs, not without difficulty, succeeded in convincing Roosevelt that the "uranium situation" called for action.

It surely did, but not the action which was finally taken after Roosevelt's death. Einstein, the pacifist and humanitarian, certainly contemplated nothing like the indiscriminate bombing of cities with atomic explosives. "I really only acted as a mail box," he said later. "They brought me a finished letter and I simply signed it." His regrets were of no avail. The vast technological machine ground remorselessly on, some 150,000 non-combatants were immolated and the world was plunged into the nuclear armaments race which the scientists had feared.

Jungk makes out a strong case for the contention that the dropping of the bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a militarily unnecessary atrocity. The late Robert M. Young, writing in the *Saturday Review*, went even farther: he argued that the bombs were, in effect, dropped on Russia, not Japan. The slaughter was also necessary for domestic political reasons—how else justify the expenditure of two billion dollars in the Manhattan Project? Jungk quotes Szilard: "In 1945, when we ceased worrying about what the Germans might do to us, we began to worry about what the government of the United States might do to other countries." And, he might have added, what the United States would do to itself. But he and other scientists who tried to avert the catastrophe got nowhere.

In the summer of 1945 the Japanese were so nearly prostrate that American pilots ranged at will over the archipelago and special measures were necessary to keep four Japanese cities intact for atomic bombardment. One was Kyoto, noted for its temples. Jungk relates how Professor Edwin O. Reischauer, the expert on Japan, hearing that Kyoto was marked for destruction, rushed weeping into the office of Colonel Alfred MacCormack in Army Intelligence. MacCormack, whom Jungk describes correctly as a "cultivated and humane New York lawyer," persuaded Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson to cross Kyoto off the list. Hiroshima and Nagasaki remained as targets I am inclined to give more weight to Secretary Stimson's defense of the operation than Jungk does. But even if Hiroshima was justifiable, why was the remaining bomb dropped on Nagasaki? The Hiroshima demonstration was conclusive and both we and the Japanese knew it.

A STORY of another kind involves the relationship between Haakon Chevalier and Robert Oppenheimer. Chevalier, the translator of Malraux, was one of the foremost French literary scholars in the United States. Oppenheimer and Chevalier had known each other since 1938, when Chevalier was a lecturer in Romance languages at the University of California and Oppenheimer was a wealthy fellow-traveler of the Communists, engaged to wed an avowed and devoted Communist. After a few years he fell in love with a married woman, broke his engagement, and married the other woman after she had secured a divorce. Oppenheimer subsequently kept up some sort of relationship with his former fiancée, probably only in an effort to help her, but the girl committed suicide.

All this was known to the University community and to the counterintelligence branch of the Army after Oppenheimer took charge at Los Alamos in 1943. General Leslie R. Groves, the

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CARL DREHER is a frequent contributor.

head of the atomic project, knew it also, but he overrode the counterintelligence people on the ground that Oppenheimer was "absolutely indispensable." The counterintelligence agents kept after Oppenheimer and in an apparent effort to appease them he told a story about a "certain personage" who had asked three physicists at Los Alamos for atomic information to be passed on to the Soviet Union. He refused to give the personage's name. Finally, on Groves's demand, he gave it. It was Chevalier.

The truth of the matter, or something approximating it, came out in 1954 when Oppenheimer himself was in the dock. George Eltenton, a Soviet agent of British nationality, had asked Chevalier to make inquiries of Oppenheimer with a view, as Oppenheimer put it later, "just to make up . . . for the defects of our official communication." This was at a time when unmitigated praise of the Soviet Union, which was bearing the brunt of the war, was as *de rigueur* as unmitigated denunciation is now, but when the United States was more lavish with Lend-Lease supplies for its allies than with technical information. Chevalier had complied. Oppenheimer had instantly refused, and Chevalier had instantly acquiesced in his refusal. The matter was disposed of in a few sentences and never again mentioned between the two.

The three physicists in Oppenheimer's 1943 account were a fiction, and so was much else. At the 1954 hearings, under oath, Oppenheimer characterized his stories about Chevalier as "idiotic" and "a tissue of lies." This smacks of compensatory exaggeration: the fact remained that, however good his intentions, Chevalier had acted as an intermediary for an agent of a foreign, although allied, power. But certainly Oppenheimer should have told Chevalier in 1943 or 1944 that he had named him. No doubt, in accordance with standard operating procedure, Oppenheimer was warned by the counterintelligence people not to give this information to Chevalier, but he was not in uniform nor were the agents the custodians of his conscience. He said nothing, then or later. In total ignorance of what had happened, Chevalier was dismissed from his university post and, inexplicably, could not secure another appointment. Finally he went to France, under an American passport, to eke out a living as a translator and interpreter. Jungk says, "As Chevalier had never been a Soviet agent or even in any active contact with the Communist Party, the police had not been able, despite years of investigation, to find any evidence against him." One wonders how many such cases have been a by-product of the loyalty purges.

AFTER the war Oppenheimer was so eminent that he referred to General Marshall, who had resented President Roosevelt calling him by his first name, as "George." He was a member of no less than thirty-five government committees. But under President Eisenhower his prestige declined. In 1953 he visited Europe with his wife, and the Oppenheimers and Chevaliers were reunited. "Oppie" had a belated opportunity to apprise Haakon of the unpleasant fact that he had informed on him, even if he chose still to conceal the even more unpleasant fact that, in Jungk's words, he had made him "the hero of a highly colored tale of spying." The friends embraced on parting. A year later Chevalier saw Oppenheimer's name splashed across the headlines, with his own more modestly blazoned in the text below. And to this day most Americans think Chevalier was a spy.

Yet Jungk makes it perfectly clear that in some respects Oppenheimer is a great man. He even has a few kind words for the insufferable Edward Teller. Jungk's observations, both favorable and unfavorable, will sometimes offend those to whom a polite regard for reputation is more important than common decency. They should remember that Jungk was writing a personal history of a group of exceedingly important people. As Somerset Maugham said, one can't be a writer and a gentleman too.

These fragmentary samples can give only a scanty idea of the contents of this book. Jungk presents a spectrum of atomic scientists, ranging from some who appear to regard the death of a billion human beings with the calm detachment of an actuary correlating mortality statistics and insurance premiums, to others who will not mail a copy of a published paper to an employee of an armaments manufacturing firm. Errors and omissions are few. Jungk confuses the New York Central's *Twentieth Century Limited* with the Santa Fe's *Super-Chief.* He does not mention J. R. Dunning, who first pinpointed U-235 as the isotope suitable for fission and then suggested the diffusion method of separating it. The remarkable technological and political career of Harold C. Urey, one of the ablest and most courageous of the atomic scientists, could be given more space. So could the British contributors. This applies even to the erring brethren: Klaus Fuchs receives adequate treatment, Alan Nunn May none at all. But these are trifles. If *Brighter than a Thousand Suns* is not widely read and discussed, something is the matter with us, not with the book.

The Frenchman's Burden

ALGERIA: The Realities. By Germaine Tillion. Alfred A. Knopf. 115 pp. $3.

Eleanor G. Knight

GERMAINE TILLION's book is called important by nearly everyone from Albert Camus to the local broadcaster here in Los Angeles. Now General de Gaulle has joined the fervent ranks, having made Madame Tillion's thesis his own at Constantine on October 3. Madame Tillion preaches a crusade, reminiscent of Saint Bernard in the twelfth century. Hers is a gigantic missionary enterprise to gain souls, not however for Christendom but for the Fifth Republic. If you read her book the way you listen to a political speech or an inspired sermon, you can be carried away in glory. If, on the other hand, you stumble over figures, and over rich and varied figures of speech; if you then stop to do a few sums or block a few metaphors, the euphoria is threatened and doubt stirs.

Madame Tillion's *sine qua non* for Algeria are universal elementary education, full employment and modern social legislation, and "a ballot that is not tampered with," the last a tacit acknowledgment of Algeria's prefabricated elections. The Algerians must have everything the French have. General de Gaulle has bought this program, and included postage stamps, the tricolor and the Marseillaise (Article 2 of the Constitution). The author and her august disciple take it for granted that the Algerians will be as happy as clams, once they are French. Neither the lady nor the general has so far suggested translating the Marseillaise into Arabic, but with well over 90 per cent of Algerians unable to understand French, the need suggests itself. Certainly if there are to

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ELEANOR G. KNIGHT, long a resident of North Africa, is the translator of Pierre Parent's The Truth About Morocco *and the author of many magazine articles about the region.*

be any sopranos in the chorus the anthem must be translated, for some 98 per cent of Muslim women know no French.

The economic gap between the European and Muslim community may be enormous, the author writes, but not the social gap. The evidence for this is that, given the opportunity, men "from the destitute class enter the prosperous class" with facility. She seems to be arguing that poverty makes the gap, that all can be cured with money, the solution rather than the root of evil. An annual 400 billion francs will do the trick, which sum, she says, is what the war is costing (much higher estimates have been made). But the war, everyone says, is the cause of the French financial jam. If peace should come according to the Tillion-de Gaulle gospel, it would be an equal drain on French resources. A perplexing unanswered question is whether the United States, Germany and the International Monetary Fund would continue to finance peace as they are financing war. If they did, would not Madame Tillion have to rephrase her statement on p. 69: "We— that is France — "undertook to solve the [Algerian] problems. . . . Without us, they will never be solved." The "us" may have to be capitalized, as in U.S.

THERE are several "cruxes" in this book. One is that Algerians must have access to the French labor market. France is said to accommodate 400,000 Muslim workers. In 1956 they remitted 35 billion francs — $250 per worker — to the home-folks. And the home-folks, the author says, amounted to two million people, or "maybe" even three or four million. Let's assume that three million are supported by the remittances. This would amount to $35 for each person — not enough to assist the recipients much in their passage from the destitute to the prosperous class. The crux itself seems less of a one after a little arithmetic reduces a global 35 billion francs to a single 35 dollars.

Another "crux" is education. In 1956, with a bare 25 per cent of Muslim children in school, Algerian education was costing France 2.8 billion francs (roughly $75,000,000), Madame Tillion states. Not enough, she says (and indeed it does seem low for a school-age population of two million); it must be 50 billion francs a year. General de Gaulle has now promised an eight-year program of public education for Algeria which his Minister of Education had already announced, but for which the latter has budgeted only 17 to 18 billion francs a year. Over this eight-year period, 15,000 classes are to be started, and that means schooling for 750,000 children. Today there are one and one-half million without schools, and the Muslim population increases at the rate of 200,000 a year, at least. Here again arithmetic spoils the crusading *élan*, making Madame Tillion's vision and de Gaulle's promise dwindle with every year that passes.

Two million Muslims are, "economically speaking," Europeans. Presumably Madame Tillion means that they have European incomes. Admittedly she is an expert, but so also are the treasury officials who compiled the Maspétiol Report. This is a case where the experts disagree. According to that report, 93 per cent of the Muslim population have a per capita income of $78.49 a year, considerably less than the $587.44 European average income. This leaves seven per cent of Muslims who, even if they got the European average, which they do not by a long shot, would be nowhere near two million, not more than half of one million.

What is said about a North African Union in this book must startle the Moroccans and Tunisians as much as it does the Algerians. In such a federation, Madame Tillion claims, Algeria would be a "millstone around Morocco's neck" and Tunisia would "founder" in this "ill-balanced partnership." This is an arresting opinion for several reasons. For one, if we accept it, the Moroccans and Tunisians must be fools to support the Algerian war, and to send their delegations to the United Nations with instructions to do everything possible for their Algerian brothers. For another, Madame Tillion's reason for calling this union a threat to Tunisia and Morocco is that the Algerians are "extremely assertive and little inclined to take second place." Therefore they would dominate their partners. Having absorbed this, the reader is astonished, a few pages further on, to find out that the Moroccan worker in France "beats the Algerian hollow." Arithmetic will not solve this one. How is it that in North Africa the Algerian will dominate the Moroccan and Tunisian, while in France, on the contrary, he will lose out to them?

In the concluding chapter, we learn that money is not everything and that French experts will also be needed. Madame Tillion proposes a two-year "draft" of French university graduates and "serried ranks of schoolteachers" to work in Algeria. The terminology reminds us that the author was close to the war as a member of Jacques Soustelle's cabinet while he was governor general of Algeria. But she does not like war or war's methods, and is opposed to the use of torture. Unfortunately her efforts to mitigate the latter, as well as her humane attempts to save some Algerians from the guillotine, have been in vain. She has sold a paper program, but has not been able to halt the uncultured incidents.

In the end there remains the key question, which Madame Tillion never asks: what if the Algerians want to solve their own problems? She says that France has undertaken the job, asserting simply that the Algerians are incapable of doing it. How does one reconcile this with another statement which she underlines: "it is impossible to look after a people that is not capable of looking after itself." One final question: Can a people ever learn to look after itself when foreigners insist on doing the looking-after, even granted that those foreigners are as well-meaning as Madame Tillion and as incorruptible as General de Gaulle?

To a Used Auto Parts Dealer

My vision of the Ford Assembly Line
Changes to this flaming pile of wrecks,
Flaming paint on wrecks of rusted metal,
And in charge of it all a flaming Irishman

Whose every word is "f——'." He rooks
Me for a couple of doors, and won't throw
A window in besides; treats me like a kid;
Bosses his 6-foot cringing, joking workers

Who slop around in his grease for the pay
And curse him, I'll bet, from the bottom
Of their hearts at night. It's my wish
That his competitors beat him every deal,

His workers get loaded and sock that red face,
A truck transmission drop on his foot,
The cars he buys be busted everywhere,
And my two doors will work O.K.!

Richard I. Mayes

Somebody Else's Crowd

AT LADY MOLLY'S. By Anthony Powell. Little, Brown & Co. 239 pp. $3.75.

Dawn Powell

THERE is a code among English novelist-wits of our day that no character of their creation may share stellar billing with the author. Whatever the book, there must be no obstreperous Micawbers or Quilps to overshadow the Huxleys, Waughs, Amises, or Powells. These are the clown tycoons, author-producer-star-bandleader every one of them, and when you buy, ask for them by the proper brand-name — the new Waugh, the new Amis, the new Anthony Powell, the new Angus Wilson.

Nevertheless, amidst the vast but economical cast of bit-players and tumblers in Anthony Powell's "Music of Time" novels, of which *At Lady Molly's* is the fourth, one character assumes increasing poignancy. Of all the sad young men alone in all the gay places, Nicholas Jenkins must be the saddest. Quiet, infinitely modest, infinitely well-bred, obviously well-enough connected for at least the second-best invitations, and well-enough heeled for the proper gestures, Nicholas patiently lurks behind the palms while others dance, looks after aging harridans and listens to old generals, gets the medicinal shot for the ailing overhung, provides a dry shoulder or at least shoulder-pad for the weeping nymph, cues in all the guests to their favorite anecdotes. But nowhere throughout the four novels is he rewarded with a great love or a scene in one.

Even the reader, who should be grateful for the unobtrusive but thorough way Jenkins has introduced him to such fascinating lives, forgets his name and has to turn back the pages to find out who old Whatsisname is. Mr. Powell, we assume, had no intention of allowing Jenkins to be anything but the m. c., but the patient, decent fellow has performed this service through four novels and like good old Lewis Whatsisname in the C. P. Snow series, is entitled to a go of his own before the game is up. By this time, he knows enough about all the best people to be a first-class blackmailer, or a first-class bore. It is really a wonder that people have tolerated him so long, creeping up on them in their love scenes, and marital spats, just looking for his hat in the closet of family skeletons, chancing to drop in on the shady business conference, but above all being so damnably obliging, so content to be *asked*. The suspicion arises, in reading *At Lady Molly's*, that the characters behave as quixotically as they do and tell the outrageous confessions they do, just because Jenkins is there. They are trying to shock him. They are trying to get rid of him.

THERE are many reasons why American readers may find *At Lady Molly's* difficult reading, in spite of the perceptive wit and suave prose. First, there is neither hero nor story beyond the fragile thread of Widmerpool (an old school pal of Jenkins several novels ago) getting engaged to a Mrs. Haycock, contracting jaundice on the eve of a prenuptial experiment and calling the whole thing off. Even those of us who knew Widmerpool of old, care very little what he does, nor does it matter to us that a "noisy little girl, Barbara Goring, had once poured sugar over his head at the Huntercombes' dance." It is good to know that old General Conyers has given up training poodles as gun dogs and is now hunting down his friends with the double barrels of Jung and Freud, but he could pour sugar over their heads too for all we care. It's somebody else's crowd.

Lady Molly, a familiar type of thirties' hostess, with her "mixed bag" of guests, her budgerigars, four principal dogs and far-flung family vines, offers only her house of cards to the bewildered new reader looking for a base. There is no use trying to follow her fortunes because she hasn't any. No use fastening interest on any other pet character, either, because nobody's going anywhere—not unless everybody goes. What appears to be the "mixed bag" at Lady Molly's is not haphazard at all; the chain of seemingly raffish guests is chosen like Rotary Club members, each specializing in one major eccentricity, no duplicates permitted. It is agreed that scandal, to be amusing, must concern titled sinners or at least the military. What delicious fun for a Knight of the Garter in court regalia to leap into the fountain, say, but let a postman obey the same impulse and he's popped off to a nursing home.

Mr. Powell's wit is chillier and its area more circumscribed than in the earlier *Venusberg* and *Agents and Patients*. John Collier, with his *Defy the Foul Fiend* of fond memory, Kingsley Amis, Waugh and Huxley sometimes have spurts of wild, savage clowning that appeal to American readers more than Powell's dry detachment. None can match his ear for speech, and if this is what he means by "Music of Time" then he has caught it so far as his corner of English life is concerned. But the characters need actors and a camera to give the human dimensions that Mr. Powell obviously finds sticky. Love, for Mr. Powell, is a scuffle in a dingy seaside inn, marriage a distasteful prelude to decent divorce, friends are not people you choose or even like, God forbid, but people you've always known.

If Mr. Powell seems a little cautious this time, it is not that his weapons are less precise or his aim faltering. It is that the game he hunts has gotten old through over-protection. The prey has become the pet, not fair for sport nor yet for euthanasia.

DAWN POWELL, novelist and critic, is the author of The Locusts Have No King *and* The Wicked Pavilion, *among others.*

The Avant Garde

(for K. R.)

Put your manuscript away, Horace said,
keep it nine years. . . . Do you hear the bloodhounds?
fangs snapping—howling? Not their wild sounds
frighten us—we are still an inch ahead—

it's our own voices get me—scratched-up record
of ourselves we have to carry around
of old men of the sea where our youth drowned
while Time spun crazy dials we never heard.

And now new time—that "room for human growth"—
keeps racing with us while we try to keep
up with new waves of never-stopping youth.

Words keep on forming poems in my throat;
my age sings like a child that starts to creep
and nine years more won't make that lie the truth.

WALTER LOWENFELS

Either Weep or Laugh

THE LONG DREAM. By Richard Wright. Doubleday and Co. 384 pp. $3.95.

Robert Hatch

RICHARD WRIGHT'S new novel is not a book to be studied from a distance, to gain perspective on a work of art. It should be examined myopically, close to the page, as one reads the chart of a strange and dangerous passage.

> *Lawyer McWilliams, a liberal Southerner:* It's corrupt to *take* bribes and it's corrupt to *give* them.
>
> *Tyree Tucker, a proud Negro:* Mr. McWilliams, I ain't corrupt. I'm a *nigger.* Niggers ain't corrupt. Niggers ain't got no rights but them they *buy.* . . . If we niggers didn't buy justice from the white man, we'd never git any.

Tyree Tucker, proud because he has never worked for a white man, buys the justice he needs to operate his undertaking business, his illegal dance hall, his tenements, his bordelloes and gambling games. He is wealthy, even by white standards, and his son Fishbelly, grows up "baffled by the power of dollars to wipe out shame." Tyree greets all whites with a bent back and a self-immolating smile—and drives the dark streets with curses in his throat and a gun across his knees. The two sides of Tyree, the flashing shift from agonizing clown to contemptuous brigand, is a brilliant study in the art of survival.

Fishbelly hates his father because he cringes and runs and loves him because, though with dirty, humiliating weapons, he fights until he is dead. *The Long Dream* is the story of how the boy learns to reconcile the two feelings. From another viewpoint, it is a tableau of the two races meeting on their only common ground—corruption. In Wright's South, whites and blacks will not eat together or sit together; work together or play together—but they will steal together. And the acrid joke of that for such as Tyree and Fishbelly is that the Negro demoralizes the white by the convenience of his inferiority.

The structure of *The Long Dream* is the step-by-step progress of Fishbelly, a shy black boy, from the safe, warm world of the Negro ghetto into the lawless world between the races where a few Negroes, preying on black and white alike, have the arrogance to live by their wits. It opens up aspects of the South not covered by dictionary words like "segregation" or "miscegenation." Its key words are "rape" and "blood," "lynch" and "hide," "lie" and "scream." And above all, "run." A Negro, says Tyree, must either weep or laugh, and if you can't weep you had better laugh.

But structure is not what you should look at in this book. Richard Wright is a man of considerable literary ability, a man who has made a living for twenty years or more with his writing, but who nevertheless is not primarily a writer. Many literary men have fought crusades; Wright is a crusader who fights with words. It makes a difference and it accounts for the special quality of his fiction. *The Long Dream* is not a badly-made book, as you will discover if you try to pull it to pieces. It is very strong, but its workmanship is careful only where care is needed for Wright's purpose. Elsewhere the book is boldly hammered together—not as a work of art but as the scaffolding for an idea.

Thus, in a given scene, the characters are so vivid that the noise and smell of them come straight to your senses. But how they get from scene to scene, how they develop in understanding and experience from episode to episode, is another matter. The fact is that, having made a point, Wright packs his people up and carts them to where they are needed for the next demonstration. What will throw you off, if you approach *The Long Dream* with the usual instruments of critical measurement, is that the narrative is a palpable machine, but the people are real. You do not often find flesh and blood thus contending on a stage for puppets; it happens this way because Wright spends his talent, not for art, but for an idea.

I DO NOT doubt that if he were a greater artist, he would carry his idea with still greater power. On the other hand, if he concerned himself more with art, he might well fail of the great, rough-hammered platforms he erects.

And he does polish his work as the years pass. He writes now with much more control than he once showed; his ear is wonderfully acute and his judgment of emotional degree and balance is subtle, varied and exciting. Still more he grows in understanding of the problem to which he has devoted his life. Wright is an advocate, not a judge; he sees race from the viewpoint of the Negro, and one does not look to him for any withdrawn, balanced appraisal of issues. But he is not bemused, either, by the sufferings of his people. He does not think that suffering is ennobling or that the Negro is a pure creature in an evil

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land. Corruption is corruption and Wright exposes it. Tyree does not speak for the author in his outburst to McWilliams—he speaks for his own desperate solution to the problem, and Wright promptly shows where that solution leads.

But if corruption is corruption, so compassion is compassion. Police Chief Cantley represents everything in the white world that Wright most hates. Nevertheless, towards the end of the book he has Cantley scream at Fishbelly:

> Goddamn you, you black sonofabitch! I wish to hell I could *believe* you! But you *can't* tell me the truth! . . . I swear to God, I don't know what we can do with you niggers. . . . We make you scared of us and then we ask you to tell us the truth. And you *can't!* Goddamit, you *can't!*

There is real sorrow in this and an approach to love. It is in the poignant vision of the two races locked in terrible, degrading embrace that Wright, a truly proud Negro, has isolated the essence of the tragedy.

THEATRE

Gore Vidal

SEVEN or perhaps eleven plays to encompass all things American from the Revolution to The Way We Live Now; after a number of false starts, the solemn burning of aborted fragments in a hotel room in Boston with only one completed play surviving, *A Touch of the Poet,* set in 1828. What could sound more unpromising? Especially in the wake of that stunning, mawkish bore *A Long Day's Journey Into Night,* whose production and reception on Broadway resembled nothing so much as a state funeral, with black plumes waving and sonorous eulogies of the dead master from those who gave so little aid and comfort to the living master for his *The Iceman Cometh* in 1946.

I went to the theatre expecting the worst. Even before the curtain went up, irritable phrases formed in my mind (how often, I wonder, does this happen to professional reviewers?). "Rhetoric is the attempt of the will to do the work of the imagination": W. B. Yeats. . . . I would definitely use that one, for if there was ever a rhetorician it was the late master. Then I recalled my old resentment against his misuse of the *Oresteia* when, having crudely borrowed the relationships, the melodrama, the portentousness of Aeschylus, he blithely left out the whole idea of justice which was, to say the least, the point of that tragedy. And, finally, the maddening urge of American primitives to include everything—to write cycles, tetralogies, epics, the whole hee-haw of the Thomas Wolfes as they list the rivers of America in alphabetical order, their minds innocent of civilization, their self-love filling the empty plains of a new continent which ought to have a tragedy, though just what it is no one has yet discovered.

The curtain rose. Two minor characters started talking. One's heart sank as they explained at length necessary secrets. By then I had worked through Henry James: "It takes a very great deal of history to make a very small bit of literature," when suddenly the stage was bathed in light: Helen Hayes and Kim Stanley were on; the drama had begun and O'Neill blazed.

A Touch of the Poet is a beautiful play, beautifully presented. It has but one fault, to which I shall come last; its virtues more than compensate. The play is *rose* not *noire* and it has a deliberate artifice, which I prefer to the shapeless black melodramas O'Neill usually preferred. Then, too, 1828 is just right: Andrew Jackson; the rise of the democrats; the fall of J. Q. Adams and with him that oligarchical, gentlemanly society which began the nation. All this is symbolically right, and pleasing. It is time we used our bit of history; especially since the New York audience has practically no sense of the United States before the First War. Lincoln, of course, is recalled, glumly; it is known that there was some sort of Revolution at the beginning, and that's it—almost as if Van Wyck Brooks had never lived.

O'Neill reminds us of our past. He indicates the rise of the Yankee merchants, busy, practical, contemptuous of the old aristocratic principle. With precision and —for him—economy, he sets the scene for his moral action which is the crushing of a man's false pride, his absorption into the main, his final realization that he has lived a bogus life, presuming to a position both worldly and moral to which he has no right but the one—and this is significant—of wanting.

Cornelius Melody (Eric Portman) was born of Irish peasants, served bravely in the Peninsular campaign, became a British officer, got pregnant a peasant girl, married her, came to America, opened a tavern and failed. He torments his wife (Helen Hayes) and his daughter (Kim Stanley); he quotes Byron to himself in a mirror. He assumes the manner of a king in exile. He is laughed at by the Yankees, but adored by his wife who understands him perhaps more profoundly in O'Neill than she would in life: she sees how lonely he is in his vanity (very Meredithean, this) and she loves him. He is alternately mocked and served by his daughter, a finely realized character; part dreamer, part materialist, veering this way and that, ambivalent and strange.

The story is simple. The daughter loves a Yankee of the new merchant class. He has escaped his family to write poetry but eventually he will go into business—happily. The girl must marry him to escape the world of unpaid bills and false pride. She also loves him and wants to cheat neither of them. His family deplores the match. They try to buy her off. Melody, drunk, goes to challenge the boy's father to a duel; he is beaten up by the police (dressed as a major of the British army); he returns, pride gone, and in an incredible *volte-face* chooses reality to prideful illusion: he is only a Mick and a failure who loves his wife. The girl gets her Yankee, and all ends well.

WHAT makes the play work thematically is the examination of Melody's dream world. It may well be that this is the most significant American theme, at least in the twentieth century. Reality does not please him; he chooses to invent his past; he tells lies; he believes the lies and for various reasons is abetted in them by those about him. O'Neill has often dealt with this theme (*The Iceman Cometh,* for example) and so have many of our best writers, most notably Tennessee Williams in *A Streetcar Named Desire.*

Which brings us to an interesting question: What is it in modern American life (1828 is as good a date as any to start the "modern") which forces so many to prefer fantasy to reality? One observes them, at any cocktail party: charming people, boring people, intelligent, dull—people of all sorts, telling lies, which no one much minds. It is all a game. Who shall I be? Who am I? And the person who drops the brick of truth is the only villain.

It is to this that the audience of *A Touch of the Poet* most responds. There is an element of Melody in all of us and one watches with horrified fascination as he is brought at last to the truth about himself.

As for the production, it is splendid. Mr. Clurman has taken the three most mannered actresses in our theatre and imposed the play's manner on them with complete success. Miss Hayes is strong and direct and very moving; her cute pony-prancing severely curbed. Betty Field, whose old voice I always liked, has quite a new one which works admirably in her single scene. But the production's glory is Kim Stanley's performance. The old tricks are there but they glitter and she gets the character's ambivalence with such fairness that one is reminded of a character in Dostoevski: light and shadow mysteriously fluctuating; the "yes" and the simultaneous "no." It is fine work.

The play's flaw is the performance of Eric Portman. He is a fine technical actor whose attack here is unfortunately wrong. He belongs, at least when he plays bravuras, to what I think of as the "voice-music" school of English acting whose honorary president is Sir Ralph Richardson. The voice-musicians hear some strange melody in the wings to which in counterpoint they sing their lines. Their songs are often fascinating but almost always irrelevant to the play's meaning. Mr. Portman is far better in the small neat plays of Terence Rattigan, because in the naturalistic idiom one can gobble and honk and sigh and mumble and the meaning is always clear. Major Melody needs grandeur and thought, neither of which Mr. Portman provides. As I watched him strut about the stage on his spindly legs, his swollen body held tightly erect, like a pineapple on two sticks, I was haunted by *dèja vu;* not until the final scene did I recall who it was he reminded me of: a maleficent Mr. Micawber—and the moment one plays Melody like Micawber, O'Neill is brought down.

Happily, there are so many good things in this production—including the play—that the thing works, and one is pleased that Eugene O'Neill's last play should be at once so human and so gently wise.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

LEONARD BERNSTEIN and the New York Philharmonic have begun the new season in a blaze of popular approval. The public, far from being upset by such innovations as changing the Thursday night concerts into semi-informal "previews" when the conductor may speak to the audience, has responded by taking the largest pre-season ticket subscription in the Philharmonic's history. The old Philharmonic audience seems to have remained faithful, and added to its ranks is a new one large enough to pack Carnegie Hall to the rafters.

It is especially encouraging to note that this surge of enthusiasm has taken place in the same season when Bernstein has scheduled an unusually generous amount of new music. For the groups of concerts which he, himself, will conduct, he has laid out a survey of American music, beginning with the generations represented by Ives, MacDowell, Ruggles and Riegger; passing on to "the twenties"; then to the period from "the crash through the Second World War"; and ending with new works by six young Americans. Conductors Schippers, Von Karajan, Barbirolli, and Mitropoulos will emphasize in their programs the music of Italy, Germany, England and France. On these, too, there will be a considerable number of new works. Judging by the present public response, it would seem that the dogma of conservative management, that new music scares audiences away, may finally be disproved. It is possible, of course, that Bernstein's popularity with the public and his flair for a relaxed sort of music-education have made the difference. Whatever the reason, I am glad, and I hope the honeymoon will be long and happy.

On his opening program, Bernstein

Aubade

My bed rocks me gently
in the pale shallows
of 5 a. m.

Lying beside you I wait
for the tree-toad clock-bell
to scream you awake.

My ears are full of trees
in which choruses of birds
explode.

The great light of morning
shines and shakes
in my eyes.

Dilys Laing

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presented William Schuman's *American Festival Overture,* the Charles Ives *Symphony No. 2*, and Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*. Since Schuman is in the youngish category of American composers, his *Overture* was out of the series' planned chronology, but its title and general disposition made it a logical choice for a curtain raiser. Bernstein gave it a virtuoso reading. I have never heard the Philharmonic sound more fleet-fingered and secure. Like most of Schuman's music, the *Overture* is efficient in its orchestral manner, extremely energetic, clean-cut, and coolly colorful. It is not, however, one of his most arresting works, and I am sorry that it will be the only piece to represent this important American in the season.

Ives's *Second Symphony* is an appealing opus, written between 1897 and 1901, when the composer was in his twenties. As a symphony, it is an oddball, both in form and in substance. Throughout its five movements, quotations from such tunes as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," Foster's "Camptown Races," and "Bringin' In the Sheaves," keep cropping up, floated, often, on a smooth texture which reflects the Romantic period, and yet is distinctly original in flavor. However, the *Second Symphony* does not reveal the full weight of Ives's audacious, iconoclastic thinking —thinking which led him to techniques of polyharmony and polyrhythmics at an earlier date than such European composers as Stravinsky, Bartok and Milhaud, with whom those techniques are most commonly associated. It is not a massive, chest-bursting piece like the *Robert Browning Overture.* Rather, its moods are ones of gentleness and gangly humor. It is, essentially, a sweet work, for all its cavorting, and I know of few passages in any composition that can rival, for simple sincerity and expressiveness, certain ones in the second movement.

IT remains a fact, though, that Charles Ives, as a creative personality, will always be a tragic figure. How great he was, we all now realize. But it is also apparent that much of his music was deformed by the circumstances of his creative life. Early in his career, he was faced by that opposition, tacit or otherwise, which has been the basic fact of life for almost every American composer. His music was not wanted. He could not live and support a family by composing, and because of the very stubbornness and valiance which shows in his music, he elected not to be a cast-off member of American society. He went into the insurance business, did splendidly, and let the world of performing musicians, audiences and critics go hang. As Arnold Schoenberg said of him: "He has solved the problem of how to preserve one's self and to learn. He responds to negligence by contempt." He composed as he pleased—prolifically, audaciously, helter-skelter. It was a great, lifelong gesture. And yet the gesture was only partly valid. Therein, I think, lies the tragedy. I am certain that Ives, had he heard more of his music performed, endured criticism and enjoyed praise, in short, completed the natural cycle that begins when one first puts note to paper, would have achieved a more unified, controlled and completed expression. There are masterpieces and near-masterpieces in his catalog. There are also a thousand measures which do not quite come off— which, if he had heard them, he would have *made* to come off. He was no dilettante, no primitive, no amateur. He was a stubborn American born in 1874. Things are a little better now.

Bernstein gave to the Ives *Symphony*, and to the Beethoven *Seventh* which followed, a sensitive, affectionate and thoroughly graceful performance. It was a splendid opening night.

Politics of the Auto Settlement

(*Continued from p. 292*)

and retire, among others, Republican Senator Charles Potter. Senator Potter's probable replacement, Democratic candidate Philip Hart, openly welcomes U.A.W. support. On the national scale, right-wing Republicans find it increasingly difficult to blast Reuther when the giant Republican-owned auto industry is doing business with him.

The three-year contracts go well beyond the 1960 Presidential election, which means that neither side during this time need again face the kind of crisis which they have just been through; and Reuther and his staff will have ample time to devote to larger political questions, including the role that labor should play in the Democratic Party and its choice of candidates. In a word, Reuther's conservative tack on the economic level has placed him in a strategic position on the political scene.

For these accomplishments, Reuther will undoubtedly be hailed in many circles as a labor statesman of the caliber of the late Sidney Hillman. It remains to be seen, however, how the three-year contracts will affect his stature as a labor leader. The unrest reflected by the wildcat strikes will not easily be quieted. During negotiations, Hoffa had said: "I don't think Reuther has the guts to call the strike. In my opinion he already has a contract with the employers in his pocket. He just doesn't know how to sell it to his members." His remark made a deeper impact on U.A.W. members than its leaders care to admit. Even the best fringe benefits are a poor tranquilizer for dissatisfactions inherent in an industry in which assembly-line operations tend to crush all human aspirations and turn a man into a robot.

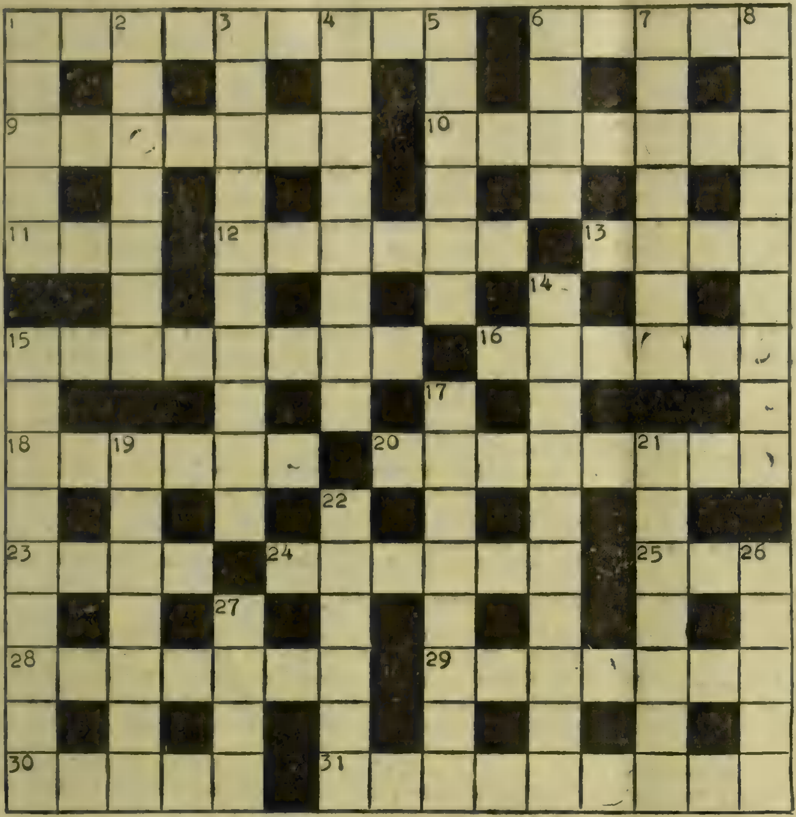
BY SIGNING three-year contracts, the U.A.W. has tied its hands on this issue until the fall of 1961. It has, in effect, given up its vanguard role in establishing new gains for the entire labor movement. Reuther's new friend, Dave McDonald of the Steelworkers, now gets that role, since steel negotiations reopen next summer and McDonald has announced a campaign for a shorter work week for his union.

As a responsible and essentially conservative labor spokesman, Reuther may not sit well with his more militant followers in the union. But the role does place him in a better position to succeed George Meany as president of the AFL-CIO when, and if, the latter retires. The uneasiness that the auto industry felt for many years about the "unpredictable" Walter Reuther has now disappeared. A second look at the results of the auto negotiations, and the part that Reuther has played, may give other labor leaders a clearer understanding of the fact that the head of the auto workers is far more "one of the boys" than they think.

As the most articulate spokesman of the labor movement, Reuther has three years in which to solidify his influence within it. And, as labor's shrewdest politician, he has attained a three-year breathing spell in which to make his influence felt on the future of the Democratic Party.

Crossword Puzzle No. 791

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sign implying one can't get ahead in an absence of aerial attack? (2,7)

9 [illegible]e what you want for the rest — it's taken unscruplously. (7)

10 This is a real positive quantity, as a measure to add back around a loud disturbance. (7)

11 and 23 How the sailor secures what he aims to. (7)

12 Over 67 degrees around the spirit —it might move you or something.

13 Order that might be useful in finishing bolts. (4)

16 A sign of June, in part. (6)

18 Alternatively, Mr. Petri's state. (6)

24 and 15 across Estimating how far 14 has traveled? (It's easy if you know the answer!) (6,8)

25 and 27 down Father has a comfortable return shouldered by the children, perhaps. (7)

28 Weight certain to suggest an ecclesiastic. (7)

29 Not for a stag in trouble! (7)

30 Equals 7, in a way. (5)

31 Play on words, after a fashion, rather common in the "Three Musketeers." (9)

DOWN:

1, 20 and 22 Flower that suggests an old warrior, rather (according to the British) earnest. (5-8,6)

2 Such a schooner rolled a lot. (7)

3 Bus—or "Nautilus?" (Ruination!) (10)

4 Ending it might seem a poor substitute. (8)

5 and 6 across Could be the scene of a giant gamble! (6,5)

6 A moving one seemed asleep to Tennyson. (4)

7 His bolo dances on the stage. (7)

8 Could be a sort of venal sign, but certainly not a liberating idea. (9)

14 Not the first workman to be used! (6-4)

15 See the judge, or get technical and material evidence. (9)

17 After all, a real dodo should be fabulous! (8)

19 It's easy to have an understanding of 12 with shelter instead of drink. (7)

21 You might find me plain, but still put on the list. (7)

26 Female goat? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 790

ACROSS: 1 Malapert; 10, 11, 19 and 5 Come out, come out, wherever you are!; 12 Evoke; 13 Atlantean; 14 Equal; 16 Entitled; 22 and 25 Extramural; 24 Barometer; 26 Incan; 28 Stirrer; 29 Unhitch; 30 Saddle; 31 Censures. DOWN: 1 Machetes; 2 Limbo; 3 Propeller; 4 Retrace; 7 Atonement; 8 Extant; 9 Ocelot; 15 Unhurried; 17 and 6 The Rights of Man; 18 Paunches; 20 Voters; 21 Reroute; 23 Abuses; 27 Cater.

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What Ever Happened To George Seldes?

The question is asked frequently. We thought therefore that readers of *The Nation* might be interested in the following editorial comment which appeared recently in *The Independent*:

Most readers of *The Independent* need no introduction to George Seldes. His semi-retirement from the crusading scene has been one of American journalism's major losses.

Recently in the meeting room of the Newspaper Guild, an old-timer was discussing with regret Seldes' absence from the scene. "He tried very hard to improve the standards of daily newspapers," the veteran newsman said. "He didn't succeed, but he never stopped trying to make a lady of the whore."

And although this has little to do with the project at hand, we know that George Seldes reads *The Independent* and that he will be interested in knowing that he is still missed on the newspaper scene.

The Project At Hand . . .

Some twenty-four years ago, Seldes was completing a manuscript which dealt with freedom of the press. He wanted to embellish each chapter with an appropriate quotation on liberty in general and journalism in particular.

Milton's *Areopagitica* and John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* were conventional but indispensable.

Could he trust his memory for the correct wording or punctuation of "Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties?" Obviously not.

He turned to Bartlett's Quotations. And then a whole new world opened. There was no mention of John Stuart Mill, and the *Areopagitica* quotation by Milton was also missing.

Wrote Seldes later: It was difficult at first to accept a suspicion of censorship or favoritism or undue 'editing' of the great quotations.

"There was certainly plenty of poetry by Milton. And the other major poets including Shelley and Byron and Lowell and even Browning and Tennyson and Coleridge and Wordsworth. But these men were not ivory tower dwellers—they were men concerned with their times, concerned with life and liberty and the freedom of the individual and of the world. There was no mention whatever of their concern in Bartlett."

Missing was all mention of Tom Paine.

Missing too was Lincoln's "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it."

It became apparent on further careful study that Bartlett was peculiarly lacking on the subjects of liberty, freedom, democracy, non-conformity, and the rights and dignity of man.

This was the beginning of Seldes' own research in quotations.

As he compiled his own collection, Seldes contacted people still living to verify the quotations attributed to them.

Einstein, for instance, killed as untrue, the statement widely attributed to him as his definition of the theory of relativity: "There is no hitching post in the universe."

Seldes hunted down the facts regarding classical quotes. For instance, he found the true source of the quote often wrongly attributed to George Washington that "The Government of the United States is not in any sense founded upon the Christian religion."

—And after twenty years . . .

—George Seldes had accumulated a tremendous collection of the great quotations on liberty and democracy. He had enough of them to fill a 1,600 page anthology—and not one of the quotations is in Bartlett!

Commercial publishers, faced with high costs and low profits, considered the book, praised the book, and returned it with regrets. Foundations examined it, were most enthusiastic about it, but explained that to publish a book containing great ideas which are considered controversial might endanger their tax-free status!

It became apparent that no commercial publisher would be found.

It would be nice to report that we decided to publish the book. The only thing lacking in this happy ending is the nearly $20,000 needed to launch it.

The manuscript dedicated to "the illimitable freedom of the human mind" seemed destined for dust in the drawer.

Enter Irving Caesar . . .

Irving Caesar is a creative and dynamic individual who doesn't like to take "no" for an answer. He knew about the Seldes book and believed as your editor does, that it should be in print, that it is important that it be in print and in libraries where scholars could draw upon the great liberal thoughts of the great men.

Caesar is a life-long pacifist who was schooled at a Quaker Institute and who served under Louis Lochner on the Ford Peace Ship.

His fame, of course, has come to him as a composer and author of songs. These include *Tea For Two* (the most widely played song in the world today), *Just A Gigolo*, *Swannee*, *I Want To Be Happy*, and the *Sing A Song of Friendship* and *Sing A Song of Safety* series [illegible].

This month, determination overcame "good business sense" and Caesar-Stuart was formed to publish the Seldes book.

In order to successfully publish "The Great Quotations" (which will be a volume of between 1,000 and 1,200 pages and will retail for $15), a campaign is being started to secure one hundred patrons for the book.

These one hundred will be asked to provide $100 each for which they will receive ten copies of the book. One copy will be personally autographed by Seldes—and will in effect be part of a limited edition since Seldes has agreed not to autograph any copies beyond these one hundred. The other nine copies would make welcome gifts for schools, libraries, professional people and scholars.

There are among *The Independent's* readers many persons (labor leaders, corporation executives, etc.), who could, if they would, provide $100 for this project. We believe that placing a book like this in thousands of hands is a serious and important undertaking whose effect will be felt for years and years to come.

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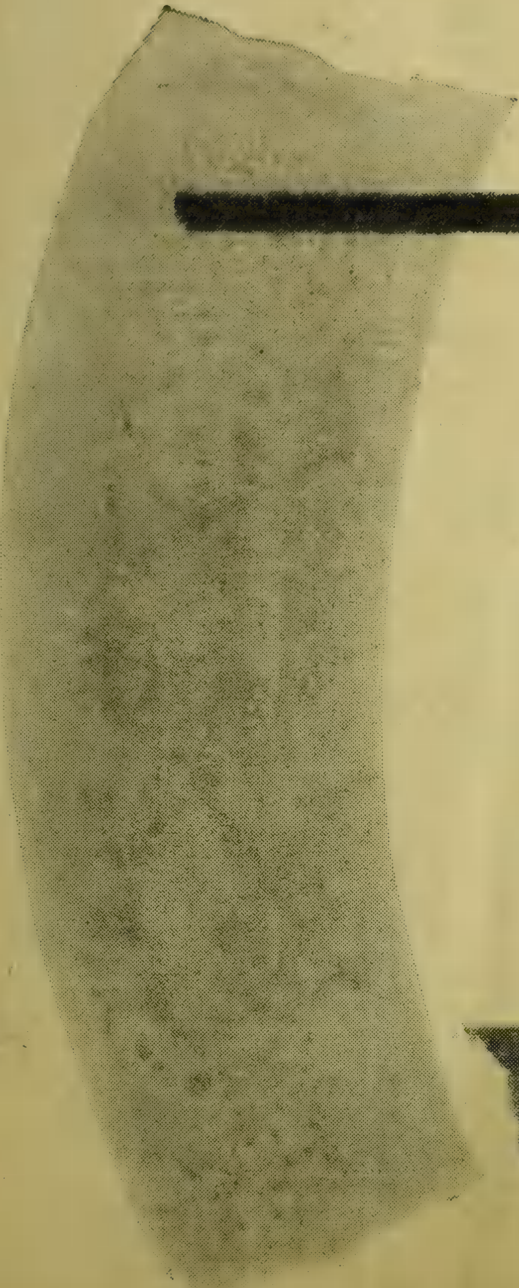

FALL BOOKS

Herbert Gold **Mark Harris**
Bernard Wolfe

●

The Prevalence of Zen
Stephen Mahoney

Novelists of Two Wars
Joseph Waldmeir

LETTERS

O'Brien and the N.R.F.

Dear Sirs: I found J. G. Weightman's review of *From the N.R.F.* (in your Oct. 4 issue) irresponsible, misleading and insincere.

The irresponsibility is focused mainly in the attack on Justin O'Brien. It is carefully screened behind a first sentence referring to Mr. O'Brien's "act of piety" in making the anthology under review, but soon the condescension and chauvinism become apparent: "Its history [that of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* literary group] is only now being written by M. Anglès, a professor at the French Institute in London. . . ." "Except for Gide and the *N.R.F.*, many writers totally unlike Gide and not particularly sympathetic to the *N.R.F.* (Claudel, for instance), could not have developed as they did. Professor O'Brien does not say this, but. . . ." If Mr. O'Brien doesn't say this, he says nothing. However, he chooses to say it with translated documents: essays by the editors of and contributors to the *N.R.F.*

Mr. Weightman next attacks the translating job done by Mr. O'Brien and various doctors of Columbia. (Mr. Weightman points out that *he* is a doctor of London University.) He quotes two examples of what he calls, not very originally, "pidgin English, translatorese." In neither case does he quote the original French. Nor does he suggest a way of improving the translation. Nor, finally, does he state that the first quotation is from a *letter* of Gide to Mauriac, and the second a perfectly intelligible closing paragraph (in the context of what precedes it) of an essay by Du Bos on Proust, which is translated by Angelo P. Bertocci and not by Justin O'Brien, similar as the names may appear. . . .

The review is misleading because it criticizes a book which Mr. O'Brien didn't edit, the one which perhaps Mr. Weightman would someday like to do—namely, an easier anthology of the greatest writings to appear in *N.R.F.* But Mr. Weightman believes "that almost everything of value has appeared in book form" and that Mr. O'Brien has been "obliged, then, to glean among the unconsidered trifles." Mr. O'Brien states in his foreword that none of the essays has appeared before in English. That is his purpose as editor and translator. . . .

Mr. Weightman's basic insincerity is unmasked only toward the end of his review and then in a most cautious, hedging manner: in short, Mr. Weightman just doesn't like modern French literature. Despite all the "mights" and "may bes," he considers it "organized anarchy"; he believes that "individualism can only be perfected collectively." "The French have paid in the past for their exemplary artistic and intellectual recklessness, and they may have to pay again." If Mr. Weightman is patient, he'll be rewarded: after the revolution, there'll never be another *N.R.F.*, not even a *Nouvelle Nouvelle N.R.F.*

B. H. FRIEDMAN

New York City

Dear Sirs: In what way was I insincere? I found Professor O'Brien's book disappointing for two reasons, and I stated those reasons plainly. I would have been delighted to have a different opinion, particularly about a fellow doctor's work (here I raise my mortar-board to all doctors everywhere), but there is no point in reviewing a book if you don't say what you think. . . .

If it was not clear from my article that I am passionately fond of France and French literature and have a great admiration for the *N.R.F.*, then I failed to communicate.

But I am not sure that Mr. Friedman has understood either Mr. O'Brien's book or my article. Mr. O'Brien does *not* say what I said. I was not being chauvinistic in quoting M. Anglès, who is a Frenchman. Gide's letter is an open letter, and anyway what bearing has that on the argument? I did not say that the second quotation was unintelligible; I said it was written in bad English. Nor did I say that Mr. O'Brien was the translator. As for the question of what had, and what had not, already appeared in book form, I raised it to soften my criticism of Mr. O'Brien by showing that all the really good stuff was excluded by his terms of reference.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

London, England

Help for Clinton

Dear Sirs: On October 6 the peacefully integrated high school at Clinton, Tenn., was wrecked by dynamite. The townspeople face the pressing practical problem of where to educate the school's 880 pupils—869 white and 11 Negro. The Anderson County, Tenn., school board (according to news reports) estimates that damage to the bomb-smashed buildings amounted to more than $300,000, of which only $73,000 is covered by insurance.

Today the Bill of Rights Fund sent the school board a grant of $250 towards the construction of new school buildings. I want to urge others to make similar contributions for the same purpose. Donations should be sent to the Anderson County School Board, Clinton, Tenn.

PALMER WEBER, Treasurer
Bill of Rights Fund
450 Riverside Drive
New York 27, N.Y.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Perils of Brinkmanship

Everyone must be tired of the term which was coined to designate Mr. Dulles' type of diplomacy, but unfortunately "brinkmanship" continues to be a useful word. The Secretary's latest adventures in the Formosa area throw further light on the difficulties of the technique he invented and so proudly practices. Brinkmanship requires (1) extremely precise timing and (2) control of military activities associated with the diplomatic maneuvers of the moment. With the second, at least, Mr. Dulles appears to be having his troubles.

When the Chinese Communists resumed shelling Quemoy, Harry Truman, always quick on the verbal trigger, had a ready explanation. "What did I tell you?" Mr. Truman said to an inquiring reporter. "Did you ever see a Communist you could trust?" But shortly it developed that matters were not that simple. The Communists no doubt had ulterior motives for the resumption of the shelling, but the reason they gave — the resumption of American convoying of Chiang's supply vessels — was "flatly denied" by Washington. Following the denial, the Communist assertion was equally flatly borne out by the findings of American reporters on the scene. A U.S. Navy LSD (Landing Ship, Dock) had approached Quemoy carrying three small Nationalist-manned landing craft in her hold. Later, in Taipei, when reporters asked Mr. Dulles' briefing officer whether the Secretary was aware that a United States ship with sixteen guns had been part of a convoy on the night of October 20 near Quemoy, the briefing officer replied, "I suppose so." It would seem that Mr. Dulles could perform his *danse macabre* to better effect if some communication were established between the State Department and the Navy Department.

Buskin and Mask

The best pilots, according to the Dutch, stay on the shore, and it may be that in America the best actors are not on the stage. Politics in the United States has increasingly become a branch of show business. Richard Nixon's marvelous performance in the leading role of the great television exculpation of 1952 will not be soon forgotten, nor the supporting performances of Mrs. Nixon and their adopted dog, Checkers. It now seems, however, that Dwight D. Eisenhower combines phenomenal talent as an actor with his long-acknowledged abilities as golfer, soldier and statesman. General Eisenhower's public image has always been that of the moderate, fair-minded man who shuns polemical extremes as the devil shuns holy water. If there was any roughing-up to be done, Dick was the boy to do it. At least that was the impression until the President's speech at Los Angeles last week, followed by another ripsnorter at San Francisco. A "great speech," David Lawrence called the former, and well he might, for no one has ever laid it on "Democratic radicals," labor bosses, left-wingers and other malefactors with more vigor than this former foe of political excess. The only question which may disturb some of the voters is: was he acting then, or is he acting now?

Bad Luck Dogs the GOP

Arthur Schopenhauer observed that we always bear a measure of responsibility for our misfortunes. The Republican Party is certainly no exception; yet, if it is the victim of its own errors, it has also encountered a run of bad luck that is almost without precedent. Even factors such as the exodus from the cities to the suburbs, apparently unrelated to politics, have worked to the Republicans' disadvantage; too many Republicans are now concentrated in Congressional districts that were already Republican before the great migration. The economic outlook is better than it was a few months ago but, politically, a recession is not necessarily over when the financial pundits say it is. The New York *Herald Tribune*, Republican to the core, points out that unemployment, standing at four million, or 7 per cent of the labor force, is more likely than not to relapse to five million. Nor has the economic situation improved in states, such as West Virginia, where the Republicans are most sorely pressed. And since the unemployment rate is twice as high among Negroes as among whites, the civil-rights issue, which might otherwise work to the advantage of the Republicans, is largely neutralized. Peace? That looked like a good argument for Ikendick — John Ciardi's word — until the Chinese Reds suddenly resumed their bombardment of Quemoy. Another GOP slogan, "political morality," might have assayed better if Sherman Adams had not taken so long to step down.

Then there are the old standbys — communism, radicalism, the welfare state, and creeping socialism, all subsumed under the new tag "The Left Lane." But most voters have difficulty in tagging these "foreign" isms to such 100 per cent Americans and zero per cent Socialists as Lyndon Johnson, Sam Rayburn, Harry S. Truman and John F. Kennedy. Moreover, a large section of the electorate is so avid for social idealism of any sort that it is looking eagerly for a lane to the Left. It is equally difficult for the GOP to cast Walter Reuther as a left-wing heavy; and, for that matter, some of the best known "labor bosses," including some high-ranking teamster officials, are dues-paying, if not card-carrying, Republicans.

Schisms and divisions there are in both parties, but surely none more glaring than that between Knowland and Knight on right-to-work. It used to be that the party carried the candidate, rather than the other way round, but numerous Republicans, like Rockefeller in New York, scarcely acknowledge their Republicanism. In Maryland, Senator J. Glenn Beall makes a point of saying that he is "more modern" than his Republican colleague, Senator John Marshall Butler, and even omits the word "Republican" from his posters and billboards. And how must staunch right-wing Republicans, the heirs of Robert A. Taft — *clarum et venerabile nomen*! —feel when the Administration is heading for a 12 billion budgetary deficit? The factor of luck is elusive, and it can change quickly, but thus far in this campaign it has been running strongly against the Republicans.

Boris Pasternak

Almost without exception, the award of the 1958 Nobel Prize in Literature to Boris Pasternak has provoked a note of surprise in news stories and editorial comment here and abroad. The surprise seems grotesquely out of place. The only aspect of the award that is at all surprising is that it was not made sooner. In point of fact *The Nation* nominated Pasternak for the award last spring (in an editorial which accompanied Dr. Ernest J. Simmons' article, "The Independence of Pasternak," issue of March 15, 1958, p. 219) with every confidence that it would be made. But obvious as the choice was, ours was the first editorial in an American publication to suggest it. (Incidentally, our editorial was broadcast in its entirety by the United States Information Agency and elicited world-wide comment.) Pasternak, we said then, is, almost without question, "the greatest poet living today" who, as of that date, had not received the Nobel Prize.

So, quite apart from *Dr. Zhivago*, great novel that it is, Pasternak was this year's inevitable choice. American editorial writers exhibit a strange sense of literary values when — as almost all do — they hail the award for its "political implications" and seek to use it to bedevil the Soviet authorities. As we see it, the chief "political implication" of such comment is that those who indulge in it are obviously more interested in politics than in literature and, to this degree, exhibit a striking affinity with the Soviet authorities who have refused thus far to permit Pasternak's novel to be published in Russia. Indeed, the main interest of the award here seems to center in the question of whether the Russians will permit Pasternak to accept it. Not having a pipeline to the Kremlin, *The Nation* hesitates to predict the reaction of the Soviet authorities, but if they do indeed refuse permission, they are probably the world's most inept propagandists.

The Not-Quite Infallible FBI

Excellent as is the record of the FBI on many phases of its investigative work, it does now and then make mistakes. Recently, for example, a jury in the United States District Court in Cleveland convicted Marie Haug and certain other defendants of conspiracy to violate the non-Communist affidavit provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act. The chief witness for the prosecution, an informer, denied under cross-examination that he had ever served in the armed forces. Later, after the jury's verdict was returned, defense counsel learned from an anonymous telephone call that the witness had, in fact, served in the Army. The Department of Justice, cooperating with the defense, then turned up these facts: that the witness had served in the Army from 1922 until 1925 and, during this period, had been tried by court-martial and convicted of having been absent without leave for a period of three months; and that, during a second enlistment, he had deserted from Fort Riley; and that there was no record extant of his ever having returned to the Army. Since the testimony of this witness was vital to the prosecution's case, the defense has now filed a motion for a new trial based on the newly discovered evidence.

In this instance, one must in all fairness assume that the FBI simply failed to learn the facts about the witness, although a routine investigation could normally have been expected to disclose them. Alternatively, one is driven to the conclusion that the FBI knowingly permitted the witness to commit perjury, perpetrating a fraud on the court, the jury and, incidentally, the Department of Justice, which in good faith cooperated with the defense in disclosing the facts. It is the failure of the press to call attention to occasional errors of this magnitude (see Fred J. Cook's searching analysis in our issue of October 18, p. 276, where several similar cases are discussed) which continues to sustain the myth that the FBI is an infallible police agency.

Nixon, the Voter's Friend

In his October 21 speech at Baltimore, Vice President Nixon emerged as the Republican Party's chief egghead, solicitous that the voters should know all and understand all and vote with their heads as well as their hearts. In particular, the voters should be acquainted with every facet of foreign policy, in that 80 per cent of our total national budget must be attributed to the cost of past and future wars and nothing is more important than keeping the peace with honor. "Therefore," Mr. Nixon concluded, "the people are entitled to know where their respective representatives in Congress, and particularly their representatives in the Senate, stand on any parts of our foreign policy which are in controversy."

This the voters can only applaud, but it may be that some surly ones will sit on their hands. These are the voters with memories extending back a few weeks, who recollect Mr. Nixon's outraged cries — can it be the same man? — when a Senate Department public-information officer disclosed that the mail was running four to one against Administration policy in the Quemoy dispute. Mr. Nixon wanted the head of the hapless official, and Secretary Dulles, while stopping short of a public hanging, indicated his displeasure. The Vice President indicated further, at the time, that the voters were not sufficiently well-informed to meddle in such matters. *The Nation* once referred to Mr. Nixon as an opportunist who works both sides of the street. He is still doing it.

The Unimportance of Education

Ours is frequently pictured as a land in which the passion for education overweighs all else. There is a certain amount of truth in this. Parents do desire education for their children and more children are being sent to high school and college than ever before. The impelling motive is not so much love of learning as recognition of the fact that education increases earning power — although it may not be by any means the kind of education which Emerson or Thoreau or Henry Adams would have admired.

Recent events indicate that, even in this narrowly utilitarian sense, education is not flourishing as vigorously as we were led to believe. The uproar for more education, especially technical education, which followed the flight of Sputnik I still resounds in our ears, but words have not been followed by deeds. Rather the contrary. According to figures furnished to *The Nation* by the National Education Association, in the twelvemonth period October, 1956, through September, 1957, $1,378.7 million of school bonds were approved by the voters. This represented 82.9 per cent of the total value of school bonds voted upon during this period, the balance of less than 20 per cent being rejected at the polls. In the twelvemonth since Sputnik I was launched (October, 1957, through September, 1958) $1,010.3 million of bonds were approved, or 73.5 per cent of the total proposed. The decline of $368.4 million represents a drop of 26.7 per cent after Sputnik I.

All things considered, our passion for education seems to be kept quite well in hand.

The Cold War and Inflation

This year's sessions of the influential Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council, meeting in "closed door" sessions at Hot Springs, Virginia, were devoted largely to inflation and defense spending. But curiously, in the discussions the two subjects were brought into relation with each other only incidentally. At the inflation sessions, Ralph Cordiner, president of General Electric, voiced the ritualistic, big-business view that inflation is primarily due to the monopoly power which "compulsory membership" confers on American labor; the economic and political power of the unions leads to annual wage increases which push up business costs. But, at the defense sessions, the only reference to inflation was Defense Comptroller Wilfred McNeil's complaint that inflation has added 3 or 5 per cent to defense costs in the last three years; for example, a 2.5 per cent price increase can mean a $1 billion rise in defense costs. No one attempted to relate defense spending to inflation, even though Deputy Defense Secretary Donald Quarles pointed out that despite a $12 billion deficit, the Pentagon was planning to spend at least $1.2 billion more on defense in the fiscal year starting July 1, 1959.

One wonders why it did not occur to the top industrialists gathered at these sessions to locate a prime cause of the inflation they fear, not in the person of the villainous Walter Reuther, but in annual appropriations of $40 billion on a budget item — namely, defense — that in economic terms represents pure waste? It is this defense-spending-inflation spiral, even more than the wage-price spiral, that should be engaging the attention of those who, as one speaker at Hot Springs said, are victims of "the inflationary psychosis."

FALL BOOKS

THIS YEAR, *The Nation's* fall book issue opens with a composite estimate of the novels engendered by World War II. As Joseph Waldmeir makes clear, the years between Pearl Harbor and Nagasaki were for writers the last period of direction, agreement and affirmation; it was a time, moreover, when they were at one with popular opinion in declaring where the evil lay.

The war was followed by the cold war, but the writers did not enlist. Neither did they set to work building a new livable community of their own. It is difficult to lay foundations and erect strong walls when the larger society around you is stridently proclaiming the moment of universal doom.

The results of this dissociation are variously described by David Stevenson, Stephen Mahoney and Bernard Wolfe. The new writers have no less energy, but it is not tied to belief or promise and it lashes about like an unleashed hawser. It is impossible to characterize the present scene without diagnosing the contorted and transported personalities that concern Messrs. Wolfe and Mahoney, even though one may suspect that the future holds greater opportunity for the relatively more stable voices that preoccupy Mr. Stevenson.

The creative problem of this age is to find a meaningful form of revolt in the absence of a standard to revolt against. Probably the solution lies in rediscovering a standard that was never erased but only obscured by indiscriminate protest. That, at least, is suggested by M. L. Rosenthal who, writing of the newest poets, operates in an arena where subjective effect follows with special promptness upon objective cause — and where the quantity, quality, originality and relevance of current work are persuasive evidence of a lyric renaissance about to burst from the egg.

Meanwhile, the trade and tools of writing continue to demand the diligence of craftsmen. Herbert Gold and Mark Harris, craftsmen both, discuss with the irony of personal involvement matters of the sort that concern writers in any age.

The easy cry is that our culture has fallen into a morass. Even this small collection of essays would indicate, however, that the times are less a morass than a vortex. The more ponderable and endurable fragments show signs of spinning to the surface. *R.H.*

Novelists of Two Wars

Joseph Waldmeir

JOHN DOS PASSOS' *Three Soldiers* and Ernest Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms* are the two American World War I novels which have retained, and even enhanced, their stature over the years. That the novels were ideological, expressing a particular attitude toward the ideas and principles which motivated the war and the actions of individual soldiers, probably accounts in large part for their continuing critical and popular appeal. This is not to discount their considerable literary merit. Thomas Boyd's *Through the Wheat,* William March's *Company K*, Humphrey Cobb's *Paths of Glory* and Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* are at least as eloquent ideologically; it is perhaps in the very intensity of their ideology that they fall short of Hemingway's and Dos Passos' artistic achievement. However, these novels also come more readily to mind than the fictitious diaries, the combat-adventure stories, and the sentimentally propagandistic pieces of World War I.

Primarily for these reasons the ideological novels of the Second World War merit more serious critical consideration than the non-ideological novels. A practical, secondary reason is that, over the past fifteen years, so many war novels have been published that any discussion which is not extremely selective will degenerate into a mere list of titles and authors. It should not be inferred, therefore, that the novels excluded from this discussion are necessarily inferior, as novels, to those included. Some of them are—such sentimental, pseudo-ideological potboilers as Elliot Arnold's *Tomorrow Will Sing* or Paul Gallico's *The Lonely,* for instance—but not the fine combat-adventure stories like Harry Brown's *A Walk in the Sun,* Lawrence Kahn's *Able One Four,* or Peter Bowman's *Beach Red*; nor the penetrating studies of self-consciousness and war neurosis: Prudencio de Pereda's *All the Girls We Loved,* William Hoffman's *The Trumpet Unblown,* and Vance Bourjaily's *The End of My Life.* But considerations af art aside, the seriously ideological World War II novels are the ones most likely to attain permanence.

As soon as one speaks of permanence in connection with war novels, a question is almost automatically asked: Where is the Hemingway or Dos Passos of the second war? The answer is simple, but its implications are extremely important: There aren't any; there never can be any. There is a Shaw and a Mailer and a Hayes and a Burns and a Heym and a Myrer; there is even a Wouk and a Cozzens. But there is no Hemingway or Dos Passos or Boyd or March or Cobb or Trumbo; neither is there a "Bury the Dead" Irwin Shaw nor an Alfred Hayes who was once a poet in the pacifist John Reed Club. These were two entirely different wars and they were fought, as far as the novelists are concerned, on entirely different premises.

Cynicism, pessimism, disillusion, constitute the negative ideology of the serious World War I novels. They portray war as vicious and hateful,

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stupid and cruel; a foul trick played by man upon himself. Nothing could be more preposterous than a war that was fought for no reason and which therefore neither side could win. Essential values—patriotism, democracy, tradition, sacrifice—embarrass Frederic Henry and embitter John Andrews, because they are both the cause and effect of the preposterousness. Thus, in some of the most bitter iconoclasm in literature, the values are hacked at, demeaned and destroyed. Hemingway's and Dos Passos' heroes desert the fight with few qualms; Hicks, in Boyd's *Through the Wheat*, like the heroes of March's *Company K*, gradually loses all illusions as he fights on. Cobb's five heroes are executed as cowards; and Trumbo's Johnny, a horribly pitiful basket case, with no arms, legs, stomach, face, or identity, is frustrated—in the name of patriotism and good taste—in his one faintly optimistic desire to be placed on display as a pacifist lesson.

THE World War II novelists still see war as hateful, brutal and cruel—the brave, like Noah Ackerman in Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions*, still are destroyed; so are the honest, like Lieutenant Hearn in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*; the good, like Sergeant Byng in Stefan Heym's *The Crusaders*, Danny Kantaylis in Anton Myrer's *The Big War*, and Moe in John Horne Burns's *The Gallery;* and the gifted, like Alan Newcombe in *The Big War*. They too refuse to be misled by the grand abstractions; they refuse to over-simplify motivations, and they castigate those who do.

Nevertheless, there is an essential difference between these novelists and their World War I counterparts. The World War II novels are optimistic and positive. They were written in the conviction that fighting the war—and winning it—was a worthwhile objective. Their authors fought fascism; indeed, many of them had been fighting it for a decade before the war began. None of them felt that war was good; all of them felt that this particular war was necessary. And they tried to convey this combination of ideas in their novels by using the physical struggle metaphorically, as sign and symbol of the ideological conflict.

Christian Diestl in *The Young Lions* is shot; Colonel Pettinger in *The Crusaders* is entombed alive; the petty Italian official in Alfred Hayes's *All Thy Conquests* is stoned, then drowned. These physical victories stand symbolically for victory over the brutality, amorality, stupidity, self-seeking materialism, and end-means rationalism of the Italian and German brands of fascism.

But these writers and the others considered here are not satisfied with naive poetic justice. That is the principal difference between the truly ideological novel and the sentimentally propagandistic. The serious novelists are concerned with the premises upon which their convictions rest—with the dilemmas and paradoxes which often pervert or upset the nice conclusion.

They attack anyone who fails to support the crusade against fascism honestly and unselfishly—and that is very unlike the World War I novelists who accused those who supported their war either of ignorance or war-mongering for profit. They attack fascism wherever it appears, or anything that resembles it or threatens to develop into it. Thus they are frequently as savage in their criticism of Americans as were the World War I writers. *The Gallery* contains speech after articulate speech of acid attack upon American rationalistic materialism and the American inability to feel any emotion strongly. Alan Newcombe, one of the sacrificed in *The Big War*, is estranged from his father, who sees the war in terms of personal economics. The black-marketing soldiers who stall an advance by selling General Farrish's gasoline in *The Crusaders*; the rank-happy Captain Motes in *The Gallery*; the amoral, ambitious, war correspondent, Wexel, in Ned Calmer's *The Strange Land* — all these illustrate the novelists' denunciation of a leaning by Americans toward an inimical ideology.

But brutality, end-means expedi-

Conversation in Black and White

for Saunders Redding

At first we sat imprisoned in this place
Where snow was falling, curtains fell to screen us,
And neither of us had a human face,
The falling snow lay silently between us.

We had no features; like two floating moons,
One black, one white, we had to strain and peer
Across a shifting, thick, ambiguous gloom,
Wanting to tear it open and see clear.

But who could summon a single word so warming
It might green over the snow-battened ground,
Or make clear daylight shine through all the harming —
And who would dare to touch the tribal wound?

Bring me your bitterness, and I will give
My guilt. Until these two have been exchanged,
Symbolic tokens between alien princes,
Still the snow falls, and still we are estranged.

But could we risk the heart out of the skin?
Then anything seemed possible but lies.
It was: cry out or stay locked up within
The moonlike faces without human eyes.

We had to risk more than we could afford,
More than men summon easily so soon,
As if I were your secret self, my lord,
And you my secret friend, no stranger moon.

And then our human anguish did look through,
The wounded at the wounded, open, stared:
The morning of the world was not more blue
Than the quick world-embracing look we shared.

MAY SARTON

ency, and particularly racism, as it occurred among Americans, were given special consideration. The armed services are, almost by definition, fascistic; and the irony of defeating an enemy by using its own most deplorable methods deeply impressed the novelists. What impressed them as even more ironic was the fascism that individual servicemen brought with them into the war against fascism. The anti-Semitism of the entire Company in *The Young Lions,* of Dondolo in *The Crusaders* and of Gallagher in *The Naked and the Dead,* illustrates the novelists' shocked awareness of the bitter joke. In the sadism of Croft *(The Naked and the Dead),* and of Dondolo; and in the conscious amorality of Colonel Willoughby in *The Crusaders,* this awareness goes still deeper. Of all of the villains in these books, Willoughby is perhaps the most offensive. His crime is purposeful, intentional, rational; he protects war criminals in order to re-establish an international steel cartel.

AN equal danger lies in Farrish, the politically ambitious general whom Willoughby serves. His chauvinism, coupled with his ambition, blinds him to Willoughby's crime; his egotism, nurtured by a hero-worshiping American public, makes him potentially an easy man to control once he gains power. But the most dangerous villain of all, because he can think for himself and do his own controlling, is the openly fascistic General Cummings in *The Naked and the Dead.* His considered opinions on politics and government, liberalism and conservatism, the common man, and the use of power, might have come directly from Goebbels' notes. It is worth noting here that the ideological novelists who fought the war of the Pacific had to choose Americans as their villains. Japan was not an ideological enemy in the sense that Germany was. Thus, while Shaw had his Diestl, and Heym his Pettinger, as actual Nazis, Mailer had to make use of the American Sergeant Croft and General Cummings.

However, the ideological novelists don't stop at a simple portrayal of the irony. They search for a means to resolve the dilemma from which it stems.

Two of the most successful serious novels to come out of the war, James Gould Cozzens' *Guard of Honor* and Herman Wouk's *The Caine Mutiny,* resolve it in the direction of what Mailer, Heym and their fellows would term expedient fascism. The war must be won, these books seem to say, regardless of individual rights and dignities. Queeg may be a bad and ignorant man, anti-Negroism may be a deplorable tendency of Southerners, but the correction of these conditions must not obstruct the war effort. The villains are not the paranoic Captain Queeg nor the sophist Colonel Ross, but the intellectual ideologists, Lieutenant Keefer and Lieutenant Edsell.

Such a resolution is actually no resolution at all, since it depends for its effect upon an evasion of the issue. More satisfactory, though not completely so, is the consideration of the causes behind the growth of army fascism by Theodore White in his recently published *The Mountain Road.* White comes to the conclusion that Lord Acton was right—power does corrupt, especially when entrusted to inexperienced hands at moments of crisis. Queeg's are such hands, as are General Beal's; but while these men are defended by their creators, and thus remain dangerous ideologically, White places the words about power in Major Baldwin's mouth; and they are spoken, not to excuse his crime, but as a humble statement of what he has learned.

Awareness of responsibility and guilt is at the root of the novelists' most satisfactory resolution of the dilemma in which they found themselves as they sought to justify the war. Those who are guilty must have their noses rubbed in their guilt, and must be made to accept responsibility and pay the penalty. On the simplest level, this is exemplified by Colonel Pettinger and Sergeant Diestl. But on a level far more complex, largely because it constitutes constructive rather than destructive criticism, it is exemplified by Hearn, Whitacre, Yates, Newcomb—by all of the individual and collective heroes of the books discussed here.

Mailer, Shaw, Heym, Myrer send their heroes to war as anything but crusaders. They are indifferent to values. They don't go along with the pinkish socialism of the 1930s, but neither can they revert to the so-called integrity of free spirits of the 1920s. They don't want war and they can't not want war. They are individualists, but in the worst sense: they stand apart from an acceptance or even a realization of the responsibilities of individualism. At the outset, Hearn is a feather-head who, as General Cummings points out to him, can't even decide whether he is a liberal or a conservative; Yates is a mouse, uncertain of the validity of his own convictions; Whitacre and Newcombe are convinced only that convictions are nonsense.

But, through traumatic experiences with war and with fascism in enemy, comrade and ally—a memorable scene in both *The Young Lions* and *The Crusaders* is concerned with the racism of liberated concentration-camp prisoners — each man gradually comes to realize that indifference and timidity have made him guilty of and responsible for the fact of the war. Each man commits himself to the struggle; a struggle no longer simply with German or Japanese, but with a hated ideology under whatever guise.

THUS, they earn their individualism as they relinquish it. But this is only an apparent paradox. Their involvement in the war is made voluntarily, and they attack without respite all things, men and institutions which destroy individualism. It is at this point that these novels veer sharply from *The Caine Mutiny* and *Guard of Honor.* For while Wouk and Cozzens espouse enforced involvement and the postponement of individualism, Heym, Mailer, Shaw, Myrer let their heroes choose freely to relinquish their individualism, seeing clearly that only through such a choice can individualism be retained and buttressed.

In the lives of most of these heroes, human love mixes with war and fascism to accelerate the wakening responsibility and consequent loss of indifference. Most war novels contain a good deal of loving, a great deal of sex. It is frequently the novelist's way of portraying the chaotic letting down of bars that accompanies war; it is as frequently his way of assuring a good sale. In the serious novel it is more than either of these. To love means to accept responsibility and implies an ability to hate; loving therefore is beyond the capacity of an indifferent man. The love affairs in these novels help to convert the heroes by giving them something to feel strongly about; it is then a simple matter to transfer the strength to other feelings.

Experience with war and fascism on the one hand and with love on the other has led the ideological World War II novelist to insist that a man's loss of indifference implies his acceptance of responsibility, and results in his engagement and involvement as an individual in a world he did make and is continuously making. Much the same experiences led the World War I novelists to very different conclusions, primarily because they believed that someone else had made their world. Instead of involvement, there was retreat; instead of anguish, there was anger. Frederic Henry and John Andrews, as individuals, reject responsibility and desert. Danny Kantaylis in *The Big War* and Pete Donatti in James Garrett's *And Save Them for Pallbearers*, as individuals, accept responsibility so wholeheartedly that they voluntarily return to action and are killed.

This strong feeling of responsibility, coupled with the conviction that the war was a sort of crusade against irresponsibility, explains the novelists' continuing fervent anti-fascism so long after V.E. Day (for many of the books were written a decade after the war). The war was successful in what it set out to do, but the struggle goes on. Materialism, racism, amorality, brutality—whether they abide in the ideologies of Hitler, McCarthy, or Faubus—must be destroyed as Nazism, their epitome, was destroyed by the war.

Various Angry and Beat generations—somewhat like the World War I novelists, except for the very important difference that they are not war novelists—keep insisting that the ideals are illusory and the struggle futile. Their questions embarrass; they may be right. But their "We gotta go, man, and keep on going" answer to the problems of the world is hardly as satisfactory as the World War I novelists' slashing iconoclasm, or as the World War II novelists' insistence that "We gotta stay, and stay, and stay. And become part of what we hate in order to be free of it." The Angry and the Beat will not accept this answer, for it turns their anger in upon themselves—where some of it at least very probably belongs.

Fiction's Unfamiliar Face

David L. Stevenson

THE characteristic work of a group of the most obviously intelligent and most obviously serious young novelists of the past decade, Herbert Gold, George Elliott, Saul Bellow, William Styron, Norman Mailer (a listing meant to be suggestive, not inclusive), has a common denominator. It contains an element of unfamiliarity and strangeness which the general reader often finds irritating and comfortless, and the small but interested audience may find puzzling and hard to define. What has happened, it seems to me, is that in the work of these spokesmen for a new generation the novel has actually undergone a metamorphosis, both in structure and in moral assumptions. There has emerged in, let us say, Elliott's recent and quietly brilliant *Parktilden Village* a novel scarcely recognizable as such to a reader used to the older formulations of the prewar giants: Willa Cather, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Hemingway.

This older serious novel was composed of events, decisions and reactions, the meanings of which were exhausted by the end of the story. It was a solid structure, a tight synthesis of its materials, a completed comment on a segment of time in the lives of its characters. At its end, when Alexandra Bergson came out of her loneliness to marry Carl Linstrum in *O Pioneers!*, or when Robert Jordan gave his life to blow up a bridge in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the reader felt released, satisfied that the fiction had done its work. The package was tidily wrapped, and every event inside was neatly and carefully in place.

Marquand, O'Hara, or among the younger writers, John Brooks or Frederick Buechner, with varying degrees of seriousness, continue to produce this kind of novel that looks like a novel to the general reader. Characteristically, however, the fiction of the group of young writers to which Elliott belongs is not held to so strict and comfortably familiar a design. Structurally, their novels exist in the individual intensity of a series of moments in the lives of their characters rather than in a progression of events toward a sharply defined denouement. These writers are no less careful craftsmen, but they find that they must present an exploration of their material instead of a synthesis of it.

Saul Bellow's *The Adventures of Augie March* is an obvious example of the looser net in which the materials of contemporary fiction are held. The episodes in Augie March's life follow one another in time sequence, but they move to no preordained and summarizing scene or action. The events of Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness* are made to swirl out from a given, central moment in time, and then back, so that the very concept of denouement is irrelevant. The two concluding paragraphs of Gold's *The Man Who Was Not With It* are, I think, deliberately enigmatic, as suggested by the final sentence of the novel: "There's a good and with it way to be not with it, too." The definitive, terminal moments of older fiction, typified in Frederic Henry's leave-taking from Catherine Barclay in *A Farewell to Arms*, have become an incongruity to these new writers.

These writers do not, I think,

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shape their novels inconclusively out of a mere desire for novelty. The form is rather a necessary complement to what must seem to the venturesome general reader an even more disturbing strangeness. These men have lost, sometimes partially, sometimes totally, an assortment of unquestioned values, personal and moral, which was built into the very fabric of the earlier novels. That work was part of a prevailing revolt against false innocence in American writing, and a reader could feel that in *My Antonia*, in *Main Street*, in *The Great Gatsby*, bedrock values were replacing foolish, sentimental ones. In Bellow's *The Victim*, *Augie March* and *Seize the Day*, however, or in Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* and *The Deer Park*, or in Elliott's *Parktilden Village*, there is little bedrock. A reader is in the presence of fiction that has broken through a barrier into a disquieting world where the nature of human value itself is at stake.

WE LIVE in a moment of time, perhaps unique in Western civilization, when a good many of the brightest minds of the new generation have, at least tentatively, parted company with value systems formerly shored up either by religious authority or by an intellectual positivism. When such young minds turn to writing novels, their books necessarily lack that comfortable "warmth and energy of life" which Santayana ascribed to men living with a "faith or high philosophy." And their fictional world, with neither an ascertainable divinity nor reason in human affairs, presented as a series of inconclusive moments in the lives of their characters, is obviously too disquieting to provoke any heady enthusiasm in the general reader.

This combination in contemporary fiction of an uneasy morality with a lack of tight structural design, has reached one dizzied, heavily publicized extreme in the three recent novels of Kerouac, and in *Howl*, the dramatic monologue by Allen Ginsberg. The only possible alternatives for the inhabitants of their gaudy existential fiction lie in experiments in violent sensation, sexual or sadistic, or in varieties of addiction to speed, dope or alcohol. But the more soberly intelligent, more restrained novelists of the group I have been describing do not fling themselves into limbo. Augie March, Peyton Loftis (*Lie Down in Darkness*), Bud and Joy (*The Man Who Was Not With It*), Jackie (*Parktilden Village*) all search for signs of coherence in their lives, test experience for possibilities of achieving, if not downright happiness, then a livable substitute.

James Gould Cozzens' *By Love Possessed* was the most painstaking attempt of the past few years to keep the novel as written by the early giants alive in our time. It had a heavy sale, in part, I think, out of readers' nostalgia for the past, out of their memories of what a novel ought to be. But I am tempted to guess that future literary historians may go back to *The Old Man and the Sea* as their convenient marker for the end of one kind of serious fiction in American writing: the novel of formal structure, with a solidly presented central character, and with a definite conclusion; a fiction which asserted easily understood and elemental human values. In its Darwinian stoicism, *The Old Man and the Sea* is an epitome of all Hemingway's previous work. In the tight organization of its events, it is an epitome of a whole generation of novel writing. It is also the kind of novel with which the most serious young writers of today have parted company.

No one of the writers who now seem strange to the contemporary general reader can be said to have

In the Fall

I think of you, Joyce, and of Yeats and others who are dead
As I walk this Autumn and observe
The birch tremulously pendulous in jewels of cairngorm,
The suach, the osier, and the crack-willow
Of the beaten gold of Australia;
The sycamore in rich straw-gold;
The elm bowered in saffron;
The oak in flecks of salmon gold;
The beeches huge torches of living orange.

Billow upon billow of autumnal foliage
From the sheer high bank glass themselves
Upon the ebon and silver current that floods freely
Past the shingle shelves.
I linger where a crack-willow slants across the stream,
Its olive leaves slashed with fine gold.
Beyond the willow a young beech
Blazes almost blood-red,
Vying in intensity with the glowing cloud of crimson
That hangs about the purple bole of a gean
Higher up the brae face.

And yonder, the lithe green-grey bole of an ash, with its boughs
Draped in the cinnamon-brown lace of samara.
(And I remember how in April upon its bare twigs
The flowers came in ruffs like the unshorn ridges
Upon a French poodle — like a dull mulberry at first,
Before the first feathery fronds
Of the long-stalked, finely-poised, seven-fingered leaves) —
Even the robin hushes his song
In these gold pavilions.

Other masters may conceivable write
Even yet in C major
But we — we take the perhaps "primrose path"
To the dodecaphonic bonfire.

Hugh MacDiarmid

---

cairngorm (Scots) — smoky quartz.
gean (Scots) — wild cherry.
brae (Scots) — slope.

created the definitive work of his decade. I should like to make a final comment on Elliott's *Parktilden Village*, however, simply because it is excellent and is the most recently published of its kind. It is concerned largely with the emotional chaos resulting from a series of sexual involvements, when a young sociologist very casually has affairs, first with an older married woman with whom he had once fallen in love as an adolescent, and then out of momentary jealousy and momentary convenience, with the woman's daughter. Alfred Kazin has usefully described *Parktilden Village* as "a tragedy of the insensitivity of young Americans who have no moral conceptions to direct them" (*The Reporter*, July 10). It is also, I think, representative of the unfamiliar face of much modern fiction. In its informal design of event, it portrays a segment of our society lucidly and painfully. After the recriminations have subsided, the anguished mother cries out "none of us did the right thing." And the reader is aware that none of the characters would ever be sure of what actions, of what decisions, the "right thing" might be composed.

In the final stanza of her poem "Autumnal," Josephine Miles asserts:

> Retire under somebody's constructed rafters
> or be grieved that a truthful brain
> Exists under a truthful sky
> With no palaver between.

It occurs to me that the young novelists of this past decade whom I have been describing have all come out from under Santayana's constructed rafters of "faith or high philosophy," and have attempted the second, grievous choice offered by "Autumnal." They have given us, in a series of carefully written, highly intelligent fictions — "with no palaver between" — a truthful image of the moral anxiety haunting members of their generation.

The Sexual Stalemate

Herbert Gold

IN A TIME of specialization, the temptation is to specialize. Yet the art of the novel seems to require an ardent general practitioner, impulsive and generous, with close family knowledge, always ready to hitch up the old wagon for a night call. Therefore the prose expert on the workings of Madison Avenue, the legal trade, or a military campaign imposes a wistful deception on the reader when he turns out to be merely a heart-pounding virgin with a furtive, craving, adolescent peeper's knowledge of *la chose,* sex. Perhaps he can detail from top to bottom the assembly of a Harley-Davidson Hillmaster Adler-Rated Motorcycle, but when he tries to inventory the two-headed monster of lust, he gives us merely an amazed inventory. He names the parts, he describes the structure, he analyzes the meshing and gnashing of gears, he invokes the acceleration and deceleration and occasional capsizing; he cries out with the rhapsodic shrillness of Consumers Union discussing the Volkswagen; he can offer a hot scholarly digression about the inside dope of the libido. But as to the novelist's real job of making us ride with his enterprise, he usually leaves us far below. Our conviction of the specialist's competence and insight has been abandoned at the bedroom door; we neither believe nor care.

Why should sex, that ubiquitous companion to life on earth, make such trouble for novelists? Why so much garrulous ignorance about the universal blessing?

Here let us allow two preliminary observations. First, sex, like breathing, is at least very difficult to write about fairly, originally and without distortion. Second, sex is written about all the time. It is easy to supply a practical explanation for the latter. Readers expect novelists to provide them with a certain amount of moral titillation. They look for characters in novels who will perform in ideal fashion, either ideally good for daydreamy aspiration or ideally bad, so that they may pity as they pity Marty. In the literature of pity, we pity not gravely, with terror, as in tragedy; the central gratification is a pity which chortles happily, "That poor poop! His luck is not for me!" Most writers, of course, do not put sex scenes in their novels merely out of commercial calculation. *Credunt,* they believe. They enjoy their fantasies. They want to jump with joy in vicarious bed-mussing. They indulge.

THEN why do they perform so poorly? It is surely not Puritan shyness; is it Puritan boldness? In fact, the quality of the prose seems to diminish in inverse ratio to the excellence of the performance described. The more perfect the postulated scene of pneumatic splendor, the cruder and more incredible becomes the talent of the describer. His powers do not spread at their ease on foam rubber or down.

I shall now propose a heresy. Perhaps the novelist is confronted by the problem of the Emperor's new clothes: *there is nothing to describe.* Great love-making involves a loss of conscious will, but great novels always deal with the progress of consciousness, of desire, of will. The novelist can tell us most excellently of what leads up to the hour of pleasure, he can march straight or advance his scheme with fatal dread; but that pleasure itself evades paragraphing. It exists outside time. It is with difficulty translated into the reasoned intensity of prose. When the earth moves, Hemingway's words stand still; worse, they do a sweaty forced march in place. In erotic culmination the body takes over from the willing, relieved mind; a breath, a catch, a sigh and the element of time is withdrawn from the "blackberries ripening in the wilderness." Perhaps the lyric genius can sometimes fix this moment. But the typical novelist, when he butts his head against the wall where those blackberries grow, is reduced to a variation of that ridiculous scene in D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* when the two milkwhite cleavers entwine posies in each other's pubic hair. We

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HERBERT GOLD's new novel, The Optimist, *will be published this spring by Little, Brown.*

sympathize with Lawrence's frantic endeavor to *say* something. How else to dramatize objectively this event which so resists dramatic objectification?

TWO excellent recent novels use opposite strategies for getting the posies out of the poil. In George P. Elliot's discreet and rational *Parktilden Village,* desire is hinted round, hunted out, evoked airily and ironically. The cleaving is only suggested —to be continued in the dark of implication. Words withhold their radiance from this still scene; they are reserved for the realms of action. Just as landscape drawing and nudes are proper to painting, so the passage through nations and the obstacles of desire are proper to fiction. We may stop amazed before a Manet seascape, but don't we skip the descriptions of sea and sky in novels? Elliot leaves out the seascapes and sexscapes, but zeroes in on them with *what happened there* in the significant minds which concern him. He is the man who really wants his night vision — he knows enough not to stare at the approaching headlights. The one who strains to see is dazzled, terrified and finally does not see.

Vance Bourjaily's novel, *The Violated,* takes an opposite procedure. It leaves nothing out, or rather, it includes the sex *qua* sex, but tends to scant the rest. As a brilliant exception to the rule, it suggests anew the limitations of specialization—though here the specialization on sex employs enormous resources of wit and tenderness. Expert knowledge and a most sensitive feeling have been made to do very much work for the writer, perhaps more than they really want to do. A brave effort to sum up a style of life has succeeded in drawing a variety of characters, depicting them sensibly and feelingly, but always *sub species sexualis.* The meeting of skin with skin is a translation of ambition, economic stress, conflicts between youth and age, war, learning, metaphysics. Sex then stands for too much besides sex; it becomes a signal, a symbol, at the cost of its primary denotation in eros. The frequent sex scenes are not purple; they are credible and moving; they detonate, they resonate; but nevertheless to some extent they still live in isolation. In the end, however libidinous, the people seem more sapped than violated, sufferers rather than movers, pathetic rather than tragic. Bourjaily's most moving work deserves great respect. But this successful portrayal of sex once again suggests that sex only makes itself fit subject for focus in a fiction at the cost of an implied derogation — sex is wrong. When you look at it too hard, you confuse the spots on your eyes with the facts of love.

Poem

The rose fades
and is renewed again
by its seed, naturally
but where

save in the poem
shall it go
to suffer no diminution
of its splendor

William Carlos Williams

In life, sex is a culmination of the action of desire, it is not that action itself.

When we find a description of a sunrise in a novel, we skip it and go on to the business of describing human actions. The emotions of those watching the sunrise interest us, but not the sunrise as such. For sensuous interpretation of sunrises we can go to painting. Meteorological freaks may justify prolonged description; the distorted sex of neurosis is an incomplete action and may justify analysis (see the witty sado-masochistic sex scene in Thomas Mann's *The Confessions of Felix Krull).* What we are agitating here, however, are the intense justificatory images perpetrated by novelists under a sky of perfect Platonic blue. These are the moments when we take time out from the business of action in order to enjoy a fantasy of bliss. The hour of love is given the sense of the total progress, as in those sad deprived dreams where we skip straight to the point.

IN AN essay entitled "Howells' Kiss," Donald Eble recently noted wryly that each time a pre-marital kiss occurs in one of the novels of William Dean Howells, disaster ensues; love comes to naught; the fates bring down sorrow upon the guilty heads. Such exaggerated worrying of sex strikes us as fit material for farce. Nowadays the psychological noise of a mere kiss, lip to lip, even tooth to tooth, is about as loud as the purring and clicking circulation of our blood. It is so natural that any great moral fuss about it in fiction strikes us as unhealthily bug-eyed, anachronistic.

And yet, and yet. Perhaps some day our own species of concentration on sex will seem as odd as that horrific worrying of Howells fifty years ago. We pretend to greet the suck and mumble of a kiss with worldly indifference, but do we really? When it comes to the big sex scenes of contemporary novels, all the heavy artillery, camouflaged by purple, is levied up. Boom! boom! goes the rhetoric of the fictioneer, and as he fights this battle of Jericho, thesaurus in hand, a reader may well ask: So much weight for poor dank Hymen? An uneasiness comes over us. We suspend that willing suspension of disbelief which art intends to impose. Let us return to our initial fret: Has the novelist, so knowing about special trades or hipster underlife, gained these unusual competences at the cost of remaining a virgin? Is that his secret bargain with the muses? Are the great celebrants of passion vestal types? We prefer to argue aesthetic fallacies before allowing such a hypothesis.

Love used to provide a three-act drama: search, courtship, marriage in one of the basic middle-class forms. Now it tends to have four acts, including the finale, divorce. The basic act of sex remains constant, however, an expression of feeling which is highly diverting to the individuals involved but of minimal licit concern to observers. Love is a social and psychological phenomenon, requiring constant evaluation in the new perspectives of changed times and places. Sex is a private communion, and when it isn't, it is merely a symptom of illness. It is not a movement; it is a timeless convulsion. The scene of sex usually interferes with the proper development of a novel, which shows men moving in their hours, desiring, clashing, aspiring, celebrating, mourning. *De-*

sire, of course, is the proper subject; it exists in time and changes with the events of time and society. In other words, the vitality of the novel lies in the active rather than the static mode. D. H. Lawrence's lovers entwining flowers in each other's hair stand for an attempt to dramatize the undramatic. In a still Puritan, still deprived culture, we still confuse the vicarious satisfaction with significant action.

Nevertheless, surely the great novelists will be able to give sex a proper weight. "Few people can help us, but many can hurt us." True. But probably those few are more important than that many. The lyric novelist who will some time manage to include the desire in sex will make us forget the boys smoking cornsilk, unhappily showing pictures to one another behind the barn. One of the pleasanter enthusiasms of novelists is to do what critics say cannot be done—such as writing about the act of love in a way that gives meaning to the total act of a life.

The Prevalence of Zen

Stephen Mahoney

IN THE desert flats outside Provincetown a group of people in their twenties sat weekends, this past summer, in the shelter of a sand dune. They were a couple of miles from the remains of a wharf where John Reed and other young people had sat and plotted revolution. There were a painter and his wife; there were some graduate students from Boston. The painter explained to persisting tourists the significance of what was going on. Otherwise the group ignored everybody and one another and sat blown by the wind, charred by the sun on straw mats and milk crates without talking or moving.

They were stilling the deliberative surfaces of their minds in order to become aware of their psychic reflexes, the painter explained. They intended to leap these obstacles then and embrace oneness with the natural world.

It may have been the first the tourist had heard of Zen Buddhism; it will not have been the last. The fashion magazines exclaim over it ("spiritual *dynamite*"). The quarterlies note the noisy digging of it by the Beat Generation, and one of them, the *Chicago Review*, ran in a recent issue ten Zen essays and stories, a Zen poem and Zen drawings. The news weeklies issue frequent communiqués. A couple of months back *Time* began (in its "Religion" pages) a piece on Zen and the philosopher Alan Watts, who is the brain and the Buddha of American Zen, by noting that "Zen Buddhism is growing more chic by the minute."

But the highwater mark of the tide thus far was reached this fall with the publication of two Zen books, each of which is championed by a different faction of American Zen and regarded indignantly by the other faction.* The books sell for the same price: you pays your money and you takes your choice. Beat Zen and Square Zen, the factions have been designated by Watts, whom observers take for the captive spokesman of the latter. The Beat book is the Zen novel *The Dharma Bums* by Jack Kerouac, author of *On The Road* and other Beat scriptures. (*Dharma* is truth. "The gates of Dharma are manifold," people chant at the Zen assemblies — "I take a vow to enter them all.") The Square book, *Nature, Man, and Woman*, is the prolific Watts's 1958 directory of Zen wisdom. It is a masterful, lucid popularization of Zen that does not distort its difficult subject.

STEPHEN MAHONEY is an ex-Dharma Bum. Finishing Dartmouth in 1950, he went on the road to Europe, the Caribbean, Mexico, Africa, the West. He missed the San Francisco Renaissance. Now he lives in New York, has a job.

**The Dharma Bums*. By Jack Kerouac. The Viking Press. $3.95.

Nature, Man, and Woman. By Alan W. Watts. Pantheon Books. $3.95.

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In Kerouac's book Zenoid types who are (like Watts) from around San Francisco attend "the biggest party of all time." Some of the guests are taken drunk and seen wandering naked. Watts ("sitting on a log, well dressed, necktie and suit") is present in the book under the name of Arthur Whane; so is Allen Ginsberg, author of *Howl,* in the guise of the Beat poet Alvah Goldbook, author of "Wail." Kerouac's alter ego, Ray Smith, is of course in the crowd. He is awed by the wickedness: "Madmen," he says happily, this spokesman for the spokesman of Beat Zen. Watts feels differently: in *his* book he refers, parenthetically, to a party he attended at which there were "a number of young men wandering around stark naked. . . ." "The exhibitionism of the arty libertine. . . ," he mutters darkly.

So much for the difference between Beat Zen and Square Zen.

THE Buddha preached liberation from suffering; the method was non-attachment. Crossing the Himalaya to China, the religion founded in his name struck head-on against a this-worldly civilization and splintered into sects. One of them, the *Ch'an* sect, developed a discipline that has preserved it. A form of it flourishes in Japan, where "Ch'an" is translated "Zen," and the philosopher D. T. Suzuki introduced Zen to the West from Japan in the twenties. We are an age much preoccupied with our sufferings and among us Suzuki's gospel has prospered.

The historic Zen is very difficult, and American Zenists whose enthusiasm carries them to Japan seem to find it as painful as the rack. Under it, the disciple's consciousness of separation from blind natural process is methodically crushed and ground out. Watts writes in the new book that "The sense of the vast gulf between the ego and the world disappears, and one's subjective, inner life seems no longer to be separate from everything else, from one's total experience of the stream of nature." In *The Dharma Bums* Kerouac speaks of "a kind of eternal multiswarm of electrical Power of some kind ululating in place of just pitiful images and forms of objects, which are, after all, imaginary."

The imagery of Zen is instructive. The liberated man is a cork; he sits light and free. Therefore, he easily rides the waves that otherwise would overwhelm him. He responds to change without hesitation or deliberation. The liberated man is also a mirror. "The mirror is clear," says a Japanese Zen Master of the seventeenth century — "and reflects anything which comes before it, and yet no image sticks in the mirror."

Zen is a nature religion. It is booming at a time when Western man's celebrated victory over nature is less convincing than ever — but when his alienation from nature, including his own nature, seems to be an accomplished fact. As everybody warned, the result of man's attempt to manipulate himself as though he were an object is that he damn well *becomes* an object. And the necessary result of his mistrust of his feelings is a mistrust of his mistrust — which is dismal, grinding confusion. Clearly, Zen offers a kind of hope. For people deeply split by the conflicting opposites assumed by Western culture — the self-image and the body-thing, nature and morality, reason and feeling, spirit and material — there is in Zen the promise of reintegration.

FOR people who find the hothouse atmosphere of Western culture stifling, for all the marvels and monstrous growths here, Zen is cool, clean early-morning breeze. It is this morning freshness that makes *The Dharma Bums* lively. There is a crazy, drunken joy in natural detail. Morning? "It was like the first morning in the world . . . with the sun streaming in through the dense sea of leaves, and birds and butterflies jumping around, warm, sweet, the smell of . . . heathers and flowers. . . ."

Zen may be the only religion in the civilized world that can celebrate morning; probably it is the only religion around to which morning ought not to be embarrassing. If for no other reason, no doubt it is somehow *right.* Still, there is the question whether the real thing can be successfully imported. Watts, who doubts that Zen travels well, has it, however. (He also is in the business of importing it, if reluctantly and with irony.) It must be that for *some* people Zen travels well. Kerouac has it too — sometimes. His Zen is expressed in the richness of natural detail and in the naïveté and buoyancy of his language; Kerouac's sentences have the unguarded ease, so difficult to achieve, of the cork in the classic Zen image: " 'Woo!' I yelled, and the bird of perfect balance on the fir point just moved his tail; then he was gone and distance grew immensely white. Dark wild nights with hints of bears. . . . Wild cold fogs with awesome holes."

But the Beat Zen that the Dharma Bums solemnly proselytize for is something else. It is screwball Wild-

The Trap

The window kept sealed, bars with locks, the drape
Through which one can see out when the room is black,
Are all my gifts I bring the fire-escape
To bait its king, and meet him lack for lack.

Now, after many nights, the rectangle
Of my bedded thought thickens at the center:
Against the curtain's edges two arms dangle,
As though awaiting my command to enter.

I stand into the silence near my bed,
Hauling my hammer through the bloody dark,
Whereat the moon throbs patches of his head.
With blighted whirs his cutter leaves its mark.

I watch. He gropes. I think that I have been
One thought in his mind which he cannot encounter.
Pitch-black on his dark I freeze, to bait the hunter
Who, flushed by his fear, would prowl and prowl again.

David Galler

west. The D.B.'s in the book, their life prototypes, their nouveau hipster converts in the coffee-shops — none of them makes a convincing cork. They avoid the waves that *can* overwhelm, and go bobbling along in backwater puddles.

("That's all very groovy, old Pops, what you say" — the answer goes, the stock answer — "on the delib'rative level.")

Alan Watts has written that Zen is used by the Beat Generation to justify its ways. No doubt he is right. Beat Zen is a goofball; for hung-up, inhibited people it makes kicks possible. In Kerouac's book, orgies with a willing bonbon named Princess are elaborately wrapped in a weird-o kind of Zen. " 'This is what they do in the temples of Tibet,' " says Japhy Ryder, a Dharma Bum who could make you think of the real-life Beat poet, Gary Snyder. But the kicks that Beat Zen is used to make possible are mainly not those of sex, plain or fancy. ("Pretty girls make graves," Ray says superiorly.) Beat Zen is used mainly to justify a revival of the fantasy, that one had supposed long since lost, and by the wind grieved, of the joyous, drunken writer bum.

The Dharma Bum assembles his idea of himself from the contents of a grab bag. But musty, old slim-pickings it would be without Zen. " 'Jack London used to walk this trail,' said Japhy." "In the way he did things, hiking," says Ray of Japhy, "he reminded me of Mike, my boyhood chum who also loved to lead the way, real grave like Buck Jones, eyes to the distant horizons like Natty Bumppo. . . ." Pretty stale. But " 'Han Shan, you see, was a Chinese scholar who got sick of the big city and the world and took off to hide in the mountains.' " (" 'Say, that sounds like you.' ") " 'And he was a man of solitude who could take off by himself and live purely and true to himself.' " Dig the Hemingway. (" 'That sounds like you too.' " " 'And like you too, Ray. . . .' ") The Dharma Bums climb a mountain near San Francisco from which the view as far as the eye can see is of astonishingly verdant symbolism. Inspired, Ray decides he'll begin life anew: "I'll tramp with a rucksack and make it the pure way."

Clearly, Beat Zen does not score at the ol' delib'rative level. It could not care less. Combined with talent, as in Kerouac's work (and in the work of Snyder, Ginsberg, and Philip Whalen), it raises lyric bird cries of real feeling. It is often moving. But Square Zen now. It does *very* well on the deliberative level. Last April in New York Watts held a weekend-long seminar. It went over much of the ground Watts covers in *Nature, Man, and Woman.* Previously he had given Zen seminars in Illinois, where he used to be an Anglican priest and a chaplain at Northwestern University, and in California, where until recently he was Dean of the American Academy of Asian Studies, near San Francisco. Forty people were allowed to attend this one at $25 a head. There were architects, engineers, writers, housewives, professors, an Episcopalian priest, a publisher — a group of people one might come upon at a cocktail party in Westport. Nobody removed his clothes.

WATTS is crewcut, cleancut, and has a shy, boyish, scholar's grin. He is 43, looks 30; he lived in England until he was in his twenties and speaks with an accent that is U. Watts sprawled out awkwardly in an armchair, clutched at his ankle, and the words flowed in an unending, shiningly lucid stream. He never looked at a note. "In Buddhist philosophy," he said Friday night, opening the seminar, "you do not begin with a conception of mind that lies in opposition to matter. You would rather find the opposition in Buddhist philosophy of mind and *form.* . . . The world illusion by which human beings are captivated is a product of thought. . . . It is the mind that deceives us through the senses."

The seminar was in a large, high-ceilinged room above West 57th Street. There were wooden folding chairs in rows. Traffic sounds came drifting through the open windows. The yellow eye of a tape-recorder winked on, off with the rise and fall of Watts's voice. "It is projecting forth upon the world that causes us

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to divide it up into fact and event, which are supposedly separate . . . the subject and the object. . . . The whole nature of Buddhist philosophy is a correction of our perception. And it is a liberation of perception from preconception—from concepts, from ideas, from thoughts." Hours later, the seminar officially over for the night, people unwilling to go home sat and excitedly discussed Zen and its affinities with the ideas of Heidegger, Niebuhr, Dada, Montherlant, Beckett, Paul Goodman, Wilhelm Reich, Euclid, Korzybski. . . .

Saturday, Watts talked about purpose, gravely warning us against the paralyzing control of the imagined ego. "One's body," he scolded, "is like a democracy. *Foolish* to think it can be bossed from on high. . . ." We sat on the edges of our chairs and grasped at the possibility of deliverance from our demands on ourselves.

The Square Zenist does not much like the turn the world is taking, and what he intends to do about it is to kill the Faust inside — as I have heard him put it — and surrender his will. The irrationalism of Zen attracts clever, bored novelty-seekers. Its surface appearance — a religion with nothing much for the communicant to do, nothing much to have to pretend to believe in — attracts sensibly lazy, skeptical cult-shoppers. People of bith kinds often go on to practice Zen very seriously.

Somebody in the meeting is afraid of what may happen if he acts spontaneously. "I would only say, you know," Watts said, "*let* yourself be free to kill your wife. You won't." Somebody else piously mentions the value of suffering. "Yes," Watts says uninterestedly. "There is a good deal of masochism in our value system. That's true." Painstakingly he clarifies some remarks about time. "To say that each moment is self-sufficient is to say simply — to try to give some experience to the *feeling* that one is not blocking. . . . There is no sense of conflict between ego and environment."

In the homestretch Sunday night Watts supported his chin with his hands. People stirred tiredly. Commuters had got little sleep over the weekend. "The *question* always is," Watts said skeptically, sadly, "'Is the will really transformed?' *Is* it, or is all this just a new kind of hogwash? Yes, you can study Yoga or Zen or anything else. . . . And if the context in which you are doing it is still one of self-protection, security-seeking, ego-aggrandizement — all you have produced is a remarkable fake."

We squirmed uncomfortably, accusing ourselves.

Watts said later that night, in what came to a fair summary of Zen:

> The person who sees that there is nothing he can do, is discovering the whole extent of the trap which he is in. And when this closes on him completely he finds there is nobody it closes on. This supposed poor fellow who can't do anything is, you see, an imaginary existence. The universe is acting perfectly freely all the time. It is not some things pushing other things around. But if our consciousness identifies itself with a particular locus in the system of nature, it will feel that that is being pushed around. But if we see *completely* that there is nobody being pushed around, nobody who is trapped in the trap, it suddenly will

'TERRIFIC . . . IT TOOK GUTS'

The Nation's special 64-page issue of October 18, devoted entirely to Fred J. Cook's sensational article entitled "The FBI," has earned the kind of praise of which editors dream, but seldom get. "*Terrific*," writes David L. Weissman, noted constitutional lawyer, "*it took guts for Cook to write and for The Nation to publish.*" And this from Roger N. Baldwin, former president of the American Civil Liberties Union: "*The Nation does a greatly needed service in casting a fair and critical eye on the FBI, so immune to criticism, and yet so dangerous to our liberties.*" And from Stephen A. Fritchman, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles: "*Truly magnificant . . . I sat up most of the night reading it.*"

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seem not to be a trap any more. And at that moment our whole view of the world will do a flip. It is like when you have a balloon and you have it — you know, a Mickey Mouse balloon, which has two compartments in it. And you get all the air into one compartment and it suddenly goes *blooooop* through your hands and all into the other one. So this sense of total bondage does a flip, and turns into a sense of total freedom.

On the jacket of *Nature, Man, and Woman* is a useful subtitle: *A New Approach to Sexual Experience*. Without it, the reader might never know till the last chapter that it *is* about sex. It is even a sex manual—a very good one. The trouble is that Watts, urging a natural attitude toward sex, uses euphemisms that have not appeared in print since Krafft-Ebing, excepting coupon ads in comic-books. Watts even breaks out in patches of Latin. One remembers the naturalness and directness of Kerouac's vocabulary.

But the trouble is also with the reader. Watts discusses sexual love as an expression of organic spontaneity — "as the most positive and creative occasion of being transported by something beyond conscious will." His thesis is that sex can be a way of rediscovering lastingly our original egoless unity with nature. This is not how we are accustomed to regard sex. It is impossible to recognize in the book the anxious pleasures discussed by the drugstore Van de Veldes. There is nothing to allay (and stimulate) our fears and our obsessiveness.

A Soldier Rejects His Times Addressing His Contemporaries

Think no more of me
For I am gone
Where ages go,
No touch of snow
Nor sing-song bird sip song
Alters meadow.

You are whelmed in manyness
By days totally taken
By doing taken up
Summer and winter,
Plunger of fortune.

But I am hidden
And dropped out,
No more I count.
Flesh was fresh,
Time was evenness,
Death is stiffness.

Think only of the living,
It is the lips of wisdom;
Of wars perpetual;
Even of steadfastness
In man's misery.

RICHARD EBERHART

Predictably, the Zen fires are raging in the matted undergrowth of psychoanalytic theory. Analysts of rival schools join hands and chant sutras, watching dualistic concepts go up in smoke. Zenists lecture at the training institutes and clinics. Watts's seminar in New York was a stopover for him on the way to the Jung Institute in Zurich. Erich Fromm, who is probably the most determinedly rationalist of analysts, gave recently (with Suzuki) a seminar in Zen for analysts. Zen is big in the arts. The painter, Mark Tobey, who has been in a Zen monastery in Japan, has said that from Zen he learned about the "blending of simplicity, directness and profundity." In Western philosophy, Heidegger himself has said of Zen that it is what he has been getting at in all his writings.

All of which is another kind of thing from Dharma-bumming and cult-shopping. The gates of Dharma are manifold. . . .

No doubt in one way and another Zen will enrich our formal culture. It will polish the surface of our minds. But what are the chances of Zen changing our institutions and assumptions? Of there existing (to quote Japhy Ryder) "millions of young Americans wandering around with rucksacks"? Or (quoting Watts) can we even bring about "a world in which man belongs but which he does not dominate"? Answering such a question at the end of the seminar, Watts told the familiar story about the traveler (this time in England) quite, *quite* lost, Watts said, who finally found somebody and asked directions.

This man "pondered a bit, you know." Watts pretended to ponder. People stood in the foyer with their coats on listening. " 'Well, I know where it is you want to go,' the man said, 'but if I were you — I would not start from here!' "

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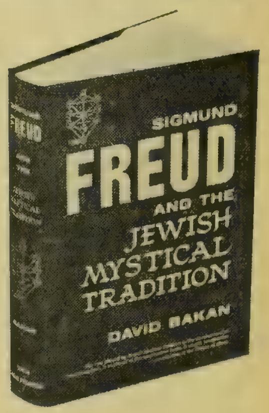

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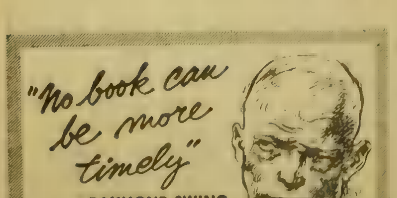
Angry at What?

Bernard Wolfe

THE NEW literary down-and-outers on both sides of the Atlantic have in common the urge to leap—the Britishers with impeccable grammar and the Americans with the maximum of verbal gymnastics and "barbaric yawps"—away from the social dead-center of conformity and respectability. What inspires this fashionable group saltation, if its practitioners are to be believed, is in every last case—Anger.

What are our rebels so angry about? We have their bulging bills of particulars. The English fugitives, given to class terms, explain that they are turning their backs on "phony middle-class culture" (John Holloway) with "its terrifying vulgarity, its perfected lack of sensibility and its bewildering equivocation" (Philip O'Connor), the "over-fed, over-privileged" smuggers who leave no room for a "burning virility of mind and spirit" (John Osborne). American nay-sayers too start with shudders at "the ruins of bourgeois civilization" (Jack Kerouac) and "the narcotic tobacco haze of Capitalism" (Allen Ginsberg), but, having got their steam up, they tend to go on to indict *all* restraints, *all* structures on the outside, and therefore the bad side, of the skull. If they don't like "tradition and uprightness and so-called morality" (Kerouac), neither will they countenance "all that crap . . . such as refrigerators, TV sets, cars, at least fancy new cars, certain hair oils and deodorants, etc." (Kerouac: which hair oils *will* he let pass?), "the iron regiments of fashion . . . [the] sphinx of cement and aluminum." (Ginsberg).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The essence of the complaint, London-modulated or Frisco-bopped, would seem to be that certainly today's middle-class structures, and very possibly, by implication, *all* structures of *all* periods are stifling to the god-impregnated individual. This implication (environment is bad simply because it is out there rather than in here) can get to be a hot potato: lashing out in too many directions, wholesale belligerence—would these negativists be happy anywhere at all? One minute, innocent of historicity, the protestors suggest the swinishness of *all* establishments; the next, they begin to inch back from this time-sprung social nihilism and let it be known that "the ugly problems of the twentieth century" are the despair makers—dreariness comes from "living in the American Age" (Osborne). Our malaise has a very contemporary name and that name is $e=mc^2$: "everybody's got the atomic disease, everybody's radioactive" (Kerouac); "the sirens of Los Alamos . . . Moloch the vast stone of war! Moloch the stunned governments! . . . Go f - - - yourself with your atom bomb" (Ginsberg). So life *can* be beautiful, though not around here.

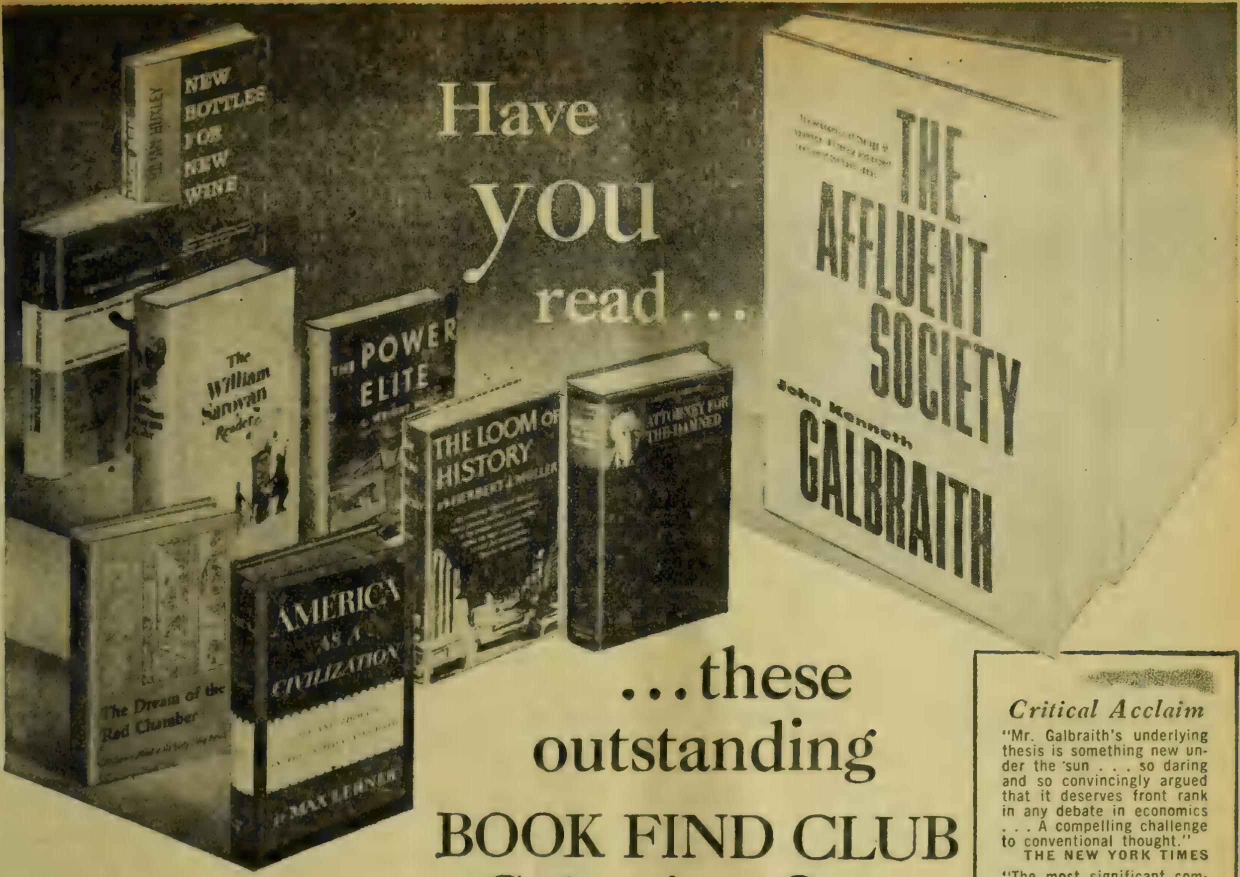
Now come many ideologues and elder statesmen of this movement of growling angels to tell us that these attacks are uniformly trenchant and on the button. O'Connor? Running from "the sham pageant of living" and "the social lie" and "the hypocrisy and complacency of the 'establishment,'" from "gentility and . . . the cliquish standards of the older universities and the literary columns," this "part angel, part demon" is busy with a "laboratory experiment in total sincerity" (Stephen Spender). Ginsberg? "Among the teeth and excrement of this life" the Beat poet celebrates, in notable howls, "the spirit of love" (William Carlos Williams). Appalled by "the ruin and disorder of the world," making "their diagnosis of an absolute corruption," the free souls, demon-angels all, "are strong disbelievers in the State, war, and the values of commercial civilization" (Kenneth Rexroth). Faced with "the horror of society," the "slow relentless inhumanity of the conservative power which controls him from without and from within," only the hipster, that "sexual outlaw" with his "morality of the bottom," is able to survive in "that contradictory and unbearable society which first created his neurosis" (Norman Mailer).

ALL THIS is astonishing—the too-loud ragings, their too-quick acceptance and relay. Because the one thing that can be demonstrated about these professionally belligerent folk, Beats and Angry (Some Not So) Youngs alike, is that society, past or present, unbearable or not, toothy and excremental though it may be, however fizzed up over fallout, is the most incidental of their targets. The more they pepper their writings with apocalyptic social pronouncements, the clearer it becomes that the broad world of social structures is not even in their field of vision. They are talking about something else entirely. At least they are in four recent and representative works: John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger,* Philip O'Connor's *Memoirs of A Public Baby,* J. P. Donleavy's *The Ginger Man* and Jack Kerouac's *The Subterraneans.* Osborne and O'Connor are English; Donleavy and Kerouac are Americans, though Donleavy sets his story in Ireland. *Look Back in Anger* is a play, *Memoirs of a Public Baby* is a mixture—as I believe—of autobiography and fiction; the other two books are novels.

The heroes of these narratives are Jimmy Porter, Theodore Malice, Sebastian Dangerfield and Leo Per-

---

BERNARD WOLFE is the author of Limbo, The Late Risers *(one of the early attempts to describe the hipster in fiction),* In Deep *and the forthcoming* The Great Prince Died, *a novel based on the last days and assassination of Leon Trotsky.*



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cepied, in that order. All are ardent men, much too devoted to their appetites to be bothered with the claptrap of schools and jobs. Porter, who did get through college, runs a sweetstall: "he tried so many things—journalism, advertising, even vacuum cleaners for a few weeks. . . . He had his own jazz band once. I rather think he'd like to start another, and give up the stall altogether." Percepied has not even been able to hold his job as messboy on a ship: "because of trouble with the steward and my inability to be gracious and in fact human and like an ordinary guy . . . a thing typical of me." Malice has never worked: "I scorned employment . . . I felt unfit." Dangerfield is a G.I. Bill law student in Dublin who does not attend classes. But neither will he work, though money is desperately needed for his wife and baby; he prefers to hock his landlord's furniture and dream of better times: "If my father dies by autumn I'll be very rich." This record becomes impressive when you realize that the ages of these people are, in the order named above, about twenty-five, forty, twenty-eight and thirty-one.

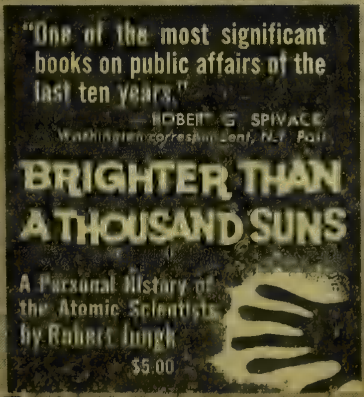
But they are without vocation only in the Square sense. Their intense energies, dissipated not at all in the insipid rat race of the conformists, are devoted around the clock to exploring every possible dimension of relationships with the opposite sex—first and foremost, and with true trail-blazing spirit, the dimension of trouble. They all have women. They all have become professionals in the systematic abuse of women.

This work is facilitated by the circumstance that, not being middle-class conformists, they have no scruples about roughing up the weaker sex. Most of them are adepts in the fine art of heterosexual fisticuffs. Dangerfield's wife reminds him: "You slapped and punched me when I was pregnant." She accuses him (correctly) of stealing the milk money for booze: "He drove his fist into Marion's face." Porter lets loose a proto-Marxist blast at his wife's girl friend: "You Judas! You phlegm! . . . I've no public school scruples about hitting girls . . . by God, I'll lay you out!" Without bothering to detail the circumstances, Malice tells us casually about his paramour: "I was most indignant, giving her the orthodox slap in the face . . . and continued my sample of prostitutes." Often the violence is only verbal: when his wife is upset Dangerfield says sweetly, "Now you lie down and I'll get you a little prussic acid to soothe your nerves." Sometimes the mayhem is confined to daydreams. Dangerfield reflects about his absent wife and baby: "Marion, stay away a little longer, please. Don't want the pincers on me just yet. . . . Or maybe the two of you will get killed in a train wreck and your father foot the bill for burial." But homicidal wishes aren't to be fooled with. Malice's woman has a complete nervous breakdown, he escorts her to the doctor's. "When a car approached slowly I said to myself without words, 'run under it.' She did, at once, and lay bloody on the bonnet."

PERCEPIED alone, of this fierce quartet, does not boil up into outward shows of violence. This may be because his sense of himself as "crudely malely sexual" is tempered by the suspicion that he is "very Christlike": "I'm not a hoodlum but some kind of crazy saint." (Though he has lapses in which he thinks of himself as "Me, big gleeful hood.") However far the sanctification may have gone, he has his own Gandhi-like techniques for making his Negro-Indian girl Mardou writhe. The trick is simple enough: under the guise of being undilutedly, even worshipfully, fond of Negroes ("as part Negro somehow you are the first, the essential woman . . . Eden's in Africa"), he throws her Negroness constantly in her face. (He is so terrified of this malicious undercurrent in himself that he worries over "my fear of communicating WHITE images to her in our telepathies." The concern is in order. Strolling down the avenue with Mardou, "every time I see a Mexican girl or a Negress I say to myself, 'hustler,' they're all the same.")

Behind all this expert molestation of particular women you would expect to find some general theory about the species. There is. Malice refers bluntly to his "misogynistic and asocial principles." He adds: "I have always loved women most when they were sad; I may say for loving purposes even have encouraged them into that state. Women seem wise when sad and silly when happy." Regarding his invariably brutal reactions to his mother's efforts to please him: "I was becoming frightened of the woman nature, with its power to dissolve sturdy 'masculine' shells, its turning of one's consciousness to something soft and foundering." Less frank but just as revealing is Jimmy Porter: "When you see a woman in front of her bedroom mirror, you realize what a refined sort of butcher she is. Did you ever see some dirty old Arab, sticking his fingers into some mess of lamb fat and gristle? ... noisy ... clumsy ... the eternal flaming racket of the female." Again: "Why, why, why do we let these women bleed us to death?" Even Percepied, lamenting the loss of his one true love, recalls that in her first bed encounter with his friend Adam she crippled him with her "greatstrength of womb." (The anatomy can be as inexact as the prose.)

Certainly it is a tricky and technical matter to fix the point at which the wildly misogynistic passes over into the outright homosexual. But our fictional heroes do seem, at the very least, to reel along the borderline. Enough evidence has reached us from the clinic to suggest that the terror (however cloaked with fisted scorn) which drives homosexuals away from women is based on a mythological image of Woman as biter, chopper, render, smasher, bleeder, milker, consumer—of the male and all his parts. This is obviously the rock-bottom operative image driving the heroes we are talking about. And it is no secret that hip and angry circles are overrun with homosexuals these days. Ginsberg memorializes "the best minds of my generation," the "angelheaded hipsters" who "bit detectives in the neck and shrieked with delight in policecars for committing no crime but their own wild cooking pederasty." Malice, always the trend-spotter, theorizes about "homosexuality playing the part of a social glue between fringe-types on different classes."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HARCOURT, BRACE

TO BE SURE, the two-way hipsters claim to be equally enthusiastic about both sexes, and insist that there is an absolute distinction between bisexuality and homosexuality. "Sure we make it with men, but that doesn't mean we're like homos." The argument is based on the Bible of the male-facaded homosexual, Gide's *Corydon*, in which the thesis is that some over-endowed men turn to other men after their women are exhausted—precisely out of masculine super-virility. About Gide, whatever his accomplishments, it must be said that he was all his life an unmitigated homosexual (the avoidance of camping mannerisms, and the devotion to the "male" role in pederasty, do not change the classification so much as refine it). *Madeleine*, the hypocritical "letter" to the dead woman who had the misfortune to be his wife, is a grim corrective companion volume to *Corydon*, that manual of elegant gayety-butchery.

True, the fictional heroes here considered don't behave like homosexuals, in the sense of fleeing from women. On the contrary, they cling to them with the tenacity of leeches. But that may mean only that they are the sort of homosexuals who, afraid to retire outright to a strictly male erotic fraternity, must remain attached parasitically to women in order to batter them over and over. This is much, much more than a garden-variety misogyny. It is far too constant and compulsive, too

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much a life's work. It might almost be said that these young fellows have no time for school and jobs because they are much too busy hacking away at the ladies. The belligerence is so showy and so steady that you are led to look for something else behind it—its opposite.

The giveaway is that for the most part they need women in order to shove them aside. And the shoving is, more often than not, a united-front project of the male gang. As soon as L. is safely dumped in the nerve hospital Malice returns to his former comradeship of the homosexual "psychic brothels." (About new friend Anthony: "the most delicate face I've seen in a man, rather like Gerard Philipe's when younger . . . with a little moustache that gave him only the most impertinent insignia of masculinity.") L. finally comes home from the hospital: "I refused, panic-stricken, to let her in; she slept in the air-raid shelter. I reached incredible brutality through brute fear."

Dangerfield too is constantly skipping out on his wife to carouse with male drinking companions (though he does pursue a variety of other women, double-crossing them all). Mardou's steady complaint against "crudely malely sexual" Percepied is that he is forever deserting her to live it up till dawn with his gay friends (who go to Peru to "dig Indian boys"). There comes "the night of the beautiful faun boy"—Percepied just can't let the little dear go. His friends protest, "Man, what are you, a fag? you talk just like a fag." Mardou lays down the law: "It's him or me goddamit."

Jimmy Porter and his wife have apparently lived from the first day of their marriage with one or another of his men friends. He speculates seriously that the "Michelangelo Brigade" may have all the best of it: "I've just about had enough of this 'expense of spirit' lark, as far as women are concerned. . . . Sometimes I almost envy old Gide and the Greek Chorus boys . . . at least, they do seem to have a cause."

The final test of male camaraderie, of course, is a willingness to pass the girl friend around. Friend Cliff is forever kissing and fondling Porter's wife. His explanation for hanging around: "I'm pretty certain that if I hadn't been here, everything would have been over between these two long ago. . . . Perhaps I even enjoy being in the thick of it." Porter to Cliff and Lady Pusillanimous, as he calls his wife: "Why don't you both get into bed, and have done with it?" With Porter this share-and-share-alike eroticism may be only a verbal game. With the Percepied crowd it becomes a primary institution, the communal supper. Friends keep coming up to Percepied and saying casually, "I would like to make it with your chick . . . would it be okay if I asked her?" Caught in the everything-goes code, Percepied can't "come right out and say, 'Lissen, this is my girl.'" Does it have to be argued that the gangshag, fantasied or in the flesh, accomplished in time through a passing-around technique or in space through the sexball, is a homosexual ritual performed over and through the irrelevant bodies of women?

ANGRY, YES. Raving mad: at *women*. To the point of offering them prussic acid cocktails and dumping feces on their heads (Dangerfield does that, too). Porter to his wife: "If you could have a child, and it would die. . . . I want to stand up in your tears, and splash about in them, and sing. I want to be there when you grovel. . . . I want to see your face rubbed in the mud." . . . Why such a *personalized* anger? This kind of blowtopism knows no season—where's the Suez and $e=mc^2$ here?

They have to be worked in, obviously. Got to get those mushroom clouds and concentration camps in.* Porter proceeds to locate the social wells of his fury: his father fought in Spain, "certain God-fearing gentlemen there . . . made a mess of him. . . . My mother looked after

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*J. P. Donleavy is a notable exception here. To his credit be it noted that in not so much as a line does he have Sebastian Dangerfield pretend that he is conditioned by society or even interested in it. Dangerfield cares so little about what is happening *out there* that he receives with delight a letter from his old drinking pal announcing that "I'm thinking of joining the Jews to fight the Arabs or the Arabs to fight the Jews."

him without complaining, and that was about all. Perhaps she pitied him. . . . But I was the only one who cared! . . . You see, I learnt at an early age what it was to be angry—angry and helpless. . . . I knew more about—love . . . betrayal . . . and death, when I was ten years old. . . ."

But what Porter is taking a poke at here is not Spain, but only a woman again—his mother, who obviously did all she could for the dying man. He veers off into other, quite unrelated indignities. To Cliff he explains: "I suppose people of our generation aren't able to die for good causes any longer. We had all that done for us, in the thirties and the forties, when we were still kids. . . . No, there's nothing left for it, me boy, but to let yourself be butchered by the women." What is so terrible in Porter's life is *not* that his father was killed by Spain, but that no Spains are left for *him* to get killed by. The possibility of living out his normal life-span seems never to occur to him. Then let the women take the place of the lamented Spains. Over and over again, he starts his political diatribes. Each time he winds up with his one subject—women as murderers:

> Do you know I have never known the great pleasure of lovemaking when I didn't desire it myself. Oh, it's not that she hasn't her own kind of passion. She has the passion of a python. She just devours me whole every time, as if I were some over-large rabbit. That's me. That bulge around her navel. . . . Me, buried alive down there, and going mad, smothered in that peaceful looking coil. Not a sound, not a flicker from her. . . . You'd think that this indigestible mess would stir up some kind of tremor in those distended, overfed tripes—but not her! She'll go on sleeping and devouring until there's nothing left of me.

Insofar as this parade of nonsense syllables means anything, it must mean that Mr. Porter, who is so exquisitely aware of the ladies as devouring pythons, masses of tripes, would like very much indeed to be able to drop his male role with them—for them to take up, if possible. For these quirks, try though he may, he can't fix the blame on Spain or the loss of the great good causes.

In twenty years the protest novel has shifted its attention from class struggle to sexual struggle, from the relations of production to the infinitely more knotted ones of reproduction. This turn toward the human interior could open interesting doors. For too long the intimate matters which should be the first concern of the novelist were buried in an avalanche of determined public-mindedness. But the new protestors are appalled—and mystified—by the subjective cesspools they have begun to uncap. In their fright they fall back on the sociological formulas of the thirties: all this deep-down stuff is after all a class derivative. Malice, who once sold *Daily Workers* on the streets of London, is at least honest enough to confess that "It was my aim . . . to ascribe my ailments to, or explain them in terms of a social system." The trouble is that this kind of investigation, which looks for causes everywhere but in the head, is not going to tell us much about a person who, from nursery days on, "had always been frightened of [women's] shrill voices and a certain kind of misnamed 'vitality' . . . which is never content but likes to eat little boys," a man who "all his adult life felt himself to have a 'social age' of about four" and always before men "felt so ridiculously infantile as to be frightened of their guessing so" (Malice); nor about the fellow with whom "it has been a case pure and simple of a little frightened man looking out and seeing all the prowling animals" (Dangerfield); nor yet about the one who "at 18 was a nannybeater" (Percepied: "nannybeater" is his term for those who mugg homosexuals). The Beats and the Angry Youngs have applied to the intensely personal matters rising to the surface to haunt people in the fifties a bag full of sociological clichés perfected and worked to death in the thirties. They don't even have the courage of their own psychopathologies.

The mentality of face-slapping and feces-dropping and general gangshaggery flows from no head waters known to the community—it rises and falls in the solitary cra-

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nium. Jimmy Porter, his ladies feel, would be at home and happy "in the middle of the French Revolution." Hardly. He would not be at home in Shangri-la or the Garden of Eden: women there too. With the angel-fugitives the protest novel has arrived at the point of protesting too much. How very, very Square and middle-class.

The Dharma beckoning to these programmatic bums is said to be Law and Virtue, but it begins to sound disturbingly like *Dharna*—"a method of appealing for justice by fasting even to the point of death while seated at the door of the one considered as the offender." The offender may be dressed up to look like "this unbearable society," but under its mildewed costume, starkly clear now, are the lineaments of the mythological Ogre-Lady in all her nursery-room bulk.

Home Is Where We Backed Into

Mark Harris

IT IS just two years since I received from a book publisher's editor a letter inquiring—not quite so bluntly as this—"Confidentially, what do you think the future holds for your friend XYZ?" and I had to reply, being more a man of honor than of truth, that I thought the future held for XYZ all virtuous fame. The editor thereafter sent XYZ a generous contract for a manuscript-in-progress. But the manuscript has never been delivered, and the editor now writes me in aggrieved tones to ask how could I lie to him like that.

Well, it was easy. Moreover, I have always felt a certain obligation to my friend XYZ. In a way it was I who, back in the younger days, cheered him on. I stood with him on the steps of Old Gothic Hall on the campus at Old Gothic U., and he told me he was quitting, leaving, roaring off in search of larger adventure, and I said, "You are right, you are right," and off he went.

We were juniors, or maybe only sophomores (anyhow it was *circa* 1946-7-8-9), and my friend XYZ had been the hero of our circle: he had published a novel. It was as good a novel as a writer of twenty-five can be expected to write, full of pain and protest and symphonic purple paragraphs, just like the letters he was soon to write back to us from the midst of his adventures, and which we passed from hand to hand about our circle, feeling, as we did so, how dull we were, how safe we played. Even so, we continued in our dull safety, completed courses, acquired degrees, compiled our *vita*, applied for positions, until eventually we found ourselves dully employed upon the staff of somebody's Department of English in a building resembling Old Gothic Hall on a campus resembling Old Gothic U.

Those adventures of XYZ, now that I pause to review them, were perhaps actually safer and duller than they seemed to us at the time. Except for a return to airplanes during the Korean War (flight was his second-best love) he was principally engaged in those kinds of labor which promoted association with hard, tough people who talked hard, tough talk and drank whiskey out of a bottle. For several seasons he traveled with a carnival. Once, in the role of longshoreman, he was bitten by a tarantula arrived in a bunch of bananas. (Doctored himself with a slug of whiskey.) He was a cowboy, and between round-ups he was a sometime novelist-in-residence at MacDowell Colony, from which place he once wrote me (I took it then for whimsy) an earnest letter asserting the absolute incompatibility of art and education.

His second novel was as good as his first, and his third novel was as good as his second, and his fourth and his fifth were as good as his sec-

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MARK HARRIS, an assistant professor in the Language Arts Division at San Francisco State College, is the author of six novels, of which the last three (and his favorites) are Something About a Soldier, A Ticket for a Seamstitch *and* Bang the Drum Slowly.

ond and his third: the future was still in the future. He married a lovely girl wise enough to assure him that the hopeful young writers of his college circle have betrayed the craft, sold out, that he alone clings true to the calling, and they live together in an inaccessible and unpronounceable village in Mexico. From that outpost he contributes to decent journals articles and reviews which faithfully, steadily, evenly and honestly express the pain and the protest of the first and the second and the third and the fourth and the fifth novels of pain and protest.

He writes me that he is not rich. Indeed, he is somewhat poor. He and his wife, scorning all luxury, are not always in good health, and their debts, in spite of their purgation of desire, seem rather to increase than to abate. He yearns for the greener simplicity of MacDowell Colony, but he has not the fare to New Hampshire. He might recover his fortune with a month of work as a longshoreman, but hard, tough labor becomes harder and tougher to contemplate. Yet they are happy (he writes), and they know that the course they have chosen has been the correct and the true artistic course, and if they had it to do over again they would do it the very same way, for they are very happy, and they know that the course they have chosen has been the correct course, and if they had it to do over again they would do it the very same way. Because (he writes) it is the correct course and they are very happy.

Yet we writers who live on campuses never deprived ourselves of significant experience. We who cast our virgin vote for the Third Term or Fourth Term of F.D.R. worked at the tough, hard jobs, went to the war, came back. For most of us, apparently, after we worked at the tough, hard jobs we knew what tough, hard jobs were like, and after one war we knew what a war was like. We were ready for something new. It occurs to us now that our community of scholars and professors is by no means identical to the image we held when we were juniors, or maybe only sophomores: the passions, we discover, are more strenuous than our younger minds imagined, and the word *tenure* is no synonym for *death.*

We dreamed, in those young days, a dream of social bliss, and we wrote it out, too, and once it was written we were simply no longer so young as we had been. It was an abstract faith, and we proclaimed it, and we cannot now remain withdrawn in memory, for the faith of that decade serves neither us nor history now: almost the principal requisite for the growth of an artist is his power to reduce the abstract to the particular. And since we are citizens as well as artists we dare not exist, like XYZ, in a Mexican isolation, ruminating upon dreams from which we have awakened, else we shall become Emile Durkheim's isolated assembly-line worker, "no longer a living cell of a living organism which unceasingly vibrates with neighboring cells, which acts upon them, and to whose action it responds and with whose needs and circumstances it changes."*

IT WAS not so much that we stormed the colleges, carved ourselves our chairs, but that the colleges were there, and it was a likely place to go with a G.I. Bill. Sometimes we too stood upon the steps of Old Gothic Hall, loathing every inch of ivy, and sometimes we quit; tried other things; tried again the tough, hard jobs; tried newspapers; tried radio; tried magazines; tried television; tried advertising; tried door-to-door, Britannicas, baby photos, silverware; tried real-estate; tried used cars. But the trouble was that we hardly discovered, that way, anybody who was talking about what we wanted to talk about, and we went back to the Veterans Administration and picked up our interrupted G.I. Bills, saw it through, and jumped around to the other side of the lectern. Exactly how is this a sell-out? How does this *per se* diminish or destroy our creative impulses?

Of course, many of the writers who are living on campuses are really something less than writers. Some are only copyists imitating accepted modes, or they are theorists madly attempting to produce their own proof, or they are critics paralyzed

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We backed into it, but now that we are here we find that this is where our community is, that this is the particular from which the general drama is drawn. It is no less a cross-section, although professors, as a rule, take their whiskey in a glass.

A man writes beneath the stern gaze of real people who only this morning, at coffee, heard skeptically his plan for his new book, told him how idiotic he is, and sent him home to his table determined to defeat their skepticism. If he does, they will praise him, and it is for this he labors, for that sweetest of all fame —fame in his own village.

Trained in the logical disciplines, conversant with centuries and places not the writer's own, the best people on any good campus in the United States provide a writer with a critical forum unsurpassed in knowledge or understanding by any non-academic community anywhere.

My friend XYZ, bereft of community, dwells alone in his own company. For him, society has withered, and he forages deeper and deeper into an isolated interior. We too know, on the campuses, the reality of isolation, but with us it is only partial, for there comes the moment each morning when we step upon the campus to discover that society in fact exists, it lives, it moves, it strives, it has its shape, its form, it builds buildings, it solves problems, while somewhere within it we, too, exist and function, healthfully pressing against forces more substantial than our own susceptibility to gloom.

In Exquisite Chaos

M. L. Rosenthal

A new world of poets and poems is issuing forth in exquisite chaos, and it is absorbing to speculate about what its major bearings are likely to be. Scribner's has now printed its fifth volume of *Poets of Today*, each containing the work of three people never before published between book covers. Meridian, to the jeers of the California Renascents and other disestablishmentarians, has given us *The New Poets of England and America*. And Ballantine Books continues to present the New Poems series, under the editorship of Rolfe Humphries. The first of these enterprises reflects the very cultivated but quite conservative taste of John Hall Wheelock. The second and third lean toward work that is interesting or polished without being very adventurous. New Poems, in addition, presents pieces by older, established poets: not a bad idea in itself—the worship of the young is as pernicious in the arts as in ordinary life—but it does becloud the question of what shape our future poetry will probably take.

The Renascents (Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, and others) have struck a false note from the start of their phosphorescent little history. Theirs was a cry, not of the heart, but of the groin—a revulsion from official repression that expressed itself in belches, obscenities, incoherent manifestoes, and great shrieks of "*Libertad!*" The movement had a moment of promise, but between over-publicizing and a spate of bad poetry it lost its impetus. Yet there was, and there remains, something valid in it. It appealed to an instinct in the young everywhere to lash out with blind energy against almost everything, good or bad, that "authority" has constructed. Empty as much of this poetry has been, it has cleared a little place for itself that may be permanent.

But also emerging now is a little-known, ultimately more serious and mature body of non-traditional verse. It is represented by the work of Charles Olson, Denise Levertov, Paul Blackburn, Robert Duncan and Robert Creeley. Their poetry shows the same intensified intransigence as does that of Ginsberg and Co., the same fundamental assumption that the crack-up of values prophesied by an older generation has completed itself. Indeed, these qualities are at the heart of almost all the more impressive new work, traditional or not. Relatively conventional poets like David Galler and Donald Finkel are alert to cultural breakdown, and they have the advantage of being able to display it in a stanza and metric which recall older, sharply contrasting modes of sensibility. By the same token, though, they cannot summon the sense of absolute immediacy and spontaneity that is the great strength of Olson and the others like him. In the Olson group, a renewed emphasis on the feel of specific moments of awareness—as if they were totally detachable from the rest of life—is indispensable to the reordering of sensibility.

Denise Levertov and Paul Blackburn are the most "open" and sensuous writers in this group. Neither is content with sharp physical awareness alone, but both have a freshness that engages you even when what they present seems abstract. Miss Levertov may begin a poem ("The Flight") with a quite sophisticated proposition:

> 'The will is given us that
> we may know the
> delights of surrender.' Blake with
> tense mouth, crouched small (great
> forehead,
> somber eye) amid a crowd's tallness
> in a narrow room.

But that is just the bending of the bow. When the conception here stated in so cramped and paradoxical a way is embodied in an anecdote about a trapped bird, the poem flies as an arrow of insight into an important subjective reality. "The Hands" does the same sort of thing in reverse, beginning almost sensually:

> Don't forget the crablike
> hands, slithering
> among the keys.
> Eyes shut, the downstream
> play of sound lifts away from
> the present, drifts you
> off your feet: too easily let off.

The dreaming movement into ecstasy is then translated into abstract aesthetic dimensions, a pattern of tensions like that set up by actors rehearsing "on a bare stage." In such pieces the immediacy is psychological, inward, yet much involved in the senses. Miss Levertov gives us a world of awakened, contemplative selfhood, in which sympathy with other selves may appear, but completely independent of social expectations. Even the poems which come closest to explicit statement of the toughened intransigence I have mentioned—poems like "The Dogwood" and "Something"—seem to regard the civilization against which they react as a sort of cobweb brushing the face, something alien and strangely cold, yet almost unreal.

Blackburn, too, gives this impression, but more humorously and evasively than Miss Levertov. His poem "The Assistance" riddles out a ridiculous but real big-city predicament almost casually. The subject is trivial and embarrassing, but Blackburn conjures up a personal universe through his treatment of it. You would think, for the moment (as in actual life you might), that this was the whole of things:

The Sage

The cat is eating the roses:
that's the way he is.
Don't stop him, don't stop
the world going round,
that's the way things are.
The third of May
was misty; fourth of May
who knows. Sweep
the rose-meat up, throw the bits
out in the rain.
He never eats
every crumb, says
the hearts are bitter.
That's the way he is, he knows
the world and the weather.

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On the farm it never mattered;
behind the barn, in any grass, against
any convenient tree,
the woodshed in winter, in a corner
if it came to that.

But in a city of eight million, one
stands on the defensive. . . .

Sunken into Existential reality, without pride, definitive, Blackburn's poems seem at times to reduce themselves to an uncritical savoring of consciousness. Whatever is, is; and what you give a damn about is not what it means but what it feels like. The poet's spirit floats and absorbs whatever is there; in "The Term," he speaks of sitting in the Spanish sunlight and

watching
weeds grow out of the drainpipes
or burros and the shadows of burros
come up the street bringing sand
the first one of the line with a
bell
always. . . .

There is another, darker brooding beneath this surface acceptance; but it too is fatalistic rather than critical in its presentation:

Another bell sounds the hours of your
sun
limits
sounding below human voices,
counts the hours of weeks, rain, dark-
ness, all with a bell.

I do not say that what these two poets do is in the key of the future—and yet this is the way that intellectual universes *are* shattered. Not through head-on assault, but through indifference, or the refusal to take the present seriously on its own terms. No bang, no whimper, just a new way of looking at things.

Not all the new voices do their re-creating so unobtrusively. Charles Olson states the major cultural issues as loudly and explicitly as ever Pound or Williams did. Almost any page of *In Cold Hell, In Thicket* or of *The Maximus Poems* will recall the older poets' driving involvement. For instance, except that they state as known principles what Pound has exclaimed over with shocked horror, these lines of Olson's in "The Kingfisher" might well have been written for *Mauberley* or the *Cantos*:

with what cost benevolence is bought
what cost in gesture justice brings
what wrongs domestic rights involve
what stalks
this silence

what pudor pejorocracy affronts
how awe, night-rest and neighborhood
can rot

No debate is here possible—it is all over with. Similarly, when Olson employs the typical Williams metric—sliding, improvisatory, played by ear — he weighs it down. Williams' freshness and exuberance are emotional assertions Olson cannot make. Something has come to a standstill; another machinery than the one we are familiar with will be needed to get personality going again.

people
don't change. They only stand more
revealed. I,
likewise.

Olson has theorized in prose more than the others. In *Mayan Letters*, he derives a slogan from his studies of ancient Yucatan: "I keep thinking, it comes to this: culture displacing the state." Pound, whom he much admires, overvalues the history of the state, and the history of the West as well; and so does Williams, though he developed "an emotional system" in his poetry "which is capable of extensions and comprehensions [that Pound's] ego-system . . . is not." The problem is to get back to sources of meaning

Light

White flare of stone in the sun
Day's begun The sea
flickers the light back pleasantly

Last flare of red on white wall
Sun-fall into the sea
Night thickens gradually

Day's done Stars come out
My thought drifts like the sea
No grip between it and my act
I lose my luck too quickly

Cold flare on the sea
Moon has come over the hill
Still no act by which I can
say there's been a man
in the house all day

Star on sea leaves a track
Act is something one does if
one thinks of it And the cliff
falls away up back of me
as the sea flashes up in the night
to touch and darken my sea

PAUL BLACKBURN

anterior to those of our own state-ridden civilization and so to recover the sense of personality and of place which it has all but throttled.

Olson's verse has less natural ease than does most of the poetry I have mentioned, but he has the power of hammering conviction — something like Lawrence's but with more brutal insistence behind it. It is a dogmatic, irritable, passionate voice, of the sort that the modern world—to its sorrow, very often — is forever seeking out; not a clear voice, but one troubled by its own confusions which it carries into the attack:

> To begin again. Lightning
> is an axe, transfer
> of force subject to object is
> order: destroy!
>
> To destroy
> is to start again. is a factor of
> sun. . . .

Robert Creely, the friend to whom Olson wrote his letters from Yucatan, has cultivated an oddly balked poetry, of minimal, staccato movements and interrupted fluidities:

> What one knows, then, not
> simple, convulsed, and feeling
> (this night)
> petulance of all conditions, not
> wondered, not even
> felt.

His awareness of separateness, of being incommunicado and fearful of his own desire for easy sympathies, makes Creeley's writing so dry as to be almost inhibited. His depressed and prickly little patterns point to withdrawal rather than realization, though there is a kind of honor and courage in producing a body of poems that claims so little for their maker. A new world, Maya reborn, would indeed be needed for the triumphant re-emergence of *this* personality, which seems a perfect expression of the modern failure of communication deplored again and again in our literature. A richer voice and spirit are probably needed to bridge the world of the past and the world to come—a voice and spirit with the luminosity and buoyancy of Robert Duncan at his best—

> Whitman was right. Our names are left
> like leaves of grass,
> likeness and liking, the human
> greenness
> tough as grass that survives cruelest seasons.

Names of the poets! I have not tried to make this essay an exhaustive list of the newer names, or even of the newer schools. Most of these poets will drift along their own currents, in the very nature of things, and the schools are not as firm and distinct as the Fugitives, or the British Marxian poets of the 1930s, or even the Imagists once seemed to be. They have not really found their own positions so decisively, though new magazines like *Measure* and *The Fifties* may help them to do so. (The dearth of places to publish where one can count on being *read* has militated strongly against such self-definition.) I have mentioned two of the other names, outside the "groups," the Kafkaesque but very American and urbane David Galler and the extraordinarily precise and bitter Donald Finkel. A myriad of others come to mind—the elegantly classical yet intimately modern Ellen Kay, the publication of whose *A Local Habitation* is one of the genuine triumphs of Alan Swallow's New Poetry Series; the extremely casual Joel Oppenheimer, whose slight but astringent poems bring him close to Levertov and Blackburn in spirit if not in poetic authority; the witty and lyrically exciting Jay MacPherson, a Canadian poet whose use of traditional forms and dependence on mythical allusion belie her daring frankness and play of mind; Marie Poinsot, whose religious poetry also expresses a passionate personalism; and many more. It may be that the "new" tendencies will be drowned out by younger poets working in older modes and simply adapting them to their own experiences and perspectives. Some of these younger poets show a brilliant promise, and their immediate predecessors—figures such as Lowell and Nemerov—have been able to work significantly within traditional limits. At the moment, however, it is probably the Olson "group," moving directly out of and away from the experimental work of the poets of Pound's generation, that foreshadows the more dynamic directions of the future.

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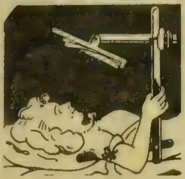

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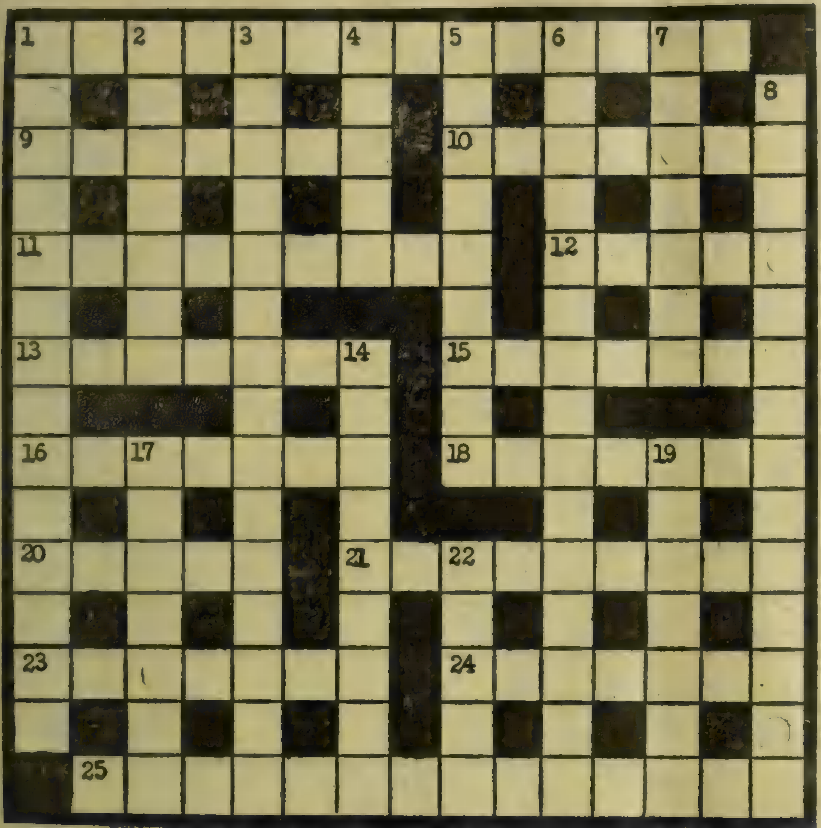

ACROSS:

1 It might present a current problem in the use of a metronome. (4,10)
9 Swing an unorthodox way, with a hang-over! (7)
10 Comparatively urbane. (7)
11 American philologist. (9)
12 Uses all the letters up to "L" for a rather low-down boss! (5)
13 Exculpate. (7)
15 Relating to part of a period. (7)
16 Governmental duties sometimes taken up by men in uniform. (7)
18 The check is, in that respect! (7)
20 There's something in sprindrift that's lemur-like. (5)
21 Come across something in the way of a little space tabulator? (9)
23 Retting might have certain strings attached to it. (7)
24 Something not out of the hull in meals for lodgers. (7)
25 Was Caesar's made to the Rubicon? (5,9)

DOWN:

1 It shouldn't do any harm to take an empty wagon over the hill. (5,9)
2 Relatively, they are on the masculine side. (7)
3 Clear sign of free star-supporting roles. (7,8)
4 Pried. (5)
5 House the place to do it. (9)
6 You sometimes give one to prospective callers. (9,6)
7 Hasty exit? (7)
8 Not a game in Long Island—they also find it touching in Manhattan. (8,6)
14 Oriental? (9)
17 Somewhat less than a flycatching warbler—more like Betelgeuse. (3,4)
19 Climb on 24, without getting in. (7)
22 Perhaps an indian-head. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 791

ACROSS: 1 No Passing; 9 Grabbed; 10 Modulus; 11 and 23 Targets; 12 Engine; 13 Whoa; 16 Gemini; 18 Oregon; 24 and 15 Second guessing; 25 and 27 down Popguns; 28 Tonsure; 29 Against; 30 Evens; 31 Swordplay. DOWN: 1, 20 and 22 Night-blooming cereus; 2 Prairie; 3 Subversion; 4 Indigent; 5 and 6 across Gaming table; 6 Tide; 7 Bolshoi; 8 Enslaving; 14 Second-hand; 15 Georgette; 17 Eldorado; 19 Entente; 21 Impanel; 26 Patsy.

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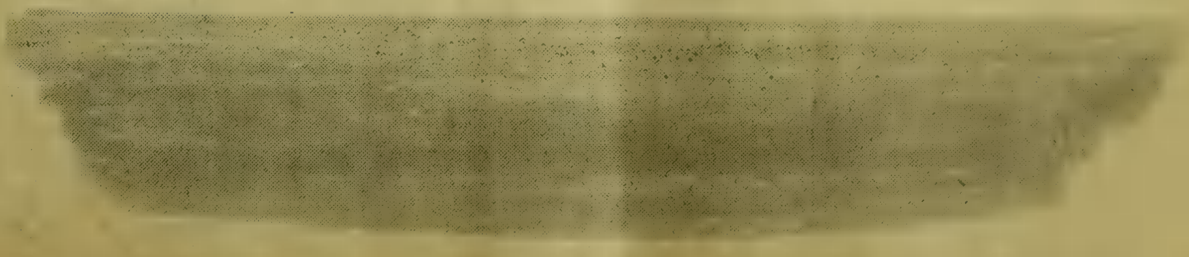

LETTERS

[*Herewith a sampling of letters indicating the extraordinary interest aroused by* The Nation's *special 64-page issue of October 18, which was devoted exclusively to Fred J. Cook's "The FBI." For further evidence of the "shock" value of the issue, see back cover.—Ed.*]

"The FBI" and Reader Reaction

Dear Sirs: Warm congratulations for your special issue devoted exclusively to the FBI. No free society can safely make use of a national secret police without frequent and public examinations of its actual mode of operation. The FBI is no exception, and it has been examined too rarely. One cannot help sharing Justice Stone's misgivings about the FBI's uses of publicity or commend too highly to the FBI the quiet efficiency of Scotland Yard which Justice Stone preferred.

STRINGFELLOW BARR

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: Courageously patriotic Fred J. Cook, in his "The FBI," sounds an ancient warning: you cannot at the same time worship a Sacred Cow (or a Golden Calf) and live by the Ten Commandments (or maintain a democracy). J. Edgar Hoover's schizoid credo of saving democracy in words and violating its basic tenets in deeds, is always the prelude to the danger of a Fascist oligarchy.

MARK KEATS

Montebello, Calif.

Dears Sirs: Your special issue on the FBI should be required reading for every citizen. The article certainly is one of the most important published in the United States in recent years.

As Mr. Cook points out, it is not a simple matter to reach a conclusive verdict on the FBI. Despite its persistent tendency to hog the headlines, to the detriment frequently of other law-enforcement agencies, the FBI is efficient. It put police work on a much higher level, and its example served also to raise the standards of local police departments. For this, the largest share of the credit must go to J. Edgar Hoover.

But much of the responsibility for the dangers that so many thoughtful Americans now see in the ever-increasing power and influence of the FBI must also rest on Mr. Hoover. He has not been content to be the head of a nation-wide law-enforcement agency, but is determined to become, as his innumerable public statements make clear, the final judge of the political conduct of his fellow Americans.

The remedy for this is plain: Mr. Hoover should be forbidden to make public speeches on national policy or in reference, complimentary or otherwise, to any organization or individual. In short, he should be restricted to the performance of his official duties under the law.

PHIL KERBY
Editor, *Frontier*

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Your FBI issue was tremendous. An outstanding and courageous job of reporting for which the country owes you and Mr. Cook a debt of gratitude.

AUBREY WILLIAMS
Editor, *Southern Farmer*

Montgomery, Ala.

Socialist's View

Dear Sirs: *The Nation's* versatile and ingenuous naïveté knows no bounds. *L'Affaire Minor* [see editorial, page 203, issue of October 11] is certainly the rule and should not astound *The Nation.* Those who believe in capitalism believe that capitalists can and should run the government as well as business.

The Nation's attitude toward the Dulles policy likewise is naive. The Dulles policy suits our crenelated capitalism. No other policy would be able to hold on to the Mideast and to off-shore China as well and as long as Dulles'. Again, this policy is designed to keep us in constant embroilment with Soviet Russia and China; in this, it is highly successful.

In criticizing Dulles and deploring the Minor incident we are criticizing capitalism. Such criticism can only be thoroughgoing when one assumes a frankly Socialist viewpoint.

EUGENE EAGLE, O.D.

San Francisco, Calif.

The Score's the Thing

Dear Sirs: As a friend who has sat in the grandstand in Omaha's Municipal Stadium with Ed Rousseau ("Who's on First: The Great American Ritual," *The Nation*, October 4) while he spilled Falstaff on the notes for his doctoral dissertation, "The Concept of Substance in the Angels," let me congratulate you for printing his wonderfully mundane consideration of baseball. Such perceptive epigrams as "The center of interest both in sports and in American life is a compulsive concern with what the score is" are as priceless as a subscription to your magazine. And the vision of a team of Musials playing a team of Durochers and Stankys keeps coming back like an old melody.

CHESTER G. ANDERSON
Director of Public Relations
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346 ● Theatre
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347 ● Music
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

An Assist from Mr. Khrushchev

Washington

Not for the first time, the Soviet Union is rescuing the United States Government from a quandary.

This country and Britain proposed to Moscow a ban on nuclear test explosions for one year, thereafter renewable annually. Through its delegate at the United Nations, followed by communications to Washington and to London, the Soviet Union has brushed aside the offer as worthless. Valerian Zorin, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, told the U.N. Political Committee that a year is required just to analyze results of tests and to prepare a new series, so that a twelve-month stoppage "doesn't mean cessation of tests at all."

This is true. But is it wise therefore to throw down the Anglo-American offer? Wouldn't the Russians be more astute if they were to proffer a compromise, say a three-year discontinuance, subject to prolongation triennially? After all, in the past few years both the United States and the USSR have suggested two or three years as a suitable period for suspending nuclear explosions.

We strongly favor the permanent cessation of tests. But we believe that end could also be attained in installments. Once a temporary halt is agreed to, any power breaking the truce would bring down upon its head an avalanche of condemnation.

The blunder the Russians are committing by their rigid insistence on immediate stoppage of tests forever becomes apparent when light is shed on the interplay of forces within the Eisenhower Administration. The issue is all the more significant because of the U.S.-British-Soviet conference which opened last Friday in Geneva to discuss discontinuance of atomic and hydrogen experimental explosions.

Until quite recently, State Department officials emphasized, both publicly and privately, the United States' desire for halting the tests. In this they were squarely at odds with the Defense Department and Atomic Energy Commission. A couple of weeks ago, the State Department, in private, changed its tune, coming around entirely to the stand taken by the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the AEC. Now the department is accenting the need to improve and enlarge some fifty different types of atomic and hydrogen weapons—mostly tactical—being produced in the United States. To this end, it says, continued testing is essential.

All three branches of the Executive—State, Defense and AEC—agree that a one-year stoppage would be inconsequential. But State again finds itself at loggerheads with Defense and AEC in offering Russia a year-by-year prolongation of the test ban after the first twelve months' halt. The military brass, as usual backed by the civilian atomic-energy commissioners, are opposing anything more than a one-year pause.

So far the Administration has proved triumphantly right in calculating that the Russians would return an abrupt "No" to the offer of a temporary ban.

The Soviets tossed a life belt to floundering U. S. officialdom regarding another aspect of the same problem. Washington has long been aware that among the major obstacles to a test ban is the situation of Communist China. Every informed person knows that discontinuance of tests would be almost worthless unless the Chinese become partners in the arrangement (otherwise, China's territory could provide an area for resumption of Soviet tests, labeled as Chinese). Furthermore, the technicians' scheme for 180 monitoring posts, to be strewn around the globe to detect violations, would be ineffective unless it included several such observation stations on Chinese soil.

If the Soviets and the West were to agree on a test discontinuance, subject only to Red China's adherence, then the United States would undergo even greater pressure than now to clarify and normalize its relations with Peking. But Soviet intransigence has bailed out Mr. Dulles. Moscow's tactics have minimized internal dissension in the Administration and another ugly complexity in American-Chinese affairs can be by-passed once more.

With Thanksgiving just around the corner, we trust that our Secretary of State will have the good grace to send Mr. Khrushchev a seasonal message of gratitude.

More Honors for Pasternak

As we go to press, the latest act in the Moscow-Nobel melodrama is Boris Pasternak's announcement that he will not present himself in Stockholm to accept the prize in literature. Earlier episodes in the lively spectacle have been: the novelist's statement that he was "immensely thankful, touched, proud, astonished, abashed," on first receiving word of the honor; the Soviet *Literary Gazette's* official attack on the award as a "hostile political act"; the expulsion of Pasternak, termed a traitor, from the Soviet Writers Union and the rescinding of his title of Soviet Writer; the award of the Nobel Prize in Physics to three Soviet physicists; the organized expression of joy and satisfaction in the USSR that Russian science should be thus properly extolled.

This is a deliciously confused plot and it is possible to entertain the suspicion that Mr. Pasternak, who translates Shakespeare for a living, is deliberately tangling the web. What is the Kremlin to do now? Shall it send its scientists in triumph to receive their award from that gang of cold-war fanners in Stockholm who tried to pin a medal on the treacherous Pasternak? Shall it commend the novelist for having detected, however belatedly, the serpent in the Swedish garland? Or shall it now tell Pasternak to forget his new scruples and hitch onto the entourage of his nuclear colleagues? And if Pasternak makes the trip in order to spare the physicists any embarrassment, will the Writers Union continue to tell the public that a novel written by this honored citizen is too offensive for home distribution? Few dilemmas have sharper horns.

When we first suggested some months ago that Pasternak should receive the prize, we had not foreseen that this poet-scholar would be engaged in a one-man war of wits with the monoliths who rule his country. Pasternak has sent a book against the walls of Jericho and we now propose that he be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

Boredom and TV Politicking

Professional politicians are reported to be having some second thoughts about the efficacy of television in campaigning. Despite their reputation as hard-boiled realists, some of them were initially beguiled by the promise of a TV honeymoon between the candidate and the electorate. The fireside chat pioneered by FDR would be doubly effective, they thought, when sight was added to sound. Only it hasn't worked out that way. Every TV receiver has a station selector, and it can be used to tune the candidate out even faster than to tune him in. On his $65,000, October 22 speech from Chicago (CBS-TV), President Eisenhower began with an 11.8 audience score (New York Arbitron rating), which was bad enough; the 7.1 he ended up with was even worse. True, he was up against stiff entertainment competition, but then he's the President, and a popular President at that: if he can't draw a crowd, who in politics can?

There are various explanations, all of them speculative and most of them gloomy. Our own is that the voters aren't turning out electronically because of the character of the campaigning. They listened to FDR because he had something to say. They are less avid to listen to General Eisenhower calling the Democrats spendthrifts right after he has got us part way out of a recession by adding $11 billion to the armament budget. Yet such arguments were the very staple of political debate in the campaign now happily concluded. Even so, the campaign was on a relatively high level: as Frederic W. Collins puts it, the candidate usually has no higher objective than to prove to the people that he is a paragon of virtue and his opponent is a louse.

All this does not prove that Americans are congenitally bored by politics. Many no doubt are, and they will be tuned in on the quiz-program channels, Lucy and Desi or Tex and Jinx, anyway. These programs at least don't pretend to be what they are not. But a political program in which the issues are ignored and the time-worn devices of demagoguery are served up anew can hold neither the grownups nor the child-minds. It is perhaps too radical a suggestion to be entertained by the experts, but in the next campaign the money might be spent to better advantage by just talking horse sense to the voters.

Above and Below the Battle

In our recent special issue on the FBI (October 18), Fred J. Cook observed that J. Edgar Hoover never forgets effective criticism of himself or the agency he heads. Mr. Cook also pointed out that the director rarely retaliates in person; his usual practice is to adopt "a lofty pose above the battle" while giving "not-so-lofty encouragement" to those who do battle in his behalf. On both counts, Mr. Cook has proved to be a prophet. The other day (October 27), Preston J. Moore, National Commander of the American Legion, announced that "a deliberate smear campaign" had been launched against Mr. Hoover and the FBI. As evidence, he cited *The Nation's* special issue, some critical remarks in the current bulletin of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee, and a report that the New York *Post* is preparing a series of articles about Mr. Hoover and the FBI that, according to an editorial in the *Post*, will treat Mr. Hoover "as if he were an ordinary mortal."

It should be noted that Mr. Moore's pronunciamento was made *before* the first article in the *Post* series had appeared. The timing suggests that the Legion's National Commander intended to commit the prestige of his office and of the Legion to an attempt to dissuade the *Post* from proceeding with the series. We have no doubt that Mr. Moore's statement would have been released earlier had word gotten out in advance that *The Nation* was planning to devote a special issue to the FBI.

Among their other accomplishments, Mr. Hoover's propagandists are remarkable neologists. For is it not clear that they have succeeded in giving an entirely new meaning to the word "smear"? Following their usage, the word — when used as a verb — has come to mean "to write about" the FBI or Mr. Hoover with less than complete reverence. All comment that praises the agency or its director — and virtually all comment is adulatory — is to be regarded as truth emblazoned on tables of bronze; any other type of comment is a "smear."

A Welcome Change

Neither official nor semi-official Washington was surprised at the resignation of Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks, which had been scheduled for not later than the end of the year. The surprise was in the appointment of Rear Admiral Lewis Strauss to succeed him. According to *Time*: "Wounded by the barbs of controversy, sensitive Lewis Strauss vowed never to accept another Government post once he stepped down as AEC chairman." Licking his wounds, Strauss first accepted a sort of AEC chairmanship-emeritus as Special Advisor to the President on Atomic Energy. From this still influential position he has now been shunted, presumably without a violent struggle, to one of the less prominent secretarial posts in the Cabinet. The timing of the switch is of some interest. A number of Washington correspondents have suggested that Vice President Nixon and GOP National Chairman Meade Alcorn decided that since Weeks was to go anyway, he might as well go now, while his proposals for a national sales tax in lieu of income taxes at the present levels were still fresh in the minds of voters already smarting under high prices and municipal and state sales taxes. This is not implausible; it may also be true that Admiral Strauss wished to change his image in the public eye as a megaton-bomb man to something more constructive. If so, the shift would seem to be both in the Admiral's moral interest — his friends, including *Time*, attest that he is devoutly religious — and in the national interest. That as AEC chairman he antagonized a large section of the fall-out conscious and anti-war public may have been inevitable: anyone with a strong-arm policy in the AEC would be bound to do so. But even among members of Congress and others who cannot possibly be accused of irresolution in the Cold War, he made enemies on the score of unnecessary and stultifying secrecy, devious maneuvers (as in the Dixon-Yates intrigue against the TVA) and an inflexible conviction that Strauss is always right. The less a personality of this type has to do with bombs, the better for the country. We wish the Admiral every happiness in an office where he can do little harm.

Why Wait?

Guinea, which won its independence by overwhelmingly rejecting the French constitution on September 28 — thus becoming the world's newest state — has yet to be recognized by France, Britain and the United States. Washington and London are waiting, out of courtesy, for Paris to make the first gesture of recognition. The French, Paris reports, are waiting to see how Guinea acts internationally, what her capacity is for acting as a sovereign state, and what tendencies the Government of Sekou Toure exhibits. No doubt all this boils down to the proposition that the French would like some assurance on the security of their considerable investments in Guinea before they grant diplomatic recognition. But in the meantime, thirty-six countries have recognized the new state, including the USSR and China. The United States, of course, will recognize Guinea in due time, but the delay that has already occurred has discounted the credit which we might have earned by prompt recognition. In diplomacy, too, time can be of the essence.

Advertising and Mental Illness

The very topic of "Advertising and Mental Illness" must surely seem at first glance like a sardonic joke. In reality, however, it was a serious topic whose implications came up rather often at the International Conference on the Insulin Treatment in Psychiatry, held recently in New York City. The conference discussed the current status of insulin-shock therapy for seriously ill mental patients (usually schizophrenics) by doctors throughout the world, and a number of distinguished doctors described new developments and new evaluations of the treatment. It was noted that insulin therapy, in the last few years, has been increasingly replaced by therapy with the new "miracle drugs" — especially in the United States. Some of the medical men at the conference contended that this was in part due to high-pressure advertising, and perhaps also to premature claims, by the miracle-drug manufacturers. Dr. Karl Bowman, Professor of Psychiatry Emeritus at the University of California School of Medicine and director of the Langley Porter Clinic, asserted that the shift in many U.S. hospitals from insulin therapy to the new wonder drugs was "in part due to the tremendous propaganda of the drug firms." Dr. William Sargant, Physician-in-Charge of the Department of Psychological

Medicine at St. Thomas' Hospital, London, said: ". . . We must continue seeking for much of our information at the bedside, rather than in the statistician's office, or from the high-powered advertising of the drug houses, if we are not to be led too far astray."

The fact that important medical leaders such as those who met at the conference are concerned about the effects of advertising on therapeutics for the mentally ill raises some shocking and serious questions about the role played in medicine by both the advertising firms and the drug houses who employ them. Surely, the question of the relative merits of insulin *vs.* wonder-drug therapy ought to be decided by practicing physicians, and not by advertising copywriters.

THE MATRIARCHAL MYTH . . *by Eve Merriam*

THE MYTH of Big Momma is on the upswing. When Philip Wylie crusaded some years back for misogyny, a fair-sized opposition went into action. But now everybody's in his corner; you couldn't get up a skirmish if you wanted to. It would seem that Wylie's rantings weren't wrong: he was simply a bit prematurely anti-Mom. Today no one would be caught dead saying a kind word for anybody's mother. The image of Big, Bad, Bold Momma has become part of the American way of life.

Farewell to the little woman puttering about in her petunia garden. In her stead strides the all-American female, the Fiend in Human Flesh. She doesn't raise flowers — she eats them. Ordering our tastes, conditioning our entire culture, with money and mores in her grip she indoctrinates us all from prenatality to unhappy ever-after. We may free ourselves from the dictatorship of Big Brother, but not sister Sue.

There's no escape-hatch open; *The New York Times* editorial page notes women bartenders, women in board rooms—women, women everywhere. The Amazonian flood rolls on, and we are all inundated by this monstrous matriarchal force. *Après Ma, le deluge.*

As Big Momma thus brazenly ascends in the scale of things, so Big Daddy has come down. Belittled, bothered and bewildered, it is now his turn to play button, button, where's my emotional status? Harvard historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., ponders for *Esquire* "The Crisis in American Masculinity." (The editors, not content with this equivocal title, headline the article on the cover as "The Decay of American Manhood.") The staff of *Look* has already done a three-part running jump on "The American Male: Why do women dominate him? Does he like petticoat rule or has it been forced on him by the stronger sex?" He is exposed as shrunken, whittled down, trophy for a charm bracelet, and if you care to, you can have the whole *Schrechlichkeit* bound between hard boards for $2.95 from Random House.

ALL around us Big Momma swings high on the rope-pull while the bells toll for the passing of our national manhood. Russell Lynes moans that the once-authoritative father has been reduced to "part man, part-time mother and part-time maid. He is the chief cook and bottle washer; the chauffeur, the gardener and the houseboy; the maid and the laundress and the charwoman." He must also, according to David Riesman, worry about his sex potency now that "Millions of women have become pioneers, with men, on the frontier of sex. As they become knowing consumers, the anxiety of men lest they fail to satisfy women also grows."

Can we keep the last lusty Tarzan of the tree-tops from turning into Stuart, the servile suburban hedge-trimmer? Or has the ultimate saltpeter been slipped into Mr. Murphy's chowder? We can well understand why an array of publications has sprouted with healthy Anglo-Saxon titles such as *Male* and *Stag*. They are needed to bolster up Hemingwaysmanship. Save our whooping cranes and daddies. It's a gallant but vain attempt to keep mankind from becoming totally extinct. Too little, however, and too late, since that other sex has definitely done us in. No wonder our Chief Executive, when queried by a woman reporter about the Equal Rights amendment, can only smile ruefully and remark, "As a mere man, how can I presume to offer an opinion?" Alas, poor Mr. Mamie.

A whole battery of anthropologists, sociologists and expert fact-finders assures us that the Myth of Big Momma is honest-to-gospel, and they've got the appropriate interpersonal quotations to prove that women have taken us over economically, socially, culturally, relatively and absolutely. French writer Ameury de Riencourt lectures to large audiences who listen attentively while he tells them: "Man has become a member of an oppressed minority. Preconditioned to female dominance by his own mother, he is a volunteer for slavery." De Riencourt sees one glimmer of hope on the distant horizon: while it is far too late for the American woman to save her mate from matriarchal dominance, perhaps she can save her sons by helping them to "see womanhood in its right perspective." British observer Eric Dingwall sees no such hope at all — thereby getting his book reissued in a wide-selling paperback edition. At the annual conference of the Child Study Association, educators and psychiatrists fear that men may become at last no more than "mother's little help-

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EVE MERRIAM's latest work is a book of poetry, The Double Bed. *She is now working on a study of prevailing myths about the sexes.*

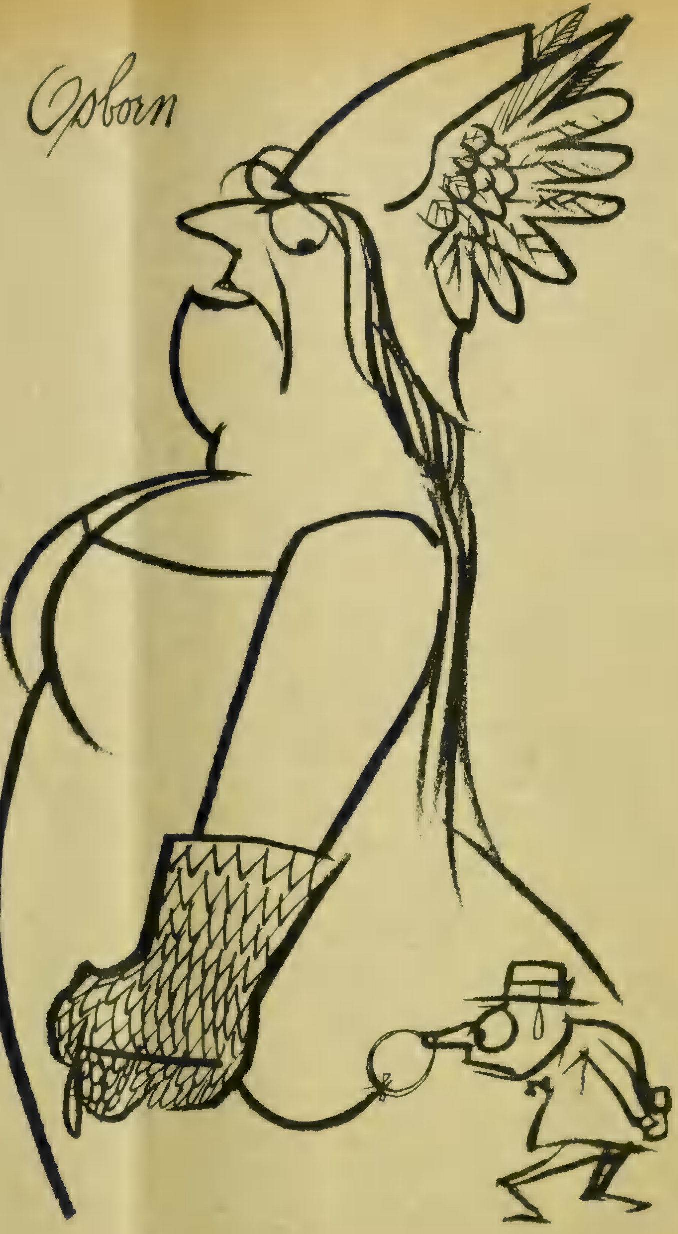
ers." The worst is happening, but worse is yet in store as geneticist Hermann J. Muller predicts a future civilization with sperm banks in the deep freeze. It won't be necessary to have a man around the atom-bomb shelter for anything.

Backed by such imposing authorities, the myth gathers momentum. Big Momma becomes packageable, swift-selling merchandise. No longer confined to the sophisticated magazines are Thurber-like cartoons showing the female as a slovenly behemoth. Such drawings are reproduced on ceramic ash trays, pen-and-pencil sets, trays, bowls, tiles, plaques to hang on the wall. What was once a somewhat cynical and dry Martini view is now a cheery-beery, middle-class household maxim.

IS THERE ANY fire to all this smoke about Big Momma, or is it just plain smog?

It is true that women have been continuing their advance in many fields. The tempo, however, is less than lightning. Recently one woman justice was appointed to the New York State Supreme Court; there are a few women U.N. delegates, a score of bank managers, thousands of technicians and engineers. More than half of all married women are going outside the home to work, a good many of them at part-time or seasonal jobs; the trend away from total housewifery appears irreversible. Women are less dependent than they used to be. But while the number of their positive gains is on the increase, taken all together they do not yet confer a *legitimate* status, let alone a dominant one. To claim that women today are a major force is as foolish as supposing that a victorious bus boycott in Montgomery means that the Negro has achieved first-class citizenship.

The myth-makers nonetheless would have it that our entire national economy is at the woman's mercy. Buttressed by statistics, they point out that solid property and portable assets are concentrated in her hands to an alarming degree. Higher and higher balloon the statistics of what women own. Latest reports show that 80 per cent of our national wealth is in feminine hands.



Even if this *were* so, why should the statistic be dismaying? But, of course, it is not so. Some widows inherit fortunes, and much property is nominally owned by wives to beat the income-tax. But, honestly, does anybody feel that Helena Rubenstein's or Lily Dache's empires are a threat to the houses of Rockefeller, Morgan or du Pont?

The case for Big Momma flouts reality full in the face, like a good substantial myth should, and her matriarchal image (as a sort of combination giant slicing machine, loudspeaker and wringer) keeps coming at us. So pervasive is it that even an anti-mythman like Schlesinger states in all seriousness that the American woman "takes over more and more of the big decisions, controlling them indirectly when she cannot do so directly."

The truth is that far from being dictating tycoons, or the power behind the arras, most females continue to take it all down on their shorthand pads with a snappy Yes-sir. It is obvious that where American womanpower still earns only 63 per cent as much as manpower; where their human skills are expended for the most part in clerical, minor assembly-line and domestic work; and where sex prejudice is still one of the cornerstones of our social structure (you have only to compare the status of any extra woman at a party with that of any extra man) — Big Momma is not a factor, she's a fraud. Furthermore, no amount of full-fledged Moms would be capable of mopping up two thousand years and more of patriarchal rule. But it makes for a pleasantly haunting specter: the kind you can afford to fear, because it's only make-believe — unlike the uncertainties of the real world, where fallout is not a made-up plot gimmick.

SO THE fairy tale of Big Momma as the menace-that's-the-most proceeds; as the wicked witch, she gets cloaked with all kinds of marvelous powers. Not only does she have money power at her command, but an even more magical power is hers: buying power. Ultimately everything comes to the consumer, and—bull's eye!—*she* is the highest consumer of us all. For lo, does she not rule over our patterns of buying in everything from which thickness of steak for Rover to which dog-biscuit for daddy? Mrs. America is the queen in this land of brands; hail to the queen not just for a day but forever and ever and foreverness, just as sure as little olives are put into jars and labeled Colossal. Is it not she who decides whether it should be detergent or soap powder? Ammoniated toothpaste or plain? Roll-on deodorant or spray? The sample surveys wait breathlessly for her decisions—which don't matter in the slightest, since the same Procter and Gamble makes them all. If proof were required of the powerlessness of woman's influence as a consumer, consider the results of *McCall's* brouhaha for Better Living held in Washington. Unanimously, the women asked designers for ovens at stand-up level so they wouldn't have to go on stooping down to the floor every time they had to baste a roast. A sensible request, but it is more profitable for the stove manufacturers to go on making the old style, so thank you very much ladies and do call again.

The myth-makers remain undaunted. There's always another layer to peel off this womanpower onion. Big Momma is not merely the nation's Number One public force, she's our private powerhouse as well. The family is the pivot of society, is it not? The myth perks up to consider Big Momma's influence in every aspect of daily living. She decides which house to buy in which neighborhood; she chooses the family clothes, food, furniture; even the male's choice of ties, socks, suits, underwear, pajamas, has to be from the wardrobe she's pre-selected.

Now this last is strictly a wily appeal to manufacturers of men's wear to place more advertising in the segregated women's magazines. More men purchase their own clothing than not; the manufacturers know it and stay in their own bailiwick. By and large, however, it is true that the family finances are hers to apportion; she is in a position to carve up the weekly budget as she sees fit. But this no more gives the myth validity than a nickel gets you a subway ride. The joker is that Big Momma's free choices are completely circumscribed by the family income. She might like the family to vacation on the Riviera; papa's pay check says Coney Island.

This does not cause the builders of Big Momma to worry that they have a defective rocket. They simply address themselves to another part of the dream forest. A myth is many womanpowers, and we move on to presence-power. By just being there, she rules the children, the home and the school system. Her empire is monolithic and unchallengeable as she reigns supreme over the impressionable years. The force of her presence is such that when Junior grows up he will never, but never, be able to unravel the knots in the silver cord. We can see for ourselves that this is the case every time we pick up a magazine, go to the movies or watch a television program. Father and/or son are constantly being victimized by mother's praying-mantis tactics. Hideously grasping, gloating, she reduces whatever is male to the most minuscule level. (Science-fiction sagas are on the wane. Anybody's mother can inspire the same feelings of nervous fright and menacing purple disaster.) Playwrights and novelists, less hampered than the mass media in their choice of language and situation, not only describe how American women crush the spirit out of the male's vital juices, but drive them to homosexuality and other Kinsey categories.

WHAT ABOUT this fateful control over our junior executives-in-the-making? Of course mothers exert an influence, but it is scarcely a monopolistic one. It would have to be a Big Momma indeed who could hold her own against some of the other forces shaping our youth today. Mothers can try forbidding comic books, the singing of Kool-Aid commercials, and the viewing of too-wild Westerns. I said they can *try*.

But Big Momma, we are told, is not only the dominant influence on the child's home life; she also runs the schools. Now I would not be so foolish as to deny that Parent-Teacher Associations list heavily to the distaff side. Unfortunately, their controlling influence does not extend to the Board of Estimate, where appropriations for education are voted.

Still the myth continues to be expounded. Womanpower has not only taken us over in every other way—it has even got us over the barrel physically. Don't statistics prove that women are healthier than men —and live 10 per cent longer? If the finger on the push-button bomb control should get trigger-happy, the question of living longer becomes academic. As for her health, the arguments are always trotted out that only one-fifth as many women commit suicide as compared to men; there are fewer women alcoholics; they are less subject to heart attack, ulcers and other ailments. If it's any consolation in the battle to stem the feminine tide, alcoholism among women is on the rise, and so are ulcers. Nervous breakdowns are increasing, too, and if the cigarette-to-cancer link is proven, then that may open up new democratic vistas, since women are smoking more than ever; and perhaps we could get up a special Freedom Fighting Fund to encourage mothers to become despondent and abandon their families.

BUT SURELY we should be able to find *something* to confirm the existence of Big Momma? Finally, by coming back to the men, we seem to have it. Today's men do tend to be meeker than they once were. On the whole, they are pretty passive specimens.

The responsibility must be placed somewhere for this loss of self-respect—and there's no more convenient doorstep to leave it on than Big Momma's. Just as Dr. Pangloss understood so well that noses were made for the purpose of holding spectacles, so a proper understanding of Big Momma leads to the conclusion that she is responsible for most of the ills that Organization Man is prone to. *She's* dominated him so that he's lost his natural gumption and guts. Why, he could very well be vice president of the company right this minute, but what with having to help dry the dishes and carry out the garbage for her, he's surrendered his manliness.

Is it so? Has this mutation of the male really taken place because lady lion-tamers have been standing over them with high heels digging into their groins? I think not. I think that this pretended relationship between the sexes is merely a side-show of the main bout. And the main bout shapes up in this form: Man Meets Job. Man Wants To Hold Onto Job. How Can He?

I think that is the heart of the matter, heartless as it may be. Within the framework of our contemporary capitalist system, most men can hold their jobs best by surrendering the qualities customarily considered male. The old, openly aggressive, so-called masculine climb to success no longer pays off. The robber barons, the Big Jim Bradys, are no more. Gone the innocent flashing knives and brass knuckles. We have the silent wire tapping and the subliminal sapping of the nerve-centers. The fight is fixed so that nobody refers to it as fighting. It's in-groupness. The art of getting ahead is to look as if you are standing still. Play it contained, smooth as flannel, cool as a circle signifying cipher. It is no accident that gray is the favorite shading for men's wear; it blends so readily into the neutral atmosphere. Everything positive is accomplished in terms of negatives. You can become branch manager by not sticking your neck out. You can make it to the vice presidency of the corporation by not contradicting and by not being too egghead grammatical. The man who knows says nothing controversial. The man who is serious about getting ahead cultivates a well-blended personality: colorless, tasteless, smell-less, feelingless. Since he dare not say what he thinks, he might as well give up the practice of any mental exercise whatever. In short, the formula for the male today is to learn to be a good, old-fashioned wife. And if you lose your male pride in the process, well, was it so essential to retain? After all, it's not like losing a wallet.

For if you accept the standards of the society, you have to behave as a law-abiding citizen. You daren't live in sin; you've got to marry the corporation. Promise to love, honor and obey and then follow through. Say: yes, dear . . . coming, sweetheart . . . exactly my opinions in the matter, J.B., you've expressed it far better than I could ever hope to myself. . . . Isn't it cozy, the corporation and I have so much in common, we never quarrel, we like the same people, the same four-color ads. . . . Whither thou goest, I go, to the branch office in Des Moines or Delaware. . . . Wherever you say, dear, it's all the same to me. . . .

One out of six American families pulled up stakes and moved last year—not because of the whim of Big Momma who got bored with the old neighborhood, but because the company said go man go.

So many men have become acquiescent, compliant, as the job with the most security and the safest income-tax bracket beckons. The job demands all the qualities traditionally associated with women: subservience, unquestioning loyalty, a dependence based on fear, the subduing of one's own personality to another's. The good, old-fashioned woman does not stand out in a crowd or make herself conspicuous by dissenting; when she takes on her husband's name, she literally becomes Mrs. John Dough. As why should she not? If she wants to, or needs to be, supported by him, she must remain subordinate and cater to his master position. Hence the good man married to the corporation, the science foundation, the university, whatever locale punches out his pay check. The emasculation of men has not been caused by women. It is a social, not a sexual affair. The winning mystery word is not Momism but capitalism.

HOWEVER, it is far too unsettling to criticize the real power structure that exists. Besides, everybody knows that there is no form of society possible other than the private-profit system, so what's a man to do? When he's got the beat, baffled, run-down and worrying maybe-I'll-be-out-of-a-job-next-month blues, he's got to blame somebody for the spot he's in, and there is nothing like a dame. For it can't be free enterprise that's made the failure. Well, we can stop looking so glum; we don't have to face reality yet—here's the myth of Big Momma come along to turn all our solid worries into bubbles. And who in his heart of hearts does not bear some sensible grudge against mother? Man, if you don't hate your old lady you're a square, you're not with it, Daddyo. Let's get with it; let's get this handy form of Miltown that can tranquilize both the sexes and keep them contented in their properly down-under places.

Mrs. Mister likes to read all those pieces telling her how big and bad and powerful she is. Wouldn't you like to feel more important than you are? And Mr. Mister likes the picture, too; it gives him something safe to sound off about. Practically every other topic of conversation is still on the Attorney General's subversive list anyway.

So the myth goes on making money, which is the proper function for any art form in our society. Onward and upward with the matriarchal menace-that's-the-most in a serene world where there are no bosses to be mad at, there are no classes any more, but only Big Mommies and little daddies.

THE RED WIDOW'S MITE . . *by Peter Wiles*

Oxford, England

THE WEST is badly frightened by Communist foreign aid, yet almost no one knows how big it is. Let Khrushchev announce a $100 million loan to the United Arab Republic for the Aswan Dam, and many Western circles react with panic. Yet Khrushchev's generosity is more apparent than real. What Nasser is getting is a loan, not a grant or gift; and the amount, all things considered, is trifling.

Now no doubt it is expedient that we should be scared of the Communists—we run faster scared, and complacency has cost us very dear in the past. In particular it is necessary to scare our legislative bodies, who will only cough up a dollar if they are persuaded that the other side has offered at least fifty cents. On the other hand, our exaggerations of Communist aid make singularly bad propaganda in uncommitted countries. When we set off the disaffected sheikh against the galvanized Senator, we may well prefer on balance to reveal the truth.

Of course the magnitude of Communist foreign aid is not the only thing. If I seem in what follows to insist upon it, it is because it is neglected and misunderstood. The mere existence of such aid is important. It can be promised in many places and marched, like Fred Carno's army, many times across the stage. If it is small, after all its givers are much poorer than we, and thereby justly acquire merit in the eyes of all fair-minded men: theirs is nonetheless a great sacrifice. Above all, the Communists can rival us in particular countries by dint of simply neglecting the others. They cannot, of course, outbid us unless we permit them. It is by *our* choice that they overtopped us so early in Afghanistan, and utterly eclipse us in the United Arab Republic. As the stronger players, we can always beat them at their own game, spending a dollar for a ruble all along the line. It would certainly be very foolish of us to do so, but it is still more foolish to point to particular countries which get more Communist than Western aid and say, "Look, we are being beaten!"

To revert to questions of mere magnitude, the concepts commonly used in this field are extremely misleading. First, promises of aid are not actual deliveries. A promise to deliver so much over ten years always looks big; the question is how much actually is delivered every year. The adding up of promises spread over differing periods is an utterly meaningless procedure. Recent State Department and British Foreign Office estimates at last make it possible to compare actual annual deliveries of aid: without them this article would not have been written.

Secondly, loans are not grants, and it is the height of statistical dishonesty to present them in one column. It is truly amazing to see this gross error being committed in the best statistical sources. The gift of a dollar is, of course, many times as valuable to the recipient as the loan of a dollar, and many times as costly to the provider. Moreover, this blindingly obvious point militates very greatly indeed in favor of the West, since most Western aid is grants and nearly all Communist aid is loans. Thirdly, there is no substantial difference between a private and a public loan, and — especially when Socialist and capitalist countries are being compared — it is essential to include both. If "foreign aid" can mean two such extremely different things as a United States outright gift and a Soviet loan at 1 per cent, it must certainly include the Soviet loan's first cousin, a Swiss loan at 6 per cent.

FINALLY, the International Bank and the International Monetary Fund operate exclusively on "Western" money, and therefore their transactions with underdeveloped countries (only) must be included on the Western side. So must, on the other hand, these countries' accumulations of short-term balances in major financial centers: it is too little appreciated that the underdeveloped countries are, in this way, considerable *lenders* to the developed Western countries. Their net accumulations of short-term balances must, then, be deducted from Western loans.

So much by way of introduction. The next four paragraphs contain qualifications of merely technical interest, albeit they are very important. If the reader vows never actually to quote or memorize the figures in the table appearing on the next page, he may skip these paragraphs and proceed directly to it.

The concepts used in the table seem to be the best, but they are very tricky. Thus:

1. "Public" means excluding private loans, the direct investment of international companies, emigrants' remittances, etc.

2. "Gross" means excluding interest and amortization paid back on old loans. Such sums might be spent on any purpose whatever, and have no connection with a leading country's current aid effort. Original new loans passing the other way, however, are deducted to obtain the "gross" figure.

3. "Economic and military" are taken together because it is impossible to say whether "infra-structure" works are "economic" or "military." The latter word often means only weapons, or "military end-products." Accepting each country's own definition of the word, the following percentages of aid were military: U.S.A. 93; France 7; U.K. 19; other free Europe 5; USSR and European satellites (excluding aid to China) 73 (State Department's definition).

4. "China" means of course mainland China. Formosa is included with the rest of the world. So also is Yugoslavia. Outer Mongolia, North Vietnam and North Korea are excluded from the table.

5. The "dependent and underdeveloped countries" receiving foreign aid are all countries not listed as donors or excepted in (4) above. This has the rather absurd result of making, say, Bulgaria a donor while its wealthier neighbor, Yugoslavia, and the much wealthier Argentina are re-

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cipients. But rich or poor it is these two blocs that the world considers as competitive donors, and the rest are thought of as potential recipients. Such are the politics of the matter.

Two further traps await the reader. A great deal of aid goes on between countries within each bloc, and this has been omitted. Thus total foreign-aid figures for the United States are $5,075 million; for the United Kingdom, $266 million; for France, $606 million. But this "internal" aid largely determines the exact point at which aid to underdeveloped countries emerges from a given bloc. Thus France is in large part a staging-post whereby dollar aid percolates to her empire, and the Soviet figures would be smaller if the satellites had not (until October, 1956) been exploited by her. With fairer trading conditions, the satellites would doubtless have been credited with more foreign aid and the USSR with less.

The use of official exchange rates

GROSS FOREIGN AID OF EVERY KIND TO DEPENDENT AND UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES

(In $ millions: all data very approximate)

Period	Donor	Public Grants		Long-Term Public Loans	Long-term Private Loans and Direct Investment of Firms	Short-term Loans (net)
		Direct	*/ Via UN Agencies*			
1955	U.S.A.	838[14]	75[6, 14]	72[14]	917[1]	minus 523[9, 13]
1955	France	230[14]	3[6, 14]	341[14]	——— minus	286[2] ———
1955	U.K.	123[14]	16[6, 14]	101[14]	140[3]	minus 165[18, 13]
1955	Other Free Europe	22[14]	12[6, 14]	11[14]	100[4]	?
Average 1951-5	Australia New Zealand, Canada	39[14]	8[6, 14]	0[14]	0[7]	?
July '54- June '55	I.B.R.D.	0	0	206[5]	0	0
	I.M.F.	0	0	0	0	minus 116[11]
July '56- June '57	U.S.S.R.	0	1.0[12]	250[15]	0[8]	?
	European Satellites	0	0.4[12]	100[15]	0	?

[1] U.N. EcoSoc, "Financing of Economic Development: The International Flow of Private Capital, 1956" (E/3021 of June 1, 1957), Table 3.

[2] In 1956 Morocco experienced a net outflow of 50 billion francs (EcoSoc, op. cit.). I have therefore guessed 100 billion francs for the previous year for the whole French Union. There are no figures for the repatriation of Metropolitan French assets from the Union, but it is agreed it greatly outweighs new private investment.

[3] £45 million to dependent territories alone (EcoSoc, op. cit.). Rounded upwards.

[4] Identifiable amounts: 2,270 million Belgian francs to the Congo, 42 million Swiss francs to Peru and South Africa, 94 million German marks to Brazil and Argentina; all mostly in new stock-exchange issues. I.e., $79.4 million identified; rounded upwards. Source: EcoSoc. op. cit.

[5] I.B.R.D. loans to countries outside Europe and Australasia (10th Annual Report, Appx. 1).

[6] Average, 1952-1955.

[7] Only identifiable item: loan of $15 million (Canadian) to I.B.R.D. (I.B.R.D., 10th Annual Report, p. 9). This is the only loan floated by I.B.R.D. in 1955. It is omitted as its inclusion would be double counting. See text.

[8] As there were few mixed companies left in this period in China and none in Iran it is assumed that the direct investment, or rather disinvestment, of Soviet enterprises in underdeveloped countries was zero.

[9] Federal Reserve Bulletin, International Capital Transactions of the U.S. (monthly table).

[10] H.M.S.O., Cmnd. 273 of Oct. 1957, p. 14, refers to U.K. colonies only.

[11] "Exchange Transactions" of IMF with relevant countries, in International Financial Statistics (monthly table).

[12] Calendar year 1957. Information from U.N. by telephone.

[13] It is assumed that U.S.A. and U.K. built up no short-term accumulations in the underdeveloped countries: doubtless a rather severe assumption when we consider the oil companies' need for working balances.

[14] Report of the Special Committee to Study the Foreign Aid Program. U.S. Govt. Printing Office, 1957, pp. 832, 1071, 1089, 1093.

[15] Plus $20 million to China. Bloc total of $350 outside China derived from a State Dept. estimate (*New York Times* Business Section, Apr. 6, 1958). Subdivision into USSR and satellites from a Foreign Office estimate, which however gives a lower total. Chinese totals from Chinese budget speeches. I have taken the official rate of evchange: 1 yuan = $1.25.

in the case of the pound and the French franc doubtless understates the dollar value of the aid rendered, but the domestic purchasing power parity rates are equally irrelevant, so the figures have been left untouched. The Communist figures, derived from the recipient countries, present no exchange-rate problem.

With all these warnings constantly in mind, the reader may now use the table. The date for the "West" is 1955; a matter purely of statistical convenience, since the U.S. Congress compilation of so many of the relevant figures refers to that year. The layman must forgive the immense *apparatus criticus*: it is not there simply to lend tone to this article but because these figures have not to my knowledge been assembled before and — who knows? — some Sovietological colleague may wish to use or, more likely, challenge them. I am grateful to the editor for allowing his journal to be disfigured, so to speak, in this way.

THE TABLE may be summarized as follows:

	Grants	*Loans*
The "West" and its intermediary organizations	1350	800
The USSR and its satellites	1	370

An impressive paper victory for "capitalism." Yet it can hardly be doubted that the rate of Communist expenditure will go up very considerably from this modest beginning, unless there is a reversal of policy; for our figures cover only the first twelve months of serious Communist foreign aid, and the pipeline cannot yet have been by any means full. All the same, it would be extremely surprising if grants were to be multiplied a thousandfold!

The table conceals one amusing fact: China herself *gave* $56 million to certain underdeveloped non-Communist countries in the period July '56-June '57. By any acceptable conversion ratio, then, between loans and gifts, China did more in this year for other underdeveloped countries than the USSR, and rendered much more aid than she received. There is in fact a very considerable Chinese trade-and-aid offensive, from Outer Mongolia to the Yemen, with which this article does not deal. Equally important, Communist aid to China was immense until 1956 ($663 million in 1955). At the beginning of 1956, it petered out. About this very important event far too little is known, but it looks as if the decision was Chinese and taken on economic grounds. Certainly this is the implication of Mr. Tsou Szu-ye's bland little article on "A Balanced Foreign Trade" in *China Reconstructs* for September, 1956: China feels that loans threaten her independence. All we can say here is that if we compare 1955 with 1956-57, the aid rendered to *all* underdeveloped countries by European communism has dropped by 45 per cent.

It is fair to state that Communist loans are at much lower rates of interest (mostly 2½ per cent) than "Western" ones. On the other hand, loans must be repaid quickly, actual physical deliveries of goods are much more uncertain, and the borrower must normally reply by deliveries of stipulated commodities. In years of American recession, this latter is an advantage as the commodities have low prices, and this is one out of very many reasons why American recessions are a crime against human freedom. But in the long run, and in years of American boom, a borrower prefers to repay in money, and finds it very awkward to be tied to a commodity.

IT MAY WELL be concluded that trade, not aid, is the Communists' principal weapon. Thus in 1957 Communist trade with the rest of the world rose by 15 per cent over 1956; but with the Middle East in particular it rose by 58 per cent — and with Latin America it fell by 25 per cent. This is an imposing switch, and more important than the aid. Soviet aid deliveries to all countries in 1956-57 were only 8 per cent of Soviet exports (the corresponding U.S. figure being 30 per cent). Trade, then, is the major weapon, and Communist economies have many possibilities of switching it and adapting it to political circumstances not open to the decentralized economies of the West. However, that is another large topic, and a better known one.

One matter, part amusing and part tragic, is well worth elaborating. It is too often forgotten that until 1953, the Soviet Union itself was a stupendous, and from 1953 to 1956 a very big, recipient of foreign aid. Forget Lend-Lease and UNRRA — they were but normal and thoroughly merited support to an ally. Start in 1947: reparations were still running at phenomenal rates, mixed companies were draining goods at ridiculous prices to the USSR from the satellites (those that had fought with Germany), and the terms of ordinary trade were twisted in her favor both by top-level planners and by junior executives. No full record of this can, of course, be given. But as late as 1950, it is reckoned that East Germany was still paying one-quarter of her national income in reparations. This will be about 2.5 per cent of the Soviet national income — an immense sum, probably unsurpassed in the long annals of foreign tribute — and all gifts not loans! Or take the cheap Polish coal deliveries that went on until October, 1956. They implied Polish aid of about $100 million a year: insignificant beside the East German reparations, yet again a gift not a loan, so many times the value of all the foreign aid the Soviet Union hands out.

Of course, these things are reversed now. It is the Soviet Union that aids Poland (loans not gifts, however!), and still more Hungary (some of this aid *has* been gifts). The mixed companies have nearly all been abolished, and there seems to be very genuine trading equality between the USSR and her Communist partners. Moreover, if we except her behavior to Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union seems to be no more blatantly political in the direction of her aid than the United States. Her technical representatives, for instance, seem to interfere less in local political life than capitalist oil companies, and if she offers the Russian language and a technical education in Russia for native employees, this is a game the capitalist-imperialist powers have been playing for a very long time. One difference there does seem to be: Communist aid-merchants are much less scrupulous in advising underdeveloped countries and criticizing their programs. Any crackpot scheme will be accepted if it is dear to the hearts of the local rulers, whereas the West shows a truer sense of responsibility for the country concerned and tries to discourage waste and excessive ambition.

Fair is fair, then, and we have nothing much to complain about. What if Polish aid to the USSR was greater than all Soviet bloc aid now is to the underdeveloped world? What if their ultimate intention does remain world conquest? There is nothing we could or should do to hinder Communist aid. It helps to relieve human need, and in the long run it will probably have no political effect at all — as the Middle East, and above all Syria, demonstrate. For what happened in Syria when Communist advances got too fast and furious? The country handed itself over to Nasser, communism's most effective enemy, who suppressed the Communist Party.

But it is no part of my commission to prove *that* point, should any still be blind to it.

Congress Abdicates on Foreign Policy

Neal A. Maxwell

THE Formosa Resolution of 1955 "does not provide backing for the policy which the President is following" in the Quemoy-Matsu crisis.

"We should pay more attention to the views of the private American citizens and less to the so-called experts."

"We need more staff, particularly at the subcommittee level where it is practically non-existent."

"There should be more frequent high-level informal conferences between the committee and the State Department."

"Our system of Congressional government is primarily designed to cope with domestic affairs, not with foreign affairs. Whether or not it can develop techniques adequate to the demands remains to be seen."

"Whatever may be our individual judgment, our troops have landed in Lebanon; our flag is there; and we must support the President."

These statements by Senate Foreign Relations Committee members Theodore Francis Green, William Langer, Hubert H. Humphrey, Mike Mansfield, John J. Sparkman, J. W. Fulbright and their colleagues, made in a context of Lebanon landings and ominous rumblings from Quemoy-Matsu, typify the fears and frustrations which both the committee and the Senate are experiencing. They represent problems within the larger problem: In an age when crises come in clusters, is there any real role in foreign policy for the committee or Congress? Or are the "advice and consent" and "power to declare war" features of the Constitution mere anachronisms?

In theory Congress, and more particularly the Senate, is a partner with the Executive in foreign policy. Before the Lebanon landings, the Senate had followed Sparkman's and the Foreign Relations Committee's lead in unanimously proposing a permanent U.N. police force to cope with situations like Lebanon, but the Executive replied that "the cost would be too great." Later, the Senate acquiesced in the politics of the *fait accompli* on the grounds that "we must support the President."

Now, to bring the dilemma up to date: the President and Chairman Green of the committee cannot agree upon the latitude which the Formosa Resolution gives the Chief Executive. There are those who argue that the Executive, because of its superior information and *expertise* in foreign affairs, should enjoy a complete monopoly in this field. They say Congressional government is suited only to domestic matters. Others would make the Senate a junior partner, supplying helpful ideas or modifications in the process of implementing executive policy, so that the Senate could be in "on the take-offs as well as the crash landings."

Since 1816, when it was the "first-born" of the standing committees, the Foreign Relations Committee's influence on policy has been seismographic, ranging from times of little or no influence to periods when it has pushed Presidents around and bullied Secretaries of State. In the main, its influence has depended largely on itself.

Today's committee certainly would not tolerate a Secretary of State with the cavalier attitude of a John Hay, who sometimes declined invitations to appear before it. Nor could the Executive, in our delicate times, abide a committee chairman like William E. Borah, whose high-handed practices included an occasion when he actually ignored the State Department and dealt directly, as a "second secretary of state," with a foreign government.

Sensitized to the gravity of our times, today's chairman and committee would not confront the Administration with sudden Senate passage of a resolution to recognize the government of Red China. Yet in 1896 the committee created a Constitutional crisis when it called for recognition of "the independence of the Republic of Cuba." But by the same token, today's Senate would not do what a previous Senate did in 1871: remove the chairman (then Charles Sumner) of the committee because of his open, vehement opposition to the Executive's policies (in Sumner's case, toward Great Britain).

History shows that the most usual pattern is one of mutual respect and deference between the Executive and the committee. President McKinley began the practice of appointing committee members to international

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commissions and conferences. Close, friendly relations between the Secretary of State and the chairman have made the job of the Secretary easier and increased the power of the chairman. Arthur Vandenberg and Walter George, as chairmen, were loyal friends of the State Department. Senator George was able, by his great prestige, to restrain several of the "Young Turks" on the committee from creating serious opposition to the Formosa Resolution.

When foreign policy was formed by George and Dulles over coffee at the Mayflower Hotel, the official and formal institutional checks, be they good or bad, were set aside. Perhaps such informal decision-making may help explain the paralysis of the committee, of which Senator Brian McMahon once complained that "in the years between '47 and '49 there was not a single, solitary suggestion made for the formulation of policy, change of policy, or disagreement of policy [on China] by any member" at any of its executive sessions.

IN THE CASE of the landings in Lebanon, not even Chairman Green was advised of the intended action. Nevertheless, the Senator loyally, if somewhat coolly, supported the Executive. It is small sop indeed for the Executive to offer the committee and the Senate post-crisis briefings. If the Executive wants "togetherness" in crises, it should consider sharing in the policy-making which precedes them — and which might avoid them.

Some Committee members suspect that the State Department has not dealt candidly with them. Senator Fulbright has said: "Generally speaking, we are put off with a simple description of the facts, which most of us can obtain from reading the newspapers. What our objectives are, and how we propose to achieve them, are not revealed by the Administration." Fulbright wrote, significantly, on July 3, 1958: "I do not know what our government policy is in Africa or the Middle East, and I have been unable to find out." Senator Mansfield says: "I do believe there is a tendency on the part of some officials in the State Department, consciously or unconsciously, to weave an air of mystery around our foreign relations in such a way as to lead some citizens to believe that only the 'experts' have the information or the judgment to know what courses of action are required." Senator Humphrey said of the Lebanese crisis: "I am sure the President has much more information than has any member of Congress, even though we have tried desperately to get information. I think members of the Foreign Relations Committee should have had more of the official information, and we should have had it earlier than we did."

"War," by Valdemar Nissen

The Department's claim to *expertise* would be more persuasive if it had a better record. Senator Humphrey expostulated: "Time after time Senators—and I was one of them—have predicted trouble in Iraq." Fulbright says: "Time after time I have found that what I have been reading in *The New York Times* is the very information which has been imparted to the committee in the utmost confidence by our highest officials." Perhaps the committee may simply be sharing the Executive's problem of getting good intelligence.

IT DOES SEEM that the personnel of the present Foreign Relations Committee is qualified to contribute to the development of our policy. Its members include three Phi Beta Kappas, a former Rhodes scholar, a publisher, a half-dozen lawyers, a Pulitzer Prize winner, two political scientists, an administrator of our World War I relief programs, and veterans of two world wars. The members, balanced in terms of sectional interests, have information, ability and a genuine concern about foreign affairs; in committee, they seldom vote along party lines. Many of them have made a genuine effort to enhance our foreign policy.

In April, 1950, the committee created a series of subcommittees, each designed to consult with the appropriate State Department division. But the decisive role of the chairman in Senatorial committees inhibits initiative at subcommittee level, even though many of the recent contributions of the Foreign Relations Committee are the result of its subcommittee system. Moreover, assignments to the subcommittees have shifted from Congress to Congress in response to changes in party control. Any current set of members is likely to lack the experience which would give them enough confidence and information to challenge State Department positions.

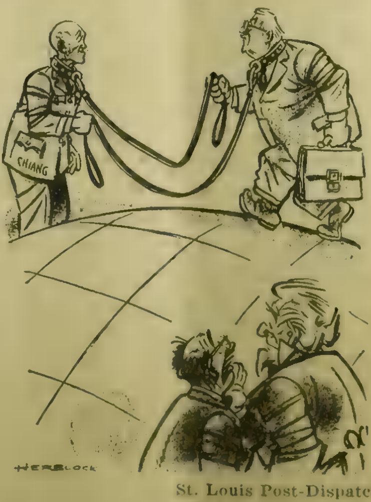
Senate organizational structure does not, of course, assign final decision to any committee; proposals must go before the entire Senate. But if the Foreign Relations Committee is overawed, or enveloped, by the experts of the State Department, how can ordinary Senators resist the committee's proposals, second-hand though they may be? In the 83rd Congress, with a single exception, every bill, treaty and nomination reported favorably by the committee was approved by the full Senate. This is not intended to suggest here that the decisions arrived at were wrong, but only that the elaborate arrangements for deliberation are largely frustrated in practice. Sharp, informed debate on foreign policy is seldom heard in the Senate Chamber nowadays. For instance, if there is a real question as to Congressional intent regarding the Formosa Resolution, it is Congress' fault for not engaging in full-scale debate in 1955 [see How Dulles Tricked Congress, by Senator Wayne Morse, *The Nation,* September 20].

A SENATE which would never *formally* surrender its prerogatives in the field of foreign relations may be silently surrendering them to circumstances. Year after year the Foreign Relations Committee's authorizations for mutual-security funds are often heavily cut, especially by the House Appropriations Committee, through what Senator Fulbright describes as "a negative influence, not particularly discriminating nor constructive." One of the reasons for this frustration is that the committee, though composed of influential Senators, recently has had only one member, Knowland, who was also on the Appropriations Committee. Of course, for one Senator to have two such plums in committee assignments is in many ways unfair. However, since committee members do not take the floor as a team to recoup in these appropriations battles, the problem recurs regularly.

Senate rules have scattered jurisdiction over matters directly affecting foreign policy among more than a half-dozen other Senate committees. A single decision by the Senate Finance Committee on reciprocal trade matters, or the Judiciary's role in the unfortunate Norman case, sometimes has more of an impact on our foreign policy than the actions of the Foreign Relations Committee. This is not to argue that the rules should be amended to give Foreign Relations all these reins, but rather to show the complexity of the problem even as it exists within the Senate itself.

The Senate, however, has given more attention to the delegation of power to the Executive than to the devolution of power to its own committees. The Bricker amendment was a futile attempt to reassert the authority of the Senate. Undoubtedly, the vogue of Executive agreements is another ominous step in the ousting of legislative participation on foreign policy. But the very Senators who supported the Bricker amendment supported the resolution on Formosa which, in effect, delegated to the President the Congressional power to make war. And no voice was raised loudly in protest when President Eisenhower, in an Executive agreement more far-reaching than any in history, committed us to the support of the decaying dynastic states of the Middle East. Clearly, the Senate lacks an orientation which will enable it to assert its prerogatives in foreign affairs.

This writer canvassed the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on several questions. Six answered. Senators Langer, Mansfield and Sparkman thought that the current committee has "about the same" influence on foreign policy as earlier committees have had; Humphrey and Fulbright thought it has "less"; Aiken thought it has "more." Mansfield, Humphrey and Fulbright were dissatisfied with the present role of the committee; Langer was satisfied with "the size of the role but not the role itself." Asked the question: "Do you feel the delicacy and complexity of our times make it very difficult for committee members (especially the chairman) not to become 'Administration' men?" Langer, Aiken and Sparkman said "No," while Mansfield, Humphrey and Fulbright said "Yes." Humphrey and Fulbright also believed that committee members were "more at the mercy" of the experts from the Executive than were the members of other committees.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Who's Going to Unleash Whom?"

Several members indicated a desire for an improvement in the quality of State Department briefings. Is it truly the case that information which passes before the eyes of a Grade-4 typist in CIA cannot be entrusted to Senators? Senators would like to be consulted in the planning phase, and have an uneasy feeling that one reason for this omission is that the Executive often has no plan to present. Senator Mansfield would like to see more debate in the full Senate —not the spontaneous colloquy which now characterizes the Senate's efforts in this area, but "formal speeches which would represent careful thought and exploration of issues of vital importance."

For over twenty years, confidence in the Executive has been the mainstay of administrative theory. Have we had, or can we obtain, an Executive equal to the multifarious demands, foreign and domestic? Senator Fulbright said on August 6: "It is easy . . . to prescribe a strong, farsighted Executive as the cure of our affliction. To fill that prescription is another matter. There is no corner drugstore to which this prescription can be taken. And I might add that if the prescription for our troubles involves any substantial change in the traditional Constitutional Congressional system, the patient will not swallow it."

All else aside, we are in no position to ignore possible injections of intelligence and wisdom into our foreign policy. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee affords a source largely untapped. If there is to be a renaissance in our foreign policy, the committee, under a strong chairman, could serve as a catalyst.

The Unfinished History of Science

Frank Greenaway

IT IS strange to be moved by the death of a man you never saw. When George Sarton died at Harvard on March 22, 1956, I was not the only one who felt that time had gone by and there was unfinished work to do, reading and writing the history of science.

I first saw Sarton's name in footnotes. This was a long time before I realized that science was not just a matter of what someone did yesterday afternoon in a laboratory, but also what someone did a century, a millennium, a civilization ago.

Before the war, when I was an undergraduate, I picked up W. C. Dampier's book because it called itself *A History of Science and its Relations with Philosophy and Religion;* every student likes to think himself a polymath. Every now and again there occurred references to Sarton's *Introduction to the History of Science*, but I was reading casually and did not notice that these references dropped out after the fourteenth century.

After the war, I found myself suddenly committed to taking the history of science seriously; so remembering my student days I got Sarton's "Introduction" into my hands. I have seldom been so puzzled. When I sent in my library slip I had expected to receive a survey of an accepted body of knowledge covering science from the dim prehistoric beginnings of transmissible technology to the splendors of today. Sarton's five volumes in fact petered out in the fifteenth century, before Galileo, before Copernicus even. Here was a mass of bibliographical detail about Indians and Greeks and Arabs and early Medieval European writers—and nothing later. I could understand that any learned study might generate a minute scholarship, but that there should be so much detail about the history of science before 1500 was quite unexpected. After all, was not science a new thing, born in the seventeenth century and growing ever bigger and finer as it approached the mastery of the twentieth century? Was it possible that this opinion I had been raised in was, to say the least, over-simplified? Was there more to the study of the history of science than a naive belief in recent rapid progress? I hoped I was not too old to learn, so I submitted to the discipline of attending classes in the Department of the History of Philosophy of Science at University College, London (I had not previously dreamed that such a school could exist), hoping that I should discover the history of science and, incidentally, discover Sarton, who was beginning to represent something that had been missing from my knowledge of the world.

I found that George Sarton was born in 1884 in Ghent, Belgium, where he received his school and university education. At first he studied philosophy, but quickly turned to science in which he took his doctor's degree. But the life of the laboratory scientist did not satisfy him. He looked upon the results of the study of natural phenomena as only dry bones. To give them life one must study the life of science as lived by creative individuals, which means one must study history.

He set himself two tasks: to write a complete history of science, and to create a new journal devoted to the dissemination of views and researches on the history of science and its cultural influences. In the former aim he failed with a giant's failure; the task was too great and his mind too various to limit itself even to that one task. In the latter he succeeded brilliantly: he left behind him a worthy monument in *Isis*, the journal which was published first in Belgium but since the end of World War I from Harvard. For Sarton had to leave Belgium after the German invasion, arriving in New York in 1915. After some short-term teaching appointments he was made Research Associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Later he also held a post as Lecturer on the History of Science at Harvard and was appointed Professor in September, 1940, but it was the Carnegie Institution appointment which principally supported his work.

IF SARTON felt towards the end of his life that his mission had been misunderstood, this is not surprising. His central belief was likely to affront humanist and scientist alike.

"The history of science is the only history which can illustrate the progress of mankind. In fact progress has no definite and unquestionable meaning in other fields than the field of science." This statement is as uncongenial to the dogmatic materialist as it is to the metaphysical moralist. To understand mankind, it says to the man who wants a rigid system of ready-made beliefs, one must learn the virtue of doubt. To estimate your own strength, it says to those scientists who boast of standing always on the frontier, you must look back to see where other pioneers made a trail for you.

Where Sarton failed was in not seeing where the point of balance lay between learning and teaching. He thought of himself as a world-teacher, but he took such delight in filling in his own ignorance that he forgot, until it was too late, his duty to the ignorance of others — so as he learned more and more detail about the science of the Middle Ages, his "Introduction" went more slowly over the ground. The less detailed handbook which would have been so valuable when it entered the field of modern science never got

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written. Sarton realized eventually that he had neglected to provide students with the textbook which he alone had the erudition to write, and set about a simpler, narrative history based on his lecture courses. One volume has appeared, one is in the press. The period covered by the two reaches only to the fall of Rome. Had this sample never appeared we should not have known what we had missed. All we can say now in the face of this wise, exuberant, scholarly scrap, is that we have a duty to continue the work.

Many able writers, many of them able scientists, have tried their hand at popularizing science, yet anxiety about public ignorance persists. No amount of so-called "interpretation" of science will do any good in a society bewildered by incomprehensible forces, unless it is based on a continuous background held in common. The critic who tries to interpret a modern painter or poet in a magazine or newspaper reaching the educated public can expect all his interested readers to possess some minimum of artistic knowledge, some minimum of literacy. The scientist trying to write about science in the same magazine has no such assurance. Every piece of communication to the general educated public must begin at the beginning, which is not always the best place to begin if you want to get somewhere. The critic in whatever field is defeated if, by being pushed back always to the beginning, he is turned into a pedagogue. The common ground of science for all educated men has not been found. My belief is that it will eventually be found in the historical approach, particularly (but not, I claim, paradoxically) in dealing with the most recent science. But there is a great deal to be written yet.

There is no formula for writing history, political, constitutional, military or whatever, and I cannot give one for writing the history of science, but I know what I should like to have on my shelves at home for my growing children to read. First, a completion of dead Sarton's narrative history of science; then complete histories of the individual sciences. Then many biographies of scientists, by many writers, including a biographical encyclopedia. Essays on the general condition of science at every epoch up to the present day, and other essays on the relation of science to art, politics and the common life of all those epochs. Critical studies of great discoveries, great movements in science, honoring lesser men who added their undying little. Histories of the institutions which science has begotten: academies, publishing societies, university departments, industrial corporations, statutory bodies, laws. And I should like as many as possible of these books to be works of art, so that readers might be drawn to them for delight of language.

BUT I ARGUE in a circle. These works of science-historical art will not be written until there is an enthusiasm to write them, and how can that be generated unless the reader who is turning into a writer is taught by example?

We can make a start. The artistic passion of man created the studio, not the other way around. The scientific passion made the laboratory, but science is for and in everyone. Every man is to some extent an artist; every man is to some extent a scientist. If writers can be found who will write about whatever moves them without being self-conscious about scientific allusions, they will find response in the educated public who by making an effort to understand make all art and arts possible.

J. B. Conant, as President of Harvard, had the unhappy task of telling Sarton that there were no funds to launch an ambitious scheme of teaching the history of science. Yet Conant himself has shown with his book *On Understanding Science* and by his sponsorship of the "Harvard Case Histories in Experimental Science" that what a man has to reject as an administrator he may yet foster as a devotee and a scholar. This gives us not only encouragement but guidance for the scholar in lean years. But when there is support, greater things may be done. The generosity of Imperial Chemical Industries has enabled an editorial group headed by the *doyen* of English historians of science, Charles Singer, to commission and produce a new five-volume history of technology. This vast work matches Sarton's conceptions in scale even if it differs from them in manner. This is not indeed a work of pleasure to be enjoyed by the common reader, but an encyclopedic instrument to aid and encourage the scholars who will write the books which the common reader will be glad to possess. It is a curious thing that our great corporations have been generous both to the traditional arts and to scientific research, but that only in this one instance has one of them sustained that activity which brings scientific and humane studies together.

The I.C.I. project could be the beginning of a chain-reaction which would help to deepen scholarship, humanize science, and entertain the thoughtful many who ask for books which shall be of the times yet of lasting significance. The history of science has only just begun to be written and it can never be finished any more than the history of art or literature can be finished. The man who is to be the Macaulay (or perhaps the Maecenas) of the history of science may even now be reading Sarton's words:

> It is true that most men of letters and, I am sorry to add, not a few scientists, know science only by its material achievements, but ignore its spirit and see neither its internal beauty nor the beauty it extracts continually from the bosom of nature. Now I would say that to find in the works of science of the past, that which is not and cannot be superseded, is perhaps the most important part of our own quest. The true humanist must know the life of science as he knows the life of art and the life of religion.

Sarton hoped for the dawn of a New Humanism which should enlarge all our vision. If his hope is to be realized we must gain the confidence of the practical scientist that we believe as much in the permanent good of what he is doing now as in that of the scientific achievement of the past. If the modern scientist can be taught, at the same time as his non-scientific fellow-man, that historical criticism can make his science live in the heart as well as in the mind, George Sarton will not have failed after all.

The Fallacy of Pity

REAPERS OF THE STORM. By Elizabeth Lyttleton and Herbert Sturz. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 303 pp. $3.95.
SOUTH FROM GRANADA. By Gerald Brenan. Grove Press. 282 pp. $1.75.

Jane Stolle

PERHAPS it isn't fair to line up a "first book" on Spain with one by Gerald Brenan, that old Spanish hand. His *Spanish Labyrinth, Face of Spain* and *The Literature of the Spanish People* have already put this British scholar almost in a league apart. But the temptation persists because the juxtaposition forms a handy framework within which to state a few conclusions about Americans and British confronted by Spain. *South from Granada* and *Reapers of the Storm* are both about Southern Spain, and it doesn't matter that the first is non-fiction and the second a novel. Whatever the format, poverty is always the protagonist in that region.

The Americans — Lyttleton and Sturz — are horrified and made indignant by this poverty. They lived with it for a year, in a fisherman's hut in a village they called La Farola. Their friends were the starving fishermen, the weathered peasants, the small merchants of the stark village, and Lyttleton and Sturz suffered with them. The authors listened to, and retell for us, the villagers' tales of cruel personal vendettas climaxing in the internecine blood-letting of Spain's Civil War (1936-39), and still going on. The hopelessness of the poor under Franco's bureaucratic dictatorship is there, in black and white. But in their zeal to paint the wrong-doers black, and the wronged white, the writers let their indignant horror veil their understanding and artistry. They make monsters of the very people they claim to love. Your heart — as those of Lyttleton and Sturz — may ache for such hapless people, but it doesn't bleed for them. They are like battered puppets in a traveling Punch and Judy show. No human being could remain rational with so little joy in him as the authors of *Reapers of the Storm* saw in their friends.

Brenan heard the deep strains of mystic Moorish music behind the wails of his fellow villagers in Yegen. True, they were not as desperately poor as the folk of La Farola, because they were farmers and the land is sometimes less fickle than the sea; but degrees of poverty in Southern Spain are the difference between one hunk of bread or two. Also, Brenan is writing of his life in Yegen twenty years ago, just before the Civil War, but if his village has changed in twenty years, there are hundreds that haven't. Life was indeed real, and sometimes earnest, but the path often led — as on Midsummer Day — to the mountainside to look for wild cherries, as was the custom with lovers. Gloomy, hungry days were lit by the thought of gathering at night for "cante jondo" and clandestine flirtations. Brenan does not intimate that such goings-on are substitutes for a full stomach, but even those who cannot break the bread they need, must find other ways to make life bearable. The village feuds were bloody, petty officials vicious and corrupt. The townspeople of Yegen are no more morally or physically attractive than those of La Farola. But the reader believes in them. They are unfortunate people; they are both sinful and sinned against; they are real.

FRANCO has done nothing to eradicate the scars of the Civil War. He has, instead, scored them more deeply. But nothing or nobody has ever been able to destroy the Eastern gift of the Spaniards for living profoundly with life, of finding joy in what they have, while they strive and hope for more. *That* quality, British writers understand better than Americans. We can fall back on that cliché about Americans living a world apart because of their unique prosperity. It is difficult for them to understand the drives of a hungry country when they so quickly and successfully left their own hunger behind on the frontier. However, the whole reason for the American's failure of identification — well intentioned though he may be — which leads him to draw such black and white impossibilities from what he sees when transplanted, cannot be so simply stated. One admission the American himself would be the first to make is that he is not *used* to being — as he feels — an "Innocent Abroad." The British have been roaming the world a long time, in the name of duty and the service of the Empire, and their well-developed sense of shadings comes naturally. (In simple Spanish, the word for "foreigner" is *ingles* — Englishman.)

What is more, the English were getting about in days when, if the traveler and colonist didn't actually wear a dinner jacket at supper in the midst of a jungle, he at least wore it on his mind. "They" were they, and "we" were we. This somewhat withdrawn position of the Englishman in foreign places may be offensive to our sense of democracy and justice, but it saved him from the blinding error of "over-identification" with his erstwhile neighbors and their problems. He was able thus to see a mud hut in terms of what it meant to its owner, not in terms of how it felt to share it. He would never have thought to share it. His judgment of the natives was not confused by an attempt to assume emotions that were not generic to him. The simple admission that people differed from one another left him free to look at them in context — not as underprivileged and displaced Englishmen.

We — God bless us — move right in with the family. In our hurry to catch up with the British, we not only do not waste time on dinner jackets, we tear at our own clothes. We feel the beggar's sores on *our* limbs and draw from them conclusions of horror that would make him stare. Our motivations are good, but our vision is distorted.

TO finish with the subject of American and British writers — I think the British win, for now. This conclusion is not based solely on Brenan's and Lyttleton and Sturz's treatment of Spain. Brenan was preceded by the understanding hearts of George Borrow, Richard Ford and Havelock Ellis — among others — in the last century. They lived closely with the Spaniards, and let them live, too, in their own way. Washington Irving is the American authority, before the Spanish Civil War when the Republican cause sparked books containing more passion than reality. English George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* (1939) — a eulogy to the Republican cause, willfully lost from the beginning largely through factionalism, he says — is more *simpatico* than Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* to the few Spaniards who have read the two books.

"That's the way we are," they say. "Orwell knows our faults as well as our virtues. . . . It is good to be loved for what one is."

We have inherited the earth — it is said — in parlous times. It isn't easy nowadays to tell a native from a future delegate to the United Nations. But it would be comforting to think, as we sit beside him at a conference table, that we had some sort of British balance in our approach to him — that we had time to learn it through experience.

JANE STOLLE has written for The New York Post *from Mexico, for the* Irish Independent *of Dublin from Rome, and has been a free-lance and subsequently staff writer for* The New York Times. *She lived and worked in Spain from 1951 until 1956.*

'Have You Got a Story?'

ANECDOTES OF DESTINY. By Isak Dinesen. Random House. 244 pp. $3.75.

Jean Martin

ANECDOTES OF DESTINY contains five new examples of Isak Dinesen's peculiar art. As stories they are mysteriously unlike anything being written today, while the author herself has become a kind of Greta Garbo of belles-lettres. The *Anecdotes* is more asymmetrical, wilder and thinner than her previous *Seven Gothic Tales, Winter's Tales* and *Last Tales*, but the style is still similar to that in which the Madwoman of Chaillot might have written had she been sane and a writer. When Isak Dinesen puts on her thinking cap it is apparent that it has got a wimple on it.

She has always been a puzzle. Her first book, *Seven Gothic Tales*, aroused much speculation as to how such beautiful, complex, archaic prose came to be written in this day and age. Her second book, *Out of Africa*, while it revealed that Isak Dinesen was in reality the Danish Baroness Blixen, did not do much to explain the tales, being in itself another isolated literary phenomenon, but of a different sort altogether.

Out of Africa was that rare book to which the word "magical" may be attached. The prose was plainly noble, and she described the exterior landscape of Africa as though it were the interior of her being. The writer "came through her copy," then, although she has not been seen since. A kind of secret *Out of Africa* Club grew up, and little references to the book still crop up among its more literary members. Hemingway on receiving the Nobel Prize muttered that it might perhaps better have gone to Isak Dinesen; in J. D. Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*, the excrutiatingly discriminating Holden Caulfield says, "This book I was reading was this book I took out of the library by mistake. They gave me the wrong book, and I didn't notice it till I got back to my room. They gave me *Out of Africa* by Isak Dinesen. I thought it was going to stink but it didn't. It was a very good book."

But if *Out of Africa* bears little relation to the tales, it does contain a description of how she began to write them. At a time when things were going badly on the coffee farm and she was wild with fear of losing it, Isak Dinesen says:

> I began in the evening to write stories, fairy-tales and romances, that would take my mind a long way off, to other countries and times. . . . I had been telling some of the stories to a friend when he came to stay on the farm. . . . Denys had a trait of character which to me was very precious, he liked to hear a story told. For I have always thought that I might have cut a figure at the time of the plague of Florence. Fashions have changed, and the art of listening to a narrative has been lost in Europe. The natives of Africa, who cannot read, have still got it; if you begin to them: "There was a man who walked out on the plain, and there he met another man," you have them all with you. . . . White people . . . cannot listen to a recital. . . . Denys, when he came to the farm would ask: "Have you got a story?"

It is this same mesmeric art of storytelling that Isak Dinesen has been practicing ever since. It is a highly specialized art. If, in picking up *Anecdotes of Destiny*, you expect the conventional short story, you will be disappointed, perhaps taken aback. For to some extent, it resists reading. In her previous book, *Last Tales*, Isak Dinesen explains something of what a tale is *not*. "I see, today," says a cardinal to a lady, "a new art of narration, a novel literature and category of belles-lettres, dawning upon the world. . . .It has gained great favor amongst the readers of our time. And this new art and literature — for the sake of the individual characters in the story, and in order to keep close to them and not be afraid — will be ready to sacrifice the story itself. The individuals of the new books and novels . . . are so close to the reader that he will feel a bodily warmth flowing from them. . . ."

Isak Dinesen's coldly aristocratic art offers no such easy consolations for the reader, and she is not afraid of the story. Where the writer of the short story draws back from introducing anything supernatural or unbelievable, Isak Dinesen has been known to turn an old lady into a monkey, or let a young lady fly off a cliff. For a tale does not ask you to believe or even to feel — it merely requires that you be passionately interested in finding out what happens next. The people are frankly imaginary, and it all happened long, long ago in a

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JEAN MARTIN, who lives in Chicago, is here making her first appearance in a national magazine.

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world where, "The lady of the house was adorned for a ball by the light of multitudinous candles; her husband came in to fetch her with a star on his breast, while the carriage and pair waited in the street. . . ."

Anecdotes of Destiny is about people from this elegant other-world, on their way to meet their destinies. The second story, called "Babette's Feast," ends with a cry of anguish: "It is terrible and unbearable to an artist, to be encouraged to do, to be applauded for doing, his second best. . . . Through all the world there goes one long cry from the heart of the artist: Give me leave to do my utmost!" So says Babette, who is a cook.

Isak Dinesen has never done less than her utmost, has never settled for second best, and has had the wisdom to stick to what she does superbly well. In *Anecdotes of Destiny* there are five well-nigh perfectly told tales, but a tale cannot and in fact, will not, be any more concrete, topical, or psychological than "Once upon a time. . . ."

Passion or Piety

WHERE WE WENT. Three Novels by Robert Paul Smith. The Viking Press. 338 pp. $3.95.

Nelson Algren

ROBERT PAUL SMITH, author of *Where Did You Go?* etc., has combined here three earlier books, *So It Doesn't Whistle, The Journey, The Time and the Place.* These sketches are misleadingly billed as novels, but they do show not only where Mr. Smith went, but where a multitude of other Americans have gone as well. Without conscious intention he reveals the route traveled, in the past decade, from Bohemia to suburbia; from passion to piety; hipster to square; Kenneth Fearing to James Gould Cozzens; defiance to deference. It is another version of what happened to Mehitabel when she took Archie's advice. It is what happened to a generation that bartered its viscera for a Charvet tie.

"Once upon a time, put us all in a room until the beer ran out," *So It Doesn't Whistle* begins, "and in that room would be a thing none of us could create alone — a general warmth and understanding, a flexible and violent affection. . . . But now, you couldn't put all of us in a room together. Not all of us would want to go."

The all-night cats from the character side of town who open the book, who walk and wander, make love and music, dance and drink, seem infinitely more knowledgeable about love and music, come more alive, than do those cardboard kittens currently served up as representing the generation called beat.

One Walt Gamel is the narrator of this Cornelia Street Spoon River, that succeeds by humor and warmth. In *The Journey* the narration shifts from first person to third, and we really miss Gamel. This second piece is a Mexican travelogue with Hemingway overtones, concerning Paul Marrane. Marrane is a thinner man than Gamel, and has to press to find something to say.

In *The Time and the Place* Marrane evolves into one of those brittle boys who wander through *The New Yorker* in a progression that goes on and on, always promising yet never fulfilling.

"He went upstairs,"—in one passage that entitles the story to be called *By Love Unpossessed*—"intent on the rape of his wife because he felt in himself the necessity to prove himself male. . . . She waited for him upstairs because she feared his attachment to another woman and there was only one way to demonstrate she wasn't his housekeeper." I think they could have worked this whole thing out downstairs, with their clothes on.

Yet it provides an explanation of why Marrane, lying awake beside his sleeping wife, realizes at last, "There was nothing to tell Louise, and nothing for her to tell him. There was only something not to tell, and a period of time to be gone through."

Which leaves us with the curious paradox of the insider, safe in his tribal nest at last, feeling himself strangely more isolated than he did in his cave in the Cornelia Street wilderness that had once held so much warmth.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man With the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AT THE outset of this still young and somewhat laggard season I must confess that I prefer to be strict with plays I respect rather than sharp with those about which I am indifferent. One should contend only with strength.

However, a number of shows require mention if only because they may attract many playgoers. James Forsyth's *Héloise* (Gate Theatre) is an intelligently presented play on the fascinating subject of Héloise and Abelard. It is neatly written in lean prose—the cast and scenic scheme preserve this quality —and it presents what one might neutrally call a "liberal" viewpoint: that the truth of religion is in the vital matter of human experience, which includes both the passion of love and the objectives of science. I can say little more than this because the elements I have listed do not add up to a creative sum that might render the play either moving or memorable. It only made me wish to read more on the subject.

Goldilocks (Lunt-Fontanne), written by Walter and Jean Kerr, is a musical to which many gifted people have contributed without achieving special distinction. It is about the early movie-makers, yet one is left with no real or even pretty sense of the old days, and its contemporary note is not brilliant. There are some funny derisive lines; a witty number is devised by Agnes de Mille and charmingly danced by Pat Stanley around the song "Lady in Waiting"; Castille has designed a few successfully satirical costumes—but no generative concept informs the evening.

I am also reluctant to speak of Harry Kurnitz's *Once More With Feeling* (National) and Samuel Taylor's *The Pleasure of His Company* (Longacre)—with Cornelia Otis Skinner as co-author and actor. They are sure to draw large audiences, but they suffer from a sin to which I am not drawn. Both are plays in which dialogue is not only more important than anything else, but in which the text is really not dialogue at all but smart talk unrelated either to character or to some creative characteristic. Thus while one laughs—for both authors have the knack of the bright comeback—one is left vacant of spirit. A string of jokes is not necessarily fun.

I laughed more at the Kurnitz play—this is merely a personal reaction—but Taylor's is much more of a constructed play, more suave in tone and probably broader in appeal. *Once More With Feeling* is about a temperamental orchestral conductor and the shenanigans of the music business; it follows the Kaufman-Hart tradition but is not as good. *The Pleasure of His Company* describes the return after years abroad of a flighty playboy who arrives on the occasion of his daughter's marriage only to stimulate and disturb everyone with his charm for charm's sake. It is in the manner of Philip Barry and again not as good. The latter play is aptly directed by Cyril Ritchard who appears in the central role. Both plays offer entertaining performances: Walter Matthau, Ralph Bunker, Arlene Francis in one; the whole company but particularly Miss Skinner, Charles Ruggles and George Peppard in the other.

MY PREFERENCE among the season's early offerings is for plays which may not be seen by the majority of "regular" theatregoers: the Phoenix production of T. S. Eliot's *The Family Reunion* (written some ten years ago but never professionally performed here), which was coldly received by the press; and the repertory of the *Théâtre National Populaire* which is French but apparently not fashionable.

It is easy to spot what is "wrong" with *The Family Reunion*: its plot line does not sufficiently correspond to or embody its theme. The plot has to do with a young Englishman who may have desired or committed the murder of his unbearable wife. The theme has two branches: it relates to the guilt of being man, apart from any specific wickedness (original sin); and to the hope of salvation, not by evading the "furies," but by pursuing and facing them because they are of the very essence of the human condition.

The play then is nebulous as drama, but it has the virtue of being the expression of a real person with a fine stylistic signature. How crisp, skeletally pure and delicately musical is the ruminative melancholy of Eliot's speech. In the presence of such a play—directed by Stuart Vaughn with admirable intelligence and theatrical understanding of Eliot's dramatic mode—one feels oneself an adult again in the theatre and confronted by a man worth a quarrel.

What is my quarrel with Eliot here? It is a double one and relates to the inherent content and attitude of his play. *The Family Reunion* betrays a constant and all-pervading discomfort with the business of living, or to use Eliot's word, the "filthiness" of existence. The hero—like the author himself before his "conversion"—is given to loathing as others are to loving.

This objection may be said to represent little more than a difference of temperaments. My personal bent should not serve as an artistic criterion. The deeper flaw I find is a lack of true pathos—a quality which emerges only when the stuff of life, however abhorrent, is present in a work of art. Chekhov's characters are frequently fools, louts, fumblers, but he gives us a sense of intimate connection with them and makes us discover even in their wounds and fatuity some element of the universally true. In his play Eliot does not seem to have contact with anything but books, ideas and other works of art. His characters at best are witty caricatures. His world is at several removes from life itself, and though it may stink in his nostrils, what we detect is only the ambiguous aroma of decaying documents and moldy screeds. Transcendence (salvation) is not achieved in Eliot's play through a struggle with and beyond the muck and anguish of life: it is chiefly acquired through a graciously diffident and ironic bowing out from the boredom of polite society.

Along with praise for the director, we must compliment the rightness of Norris Houghton's setting, Will Armstrong's costumes and lighting and an excellent cast headed by Florence Reed, Lillian Gish and Fritz Weaver—all of whom speak with exceptional clarity and lucid thought.

I hope at another time to say more about *Théâtre National Populaire.* The actors who compose its company are good-looking, thoroughly disciplined, impeccable in diction. They wear their beautiful costumes as if to the manner born and demonstrate the dignity of people devoted to a fine task—the interpretation of national (French) classics in a simple but strikingly impressive way. There are no stars as far as this organization is concerned, but the company includes Gérard Philipe, an actor no one should miss seeing. As for the two plays I attended—Musset's *Lorenzaccio* and Hugo's *Marie Tudor*—they are much more and much better than the fustian that at first glance they might seem.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE New York City Opera Company, under the directorship of Julius Rudel, continues to provide the most interesting and balanced operatic bill-of-fare in New York. This fall it has offered, in addition to a full range of standard repertory pieces, the United States première of Richard Strauss's *The Silent Woman;* a new production of Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia*; it has wisely retained two American operas which were successful in previous seasons: Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe* and Carlyle Floyd's *Susannah.* The old repertory faithfuls have been re-viewed, many of them with such intelligence that they display, despite the modest physical productions which are all the company can afford, some refinements which one misses even at the Metropolitan. In a recent performance of *Carmen,* for instance, the French text was enunciated with more style and purity than I would have imagined possible in an American opera house. It was unfortunately true, in that performance, that *les soldats* on stage seemed unable to make even an about-face without tottering, and that could hardly be excused on grounds of economy. But from a musical and linguistic point of view, the City Center's *Carmen* had many solid virtues.

Both of the new productions were eminently worth mounting, though neither would fit into the top rank of operatic composition. *The Silent Woman,* adapted from Ben Jonson, presents a routine story of an old, rich, retired admiral who has a pathological fear of

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noise (his eardrums have been shattered in a farcical sea battle). He is persuaded by his barber to marry a silent woman. A nephew, coveting his inheritance, conspires against the idea; there is much noise. That is the story. Strauss, true to form, keeps his orchestra roiling about and blatting out flatulent effects to the point where one both sympathizes with the admiral and wants to get away from the tuba. The score is excessive, and somewhat vulgar as well. But, even if second-rate Strauss, it contains many measures of convincing, even touching, music.

BRITTEN's *The Rape of Lucretia* is afflicted with that composer's usual impediment to real stature—the thinness of his music—plus a failure to evoke the complex substance of his tragic characters. I do not think the fact that the work was originally conceived as a chamber opera, nor that much of the story is carried by a two-person "chorus" which moves in and out of the action, can explain the opera's dramatic speciousness. It seems to me that both the composer and his poet-librettist, Ronald Duncan, were fascinated by the character of Tarquinius and the idea of a rape on stage, and then were unable to cope with the rugged character and situation they had invoked. Like a number of other contemporary operas which try to continue the blood and thunder intensity of the Italian Romantic tradition into the present period, *The Rape of Lucretia* forces us to witness every horror with our own eyes. Nothing, but nothing, happens offstage. We must *watch* the rape, we must *see* Lucretia thrust the dagger into her belly. But then, having been forcible party to such distasteful proceedings, we are denied the amelioration which full character-revelation might provide. We do not really understand Tarquinius, nor Lucretia, nor her husband, Collatinus. And when Lucretia kills herself before the very eyes of this husband he, poor man, must stand around like a lump, for the composer and librettist have given him nothing to sing. His wife lies on the floor like a sack of potatoes, and that's the end of that. A little prattling of pseudo-Christianity tells us the why and wherefore of it all.

MEETING

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But if *The Rape of Lucretia* does not fulfill the possibilities of its story and characters, Britten and Duncan have nevertheless displayed much cleverness in its construction. The chorus, as a frank and respectable artifice, is efficient in covering large areas of time and space. The opera stages handsomely, too. The first-act scenes in the army camp, when Tarquinius is goaded into his assault upon Lucretia and, later, in Lucretia's house, when he and the assembled company sing an intricate and amusing ensemble number saying simply "goodnight," are splendidly theatrical. But when the plot calls for real character insight, then cleverness and stylishness cannot suffice. Nor can I refrain from saying that I was simply embarrassed by a scene in which, on the morning after their mistress had been raped, the ladies of the household engage in flower-arranging, while singing an appropriately cloying text. I am willing to believe that such a scene could perhaps take place in an English country house. But in Rome: 500 B.C.?

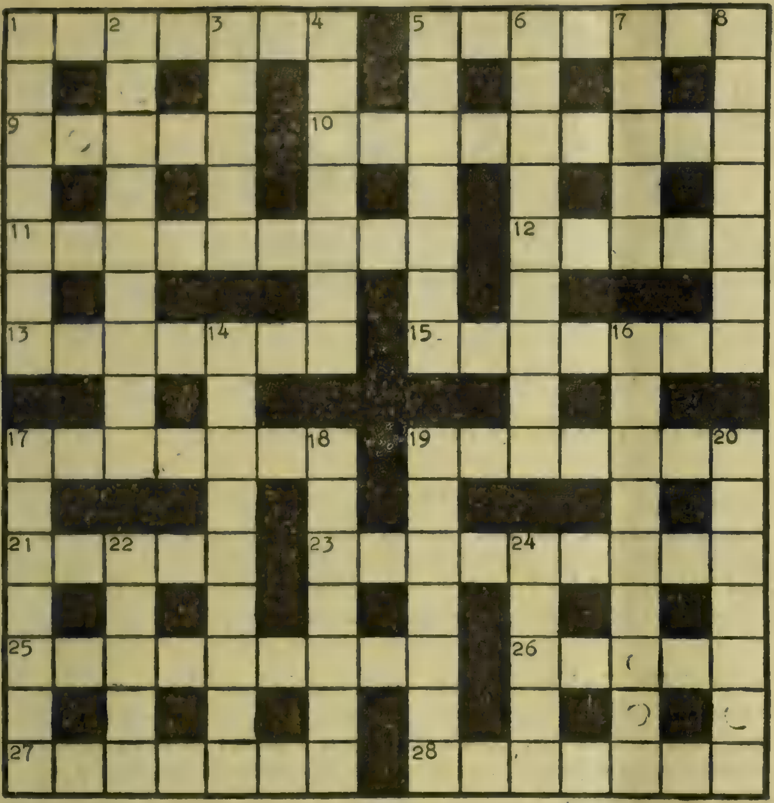
The City Center's production was, to my mind, thoroughly admirable. Julius Rudel, who conducted, had expanded the orchestra so that the piece was lifted from a "chamber" category to one of full-scale opera. Its performance was clean, clear and musical both on stage and in the pit. John Daggett Howell, who was making his debut as stage director, did a smooth and imaginative job, if one passes by an occasional gaucherie. The sets and costumes by Andreas Nomikos were attractive and sometimes even hinted of opulence.

THE General Assembly chamber of the United Nations was the scene of a deeply moving concert on United Nations Day, celebrating the thirteenth birthday of the international organization's charter. Pablo Casals, recognized as perhaps the greatest 'cellist of our epoch, broke a self-imposed rule of twenty years' standing—that he would not play in the continental United States because of Washington's recognition of the Franco regime—to appear on this occasion at the international enclave on the East River. In many years of voluntary exile from Spain, Casals has continued to represent the noblest and most sincere traditions of his art. His summer festivals in Perpignan, just over the Spanish border in France, were a mecca for musicians devoted to the spiritual values in music. His festivals in San Juan, Puerto Rico, transferred that mecca to the Western Hemisphere. But, since 1928, Casals had not been heard on the American mainland. This concert, therefore, on which he played, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, the profoundly beautiful Bach D Major Sonata, No. 2, and a little Catalan folksong, the *Song of the Birds*, which has become his personal symbol of resistance, could not fail to stir the hearts of everyone who believes in the moral and ethical values for which Casals is himself a symbol. He played because, as he stated, the influence of the United Nations for peace takes precedence today over all other considerations, and the gesture carried enormous force.

Casals' aesthetic values, it has always seemed to me, were a direct reflection of his human ones, a continuation of them into the realm of music. Some people were amazed that at eighty-one he sounded just as strong, as virile and as expressively fine as he always had. I was not, for the plainness, the almost brusque richness and firmness of his 'cello tone seem a direct expression of the unadorned firmness in his nature. That kind of tone, and his brand of musicianship, do not grow weak with age any more than such moral vigor as Casals possesses can ever fail.

Crossword Puzzle No. 793

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 7 down Looking for something in the cutlery line for the outdoors type? (7,5)
5 Strangely enough, the safe type breaks the law. (7)
9 Fungus or elm. (5)
10 Next to Rio, this might appear one of the most unpleasant of plots. (9)
11 One place to hold something if you want light results, but don't do it to a boxer. (9)
12 A definite sign of shortness. (5)
13, 21, 24 and 22 What did they swear to do wrong? Right! (7,2,3,5,5)
15 Are such answers found in the laboratory? (7)
17 Not a particular part of the Thallogen era long ago. (7)
19 What one might try to do with old books and lost manuscripts. (7)
21 See 13 across
23 Confines things with an exact center. (9)
25 This sort of beach used to be associated with brawls. (9)
26 It's not quite polite to imply the old town has prohibition. (5)
27 Took part in a gathering of the left. (7)
28 Rather melancholy studies? (7)

DOWN:

1 Deadly way to keep the border safe? (7)
2 Might be wearing on Leif Ericson, for example. (9)
3 Personally hard-hitting statement of religion. (5)
4 In certain quarters, the togs need tailoring. (7)
5 The part of the battery connected with the receiver. (7)
6 A jumper might be made into a Carib coat. (9)
7 See 1 across
8 Table scarves used for messengers? (7)
14 Parti-colored. (9)
16 Turn over on the line. (It's easy to recall such things.) (9)
17 With nothing lost, a tribute to Rover is well-balanced. (4,3)
18 Made a motion the Temperance League might not approve. (7)
19 Doesn't behave as a conductor should. (7)
20 Certainly doesn't approve of nesters. (7)
22 and 24 See 13 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 792

ACROSS: 1 Beat generation; 9 Awnings; 10 Politer; 11 Kittredge; 12 Pluto; 13 Absolve; 15 Epochal; 16 Tariffs; 18 Therein; 20 Indri; 21 Encounter; 23 Gittern; 24 Inboard; 25 Cross reference. DOWN: 1 Blank cartridge; 2 Agnates; 3 General officers; 4 Nosed; 5 Represent; 6 Telephone number; 7 Outrush; 8 Brooklyn Bridge; 14 Easterner; 17 Red star; 19 Entrain; 22 Chief.

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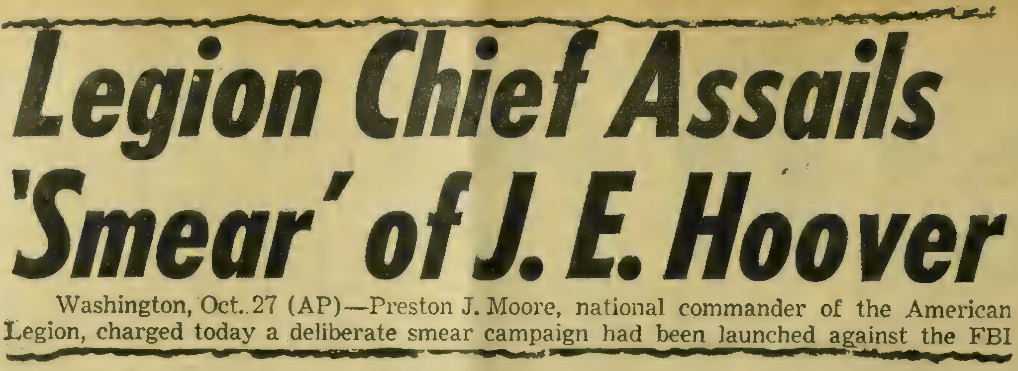

Legion Chief Assails 'Smear' of J. E. Hoover

Washington, Oct. 27 (AP)—Preston J. Moore, national commander of the American Legion, charged today a deliberate smear campaign had been launched against the FBI

—*N. Y. Post, October 27*

The following is the gist of a telephone call made on Monday, October 27, by the Washington bureau of the Associated Press to Carey McWilliams, editor of The Nation:

> *Associated Press:* I think you ought to know, Mr. McWilliams, that Preston J. Moore, National Commander of the American Legion, has just charged that a deliberate smear campaign has been launched against the FBI and its director, J. Edgar Hoover. In this connection, he mentioned the article entitled "The FBI," by Fred J. Cook, which you ran in your October 18 issue, and the fact that the New York *Post* now has a series on the FBI in preparation. Have you any comment?
>
> *Mr. McWilliams:* We assigned Mr. Cook to this story many months ago. The information you've just given me is the first we've had that any other publication had plans to do a story on the same subject. We do not consider that Mr. Cook's article was a smear; he was assigned to write, and we believe he has written, an objective and carefully documented evaluation of the work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Following this telephone conversation, the Associated Press put out a dispatch which was published by many newspapers, including the Post (*see headline above*).

* * *

Scores of *The Nation's* subscribers believe that Mr. Cook's article, which takes up the whole of a special 64-page issue, is one of the outstanding reportorial jobs of the year, and many urge it as required reading for every thoughtful American (see Letters column, inside the front cover of this issue). For this reason, we are making bulk copies available at savings which *begin* at 50 per cent.

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Carey McWilliams

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INCIDENT IN MASSACHUSETTS

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Capture of the 'Phoenix'

THE FORBIDDEN VOYAGE

Earle L. Reynolds

LETTERS

The Ironic Facts

Dear Sirs: Dan Wakefield's "Missiles and Champagne" [*The Nation,* October 25] is a jewel. It has the flavor of Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street,* yet Mr. Wakefield just does a straight reporting job. Still, his reporting is transformed into a devastating essay on the hollow, suicidal values of the *haut monde* that occupy our highest offices and seem to set the tenor of our nation's policies.

Most critics of the proceedings would have been so aggravated that they would either have rendered mute, or have lashed back with a vitriolic satire. Wakefield did the unexpected: he just reported.

"Let us pray" were the only three words of editorializing in the whole article, and they appeared at the very end. If the citizens continue to allow these people—who bandy about plans for atomic destruction and World War III like kindergarten children with their games—to run around loose, the citizens will have no need for prayer.

EMLYN THOMAS

Barberton, O.

Dear Sirs: Although I strongly believe that humor is a great solace to any unbearable situation, and I firmly admire Dan Wakefield as a humorist and a reporter, I do find a terrible aura of unfunniness about his "Missiles and Champagne." It is not the fault of Mr. Wakefield, but rather the fact that any discussion of the possibility of nuclear war is beyond irony. . . .

IAN BERNARD

Laguna Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I am enclosing check for a six-months' subscription to your magazine. I would appreciate your beginning the subscription with the issue of October 25, which contains an article by Dan Wakefield that I find extremely interesting. I have been concerned with missiles in one way or another since 1954, and after becoming utterly disgusted with the monstrous chimney they call the Titan, still a-building in Denver and soon destined for Cape "Carnival" (it *is* a circus), I am somewhat consoled to think that this travesty is not going totally unnoticed.

R. MIKTON

Ann Arbor, Michigan

'Great Journalism'

Dear Sirs: I would appreciate it very much if you will send me ten copies of "The F.B.I." by Fred J. Cook [October 18 issue]. I have just completed it and found it to be one of the greatest articles of its kind in the journals of reporting the true picture of America today.

Words cannot tell the great satisfaction I obtain from every issue of *The Nation* that comes out and I eagerly await its arrival.

JEAN WEINBERGER

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Fred Cook's excellent and long overdue study of the FBI should be made required reading for all people who glorify the police state and who have lost the meaning of freedom from fear. My only regret is that Mr. Cook felt it necessary to substantiate any part of his investigation with quotes from Westbrook Pegler.

ESTHER HUTT

Newtonville, Mass.

Questions for the Citizen

Dear Sirs: What is the right way to use public opinion in modern government? Some of my friends and I feel that we have discovered a partial solution to the problem. Three years ago we set up the "Active Citizens Opinion Poll." Our purpose is to strengthen the voice of the thoughtful citizen. To do this we send a questionnaire to our subscribers once a month, along with some background material on the questions raised. They vote by postal card ballot. We summarize the results and analyze them in considerable detail according to the age, sex, education, income and party preference of the voter. Then we send this summary to *every member of Congress* and to our subscribers, along with new questions for the next monthly poll.

Ultimately we expect our organization to be supported entirely by the subscribers. (Each one pays a small fee each year to have his opinions reported in this systematic manner.) In the beginning, of course, we must seek funds that will help us to reach that stage. May we use your columns to ask your readers if some of them might like to work with us to develop this new kind of public service?

W. P. CORTELYOU
President,
Active Citizens Opinion Poll
430 S. Michigan Avenue
Chicago 5, Illinois

Flight from Reality

Dear Sirs: Our janitor died a couple of weeks ago, and immediately I was besieged by men trying to get this part-time job, which pays $1,000 a year! Meanwhile, I read that the Ballistic Missile Agency employs 50,000 men at an annual cost of $100,000,000 — so that we can get to the moon! The project serves nothing but the competitive pride and vanity of two nations. How far can madness and irresponsibility go? The whole thing is not worth a damn as long as hungry people walk the streets of our wealthy nation.

LEE H. GREGORY

Cadillac, Mich.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 16

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

A Year, or Forever?

In a November 3 press release, the National Planning Association's Special Project Committee on Security through Arms Control warns against "over-optimistic expectations of early agreement" or "gloomy predictions of failure" in the East-West negotiations on nuclear test controls now in progress (if that is the word) in Geneva. The warning, especially the second part, could not be more apropos. "*Autre temps, autre moeurs,*" if it applies to diplomacy at all, does so only with a considerable lag. The diplomats still struggle for immediate advantage, much as in pre-atomic times. Yet they cannot be entirely oblivious to the changed conditions. They sense that they must ultimately agree on a suspension of nuclear testing, or face extinction with the rest of us. Each negotiator is conditioned, however, to try to extract a maximum of security for his own nation. This results in delay, but it should not beget dismay. The deadlock is not as deadly as it seems.

At this writing, the delegates are still wrangling over the agenda, but hovering over this initial contest, which is the equivalent of the feinting and pawing of wrestlers before they really come to grips, is the question of how long tests should be suspended. The Russians call for an immediate renunciation for all time. Sweeping proposals of this sort make for effective propaganda among the less sophisticated neutrals, but are as little likely to have any finality as the asking price in less importunate transactions. The American asking price, a one-year suspension, goes to the other extreme. This is tantamount, as military authorities have recognized, to no suspension at all, since it takes about a year to prepare for a series of tests.

The N.P.A. committee suggests a suspension for a two-year period and points out that the installation and proving of an international monitoring grid would take at least that long. This may well be an underestimate. Harvey A. De Weerd, a member of the committee, points out that the exploding of nuclear weapons may be necessary to determine whether the grid is adequate and what modifications will be required. It is highly unlikely that the first design will be entirely satisfactory: much less intricate systems require shaking down and improvement. Probably most experts, looking at the matter without nationalistic prejudice, would conclude that a three-year stand-still would be none too long. If the United States should propose a suspension of this length it would not only be meeting the technical requirements, but it would be countering effectively the propaganda content of the Soviet proposal for an indefinite discontinuance.

The Speech That Won't Be Made

In his November 5 post-election press conference, President Eisenhower continued to inveigh against the "spender-wing" of the Democratic Party and voiced with renewed emphasis his anxieties about the growing federal deficit. He declared that "[unnecessary] spending must stop or the United States is in the most serious kind of trouble. . . ." In the President's mind bad spending seems to be equated with non-military spending, but on this occasion he added that in his opinion we have been "too lavish" in "certain things" in defense, "because as yet we have not eliminated the duplications, the unnecessary expenditures that are going on. . . ."

In these extempore remarks, the President was skirting an issue which, if he could find the courage to meet it head-on, could help him to rehabilitate the Republican Party and his own reputation. The American people have been only too ready to believe in General Eisenhower's competence and wisdom, especially where military matters were involved. Actually, aside from the fact that, through no fault of his own, General Eisenhower never served as a combat officer, he has had no experience with the weapons and strategy likely to be employed in the war or wars for which we are preparing. But neither has anyone else, and it can be argued that on the basis of his success as a military administrator and diplomat, and the unmatched sources of current information open to him, he has a better chance than anyone to arrive at the right answers.

It could be so argued, that is, if the President could find himself the will to view the entire armament race realistically and then tell the people what he sees. What he would have to tell them is that, although the heads of the great corporations which are responsible for the bulk of military procurement constantly deplore the low rate of profit on this kind of business, they constantly demand more and more of it; and indeed, on the basis of return on invested capital, the results are often more gratifying. The President, if he resolved to be honest and forthright, would have to conclude that a massive vested interest in armaments has established itself in the business community. He would also have to face the fact that not one, but multiple vested interests have become rooted in the armed services, so that each thinks of itself first and the country second. An official of the Defense Department was quoted in *The New York Times* of November 2 as saying, "Every time anyone suggests a change or coordinated effort at the Pentagon . . . the result is a flare-up of infighting in which the generals are far more effective than transplanted educators and business executives." Such statements are made periodically and soon forgotten, but if the President said that the situation had got out of control and that he proposed to remedy it, at whatever cost to the empire-building admirals and generals, he would recapture some of the respect he has lost.

Cold War in the West Indies

It sometimes seems that the United States and its allies are endowed with a natural affinity for dictatorships. Thus in Cuba, behind a facade of neutrality, we have given aid and comfort to the Batista regime, about as repulsive a governmental gang as the Western Hemisphere affords. The violent reaction of the rebels, including hijacking of commercial aircraft and kidnaping of U.S. citizens, has been a natural if indefensible consequence. After receiving a few such kicks in the shins, the State Department modified our policy. We stopped servicing Batista's aircraft at our Guantanamo naval base, withdrew the marines who were extraterritorially guarding the base's inland water supply, and embargoed further arms shipments to Batista's military forces. But now it is announced that our staunch British ally has decided to supply Batista with military aircraft which, according to Carleton Beals, are faster than their counterparts in the armed forces of the United States. Since this could hardly be done without at least the tacit acquiescence of the State Department — the Monroe Doctrine and its corollaries have not been abrogated — it will hardly endear us to Fidel Castro and his men.

Castro, among less moderate countermeasures, has called for a boycott of British goods and shipping. But he may take steps which would be a good deal more awkward both for us and the British. An enormous traffic in arms goes on with little fanfare all over the globe, motivated by considerations which are partly commercial and partly strategic. In this traffic, the Soviet Union and its allies are as busy and enterprising as we and our allies. Our Dominican ally, Trujillo, has charged that Fidel Castro has already received Soviet arms via submarine. This is highly improbable; on the record, Castro is more anti-Communist than Batista. But if we don't dissuade the British from supplying airplanes to Batista, can we blame Castro for getting what he can where he can? And wouldn't we be playing a less hazardous and morally execrable role in Latin America if we refrained from embracing all the militarists and exploiters in that region?

End of a Myth

The loud bang that might have been heard as the polls closed in California was the explosion of the Knowland myth. No political fable of the post-war period has had wider currency or been more sedulously cultivated. "Bill" Knowland, according to this household rubric, is a big-hearted, blunt, decent, four-square type of politician; a man of unassailable personal integrity; not a trimmer or demagogue, but a man of character and principles. Yet when the chips were down, Knowland behaved in a manner that revolted even some of his stoutest supporters. Fake committees and fake letterheads burgeoned from one end of the state to the other. The Joe Kamp letter was circulated. The smears, elaborate and expensive from the outset, became progressively sillier as election day drew near. Item: a full-page advertisement, appearing in the major newspapers, which attempted to smear "Pat" Brown by calling attention to the bibliography of a guide to community relations for police officers which Brown had issued as State Attorney General. The names of six "dangerous" radicals were culled from this list of thirty-six authors, including the name of Franz Boas, who departed this life, rich in honors and widely revered, in the Year of Our Lord, 1942. By any reckoning the Knowland campaign was the prize "low level" effort in an election which nationally was happily free of smear tactics.

Stern's Law

The Nazis used to operate on the theory that a big enough lie stood a good chance of success. By the same token a man who makes a sufficiently grotesque public ass of himself may well impress a significant section of the citizenry. And that brings us to Bill Stern, the noted sports broadcaster.

On the air last month, Mr. Stern reported a correlation he had detected in our universities between the status of varsity football and the infiltration of Communist dogma. Noting that City College of New York, New York University, the University of Chicago and Harvard University are "hotbeds of communism," despite the best efforts of the authorities to stamp it out, Mr. Stern asked us to note the pregnant coincidence that three of these institutions maintain no football teams at all and the fourth (Harvard) does not support its team with anything approaching a coonskin-coat level of enthusiasm.

Boys, says Mr. Stern, will be boys. They like to hoot and holler and wave pennants and if they can't do it at the football stadium you may be sure they will do it in the party cell. "A locomotive for Khrushchev — let's hear you yell!" It's a thought to make the flesh crawl.

The great strength of a theory like Mr. Stern's is that rational rebuttal looks foolish and out of place in its company. So instead of asking this political dowser how he defines "hotbed" or for that matter "communism," or how he knows that this hostile creed has "flourished at these institutions" since football was either dropped or snubbed, we prefer to direct his feverish eye to yet another New York school of higher education. Fordham University, conducted by the Jesuit Order of the Catholic Church, used to produce football teams that struck terror second only to the Irish of Notre Dame. Football is not played at Fordham today. Is this evidence — by Stern's Law — that communism has finally broken the wall of Rome?

Accolade for Dr. Wensel

Nowadays it is difficult for an individual — Citizen Jones or Smith — to win recognition for a significant civic achievement. The major block is not ill will or indifference; it's just that any achievement, to be acknowledged as meritorious, must either succeed, or it will be dismissed as merely another example of eccentric behavior. The national press, for example, has written off the achievement of Dr. Louise O. Wensel in opposing Senator Harry Byrd in Virginia as though her excursion into politics was a quixotic adventure of little meaning or significance. But ponder the facts. Dr. Wensel, who resides in the town of Fisherville (population about 500), the mother of five children, decided that it would be a public scandal if Senator Byrd were permitted to return to the Senate unopposed. When the Republican state convention failed to name a candidate, Dr. Wensel appealed the issue to the GOP state committee, and lost there too. It was then that she decided to oppose the Senator herself. She had no organization, only one campaign worker, hardly a sou, and no newspaper support whatever. Four Virginia newspapers which had recently abandoned their opposition to integrated schools loyally supported Senator Byrd on the ground that Dr. Wensel was not "qualified." It is true that her credentials were a bit shaky, since she had moved to Virginia (from North Dakota) only four years ago.

Despite all these handicaps, Dr. Wensel polled nearly a third of the total vote. And this despite the fact that the oracles were declaiming that Virginia must roll up a vote for Byrd of such volume that it would carry a thunderous impact to all "enemies," foreign or domestic, of the Old Dominion. It was a national scandal that the Republican Party, which is supposed to be all out for integration, should have made a deal with Senator Byrd not to enter a candidate against him in return for his support of two incumbent Republican Congressmen (who were re-elected). Dr. Wensel couldn't prevent the consummation of the deal, but she registerd an effective protest against it.

THE PEOPLE WIN:

LANDSLIDE IN A VACUUM . .

by Carey McWilliams

ONLY A MOMENT's reflection is needed to prompt the conclusion that the Democratic landslide was not produced by any sharp division over issues; there really were no issues presented. No one face or figure rallied the Democrats, in their separate campaigns, to any meaningful program. The Democrats were not demanding, with full-throated unity, a new foreign policy. Nor were they united in support of any bold new plan for social reform. To the extent that issues were a factor, they were necessarily tied to the record made by the Democratic Party in the 85th Congress, which the Democrats controlled. If Democratic voices were lifted in criticism of the Administration's handling of the Quemoy-Matsu crisis, the Democrats as a party had supported the Formosa Resolution; they could hardly now call for a new China policy. And so it went. In brief, there were no sharp issues in the campaign for the reason that the Rayburn-Johnson leadership was more closely identified in the public mind with *support* of the Administration than with *opposition* to it.

Nor do the usual glib post-mortem theories now making the rounds satisfactorily explain the Democratic sweep. For example, the usual off-year sentiment against an incumbent Administration does not account for the extent of the landslide. Local issues were doubtless important, but there couldn't have been *that* many local issues favoring the Democrats. Unemployment may have swelled Democratic majorities in certain states, but it did not figure as a national issue. The country was reasonably prosperous and it was not at war. To say that the image of the President has faded is trite; in any case, he played only a minor rôle in the campaign and, to most people, was regarded as virtually emeritus. The Democratic Party was better organized, presented more attractive candidates and ran stronger campaigns, but again these considerations do not explain the magnitude of its victory. Here and there, where the voters liked a candidate, the fact that he bore a Republican label did not bother them even when, as in New York, the Republican nominees tried to hide the label. The trend favored the Democrats, but it was not necessarily a politically partisan trend.

Right-to-work laws helped the Democrats in Ohio and California, but they were more a slogan than an issue. Indeed, the only state in which a right-to-work measure was adopted was non-industrial Kansas, where it could hardly have been an issue. In the industrial states of California and Ohio, where powerful unions may be found, the behavior of the voters indicates clearly enough that they did not want the unions weakened or, to put it another way, that they did not regard the right-to-work laws as anything other than political gimmicks or slogans.

ANY WAY YOU look at it, Tuesday's election was a landslide in a vacuum. And yet beneath the surface some acute and explosive tensions had been generated.

The key factor was the emergence of a new political mood, elusive, hard to define, but spotted by one or two observers during the campaign. "One finds," wrote Samuel Lubell, "a deep uneasiness. This uneasiness has a curious quality. It is not fretting over something that has already happened. Mainly, it reflects an anxiety over impending disaster, a sense that as a nation we are beset by problems which are slipping beyond our control." A reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* (October 27) captured much the same impression from a nation-wide tour: "There is little wild enthusiasm for the way things have been going. . . . Beneath the sense of well-being there sometimes runs a vague sense of uneasiness that people find hard to express. It is almost analogous to the 'free-floating' anxiety that can cause a person a feeling of depression, even though his everyday life is going smoothly. . . . This uneasiness is vaguely of the future, not of the reasonably happy present."

I would put it in even simpler terms. Despite the impression conveyed by the mass media, which so often reflect merely the harsh, glittering surfaces of American life, this country is full of thoughtful, intelligent, responsible citizens who have a deep love of their country and share an abiding concern for its good name and reputation. It may seem a trifle old-fashioned, even odd, to put the matter this simply, but it is necessary. For there is a curious libel abroad in the land that we as a people are frivolous nitwits, easily manipulated, who don't care much what happens in the world so long as our bellies are full and our books are in balance. This strange fiction finds half-hearted acceptance by nearly everyone. All those *other* people, each of us says, who seem so happy, prosperous and complacent, are not concerned, as we are, about the image of America that is being beamed throughout the world and that springs at us from the slick pages of the mass publications. It is not a pleasant image and few Americans really like it. As a people, we have not played the kind of role, all the way from Lebanon to Little Rock to Quemoy and Caracas, in which we can take unbounded pride or which conveys a sense of assurance for the future. The silo may be bulging, there may be money in the bank and two cars in every garage, but still we don't like this feeling of having somehow defaulted in our commitments as Americans. Whatever the mission of America may be, every thoughtful citizen knows it is not to spread Dullesism in world affairs.

Given the existing political situation, there was no way in which this new mood could find expression other than by registering a strong vote of "no confidence" in the Eisenhower Administration. But the returns cannot be read as a vote of confidence in the Democratic Party as such, or as a mandate for the Rayburn-Johnson leadership, or as a vote of approval for the record made by the Democratic Party in the 85th Congress. What the voters want is a leadership that will fashion, through its achievements and stated objectives, an image of the collective American effort in which they can take pride. This they have shown by a highly selective, neatly discriminating preference for candidates who, regardless of party affiliation, look, act and speak as though they might have some understanding of the world in which we live. Kennedy, Muskie, Mennen Williams, Hugh Scott, Harrison Williams, Rockefeller, Brown, Bowles, Hart, Eugene McCarthy, Gale W. McGee, Jennings Randolph, Howard W. Cannon, Clair Engel, William Proxmire — all these men share a somewhat similar outlook and have little in common with the more conservative elements of their respective parties. The center of gravity in this election, therefore, cannot be found in terms of a Left-Right political spectrum; it must be located as a breaking point, or dividing line, between generations and types. Essentially this election was an undirected, more or less spontaneous, revolt against a stale and stupid political leadership, against the Know-Nothing Class of '46, against political hacks and has-beens, against old-style bossism of the DeSapio variety, against smear tactics and labor-baiting, against the existing leadership of both parties for their failure to point a way out of a suicidal nuclear race and a stalemated cold war.

IT IS SOMETHING of a miracle that, with so little help from either party, the voters have done as well as they have in this election. On almost every count the 86th Congress should be a better, more liberal Congress than the 85th. The collective I. Q. has risen perceptibly, the age level has dropped, the tyranny of the past has receded a bit, the future has come a little nearer. In crippling the Neanderthal wings of both parties, the voters have set the stage for a realistic competition between Democrats and Republicans on the basis of service, competence and leadership, and if this competition becomes active enough it may yet restore the two-party system. The coalition between right-wing Republicans and Dixiecrats has been disrupted. The Dixiecrats are in deep trouble. What the revolt of '58 has accomplished, essentially, is to set the stage for some exciting and meaningful politics in 1960 by tossing out a warehouse full of weird props and retiring several companies of dreadful hams. After a decade of benumbing cold-war politics, domestic witch-hunting, of stagnation and complacency, a new political consciousness is beginning to assert itself, a new mood is seeking to find expression. Politicians, of course, are usually the last to learn of the emergence of a new political mood. But Democrats and Republicans alike—and particularly Democrats — had better study the results of this election with care, for it will shape the content and direction of American politics for the next decade.

THE PEOPLE LOSE:

An Incident in Massachusetts . .

by Margaret L. Coit

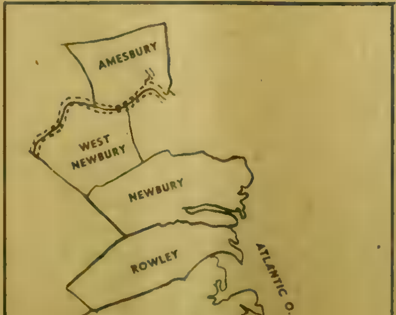
Essex County, Mass.

AMONG THE lesser triumphs of the Republican Party last week was the easy victory of Massachusetts State Representative Barclay Warburton, III. The Republican nomination is tantamount to election in the GOP's gerrymandered "eel" district in historic Essex County. The real election day was September 9, Primary Day, and the one chance the people of the district have to pick candidates of their own choosing.

The "eel district" deserves its name. It has been pictured in dictionaries as a grotesque example of partisan gerrymandering and includes areas that were part of the original American "gerrymander" back in 1812. It runs from industrial Amesbury south through the villages of West Newbury, Newbury, Georgetown, Rowley, Ipswich, the boat-building center of Essex, down to the back wards of Gloucester. Amesbury lies forty miles "north of Boston." Ipswich, center of the district, is scarcely thirty miles away.

The Second Essex is an awkward district, straggling, unwieldy. No constituencies could be further apart than the French-Canadian hat workers of Amesbury, the Greek-American mill workers and country-club citizenry of Ipswich, and the clammers and fishermen of Gloucester. These contrasts are symbolized by the clash on Primary Day of the millionaire socialite Barclay Warburton, III, of Ipswich and Albert Everett Elwell of West Newbury, both Republicans. For these men are symbols: Warburton of suburbia in ascendancy and Elwell of the Yankee in retreat.

Barclay Warburton, III, is a blond, bland-faced young man, who looks as though he would enjoy kissing babies of any age from three months to thirty years. He attended the "right" schools, and made Porcellian at Harvard. He married Mrs. Margaret Reed, a dark-haired "young society matron," as the cigarette advertisements described her when she helped out her husband's campaign by posing four years ago. She also helped him by producing five children. The family set itself up at Saracen Farms in Ipswich, whence Warburton emerges in khaki to lean over the fences of the few remaining Yankee farmers. Or you may see him cutting hay with his men in the fields, "just like he was no better than we are," one of the Ipswich Greek-Americans wonderingly observed.



The "Eel District"

Warburton is of New York and Bucks County origin. But he is also part of the "Essex County ring," dominant in Massachusetts politics since witchcraft days. As the "Essex County Junta," they touched off the Hartford Convention. Their "gentleman's agreement" with the "Boston Irish" united Puritan and Catholic censors in the Watch-and-Ward Society. Equally well-known inside Massachusetts is the division of spoils between the Irish and Beacon Hill. It is "understood," for instance, that state offices rotate between the major interest groups. However, the center of gravity has long since shifted from Beacon Hill to the Boston suburbs—Chestnut Hill in the South and the Prides Crossing-Ipswich area on the North Shore. There, in Ipswich, Essex, and nearby Hamilton, Wenham and Manchester-by-the-Sea, flourish branches of the great names of the Commonwealth: Lodge, Forbes, Gardiner, Means and — Barclay Warburton, III.

Warburton is the great-grandson of John Wanamaker and the stepson of William K. Vanderbilt, but more important, he is "connected" with the ruling hierarchy of the Bay State. In Massachusetts, the great families still rule, socially and politically. And through money, real or assumed, suburbia has been able to identify with the great families. These people in the "restored" Main Street Colonials, on the once-deserted farms, are the "station-wagon set," prototypes of the characters in Marquand's *Life at Happy Knoll.*

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They send their sons to Exeter and Andover. They ride to hounds at Myopia and applaud Louis Armstrong at Castle Hill. They gather for picnics under the dark of the moon at Crane's Beach. In Ipswich or Newburyport drawing rooms, a Vincent Club "girl" may stand on her head, or a retired ambassador demand an impersonation of "Nude Descending the Staircase." The set participates avidly in Town Meetings, demanding exorbitant school and zoning programs that push many of the old-timers into the breadlines and render their children unable to build, or even remain, in their home communities.

INTO THIS happy world "Buzzie" Warburton fitted perfectly. But not Albert Elwell, a haunting figure who might have stepped out of Robert Frost's *North of Boston.* Elwell, now nearing sixty, is the personification of the "old Yankee," the rock-ribbed farmer who battled Indians and climate and stone-riddled fields. With his hollowed cheeks and deep-set eyes, his chiseled features and rugged frame in red-and-black wool shirt and jeans, he looms like a granite boulder in West Newbury Square, with its station-wagons and soft-spoken young executives, commuting home, brief-cases in hand.

Life has not been easy for Elwell. Although old-timers still remember his brilliance as a student, he got barely two years of high school. Farming in New England is a herculean task, in itself, yet for the past thirty years Elwell has found time to dominate the politics of his little town. He has long been chairman of the Board of Selectmen, a post roughly equivalent to that of Mayor.

There is irony in Elwell's personification of the past. In his youth, he was damned as wild and woolly, a radical who wanted a town water system when everyone had his own well in the back yard, a visionary who dreamed up a regional school years before anyone else had even thought of it. West Newbury has its water system today and its regional school, but many never forgave Elwell for the methods he used in fighting for them, nor for his support of the WPA. Elwell was town WPA Coordinator during the Great Depression, and he fought for the poor, the unemployed, the frightened. But the well-heeled old-timers, Yankee farmers who did well before World War II and inflation, objected to using federal funds for town projects, and their votes retired Elwell from the Town Hall in 1940. It took him ten years to come back as Selectman, and then only with the help of "new people," workers in the defense factories nearby.

By 1954, Elwell felt himself secure enough to contest Barclay Warburton for a seat in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. But echoes of past storms were reverberating around his head. As Selectman, he had had a row with the West Newbury Fire Department over his insistence that a new school had priority over a new fire station. Even worse, he was heard reciting Shakespeare in the town diner.

So word was passed through the district: Elwell was a screwball; Warburton was sound, solid and conservative. Straight from GOP headquarters came the command: "Keep Elwell out of the State House. . . . He won't take orders; he can't be controlled."

Elwell moved his car down swank Argilla Road in Ipswich, in the old Candlewood section near Heartbreak Hill, where he was born. Every weather-stained seventeenth-century house was like an old friend; and every tree and stone wall. Sometimes, he would stop to watch the play of light and color across the salt marshes, or a bird soar upwards. But he did not know the people—these outsiders from Boston and Long Island and Bucks County — and they looked at him in wonder. He told them about how his roots went deep into the county, about his grandfather in Gloucester and his boyhood on an Ipswich farm. One aging woman shook her head: "Rare, unspoiled, authentic New England Yankee," she murmured. Her daughter was less impressed. "Mr. Elwell's a farmer, like Mr. Warburton." The girl looked at Elwell's bent shoulders, his brown, calloused hands, adding: "But he works at it, doesn't he?"

The family history of a man three hundred years in the county meant nothing to the rootless suburbanites—nor even to the ruling families. For the Elwells and Kelleys and Lows had never been in the ruling circle. They had been farmers and sea people, mostly, with a strange, artistic streak (two noted nineteenth-century American artists were Elwells). But "Buzzie" Warburton was "our boy." So the 1954 Primary Day came and the votes diverged and narrowed and diverged again. Barclay Warburton, III, was nominated and subsequently elected.

IT WAS in the spring of 1957 that Warburton arose to proclaim, on the floor of the Massachusetts House, "the great discoveries that are coming into being." This was the Foundation for Perceptual Science. Man's great barrier had been "his inability to communicate with his fellow man," explained Warburton. Now this barrier was being lifted. "Through the caring one for another, based upon the true Christian principles . . . men begin to . . . have a perception one for another . . . a new kind of communication . . . a new kind of trust . . . in the Creator. . . . Think what it will mean in business or in politics . . . love, instead of hate. . . ." Through Perceptual Science, crossed eyes were straightened, neuroses forgotten, retarded children returned to school. It was Warburton's "greatest joy" to announce this, "the new spirit of America."

Warburton maintained an apartment in Boston for the accommodation of "Our Lady," the "Angel" of the order, a California optometrist of uncertain age, Dr. Ann Sutton Nichols. A friend of Warburton's revealed that the Representative was learning politics from "Our Lady," sometimes talking with her four hours a day on the telephone.

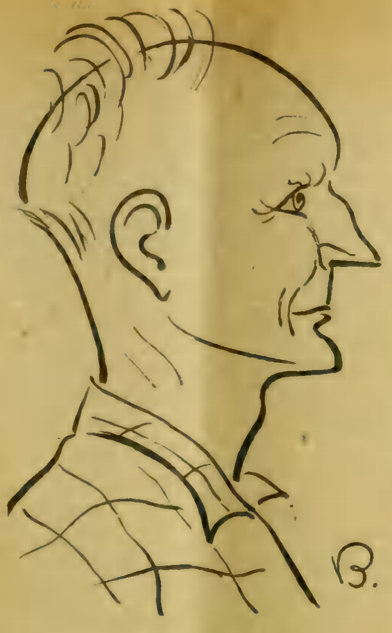
Soon, Warburton's joy dimmed. The blonde, young secretary of the cult disappeared, turning up weeks later in Florida. Vehemently, "Buzzie" denied the newspaper stories linking her name with his. He departed for Europe. By fall he was admitting, through counsel, that the "Angel" had wanted to build a temple, and that he had been rooked for sums between $70,000 and $90,000. His powers of perception had sharpened visibly. He now wanted to know just how "Our Lady" talked "with God."

LOOKING towards the 1958 primary campaign, an erstwhile Warburton supporter said: "If Buzzie is ever to be defeated, now is the time."

Over in West Newbury, Albert Elwell was getting rather different publicity. This, too, began in 1957, when a group of students from Fairleigh-Dickinson University in New Jersey attended a "March meeting" in Elwell's town as part of their Social Science program. They saw Elwell's enemies, accumulated in thirty years of town politics, attempt to "gang him." But, in the lean, dedicated Elwell, the students sensed the symbolism of a struggle that went beyond personalities and the Town Hall. They came back to write about what they had seen: of "the struggle . . . to preserve a small town as a rural community rather than as a suburb," and "the fascinating man who controls the town. . . . In his face one could see his grim, hard fight to stay on top, his fight as a small farmer and his struggle with those around him. . . . This man's struggle . . . might even be the struggle of New England [on a smaller scale]. . . ."

One student wrote a series of poems, *The Spirit of New England,* and dedicated them to Elwell. Others invited him to address a mass convocation at the University, this man from the New England hills, who had never spoken outside of a Yankee Town Hall. With wry, dry humor, he discussed the importance of the unimportant. At Teaneck, New Jersey, where he had been preceded by Adlai Stevenson and Governor Robert Meyner, he received one of the few ovations ever given a speaker at the University. "Who is that man—he's better than Stevenson," declared one faculty member.

With rough-hewn eloquence, Elwell painted the picture of dying rural New England: "The stone walls in straggling ruins lie; the fields to birch and bushes grow." Dr. Clarence Decker, University Vice President and President of the Poetry Society of America, asked him if he had thought of shaping his thoughts into verse. It was as if a spring had been undammed. Within six months, Elwell had written some fifty poems, with something of the music and shadowy quality that the early Frost had.



Albert E. Elwell

By last winter, the poems were appearing in newspapers. By summer, he had hit a national magazine. He had a speaking engagement in New York. He was writing editorials for the new Haverhill *Journal.* His Newbury neighbor, John P. Marquand, had him over to dinner and described him as a fascinating man.

MEANWHILE, the 1958 primary had gotten under way. Elwell understood the publicity value of his activities. "Had I just remained the candidate of the people over back," he once said, "I could never have stayed in office." He had a new campaign picture made, discarding the one of years past, with its look of an Old Testament prophet, the face as if carved out of granite, with only the eyes alive. The new picture was of a shrewd and fatherly-looking rural philosopher, solid and sound; but the father-image was blurred somewhat. Mrs. Warburton had obligingly produced a sixth child.

Elwell and Warburton were not the only candidates; six were running on the Republican side, alone. As the Second Essex is a double district, sending two Representatives-at-large to the State House, voters had two choices. The majority was certain to vote for the popular GOP incumbent, John Dolan of Ipswich; the real race was between Warburton and Elwell.

Both men were running for the usual reasons—a mingled desire for service and for recognition. But each had a personal axe to grind. Warburton sought vindication of the Boston escapade; for Elwell, it was a matter of survival. He had been one of the last farmers in West Newbury to hold out on a small family farm. Now the cows had gone, the chickens had gone; governing was the only other way he knew how to make a living.

Warburton, seemingly, was inclined to write Elwell off, at first. After all, he had the advantage of being "in": the preferred position on the ballot, the tacit support of the party machine, and the blessings of the "ring" as one of their own. But everywhere, Elwell's posters were accepted with recognition. "Oh, yes, we've been reading about him; he's a *good man.*" Elwell's team campaigned with almost fanatic devotion.

From across the district, money began to flow into Elwell's campaign chest—dollars and nickels, dimes and quarters. Elwell was jubilant. "Gee, what I can do with $200!" he said.

But there were snags. When Elwell supporters asked: "Have you had enough of Blundering Buzzie?" the answer came: "Buzzie's still our boy. After all, he paid $80,000 for his mistake. Any man's entitled to make a fool of himself once."

Members of the Greek working community were stolidly silent when faced with Elwell's picture. They were not interested in identifying with a working man; Warburton was what they wanted to be. Hadn't Buzzie seen to it that one of their own "Greek" residents was appointed to a judgeship, supplanting a native Yankee? Hadn't Buzzie invited the whole Greek and Polish community up to a cocktail party at Saracen Farm, and didn't that mean that they, at last, were beginning to crack the country-club set on Argilla Road?

Thanks to the double-district mix-up, one Argilla Road socialite could say: "I'm going to vote for Elwell; he's a remarkable man. But, poor Buzzie! I'm going to vote for him, too; this is his only chance for vindication."

In Amesbury, Elwell worked most vigorously. Amesbury resented the fact that both incumbent Representatives came from Ipswich. Amesbury felt neglected and without representation. The Amesbury *Daily News*, like the Lawrence *Eagle* and Haverhill *Gazette*, gave Elwell space to spell out his views on the area's tariff and hat-factory problems; and to sound his pet theme, that he was against more taxes because he was against more wasteful spending.

Constantly, Elwell challenged Warburton to debate the issues—the highway scandal and payroll padding, the tariff problem, the gerrymandering question. Warburton was wise enough to dodge Elwell on a platform. He knew that Elwell's gift was before an audience; his own, in the individual approach. Elwell could not charm women with small talk, gush over children or, unabashedly, ask for support; he was too much the taciturn Yankee for that. The setup worked to the advantage of Warburton. Elwell had but one chance to speak—for five minutes before the Sons and Daughters of Old Newbury. He electrified his listeners and, a few days later, was to carry Newbury in a sweep.

For the first time, the district newspapers took part in a State Representative primary contest. The Haverhill *Journal* backed Elwell's "shoe-string, shirt-sleeve campaign," acclaiming him as the personification of those qualities that are characteristic of New England: "honesty, character . . . and . . . that stubborn kind of rock-ribbed independence that 'won't take orders from nobody.' "

The tide was running Elwell's way. Elwell's modest yellow signs remained posted, and empty frames swung from trees where Warburton's had been ripped down. Elwell was worn ragged with the effort of trying to reach 18,000 people in the district, but he fought on. Down into Ipswich roared an Elwell sound-truck, quoting the Newburyport *News*: "Warburton poor choice!" A group of Greek residents roared back: "Get back to West Newbury, you farmers, and milk your cows!" Buzzie gave a supper party around the swimming pool at Saracen Farm; the day after Primary Day, at least a hundred pounds of lobster were found, unconsumed, on the town dump.

Two days before the primary, Warburton got into his Jaguar and drove into the little community of Georgetown. "Elwell's got me on the run," he is reported to have said, his voice incredulous, wondering. . . .

Runners went out. Nine telephones were set up in Ipswich, alone. How many wires were pulled, how much money was spent, how much liquor dispensed, no one ever knew. Primary Day came and Primary Night, and Elwell sat in the Town Hall in West Newbury and waited. The telephone began to ring. . . .

It was going Elwell's way. Town after little town, he carried, the last strongholds of the old Yankees. Even in West Newbury, for the first time in a generation, suburbanites and workers and bitter old-timers who realized, at last, that Elwell was one of their own, had closed ranks to pile him up a vote such as he had never known before.

A pretty, blonde girl hurried into Town Hall. She was Elwell's daughter, twenty-year-old Nancy Lewis, who had driven over from Merrimac to congratulate her father. The telephone jingled. Elwell had gained in Ipswich, but Warburton had held his majority. The socialites and Greeks had stood by "our boy."

The telephone rang again. The call was from Amesbury, the town which had so clamored for representation from the northern end of the district. Amesbury had not voted for Barclay Warburton, III. But it had not voted for Elwell, either. It had thrown its vote away on two native sons, unknown beyond the town line. It had thrown the contest to the socialite, Warburton, thrown the representation back to the southern end of the district, by depriving the one man who could have given it representation, of the votes he needed to win. Elwell was defeated by 233 votes out of 7,300 cast. The night darkened; the count was over. He sat in the Town Hall, alone with the dream that had ended.

The people, in their infinite wisdom, had decided.

THE SUBLIMINAL RABBIT . . *by Richard P. Barthol*

CAN SUBLIMINAL stimulation be used to gain control of our minds? The question has concerned men like Aldous Huxley, and has occupied space in such widely different publications as *Life*, *The Atlantic* and the *Wall Street Journal*. Science-fiction writers, those assiduous extrapolators of current events, assume that subliminal stimulation will be an integral part of future society. A short story printed in the *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* makes explicit the kind of fear that has been gnawing at many an intelligent mind. In the story, the protagonist has a piece of electronic equipment that can halt the pictures appearing on a TV screen (only the hero sees this, of course):

> He looked at the screen. . . . For a moment the actors moved at normal speeds and ordinary gestures. . . . Then there was a click, and all at once the actors seemed frozen in tableau unless you stared very close-

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RICHARD P. BARTHOL is Associate Professor in the Psychology Department, and Associate Psychologist in the Institute of Industrial Relations, at the University of California in Los Angeles.

> ly and saw the slow drift of a hand, the changed expression of painted lips shaping a word. And in the next split second the slowed down images . . . suddenly blacked out. A message appeared in bold red letters against a white background:
>
> CITIZENS OF TEXAS
> *The Communicators*
> *Are Your Friends!*
> *Obey the Austerity Program!*
> BE STRONG!
> BE DISCIPLINED!
> WORK AND OBEY!
>
> There was a click and the message was gone. . . . What was it that engineer had said? He had called it subliminal broadcasting. Messages flashed at the speed of microseconds, so fast that the conscious eye and mind could not perceive them. The viewer knew nothing of this steady, monotonous invasion of his subconscious senses. . . . The Communicators had learned how . . . to keep the people enslaved. . . .
>
> It was hideous, cruel, vicious. It made a mockery of man. It fashioned puppets out of the millions who lived and worked and obeyed in reply to the tug of invisible strings.*

Frightening, isn't it? Freud has pointed out that man responds to his subconscious wishes. If someone can manipulate our subconscious, and we do not know that it has been manipulated, then we have become slaves to the manipulator. 1984 is upon us, and twenty-six years early.

THE PUBLIC first heard of subliminal stimulation—or subliminal advertising—last fall when the press reported that the words "Eat Popcorn" and "Coca Cola" had been flashed on a motion-picture screen at speeds so fast that no one "saw" them. The sale of popcorn was reported to have increased 58 per cent, and the sale of Coca Cola 18 per cent. Reaction to these reports was immediate and vigorous. Sober, thoughtful people were disturbed by the implications. Noted writers pointed out the hazards; Congress investigated; the Federal Communications Commission took action. Meanwhile, the professional psychologists seemed to be standing idly by, content to watch the world rush on to subliminal destruction.

Before we blame the psychologists too much, it might be wise to assess the available information. Contrary to general opinion, subliminal stimulation is not a new discovery; it has been well-known to psychologists for many years, although not clearly understood. In essence, it works this way. People respond to stimuli in the world around them. Some of these stimuli are recognized, and can be clearly specified. Some of them are not recognized consciously. Those that are not recognized consciously can be called "subliminal." If you will pause in reading this article, and listen, you will hear sounds that you had not heard while reading. Maybe a clock is ticking. The sound was subliminal as long as you were not attending to it; as soon as you listened, it was no longer subliminal. Many years ago psychologists discovered that, under specific conditions, pictures or words shown at such speeds that the viewer could not "see" them, nevertheless had some effect.

LET US consider the possible uses of this technique. One might be to strengthen the emotional tone of a motion picture or television show. Here no ethical problem is involved. We are dealing solely with entertainment; we pay for illusion, and expect the producer to use every means at his disposal to increase the illusion. Where subliminal stimulation can make a film more effective, I see nothing wrong with its use. It can never, in any case, make a good picture out of a poor one.

The really important use of the technique, of course—and the one that gives so many people pause—is for advertising or political purposes. This assumes that subliminal stimulation can actually create an attitude, provoke a specific act or series of acts, or convey some specific, meaningful information. I do not believe that subliminal advertising can do any of these things to any significant extent. I believe that our nervous systems are so inefficient, our defense so strong, that the technique is virtually powerless in this field. The potential danger from witchcraft or controlled mind-reading would be much greater—if we had any good witches or mind-readers.

The evidence indicates that the most that subliminal stimulation can do is to affect a mood and possibly an attitude, albeit ever so slightly. Occasionally, perhaps, it can even indicate an idea. But all evidence also shows strongly that even the most clearly-structural stimuli are reinterpreted by us to fit in with our value systems. Ambiguous stimuli we distort beyond belief; and clearly subliminal stimulation falls into the category of ambiguous stimuli. Supraliminal stimuli—that is, stimuli that are clearly perceived and understood—have incalculably greater impact. A colleague, Dr. Michael Goldstein, and I have recently completed a study which showed quite clearly that while supraliminal stimuli can have an overriding effect, subliminal stimulation can do no more than shift a feeling a small amount—not enough to make any effective difference.

Furthermore, the evidence shows that the *specificity* of the subliminal stimulus is lost. Thus, if Coca Cola presents its message subliminally, and there is any effect, we might find people drinking Pepsi-Cola or Coco-malt, or smoking corn silk, or taking cocain, or eating coconuts, or visiting their friend Colonel Corcoran. The messages that get through are almost always distorted. I really hope that subliminal techniques can be improved to the point where the number and length of TV commercials can be reduced. But at best, only extremely limited information could be presented. One can present the word "apple," or even the words "apple tree," but "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me" is much too complicated. Even if the whole sentence were received by the viewer, and even if it were treated as an absolute directive, there would be no way of knowing how the viewer might react. If a woman, she might miss the first word and be hanging around all kinds of apple trees—and with everyone else but me. In any case, the whole message could not be conveyed subliminally by any technique that can

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*Aarons, Edward S., "The Communicators": *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*. 14:6, June, 1958. pp. 52-53.

be imagined at the moment. The advertiser — or potential political dictator — cannot present complex thoughts, and can never be sure that even a simple thought will be received and interpreted in the way he wants.

ALMOST ALL psychologists agree that subliminal stimulation is at best an ineffective technique for motivating or manipulating others. At the present time, there is no visible danger to the public from its indiscriminate use; the probabilities are low that it could ever prove to be dangerous.

What could be dangerous is not subliminal advertising, but the energy spent on attacking it that might better be spent elsewhere. Subliminal stimulation is a *safe* thing to attack; we are free to beat our chests about it, to view with alarm this "abridgment" of personal liberty, without being criticized, investigated, fired from our jobs, or ostracized. In other words, subliminal stimulation is a splendid scapegoat. With dragons all around us, we can retain our knighthood by attacking a small rabbit. I could fill several pages listing some of the real dangers which we face as individuals — from anti-intellectualism to anti-smog-control. But these are not necessarily safe to attack. These dragons have teeth.

Let us take an example. In an expanding population, it is strange to find that the number of newspapers is decreasing. And the number of *independent* newspapers is shrinking at an appalling rate. We can demonstrate in the laboratory, and in the field, that a single point of view, presented insistently, can and does change beliefs and attitudes. And the techniques are all supraliminal, not subliminal. It has been said that we have a one-party press in this country. If this be true, we know that it is not only possible, it is highly probable, that the integrity of the individual will be violated. There are only two, or possibly three, news magazines of large circulation in this country. They all present the same point of view, and persistently insert the point of view into the news stories. The general public is not trained to recognize the subtle ways in which a story can be slanted to leave a certain impression. We do not necessarily catch what is being done to us when one politician is characterized as "aging (sixty-two)" and another as "mature (sixty-two)."

Are you perchance an educator, concerned about thought control? What are you doing about training your students to recognize the known techniques of distortion? Are you possibly an editor, or publisher, or reporter, concerned about freedom of the press and the rights of man? What are you doing about your own publication and the news stories? (Never mind about the editorials: they are recognized as points of view.) Do you slant, or tolerate slanting, in your stories so that you can put over the "right" point of view? Or maybe you are just a private citizen. When did you write your last letter of protest to a publisher or a politician?

Consider another example. So-called motivation research is a powerful tool for mass manipulation. We have been saved from the full impact of that technique only because most of the practitioners of the art are better salesmen of their wares than they are scientists. They do not know how to use the tools that are available to them. But this need not always be true.

In recent years, some of our giant industrial organizations seem to have developed social consciences. Again, this need not continue. Psychological techniques are available that could yield them immense power. Fortunately, we have been protected by the anti-intellectual attitudes of many of our more powerful citizens, who seem to believe that "if you haven't met a payroll," your ideas must necessarily be unsound.

We have problems of prejudice, ignorance, segregation. We have a public press that is only partially free. We are being sold automobiles that are too big and too expensive. We smoke cigarettes, knowing that we are likely to get lung cancer. Our teachers are inhibited from teaching what they believe.

Are you concerned about ethics? Do you have a social conscience and want to protect the integrity of the individual? Don't waste your time on subliminal stimulation. Live dangerously. Stop scapegoating. Fight something that is here, and real, and important—even if it can fight back.

FORBIDDEN VOYAGE . .

by Earle L. Reynolds

Honolulu

ON MAY 2, 1958, the sailing yacht *Phoenix* glided into Honolulu harbor, having successfully completed a circumnavigation of the world. There were five people aboard: my wife Barbara, cook and good companion; son Ted (nineteen), navigator; daughter Jessica (fourteen), cabin girl, extra ballast and keeper of the ship's cats; Nick Mikami, our fellow yachtsman from Hiroshima; and myself, owner and skipper.

The *Phoenix* is a ruggedly-built, double-ended, fifty-foot ketch, designed specifically for deep-sea cruising. She was built to my own plans, between 1951-54, by local shipwrights near Hiroshima. During this period I was in Japan as anthropologist for the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission, making a study of the effects of atomic radiation on the surviving children of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

When we reached Honolulu we were happy, tired and (I admit) a bit proud of our accomplishment. Since we had lifted anchor in Hiroshima on October 4, 1954, we had sailed about 50,000 miles without

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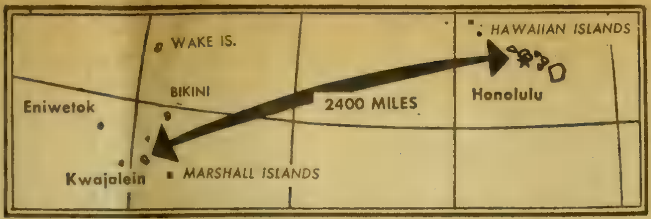
EARLE L. REYNOLDS, anthropologist, studied the effects of radiation on the survivors of Hiroshima for the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission.



mishap, spent over 500 days at sea, and visited over 100 ports. It was our plan to relax awhile, do some writing, overhaul our *Phoenix*, and then, around November, continue on our voyage back to Hiroshima.

I think all of us felt that our trip around the world would always remain the highlight of our lives, that never would we make a voyage more important. We were wrong.

In the yacht harbor, close to where the *Phoenix* rested from her travels, there lay another yacht, the *Golden Rule*, a bright, saucy little ketch. Her mission belied her appearance, however, for she had recently arrived from California, and she was bound for the nuclear-testing zone near Eniwetok. Or rather, she had been bound for Eniwetok, for on the previous day her crew of four men, led by ex-naval officer Albert Bigelow, had been arrested.

A recent ruling by the Atomic Energy Commission had made this vast area of open sea, almost as large as Texas, off limits to unauthorized Americans. It was the intention of the men of the *Golden Rule* (and a fifth man, who joined the group later) to enter this area as a moral protest against war and the testing of nuclear weapons. In Honolulu, an injunction had been issued against the departure of the *Golden Rule* on this voyage of unarmed protest. The men violated the injunction, were arrested, tried, found guilty, and each of them sentenced to sixty days in the Honolulu jail. And thus the voyage of the *Golden Rule* came to an abrupt end.

WE ON BOARD the *Phoenix* became profoundly interested in this case. We went to the trial, we read all the accounts, we talked to the men themselves and to their lawyers; we questioned their unofficial sponsors, the local Quaker group; we talked to an AEC representative, to the Coast Guard, to a group of Marshallese university students.

At the same time, Ted and I did a lot of library research. We studied the laws which regulate the functions, duties and rights of the AEC; we consulted that area of international law which governs freedom of the seas; we examined the constitutionality of the testing of nuclear weapons on the high seas; we checked on the responsibilities and promises of our government, under the Trusteeship Agreement, toward the inhabitants of the Marshall Islands. As an anthropologist, with a background in the study of the effects of nuclear radiation on man, I brought myself up to date on the published research in this area.

I will not enter into a lengthy discussion of our findings, but will make this capsule summary of our conclusions: first, the AEC has for years misled and misinformed the American public on the effects and dangers of radiation fallout; second, the recent regulation of AEC prohibiting entry into the nuclear-test zone is, on several counts, illegal; third, the testing of nuclear weapons in this area is unconstitutional; fourth, our treatment of the natives of the Marshall Islands, where these tests have been held, has very clearly violated the conditions under which we were given trusteeship in this area. [See "Legality of Bomb Tests," by Emanuel Margolies, *The Nation*, Dec. 31, 1955.]

Acting on our knowledge, we expressed our opinions as individual citizens. We wrote to the local newspapers, and to the several hundred people on our round-the-world mailing list. We cabled Lewis Strauss, then head of AEC, and his only boss, the President. From each we received the same answer: a mimeographed release, sweetly soothing in style.

Gradually the conviction grew, amongst all of us on board the *Phoenix*, that we must do more than talk. We must seriously consider carrying on the work that the men of the *Golden Rule* had begun. And yet, it was difficult for us to come to this decision. None of us was politically minded, and none of us had strong religious convictions. We were all, I think it is fair to say, law-abiding citizens, and we found it personally distasteful and even repugnant to consider breaking a law—even one we considered to be illegal.

On the other hand, we all felt strongly that the men of the *Golden Rule* were both morally and legally right in making their protest. Such a protest was taken on their own personal responsibility and at their own risk. They were mature Americans of high moral character. Their entry into the nuclear-test zone involved no threat of injury to any other person, and no violation of military "security."

WE DECIDED to sail. On June 11 we left Honolulu, clearing for Japan by way of the high seas. On the day we sailed, we did not know whether or not we were going to enter the zone. We represented no organization and were sponsored by no group. We knew that it would take the *Phoenix* about three weeks to reach the edge of the nuclear-test zone. During that time we intended to study, to think, and to examine our consciences. Before we reached the forbidden zone, we would decide what to do.

Day after day we sailed westward, with light trades and calm seas. Daily, at a pre-announced time, we gave our position by radiotelephone, which had a range of less than 500 miles. Sometimes our call would be acknowledged by a Coast Guard or Navy ship, sometimes not. On June 19, just south of Johnston Island, a puzzling event occurred. We had tuned in on 2,182 kilocycles and could hear voices. When the air was clear, I gave our position. There was a moment's silence, then we heard a laugh, and a mocking voice said, "Harry Bridges calling the *Golden Rule*." Then there was silence.

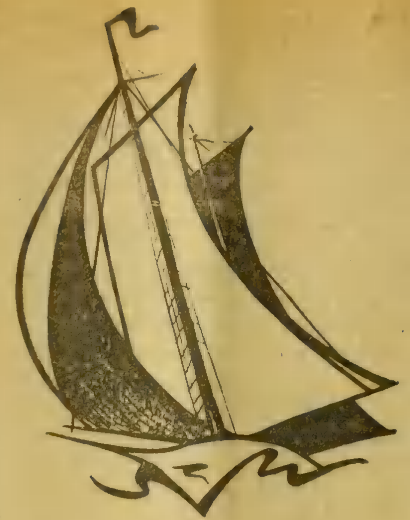
We knew only too well what this meant. It meant that our call had been heard, our position noted. It meant further that we were regarded contemptuously, not worthy of a proper reply, and that we could place no further confidence in the integrity of our government. Completely out of touch with the rest of the world, we were at the mercy of the military.

We sailed on. When the *Phoenix* was about three days' sail east of the zone, we all knew, without prolonged discussion, what we were going to do. Our decision had not come about through any involved debate. We had been together, on a small boat, for almost four years. The youngsters acceded of their own free will. Ted, now twenty, who has navigated a ship around the world, can hardly be classed as a youngster; and as for Jessica, she had been given the opportunity, back in Honolulu, to stay there and go to school or to return to Madison, Wisconsin, to live with her grandmother. She chose to stick with the *Phoenix*. My wife and I agreed that it was entirely appropriate for children to be permitted to fight for the world of which they are the inheritors.

Late on the night of June 30, we sighted the lights of a ship off the port beam. At once we put on our masthead light, and I began to call on the radio. The ship did not answer our calls, but instead came close alongside in the darkness, a difficult and—for the *Phoenix*—a very dangerous maneuver.

Our visitor was the Coast Guard ship *Planetree*. From the bridge, high above us, the skipper shouted down. We could catch snatches of his words above the noise of the wind and waves, but at the moment we were more concerned with the safety of our own ship. By approaching us from upwind, our visitor had blanketed our sails, and we had lost headway and hence ability to control our course. We were so close under the bow of the *Planetree* that we could not see her side-lights.

As we wallowed helplessly in the dark, the captain called out to us the well-known AEC order prohibiting entry into the nuclear-test zone. He asked if we were going to enter the zone or "go around." I shouted "enter," and gradually the *Planetree* pulled clear. Our sails once more



filled with wind, and we carried on to the west. (Weeks later, at the trial, the captain of the *Planetree* admitted that he could hear us plainly over the radio, but refused to say why he would not answer. Perhaps he was under orders, or perhaps he had merely wished to scare us. He succeeded.)

All the rest of that night, and all the next day, our unwelcome companion followed us. During the day, I sent out the following radio message: "If any civilian or commercial ship or station can hear this call, will you come in please? I wish to make the following announcement. The U. S. Yacht *Phoenix* is sailing today into the U. S. nuclear-test zone, as a protest against nuclear testing. Please inform appropriate civil authorities of our action. Also please inform the Japanese Government as there is a Japanese citizen aboard. Our present position is approximately 14° N, 170°40′ E. We are sailing west." There was no answer.

That evening, just before dark, our dead-reckoning put us near the border of the zone. Again we were overhauled, and again we were warned. We acknowledged the warning, and continued on, sailing in the general direction of Bikini. All night the *Planetree* followed us.

IT WAS A STRANGE and sleepless night. We had no idea what would happen to us, and whatever happened, there was nothing we could do about it. Would we be permitted to sail on? Would we be forced to stop? Would we be taken off, and the *Phoenix* sunk? Or would she be quietly sent to the bottom, with all hands? If a reader scoffs at this last possibility as being melodramatic, I can only say that you weren't out there with us that night.

The next morning, about two hours after daylight, our pursuer again came alongside, and ordered us to heave to. We were now about sixty-five miles inside the zone. I asked his authority for stopping us on the high seas, and he called out the numbers of some Coast Guard regulations. I asked if I was under arrest, and was told I would be arrested as soon as my ship was boarded. After enough questions to establish the circumstances, I announced that I was stopping at his orders, and under protest, and that I considered the arrest to be illegal. The captain shouted that he would so record it in his logbook, and I then hove to.

We were boarded by two armed men, and I was placed under arrest. I was given two choices: I could sail my ship, under their orders, to Kwajalein, or I would be towed there. Kwajalein, an atoll in the U. S. Trust Territories, which had been taken over by the Navy, lay several hundred miles to the south. For the safety of my ship, I elected to sail, but stated that I was doing so under protest, and that I considered their actions illegal.

Within half an hour a Navy destroyer, the *Collett*, hove in sight, and took over. The *Planetree* continued on to Hawaii. Our captors on board took orders by visual signal from the destroyer, and passed them on to me. Under close escort, the *Phoenix* sailed to the south.

Early the next morning, I made this entry in my log: "0430. Light of blast in sky—W to WSW. Orange sky through gaps in clouds. 'Like a gigantic flash-bulb' (Ted)." At this time we were just outside the zone, and about 200 miles east of Bikini. We turned on the radio, and heard a Tokyo announcer give the news of another nuclear blast in the Hardtack series near Eniwetok.

On the evening of July 4 we arrived in the inner harbor of Kwa-

(*Continued on page 368*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Ecology, or the Art of Survival

THE WARBLERS OF AMERICA. Edited by Ludlow Griscom and Alexander Sprunt, Jr. The Devin Adair Co. 356 pp. $15.

WILD PARADISE. By Guy Mountfort. Houghton, Mifflin Co. 304 pp. $7.

W. S. Merwin

WHEN I say that as I perused these two books the question of survival kept up a dull *continuo* in my head, intruding itself on my pleasure at intervals like the sound of a faucet left running somewhere, I do not mean to comment adversely on the books. Nor am I perversely stretching their scope in the interest of a needless topicality. I am talking about survival of human beings as well as of birds, and I am using the word survival in its familiar contemporary sense — as distinguished from the perennial objective which impels flocks of Magnolia Warblers to migrate over vast distances at night at the risk of crashing headlong into obstacles and perishing by thousands, and which has taught the marvelously camouflaged Stone Curlew, in southern Spain, to keep as still as the ground it nests on and the eggs it broods. In its natural sense, of course, the question of survival has been with us since we were amoebas, or whatever we were. We may have developed ears, at first, to listen to it, and minds primarily to be haunted by it. For *homo sapiens* it has a peculiar meaning: one of the essential things that separate us from the other animals is our awareness of our mortality; not a day passes, in the life of an ordinary man, when he is not reminded of his eventual death.

In our time, however, the question has developed a special sense. Nearly as close and insistent as the old "how long will I survive," we keep hearing "how long will anything survive?" We have this all to ourselves too; the other animals are not aware that tomorrow they may be blasted to nothing, or deprived of the necessities of their existence. But there are important differences between the two questions: the old one, for example, is posed by the nature of existence, and there is, finally, nothing that can be done about it; the more recent one is a reverberation set up by human action, and the inference is that human responsibility might be effective in controlling it. I am not talking just about The Bomb. I go on the assumption, which I cannot avoid, that there is some link between a society's threat to destroy itself with its own inventions, and that same society's possibly ungovernable commitment to industrial expansion and population increase, which in our own country remove a million acres from the wild every year, and which threaten more and more of the wild life of the globe.

I AM told that this is a rash assumption; alas, the subject at times has led me to entertain notions which were even crankier. A bird of prey — or a warbler, for that matter— requires such-and-such an area to range over in order to survive; I have wondered whether a society in which there were not a given minimal area of wild land for every human being, whether or not he cared about it, knew about it, or ever laid eyes on it — any more than he ever sees the fields his potatoes come from — might not also be on the way out. The bird ceases to exist through starvation, or because his breeding conditions disappear, or through encroachment and slaughter. As for a society, when it possesses the means of its own destruction, and grows daily more crowded, restless, tense, unhappy and disoriented, in situations without precedent, what is likely to happen to it? If it survives might it not do so only under circumstances so artificial, restricted and neurotic as to resemble captivity? I am reminded that man is, after all, a civilized animal, and not a bird nor in most senses comparable with one. And I hurry to state that I am not proposing a return to some Never-Never Land in the past — indeed I am not nearly as long on proposals as I would wish. However, I am addicted to both birds and men, and that faucet keeps running somewhere.

Neither ecology (which in Mountfort's *Wild Paradise* is described simply as "studying the relations of animals and plants to their environment and to each other") nor man's usually disastrous influence upon it, is the main subject of these books. But for one thing we are confronted, as in so much contemporary writing about non-civilized animals, with a more or less overt feeling that a sentence has been passed and is gradually being executed; undoubtedly this will continue to be usual at least as long as the words "wild" and "waste" are practically interchangeable when referring to land. For another thing, the detailed evidence of how well most species have adapted to their different environments, with their various perils and intruders, is inevitably contrasted with the bafflement, diminution and defeat of a growing number of species in the presence of man. So the Chestnut-Sided Warbler, in whose nest the parasitic cowbird often deposits an egg, "sometimes responds by covering the intruding egg with an additional nest flooring," and vultures are able to gather out of an apparently clear sky because with their extremely long-range eyesight they "watch each other and the smaller scavengers as they patrol the skies; a downward movement is the signal awaited and this is instantly passed on for miles around, as one after the other follows suit." On the other hand kites, which in Shakespeare's London were "well protected and became so confident that they would take crusts from the hands of children on London Bridge," have dwindled until in all of Great Britain "only about twenty-five pairs of our kites survive, in a closely guarded hill area in Wales." The "Demoiselle Crane and Black Stork used to nest on the Coto; given continued protection they may yet do so again," though when a pair nested north of the Coto in 1952 the nest was robbed by egg-collectors. Still, not all species are vanishing; some of them, particularly some of the smaller insectivorous ones, including certain warblers, are actually on the increase. And not all ornithologists are specially anxious: indeed Ludlow Griscom, in an introductory essay to *The Warblers of America,* waxes grumpy over the fact that "sentimentality" and protection threaten to make bird-nesting and egg-collecting lost arts.

IN ANY CASE each of these books is a delight. Both are lavish with pictures which alone would make either book desirable. *The Warblers of America* contains, apart from black-and-white illustrations, thirty-three color plates of paintings, by John Henry Dick, of the warblers in their preferred habitats, often showing immature plumage as well as that

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W.S. MERWIN is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in these pages. A collection of his verse, Green With Beasts, *was published in 1956.*

of the adult male and female. The organizers of this book have gone to considerable lengths to make it the most comprehensive compendium of the warbler family to date, and no doubt it will remain that for some years to come. It includes, for example, Alaskan, Mexican, West Indian, and Central and South American warblers as well as those of the U.S. and Canada; the South American entries were included at the last minute, and forced the editors to change the title, even though the book's jackets, bearing the title, "The Warblers of *North* America," had already been printed. The family is limited to the Western Hemisphere, so the book covers its entire range. Different ornithologists—there are some twenty-one contributors—who have specialized in particular warblers, supply life-histories and other information for each species; sometimes more than one has his say about the same warbler. Apart from the life-history, we are given, at least for every species that breeds in the U.S., the derivation of the Latin name, the local English names, field characteristics, nesting data, description of voice, food habits, general range and in some cases breeding habits, population studies and migration notes. There are essays, besides, on the family as a whole, its classification, means of studying it, its songs and interpretations of them, geographical distribution, and migration routes; and charts of foraging ranges, vegetation maps and bibliographical references. Obviously, anyone interested in warblers would water at the mouth until he had the book; I should think anyone at all curious about birds would be glad to have a volume where he could discover, for example, how it is that the Bachman's Warbler with its exquisite song manages to be a ventriloquist, and what sort of person the Reverend John Bachman was, whose two daughters got married to Audubon's two sons.

THE 130 pictures in *Wild Paradise* are for the most part superb photographs, some in color, by Eric Hosking. The Coto Doñana, which is the "wilderness" whose fauna they and the book's text portray, is an almost uninhabited stretch of southwestern Spain, northwest of Jerez de la Frontera, bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and the Rio Guadalquivir and a broad area of marshland on the south and east. Three ornithological expeditions visited it, in 1952, 1956 and 1957; among the distinguished ornithologists, ecologists, botanists and biologists who manned one or more of the field trips were Sir Julian Huxley, Field Marshal The Viscount Alanbrooke and Roger Tory Peterson. The Coto Doñana's immense attraction to ornithologists lies in the fact that its mixture of dry and wet habitats is "placed on the hinge between Europe and Africa" where it "has been able to draw on an exceptionally wide range of species" and thus "by the end of three weeks we had found, in this relatively small and completely flat area, no fewer than 171 different species, or more than one-third of the total occurring throughout the whole of Europe." The finds included several birds which are hard to see anywhere, and a few which are almost never seen in that part of the world. Photography, as I have suggested, was one of the chief objectives of the expeditions. The photographic and cinematographic haul which resulted was enormous; the plates in this book, which include pictures of many species never before photographed, represent a minute fraction of it. And it is interesting to read, for example, of the care and patience with which pylons and blinds were constructed at tree-top level, within a few feet of the nests of several birds, including a Spanish Imperial Eagle, so that the growth, feeding and behavior of the nestlings could be photographed without disturbing either nestlings or parents; as well as to learn of the conduct of the nestlings themselves, of the nesting ethics of heron colonies, the parasitic techniques of the Great Spotted Cuckoo, and the tunneling methods of the brilliantly colored Bee-Eater. A handsome book, and a fascinating one.

The Thinking Machine

THE IDEA OF FREEDOM. By Mortimer Adler. For The Institute of Philosophical Research. Doubleday & Co. 689 pp. $7.50.

ESSAYS ON INDIVIDUALITY. Edited by Felix Morley. University of Pennsylvania Press. 270 pp. $5.

Harvey Swados

SOME OF US who have been fascinated by his multifarious intellectual activities may be tempted to speculate that Dr. Mortimer Adler does not really exist, that he is a contemporary ectoplasmic emanation of the mad scientists and word-drunken philosophers gloriously created by Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift and Goethe. This temptation should be forsworn. Dr. Adler does indeed exist, and the very fact that his dreams have attained physical dimension should differentiate him from the wild-eyed alchemists and ineffectual scholars who people the classics. Clearly, Dr. Adler is surpassingly effectual: he was not only associate editor of *Great Books of the Western World* and editor-in-chief of *The Great Ideas, a Syntopicon,* and an intimate of business executives, but within the year he has turned out two more books, *The Capitalist Manifesto* and *The Revolution in Education,* in addition to the one currently noted. What he has effected is a marriage of corporate efficiency and scholastic dreariness.

In *The Idea of Freedom* the doctor and his California payroll of twenty-one-odd philosophical assistants (together with a staff of administrators and a panel of unimpeachably eminent consultants, all duly listed in the preliminary pages of the volume) have given to the world a cross-indexed catalogue of everything they can discover that otherwise disputatious philosophers have agreed upon about freedom during the past several thousand years. Had it been undertaken by one determined man, this effort to establish points of concordance between John Dewey and Duns Scotus, Bertrand Russell and Aquinas, might be thought an accomplishment both entertaining and in some degree meritorious; but there can be those, can there not, who are given pause by the very massiveness of the team's crash program during a seven-year period when other philosophers in other lands—China, Spain, Hungary, Poland, Russia among others—were not only learning but demonstrating in their persons what freedom and its absence could mean. A fraction of the resources seemingly poured without stint into the activities of the Institute of Philosophical Research might have done much to sustain these distant libertarians in their more pragmatic studies.

At this juncture, the reviewer must make a predictably vain but nonetheless sincere effort to forestall those who will charge him with (a) ignorant presumptuousness in the face of a mass of data certified by important intellects, and (b) frivolous neglect to summarize the contents of a serious work. One can phrase no better indication of the texture and tenor of this volume than that provided by the author himself on page 620:

It has required twenty-seven chap-

HARVEY SWADOS' latest book is On the Line, *a novel dealing with the lives of auto workers.*

ters to present, with supporting evidence, a hypothesis about the conceptions and theories of freedom, a hypothesis which has taken shape with the gradual identification of the various subjects under discussion. The dialectical work that remains to be done is, if anything, more extensive. The results will be presented in the next volume, which will set forth the genuine disagreements that can be found in the discussion of freedom. Such disagreements represent only one side of the picture. The other face of it reveals the agreements indispensable to controversy. In this volume we have shown the variety and extent of the agreements about freedom that exist among those who disagree on that subject.

While we await the inevitable companion volume—inevitable if only because no less than nine foundations, according to Dr. Adler's graceful acknowledgment, are underwriting the Institute—let us remember that with these investigations of freedom the Institute will only have *begun* its gargantuan labors. "Its aim is to clarify the prevailing philosophical diversity on basic subjects like freedom, law, justice, knowledge, or love. . . ." This reader's preference, should he live so long, will surely be for the last volume, when the weary but game scholastics, cheered on by additional grants secured by the indefatigable Dr. Adler, will finally have succeeded in codifying and reconciling Tennessee Williams, Sappho, S. de Beauvoir, Ovid, D. de Rougemont, A. Kinsey, W. Shakespeare and Colette.

MEANWHILE, back at the Princeton Inn, a group of twelve individualists had foregathered in the summer of 1956 for a "Symposium on Individuality and Personality" sponsored by The Foundation for American Studies, to consider the implications of a dozen papers they had previously exchanged. It is those papers—but unfortunately not the discussion they inspired—that form the contents of *Essays on Individuality*. Let it be noted at once that, despite the formidable auspices and the incipiently ludicrous aura that must surround any collective effort to comprehend and defend individuality, what we find here is a civilized gathering of bewildered and hence recognizable human beings. It is refreshing to hear separate voices, some declamatory, some plaintive, trying to explain what they mean by freedom and individualism, after the homogenized prose of Dr. Adler. Among the predictable contributions by John Dos Passos, Editor Felix Morley, Arthur Ekirch and others, that of Friedrich A. Hayek, entitled "The Creative Powers of a Free Civilization," stands out as a substantial, eloquent and admirably forthright statement, while Joseph Wood Krutch's "As a Man Thinketh" is unique in its examination of certain major problems of contemporary civilization usually sighed over, not by despondent conservatives, but rather by frightened Socialists. For the most part, however, the mood of these essays is elegiac and backward-glancing, and the tendency is to beat straw men, to proclaim rather desperately the unbreakable bonds uniting personal freedom and free-enterprise capitalism, and to place primary responsibility for the uglier excrescences of modern industrial life on the translation of liberal and radical ideals into reality.

Last of the Globe-Trotters

JOURNEY TO THE BEGINNING. By Edgar Snow. Random House. 434 pp. $5.

Lewis Gannett

EDGAR SNOW might be called the last of the great tribe of inter-war globe-trotting reporters. There was Duranty—exiled by a routine-minded bureau chief from his beloved Paris; he went from Baltic exile to romance and history and fame in Moscow. There was Sheean — fired for merit from the New York *Daily News*; he met the red-headed Rayna Prohme in Canton and frankly called his book *Personal History*. There was the versatile Chicago *Daily News* team which started John Gunther on his inside career. There were Shirer and Stowe and St. John and a dozen more, who used their own eyes, wrote as they pleased and relished the adventure of contemporary history. Their places seem to be taken today by faceless agency men and nameless frustrated artists who polish mosaic chips to be fitted by other hands into home-office patterns for the news weeklies.

The young writer of the 1920s, if he grew up east of the Mississippi, dreamed of getting somehow to Paris, working for a pittance for the European edition

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LEWIS GANNETT, for many years daily book reviewer of the New York Herald Tribune, *is editor of the* Mainstream of America *series.*

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of the New York *Herald* or the Chicago *Tribune*, and so on to see the world. If he came from Missouri, as Edgar Snow did, he crossed the Pacific armed with a letter of introduction from the dean of the Missouri School of Journalism. Graduates of that school, in the middle 1920s, edited English-language papers in Tokyo, Tientsin, Peking, Shanghai and points south, and a bright Missourian could always pick up a job.

So Edgar Snow, born in Kansas City in 1905, landed in Shanghai in 1928 and at once became assistant to J. B. Powell, Missouri ex-'10, who had inherited the editorship of the *China Weekly Review* from the peppery Thomas Franklin Fairfax Millard, Missouri '87. Snow planned to stay a year; but it was 1941 before he saw the United States again. By that time he had worked his way through the mills of the *Weekly Review*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the now defunct Consolidated Press (founded, believe it or not, by David Lawrence and Drew Pearson in collaboration), the New York *Herald Tribune* and the London *Herald* to become a staff writer for the *Saturday Evening Post*, which was good going.

He had also seen a couple of famines and a few local wars, had walked overland to Burma and India, fallen in love with beautiful girls of assorted nationalities and married a temperamental American, slipped through the lines to visit the Chinese Communists at their desert capital—the great experience of his life—and helped found and manage the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives. He had learned to speak Chinese, and met, liked and become intimate with Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and Madame Sun Yat-sen, the older, more beautiful and wiser sister of Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

HE SAW China in inevitable if amoeboid revolution, and he did his best to forewarn America about it. His book *Red Star Over China* was a best-seller, and the *Post* for a time printed his articles, but few Americans listened (though among the listeners was Franklin D. Roosevelt). The war came; a fog closed in. The *Post* sent Snow to Russia during the war and later to India. Of the last decade, in his own or China's life, his book has almost nothing to say. In the McCarthy decade, of course, anyone who, like Mr. Snow, had had the intelligence to foresee the war with Japan and the triumph of the Chinese Communists was suspect.

The core of Mr. Snow's book is the China story, particularly his picture of the Chinese Communists as he saw them in the crucial years 1937-1941, when they obviously represented a wave of the future. This reviewer, who spent a mere four months in China (as correspondent for *The Nation*) in 1925-1926, when Chiang Kai-shek seemed to be the wave of the future, sometimes wondered about Mr. Snow's perspective.

Mr. Snow detests Chiang Kai-shek, whom he sees as merely a corrupt tool of Chinese landlordism allied with foreign business. But Chiang himself was as much a product of revolution as the Communists; it was when his own power became a vested interest that he became the patron of corruption and his star began to fade. And when he became dependent on American military aid the whole course of Chinese history pointed to his doom; thereafter the Communists had the advantage of appearing, to Chinese, the true Chinese nationalists.

China, as Mr. Snow almost says at one point, is a medieval, semi-feudal civilization which has been in almost continuous revolution for more than a century. The "first opium war" of 1840 marked the decay of the old regime and the beginning of foreign overlordship. The Taiping rebellion of a century ago, which at first preached a curious kind of Christian communism, was overthrown with foreign aid, saving the dynasty for another half-century. The Boxer Rebellion, forty years later, frankly aimed to rid the country of aliens. Sun Yat-sen a decade later dreamed of a democratic revolution; the foreign powers were against him. Toward the end of his life he turned to Russia for help against the West; his pupil, Chiang Kai-shek, was one of the early Chinese students in Moscow. Red China is another stage in a long process; it may have been inevitable, but nothing in China is unchanging. And American intransigence toward the Communist regime in China today may well be one of the main sources of its strength.

Edgar Snow never had any illusion that the Chinese Communists were "agrarian reformers"; that was Freda Utley's misguided phrase. Snow saw them for what they were, Chinese revolutionaries, honest, fanatic and ruthless. He may even have taken their Marxist words too seriously; surely Marx, who had little faith in either nationalism or in peasants, would never have recognized this revolution as his child, and Marx's nominal heirs in Moscow were in crucial years curiously cool to it.

Nevertheless, as Edgar Snow predicted, the Chinese Communist revolution happened, despite Marxist coolness, despite capitalist assurance that successful revolution was impossible in so impoverished a land. And his colorful account of it as he saw it has almost breathless significance for its application to other impoverished lands today—in Southeast and Southwest Asia, in the Arab lands, even, to some degree, in Latin America.

Historian

As if the eye and the head
Were an underworld, all the dead
Come to garrulous quarters there,
Dignifying at a live ear

What befell. Each (his pride,
His downright lying vanity being
Disembodied from any twice-doing
That could prove, as from blood

That could blush) can brag
The decisive random of chance
Was concealed skill of his choice, license
Word breathed into a wig

To raze like Attila. Back and forth,
Vociferous as when they lived,
Infuriated still to be braved
Each by the rest, they protest their worth

And winnings of this world. Their graves
Have devoured tenure; perhaps something
Grafted to a warm bone's darkness lives
Of their effort; but to bring

Them to claim, still, clear gains
On times and bodies they have long lost
Takes a frivolous advocate. Or a live brain's
Envying to master and last.

Ted Hughes

Double Maverick

THE SOUTHERN HERITAGE. By James McBride Dabbs. Alfred A. Knopf. 270 pp. $4.

C. Vann Woodward

IT IS another season for taking stands below the Potomac. These roll around periodically without, as a rule, profoundly enriching regional letters or national thought. Usually the stand taken is a belligerent assertion of the prevailing point of view. At least once a generation, however, a maverick stand taker faces the opposite way. In the 1830s there was James G. Birney, the Alabama planter who became leader of the abolitionists; in the 1850s Hinton R. Helper, the Tarheel, became temporarily the darling of Radical Republicans, and in the 1880s George W. Cable, the Louisiana novelist, put Northern liberals to shame with his advanced views on race.

James McBride Dabbs of South Carolina belongs in the maverick category clearly enough, but within that category he is himself a maverick. The standard Southern maverick rejects the past, renounces the tradition, proclaims the Yankees to be right, and pretty soon packs up and moves to a cooler climate. Now there is no hotter place in Dixieland for taking a stand just at the moment than South Carolina, especially if the stand happens to be against segregation. It is perfectly clear, however, that Mr. Dabbs has no intention of moving out. Nor does he reject the past, nor renounce the tradition. Instead he celebrates the past, venerates the tradition. Here is the conservative as revolutionist, the traditionalist as reformer.

Mr. Dabbs betrays a fondness for paradox that befits a conservative revolutionist. The heritage of the South, he contends, specially equips the region to act as a laboratory, a pilot plant for solving the world problem of race. Slavery? In it originates the South's deferential code of manners: the means of getting the cotton picked without wages and without the whip. Manners, courtesy, friendliness, the vestiges of a folk society still strong, the fear of abstraction, the love of the concrete, the bi-racial experience of tragedy, of defeat, and frustration, all these combine to persuade him that in the South, "more easily than anywhere else, the job can be successfully done." The Southern heritage, the real one, the one Mr. Dabbs prefers at any rate, is *for*, not against, a relaxed and happy settlement of the racial frontier. "A little recognition of what we are, of the values we have and the desperate need, not only of the South but of the world, for these values, will take us safely—as safely as anyone may go through a dangerous world—into tomorrow, and the next day, and the future."

DISDAINING the need to construct any elaborate case against segregation, the South Carolinian chooses to regard the case as more or less self-evident. Turning Ortega's "tragic, ruthless glance" on man's present plight, he simply says "there is no room for white justice and black justice. Encircled as we are by infinite darkness, skin color does not matter." In the South itself equality is traditional, and the extension of the tradition is a deeply conservative, not a radical, act. "The whites of the South have accepted the ideal of a basic equality among themselves," he writes; "it remains for us to accept it as between whites and Negroes." The most subversive force at work to destroy segregation is "the central fire burning at the heart of the South"—the fire of Christian love.

But is this conservative revolution practicable? Mr. Dabbs argues that "about the most impractical thing you can do in the South is to insist upon being practical; the climate of opinion is against it." He is nevertheless not above making some propitiatory concessions. He readily grants that "the custom of the community is worthy of some consideration." As for apprehensions about desegregation as a threat to school standards, he would "not argue that this fear is absolutely groundless," only that such dangers are "far, far less than we imagine, and the other choices too harsh to be adopted." The threat to sexual morals is "vastly overrated," the stimulus to intermarriage, "almost infinitesimal."

It is not always perfectly clear whether Mr. Dabbs is saying what he believes or what he hopes. I suspect it is sometimes one, sometimes the other, and sometimes both. There will be scoffing at his optimism and impatience with his paradoxes in North and South. In neither place can there be any doubt of his seriousness, good will, or courage.

C. VANN WOODWARD is a professor of history at Johns Hopkins University. His most recent book is The Strange Career of Jim Crow.

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The Jazz Life

THE HORN. By John Clellon Holmes. Random House. 243 pp. $3.75.

Nat Hentoff

JOHN CLELLON HOLMES has written the first novel of the jazz life that is not entirely a "fan's" mirage. His story of the disintegration of Edgar Pool, a once influential saxophonist, contains insight, however limited, into some of the jazz sub-religions that have rarely appeared in print—especially not in jazz fiction.

He describes, for example, the often painful distance in attitudes and background between some of the older Negro players and the younger "educated" jazzmen, Negro and white. The young usually respect their progenitors but often cannot communicate with them on a personal, let alone musical, level. That the bewilderment and frequent bitterness is reciprocal Holmes illustrates in a brilliant if exaggerated rehearsal studio scene between a young extrovertish bandleader and the older, caustic Pool. ("Man, what a lot of *paper*!")

Holmes also writes, though on the surface, of the various roads players choose —uncompromising, lethally competitive jazz; the security and stifling calm of studio work; the musicians who prefer to remain and play in Harlem or the Negro sections of other large cities and thus avoid the further tensions of the downtown world. He touches on the social context of the Negro player's life, a subject almost never attempted in other jazz novels. His knowledge is limited, but he at least recognizes the long hours before the night and the bandstand.

This is a *roman à clef* in that, despite the customary disclaimer, Holmes has obviously given Pool several of the characteristics of Lester Young and a very few of Charlie Parker. Other characters and incidents have more shadowy correspondences with history. Pool is the most fully realized figure in the novel, and if the reasons for the depth of his bitterness and mocking outrage are not wholly clear, their existence is stingingly believable.

Holmes unfortunately does not write nearly as persuasively as he, sometimes, observes. He falls into a self-conscious straining for a national (or perhaps cosmic) affirmation that is an uncomfortable blend of Thomas Wolfe and Jack Kerouac. ("For America, as only they knew it who had wandered like furtive minnesingers across its billboard wastes to the screaming distances, turned half a man sour, hard-bitten, barren, but awakened a grieving hunger in his heart thereby.") Some of the dialogue is ludicrous, as when a group of musicians are "inventing" bop in 1944 in Los Angeles. ("'Man, what are we *doing*! . . . 'We're winking at the moon,' Wing said into his mouthpiece.") Holmes also caricatures the young "educated" players, of whom he has little understanding.

But despite such flaws, *The Horn* is an important step toward a fiction that is not wholly the dream world of an innocent buff who thinks, for example, that the jazz world is a microcosm of democracy.

NAT HENTOFF, with Nat Shapiro, is the editor of The Jazz Makers. *He is a regular contributor to* Hi-Fi & Music Review.

Earth-Sparrow

The trees in clouds of November mist
Standing empty and the massive earth bare
I bent my head and leaned myself against
Interior gales and blizzards of unrest
Bucking the squalor of November air

But checked at last and skyward with shredded
Arms ribbon-fingered lifting fear and prayer
I caught in that beseeching of the cloud
One leafless lightning-splintered oak unshroud-
ing its wreckage in the waste of the year

To whose ultimate twig with a zoom and
Skip a sparrow summitted and there burst-
ing as if the dead sap were singing leaned
I forward knowing nothing to lean on
Green as the grasslessness Lord of the earth.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

OUR TIME offers no happier example of nature taking its course than the spectacle of Gerard Philipe absorbing the luxurious ministrations of beautiful women. M. Philipe quaffs women as others quaff wine; the mere sight of him entering a drawing room is enough to make a prudent husband grasp for his honor.

Philipe is a talented and elegantly trained actor, and womanizing is not his only gift; but it is the one that director Julien Duvivier employs with entrancing results in his film adaptation of Zola's *Pot Bouille.* Assisted by Danielle Darrieux, Dany Carrel and other ladies of exigent femininity, the director and the actor demonstrate what is really meant by French farce.

The formula for this particular view of life is readily stated: sex is an easy game for ironic dilettantes; money is the hard world in which we live. A man who treats honor lightly may be a rogue, but a man who treats profit lightly is a fool; banishment from the bourgeoisie is his only prospect. Thus it is that the hero of *Pot Bouille* (translated in the ads sometimes as "The Pot Boils," sometimes as "House of Lovers"), though scarcely seeming to know from day to day whose pliant waist his arm encircles, carries in his mind an accountant's memorandum on every cuckold in his considerable acquaintance. Until at last he comes face to face with a woman whose blood quickens like his to the scent of gain—that, one sees at once, is what romantics mean by a union made in heaven.

Stripped thus to an equation, the point of view becomes bilious, but of course Duvivier does not strip it. Rather, he carries it off with a swirl of wit and style that transforms appetites into graces. He may, in fact, carry it further from the grubbiness of life than Zola intended. But the time that has passed since the story was written has been devoted so consistently to berating the middle class for the toad in its soul that a dance is now more to the point than a sermon. The season is not apt to provide a more deft, or merrier, view of endearing frailty.

IT IS not necessary to have read Edwin O'Connor's novel to recognize that the screen has taken strange liberties with *The Last Hurrah.* As adapted by Frank Nugent, directed by John Ford and played by Spencer Tracy, the history of Frank Skeffington is a resounding *non sequitur* in praise of sentimentality. Mayor Skeffington is a lovely man; indeed, he is shown to be the noblest, kindest, wisest and most long-suffering Irishman since St. Patrick himself walked this wicked earth. But despite a dazzling array of gifts and virtues, he can induce no respectable group in the whole city of Boston to support him, and in the denouement he is whipped at the polls by the most extravagantly repulsive nincompoop that Hollywood has ever run for public office.

Obviously something essential has been left out of the character and deeds of the Honorable Frank Skeffington, and I rather suspect that what was omitted was the point of the story. The art of the cinema will not willingly trample on the notoriously tender sensibilities of the Irish or the libel laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In place of an intelligible story, the proprietors of the film have set out buckets of charm and pathos, hoping that we will be so busy smiling through tears as not to notice the substitution.

It is too bad—the politician who enchants the people and euchres the public is an engrossing figure in American life and *The Last Hurrah* could have given that devil his due. Instead, Mr. Ford and his colleagues have settled for blarney.

THE HISTORY of the theatre is full of driven men, but it is more unusual to come upon a movie maker who is really seized by an idea. Therefore Ingmar Bergman's thoughtful, inventive, poetic *The Seventh Seal* can scarcely fail to impress you. Mr. Bergman is haunted by the tragedy of faith and has composed a simple, almost primitive, allegory to elucidate the agony.

His legend concerns a knight who returns to Sweden after many years spent on crusade in the Holy Land. A plague has befallen the nation and the knight himself meets the figure of death before he has been a day back in his native land. Death's mission does not dismay the tired warrior, but his quest is not ended and, to gain time, he engages his adversary in a game of chess which they carry along with them on a journey across the ravaged, hysterical and riotous land. The knight's search is pathetically simple—his heart yearns for the belief that his mind rejects. He cannot find grace, and must at the end accept death's checkmate with his thirst unslaked. But the gift of faith that is beyond his own grasp he can nevertheless recognize in a young family of roving acrobats met on the road, and he can trick death into losing track of these simple, happy people—at least for a time. There are other allegorical details that I won't go into—the tale is of the sort in which every action, gesture and sound has its weight of symbol.

Bergman has constructed his picture in a style as direct and rough as folk carving. It is honorable work and if I hold back from speaking more warmly it is because of a personal inability to respond to this kind of one-for-one allegory. Plays telling how Lust encounters Choler in the Forest of Doubt and how both are betrayed by Superstition into the hands of Death make me feel as bleak as a reveler in mufti at a masquerade ball. But those who find instruction in the animation of abstractions will decide quite correctly that *The Seventh Seal* is a solemn and beautiful example of the genre.

Memorial Inscriptions

(Veteran's Day, 1958)

1.

Streets where the moral man
Can hold death waiting:
I long to see you, pace your honored stones,
Dream on the faces of your living throngs.

2.

O face upon face of the proud and bloody dead,
All men have died with you, and none have conquered.

M. L. ROSENTHAL

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(*Continued from page 360*)

jalein Atoll. We were held there for four days, and on July 8, my wife, daughter and myself were flown to Honolulu. Ted and Nick remained on board the *Phoenix*.

We reached Honolulu at four in the morning. I was not permitted to speak to friends or to reporters who met the plane. At 8 o'clock I was taken to the Federal Building, fingerprinted, and an hour later was taken before the U. S. Commissioner. There I was told the charge against me, and served with a warrant. The usual legal machinery began ponderously to operate, and I was eventually released on bail.

IT WAS MY desire to have a mainland attorney, and I announced this plainly on the day of my arrival in Honolulu. Meanwhile, to handle the preliminary details, I engaged a local lawyer. In a court hearing, I was permitted to go to the mainland to contact legal counsel. When I returned, having made satisfactory arrangements, I instructed my local attorney to request a short postponement, so that my mainland lawyer could come to Honolulu.

The request was duly made. The judge refused to grant my extension of time. No reason was given; but the reason, as it later emerged, was very clear. The judge and the U. S. Attorney were not on speaking terms. The Attorney had agreed to a postponement. The judge, therefore, refused it. Having done so, he had to be consistent. On three further occasions, in the face of sworn affidavits and formal requests from my attorney, Joseph Rauh of Washington, the judge refused to grant an extension of time for the trial.

Consequently, a situation arose at the trial which I am told is unique in American legal history. Four days prior to the trial I had discharged my local attorney, and he had withdrawn. He had never agreed to, nor did he wish to, handle the trial, nor had I employed him for that purpose. Nevertheless, the judge refused to permit his withdrawal from the case, and forced him, over both his and my objections, to defend me.

At no time had this local attorney discussed with me the conduct of my defense, what witnesses we might call, or even whether I would take the stand in my own behalf. He was thus unable to present any defense, and the trial proceeded without any statement or evidence from the defendant. I was not permitted to address the court. After a brief session, the verdict was guilty.

Following the verdict, judicial urgency appeared to subside, and it was a month before the sentencing. On September 25, I was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and an additional eighteen months' probation. By an ironic coincidence, the date of the sentencing was the date we had earlier requested for the trial, as it was the earliest time at which my attorney could be present to defend me.

WHILE WE prepare for the appeal, I am free under bond. Meanwhile, what has happened to the *Phoenix*, stranded on a coral atoll, over two thousand miles away, with Ted and Nick aboard?

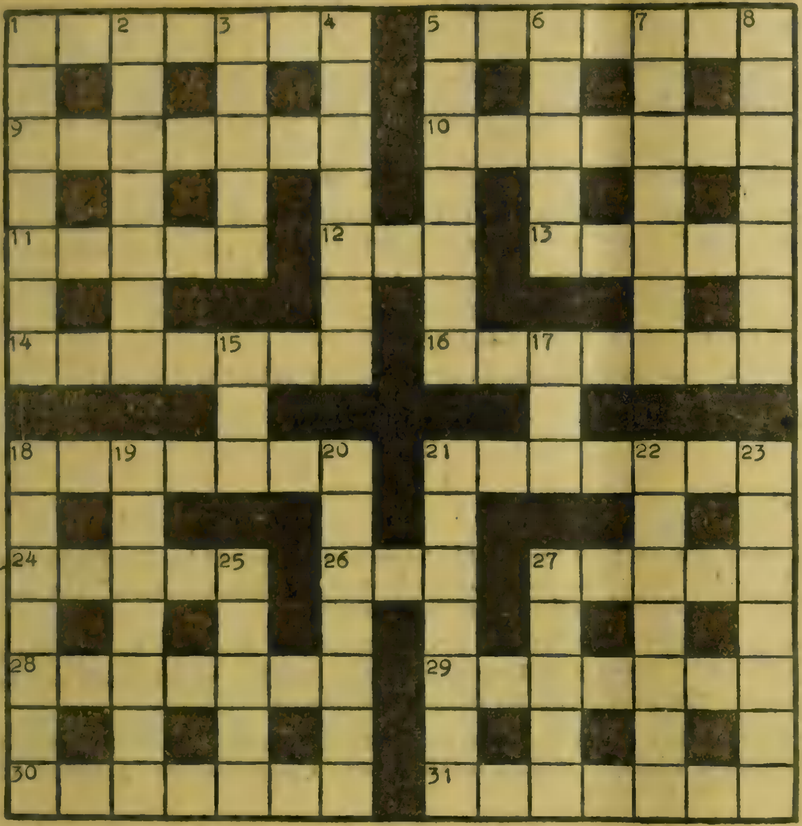
Immediately upon being brought back to Honolulu, I had requested permission to return to Kwajalein to bring back my ship. Permission was refused. Then followed weeks of fruitless negotiating, culminating at last in the permission for my wife to return to the atoll. Accordingly, on August 15, the *Phoenix* sailed on the long beat back to Honolulu, a route which, because of adverse winds and currents, would be over 4,000 miles.

As I write this, the *Phoenix*, with only Barbara, Ted and Nick Mikami aboard, are fifty-six days out. Since their departure they have not been heard from. The last word we have is a note, written by Barbara on the day the *Phoenix* left Kwajalein:

> . . . My thoughts will be back in Honolulu fighting by your side. Don't let anything make you doubt the worth of what we've undertaken, no matter how futile it may seem at times. To fight for something we know is right is so infinitely better than to evade or ignore or compromise with it—and I know that whatever the outcome, we will always be proud that we have done the best we could.
>
> BARBARA

Crossword Puzzle No. 794

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Mr. Timberlane and Miss Gardner might be either bitter or sweet. (7)
5 The manner of a show-backer? (7)
9 Something one might complain about in metal. (7)
10 His rake is bent and comparatively unsteady. (7)
11, 12, and 26 The large container over there was cut out very slowly. (5,6)
13 9, with the main part removed. (5)
14 Can be classified as a nuisance well ended. (7)
16 Coat or illustration thereof? (7)
18 What a spinner does. (7)
21 and 27 down Looking at the mule on the canal path? (The structure is super!) (7,5)
24 The farthest or nearest point from the center of attraction. (5)
26 See 11
27 Blake's burner. (5)
28 He wrote "The Kreutzer Sonata." (7)
29 Ravel, by another name. (7)
30 The act ends with something of [illegible] strain. (7)
31 Too much of a swell to fasten back. (7)

DOWN:

1 John's head bearer. (7)
2 Jumping? (No wonder, since the sailor has an insect on him!) (7)
3 This certainly could be named better! (5)
4 The one of three, to make it clear! (7)
5 Might be an ingredient of [illegible] good murder mystery. (7)
6 The land of Accra. (5)
7 Richard was in battle, like an egg on the ground. (4,3)
8 Herb takes the automobile far off. (7)
15 and 17 It might keep your collar down—however, not up. (6)
18 Vouchsafed. (7)
19 Hides your shoes—and it's not the first time! (7)
20 Adviser for pen-tabulations? (7)
21 Agrees to make an examination of the pound. (7)
22 27 across, when confused with an example of 4, isn't very thankful. (7)
23 16, in one sense. (7)
25 The base of Baranof. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 793

ACROSS: 1 and 7 down Hunting knife; 5 Cracker; 9 Morel; 10 Extortion; 11 Overmatch; 12 Breve; 13, 21, 24 and 22 Knights of the Round Table; 15 Retorts; 17 General; 19 Recover; 23 Restricts; 25 Debauches; 26 Urban; 27 Gleaned; 28 Saddens. DOWN: 1 Hemlock; 2 Norwegian; 3 Islam; 4 Ghettos; 5 Catcher; 6 Acrobatic; 8 Runners; 14 Harlequin; 16 Revocable; 17 Good dog; 18 Lurched; 19 Resists; 20 Resents.

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About Arthur F. Coca, M.D.

Dr. Coca is one of the world's leading allergy specialists. He is Honorary President of the American Association of Immunologists. For 17 years he was Medical Director of Lederle Laboratories. He taught at the Post Graduate Medical School of Columbia University, was a Professor of Immunology at Cornell, has written extensively for medical journals throughout the world. The findings in "The Pulse Test" were first presented to the medical profession in a technical monograph, "Familial Non-reaginic Food Allergy." This book is in its third printing and we can supply copies at $10.50.

THE
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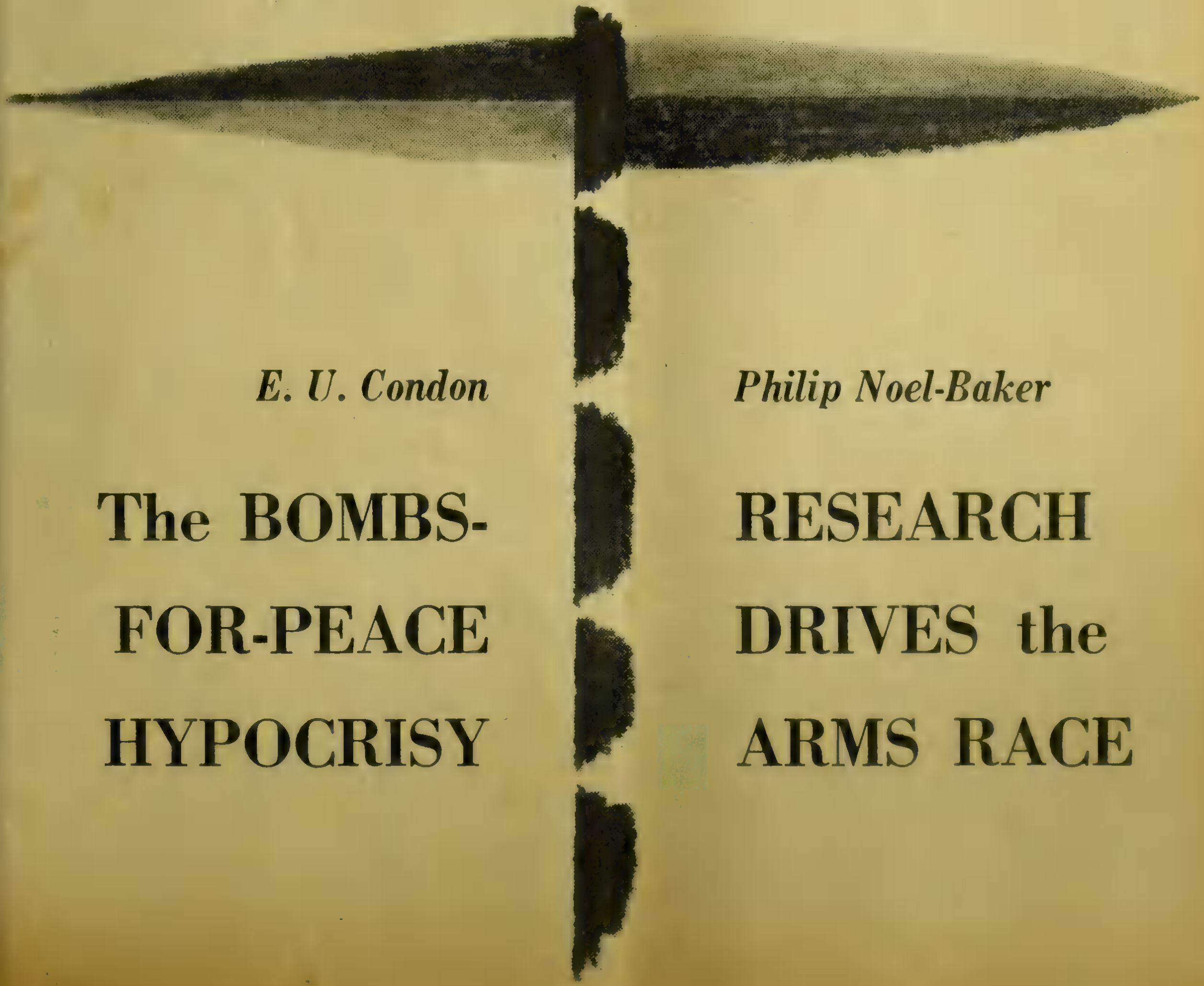
NOVEMBER 22, 1958 . . 25c

LOST CLASS OF '59

Dan Wakefield



E. U. Condon

The BOMBS-FOR-PEACE HYPOCRISY

Philip Noel-Baker

RESEARCH DRIVES the ARMS RACE

LETTERS

Fall Book Issue

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on your Fall Book issue [November 1]. The pieces by Wolfe, Waldmeir, Stevenson and Mahoney were as literate, meaningful and, in their own way, engaged as anything being written today. This one issue is worth the price of the subscription. But since letters to the editor require a gripe or two, here's mine. . . .

Mark Harris' over-protesting defense of the academic anemic did not convince me. . . . Isn't it possible that XYZ *and* Harris, one by fleeing outward and one by staying indoors, are both trying to avoid the ugly realities of our time? Since Harris has taken care of XYZ, let me say a word about Harris' dream world.

The university offers a comfortable life where a person who likes words can play little games and show his colleagues how dashing and versatile he is by getting an occasional piece of this stuff published. How sweet. Did it occur to Harris that college is great for the kids, but that intellectuals who have something to say—and here we may exclude the majority of our novelists—should be where things are happening? I'm astonished at how closely the Academia described by Harris resembles the Crystal Palace of industry so well described in these pages ["Life in the Crystal Palace," by Alan Harrington, January 11, 1958]. If this is living, embalm me now.

J. Treires

Arlington, Virginia

Dear Sirs: I should like to add a few words to M. L. Rosenthal's outstanding essay on new tendencies in American poetry which appeared in your Fall Book number. What Mr. Rosenthal has to say about the "Olson group" and the other young poets who are off the beaten academic track is valuable and timely. I was distressed, however, that he mentioned by name only one of the outside-New York publishers who have been presenting many of these interesting new poets. Jonathan Williams of Highlands, North Carolina, who launched the "Olson group" in his beautifully printed "Jargon" editions, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti of the City Lights Bookshop in San Francisco, with his effective, low-priced "Pocket Poets Series," have been making, I feel, a distinguished contribution to our cultural scene.

James Laughlin

Norfolk, Conn.

In Praise of the FBI

Dear Sirs: I cannot regard Fred J. Cook's study ["The FBI," October 18] as objective. His approach seems to me partisan and, so far as I am concerned, discredits his conclusions. No doubt Mr. J. Edgar Hoover has gone off the deep end on occasion. Who hasn't? It is nevertheless my conviction that he has deserved well of the American people. If he seeks to influence policy, which is none of his business (as I have no doubt he would agree), let him be rebuked; but let it not be done in the spirit of a tar-and-feather expedition.

My own impression is that the FBI is a first-rate law-enforcement agency. How it compares with Scotland Yard I have no means of knowing; but it is, in my opinion, immeasurably better than the typical American police force.

It is sad but true, unless I am mistaken, that liberals are apt to forget the dependence of civil liberties on effective law enforcement. From what I know, it seems evident that the FBI makes a conscientious effort to respect the Bill of Rights and to conform to the law of the land, even when Mr. Hoover wishes it were otherwise.

Joseph O'Meara
Dean, Notre Dame Law School

Notre Dame, Ind.

Any Resemblance Is Purely Accidental

Dear Sirs: But Miss Merriam's manner of writing ["The Matriarchal Myth," by Eve Merriam, issue of Nov. 8] certainly gives the impression of a would-be matriarch on the rampage. The Osborn drawing seemed a portrait of the author and the little man to be the editor of *The Nation* or even

Yours truly,
Eric Bentley

New York City

Dear Sirs: I wholeheartedly agree with Eve Merriam. In these days of conformity and the bland society, it is a pleasure to read so forthright a statement.

As an instructor in one of the colleges in the New York City area, I can readily agree with her grouping of universities with Madison Avenue and the giant corporations. The very quality that leads individuals to enter teaching careers is methodically squelched by boards of trustees, corporations, and all manner of political St. Georges eager to rescue us from ourselves and from non-existing menaces.

Until intellectuals begin to question the direction in which we are headed, there is not much hope for remedying our obviously odious situation.

Gerald Aubrey

New York City

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Germany in Disequilibrium

As with most opening Soviet diplomatic gambits, Nikita Khrushchev's latest demand — for an end to the Big Four occupation of Berlin — is difficult to assess; the full meaning and thrust of the proposal will not be apparent for some time. But it is not difficult to define the situation from which it stems. Today West Germany and the USSR share (although from opposite viewpoints) a deep concern over the course of events in East Germany. In each case the primary cause for concern is the same, namely, the great trek from East Germany to West Germany. Since 1949, over three million East Germans have found refuge in the Federal Republic and the end is not yet in sight. Indeed, recent months have shown a sharp upsurge in the number of refugees. In a frantic effort to check the exodus, the East Germans have tightened restrictions on all types of travel and communications between the two zones; permits to change domicile to the Federal Republic, for instance, have now been restricted to the sick and the aged. For various reasons, the new restrictions bear most heavily on East German doctors, educators and technicians — precisely those vocational groups most sorely needed and most difficult to replace; these groups have been increasing as a percentage of total refugees.

But in the long run, East Germany's loss of industrial workers may be even more serious. To its consternation, the East German regime has discovered that the excess of live births over deaths is not enough to balance the outflow of refugees. It has also discovered that the working population will have dropped by 250,000 by the end of the third Five Year plan in 1965. "What is truly alarming," one West German paper noted recently, "is not the increase in the flow of refugees from Eastern Germany, but its steady persistence. This is a problem without end, without solution." Noting the vacuum that is being created in East Germany, the Bonn authorities can hardly fail to conclude that if the exodus continues the Russians may be tempted, at some point, to replace refugees with "colonists." The increasing restrictions on travel, moreover, have stepped up popular pressure in West Germany for unification. West Germans fear, and with reason, that they are losing all normal contact with East German friends and relatives.

Several meanings are implicit in this turn of events. For one thing, Khrushchev is leading from weakness, not strength, in his latest demand. The Soviets see and fear the consequences of the continuing mass migration; it is creating a dangerous vacuum as well as discrediting the East German regime. At the same time, the parade of East Germans across the border from the Eastern zone has turned into a dusty triumph for the Bonn regime. A tide of migration has been set in motion that threatens to drain East Germany of manpower to a degree that endangers the stability of the regime. In a power struggle, vacuums can be dangerous. A collapse in East Germany might multiply the dangers implicit in the German situation. And it is in Germany, not in the Far East (where the guns still boom every day) or in the Middle East (where palace revolutions are plotted every other weekend) that the risks of war are greatest. Whether Mr. Khrushchev is serious or not about his latest demand, it should serve to remind the West that the precarious equilibrium which has prevailed in Germany since 1945 is being disturbed by a shift in population for which, in varying degrees, both sides in the cold war are responsible.

Sunbeam

Among the contributions of the military mind to the health, wealth and happiness of mankind is the World War II practice of tagging the most bloody operations with the most pleasant and inspiring names. Following this custom, the code name "Sunbeam" was applied to a recent exercise in which American nuclear bombers were sent over Britain in waves and the British Fighter Command rose to meet them. The British Air Ministry described conditions as "reasonably representative of what might be expected in the initial stages of global nuclear war." Later, "Fighter Command were very satisfied with the way things went" — the percentage of interceptions being high, and a noticeable improvement over previous exercises. Nevertheless "a proportion" of the hostile bombers got through. Fighter Command, moreover, limited its mission to the defense of bomber bases on British soil, leaving cities to the good will of the attackers. The Air Ministry spokesman was not too optimistic when it was all over. He thought there probably would have been some of Britain left if the bombers had been real enemies. Asked about missiles, he said, "That's another story, isn't it?"

Following "Sunbeam," the British appear to be having one of their recurrent sinking spells at the prospect of nuclear warfare. Of course there is always Mr. Dulles' old stand-by, "massive retaliation," with its twin, "deterrence." But in Britain only the Government remains heartily in favor of these gadgets, and even the London *Times* complains that under the most favorable conditions casualties would run into the millions. "Deterrence is no longer a rational policy," it concludes. It's too much like warning someone who is in a position to throw you off the roof of a skyscraper that you will try to shoot him on your way down. Nor does the *Times* hold out much hope that Britain would invite its own extinction in support of its NATO allies, any more than it believes that the United States would risk engaging in global nuclear war to deter aggression that did not directly involve American territory.

Under these lugubrious circumstances, the doctrines of Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall are attracting more serious attention than in the past. King-Hall argues that the correct policy for Great Britain is to "abandon the use of nuclear energy for military purposes," if necessary, unilaterally. Last month he spoke in favor of this policy before the Oxford Union. A packed house debated from 8:30 in the evening to midnight and the motion was lost — by 291 votes to 290. "The supporters of the radical change in our defense policy," Sir Stephen comments, ". . . were very pleased with this remarkable result." It is a result remarkable enough to warrant notice by our State Department as well as the British Foreign Office.

Election Postscript

The magnitude of the Democratic landslide has diverted public attention from what could prove to be the most significant Democratic victory in this year's election — William H. Meyer's triumph in Vermont. Everyone was a bit stunned by the fact that Vermont voters, while retaining Republican officials in the other key positions, had decided to send a Democrat to Congress for the first time in a century. But in the post-election hubbub, it remained for two Dartmouth College professors, in a short communiqué tucked away in the letters column of *The New York Times*, to point up the real significance of the Vermont vote. "You have posed the question," they wrote, "Why did Meyer win? Is it not clear that he won the admiration and votes of independent Vermonters by honestly favoring the admission of Red China to the United Nations and an end to atomic tests, and by insisting upon the duty of Americans to lead the world toward disarmament and peace?" In a word, here was a man who, without much in the way of organized support and with very little money, won election on a program which included support for the supposedly kiss-of-death proposition that China should be admitted to the United Nations. The results confirm a theory that we have harbored for some time, namely, that on such issues as peace, disarmament and recognition of Red China, the politicians of both parties are at least two Congressional elections behind the voters.

Good Brief

Attorney General William P. Rogers, in a personally signed Justice Department brief filed with the Federal Communications Commission, has made a recommendation which, if adopted and upheld in the courts, will have far-reaching effects on the conduct of the administrative agencies which play such a large part in the American economy. The instant case is the notorious Miami television Channel 10. Originally there were four applications for this valuable license to entertain, instruct and, above all, advertise. After years of hearings, the FCC gave the outlet to one of the applicants, a subsidiary of National Airlines, which is now operating it. Subsequently it turned out that the incumbent, as well as two other applicants, had engaged in approaches, *ex parte* and possibly corrupt, to some of the commissioners. Attorney General Rogers proposes that all three be disqualified, and that in future proceedings before the FCC or other regulatory agencies, petitioners who approach any official secretly shall automatically be disqualified.

In briefs filed with the commission, all the surviving applicants — the principal in the fourth case died — inveighed harshly against their competitors, but declared that they themselves were innocent of wrongdoing. One applicant, through his counsel, a former FCC chairman, agreed that the rule might be a good one for the future, but argued that if it was to be applied to past proceedings a wholesale reorganization of the broadcast and television industry would appear to be in prospect, since more or less overt forms of influence peddling has been the rule rather than the exception.

The Nation would be sorry to see the industry thrown into confusion, although by far the greater part of it is contributing little to American culture except rhapsodic praise of this or that brand of beer or cigarettes. Nevertheless, the proposed rule seems to be a good one. It would at least set up a standard, so that officials of regulatory agencies would know what was expected of them. In the past, many have apparently discovered no impropriety in listening to private persuasion by one party or another, nor have go-betweens been lacking to bring commissioners and petitioners together. A special vice of this private lobbying is that neither the public nor the losers — and there are always losers in these proceedings — are ever fully aware of it. Like the submerged portion of an iceberg, most influence peddling is never apparent. Despite many warnings and much evidence of malfeasance, the commissioners have failed to adopt rules which would establish proper standards of behavior. They cannot complain, therefore, if the Attorney General in effect imposes such rules upon them.

As for retroactive application, most of those involved in the Miami case are lawyers or petitioners who have been well supplied with legal counsel: they knew the maneuvers were improper, and their only excuse is that everybody was doing it. The rule proposed by Mr. Rogers is firm and simple and, if adopted, it would restore a measure of public confidence in the regulatory agencies.

Rule of Thumb in the Border States

The Nation does not make a practice of offering unsolicited advice to the Republican Party, but one suggestion we would like to pass along to Mr. Alcorn and his colleagues, for otherwise it may not be brought to their attention. Dr. Charles G. Gomillion of Tuskegee Institute, in a paper presented at the National Lawyers Guild convention (November 7-10), touched upon a neglected aspect of the failure of Negroes to register or vote, in states such as Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and Kentucky, in numbers that would more closely approximate their potential voting strength. The problem here is not one of direct intimidation, but of lack of choice at the voting booth. When border-state Negroes vote — no matter which way — they are likely to help the Southern Democrats retain the chairmanships of the standing committees of Congress, which is certainly not in the Negroes' interest. For the Republican Party has yet to be convinced that, in this area, it should sponsor candidates who would lend their support to the notion that Negroes should be encouraged to vote in the Deep South and who would strongly espouse civil rights. The consequence is that Negro voters are forced to invoke an ingenious rule-of-thumb in choosing between two undesirable candidates. According to Dr. Gomillion the rule is this: vote against the incumbent, if he is a candidate, or against the older candidate, or against the one who comes from a rural area—all on the shrewd assumption that candidates who are incumbents, elderly and from rural districts are even less desirable than those who are not. A good rule, no doubt; but somehow a better alternative should be offered if only to encourage Negro registration. Let the Republican Party sponsor candidates, some of whom might be Negroes, who will make it clear that, on civil rights at least, Negro voters are being offered a real choice.

Life Had Better Be Beautiful

Ben Hecht, the noted scrivener of stage, screen, radio, magazines and books, has recently got himself a regular spot on WABC-TV (10:50-11:15 P.M. EST) in which he acts as well as writes. If he were not a better writer than an actor, Mr. Hecht would have starved instead of growing rich: his prosperity is a testimony to his ability. Another reason his show is entertaining is his congenital irreverence. But even Mr. Hecht can go only so far, or they yank him off the air. On Friday, November 7, he wasn't yanked; he never went on.

Mr. Hecht had collected eight Bowery derelicts for a video broadcast, "Obit to a Nobody," rehearsed them for four hours in a kind of "This is Your Life" format, impressed on them that TV does not allow quite as much freedom of speech as the Bowery and, by all indications, was ready to go on with an unusual and perhaps moving show — at any rate, not the usual TV fare. The network's ostensible reason for canceling the program was the fear that someone might, despite the precautions that had been taken, say "hell," "damn" or something even more shocking. Probably the network actually believes this, but the chances are that the underlying causes lie deeper. It is a rule in American advertising that all women are young and beautiful and all men virile, and life is just one long sequence of joyful activity. No one in an ad is ever seen without a smile on his face unless he is falling off a ladder for an insurance company. Mr. Hecht was suggesting that there is also failure, despair, poverty and death. He broke a cardinal rule, he was condignly punished, and we hope he has learned his lesson. Who does he think he is — Maxim Gorki?

No. 1 College Problem

Every generation of college editors has its own topic for reiterated comment and advice. Once the almost universal theme was over-emphasis on athletics, principally football; other subjects of only slightly less general concern were fraternity hazing and compulsory chapel. Today the dominant — the obsessive — theme is "parking on campus."

In the few weeks since the opening of school this fall, college editorial writers straight across the country have viewed the parking problem and found it alarming. A survey at Indiana University tags "the driving and parking problem" as "the most outstanding . . . of all the problems which our colleges and universities inherited after World War II." This generation of college students may be "silent," "careful" and "apathetic" about most issues, but mention parking and the talk turns torrid. Tempers are rising, bumpers are clashing, and relations between town and gown are at the breaking point. L. H. Csanyi, Professor of Civil Engineering at the State University of Iowa, has studied the problem nationally and reports that "nearly every college and university in the U.S." is faced with it and that no easy solution is in sight. We know of one university (Oberlin) where there is no parking problem, because there are no cars. But this is not a solution; it is an evasion of the fact, obvious to any clear-eyed observer, that as long as cars are available, a student without one is as great an anomaly as a housewife without a detergent.

Our own suggestion is to raze all engineering schools to make way for parking areas. After that, time will cure the problem: no engineering schools, no engineers; no engineers, no cars; no cars, no parking problem — for students or anyone else.

Discrimination in Housing

The Fund for the Republic recently provided $400,000 for the work of a group of distinguished citizens as members of a private Commission on Race and Housing. The commission's findings are that 27,000,000 Americans — nearly one-sixth of the population of the United States — are restricted in opportunities to live in neighborhoods of their choice. Of course, many citizens cannot live where they would like because they can't pay for the house or apartment, but these 27,000,000 are barred because they lack, not the money, but the right color of skin, which is of course white. Most of them are Negroes, but Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and Orientals suffer under the same disability. And of course Jews, although white, are often barred: they are not white enough.

The present focus is on discrimination in education, but discrimination in housing, which the North shares with the South, is probably nearly as burdensome to the victims. Moreover, residential segregation leads directly to segregation in schools, churches, hospitals, places of public recreation, and wherever human beings can be separated. The question, the commission points out, is not solely a moral one. The housing industry is hampered by ethnic restrictions and builders, brokers and suppliers are deprived of markets. Many acquiesce in the restrictions only for fear of community disapproval. The commission appeals to real estate, mortgage financing, public relations, legal research and similar groups to support a free housing market, which does not now exist. It calls on President Eisenhower to appoint a committee to draw up a program for the prompt elimination of racial discrimination in federal housing and urban-renewal projects.

The commission has done an altogether excellent job and its members, and the Fund for the Republic, have earned the thanks of the country. They have also earned the right to be taken seriously, and not to have their report ignored as merely one more scroll of good intentions. They point out that segregation vitiates American appeals to the "uncommitted" peoples of Asia and Africa. Of course it does, but we don't owe it to communism to eliminate segregation. We owe it to ourselves.

LOST CLASS OF '59 . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Norfolk, Virginia

THE LARCHMONT Baptist church in Norfolk, a three-story brick structure with stained glass windows of modest conception, is a picture of placid, middle-class, urban life. Around it sit small, neat homes on trim, leaf-raked yards; above its door is the inscription: "To teach and preach the Lord Jesus Christ." But inside are 120 youngsters who are being taught algebra, history and English. Last week Mrs. Atwood G. Abbitt, a plump, attractive lady with a pleasant smile, who in happier times is a junior high school student adviser, sat in one of the church's small rooms below a map of the Holy Land and explained the situation that had brought her here: "It's like the irresistible force meeting the immovable object."

The irresistible force is equal rights for the Negro, the immovable object is the South's long tradition of racial segregation, and Mrs. Atwood Abbitt, along with the 120 students in the church and, indeed, the entire 290,000 citizens of Norfolk, are caught in the head-on collision. For six weeks the 10,000 students of the six junior and senior high schools of the city have been locked out of classrooms shut down by Virginia's laws of "massive resistance" to desegregation, brought into force here this fall when the local school board accepted seventeen Negro students for entry into the formerly all-white schools. The same laws have shut out 3,000 other Virginia students in Charlottesville and Warren County,

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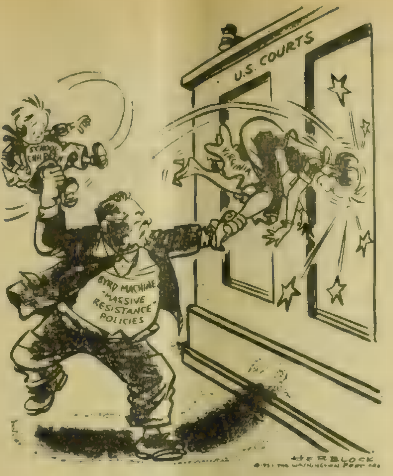
DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

but Norfolk is the hardest hit—and has, in turn, hit back the hardest of any of the affected areas. The battle is still at a stalemate—though the lives of the people it affects are not; and however the conflict is finally resolved, the losses to the individuals concerned are already enormous. The teachers at the Baptist church who have volunteered to tutor 120 students cannot speak of what is happening without speaking of what has been lost.

"We live," Mrs. Abbitt explained, "from day to day. Every day we pick up the paper to see what will happen next. But the sad part is that even if schools were to open tomorrow, we'll have lost a good many of our students. There are at least 3,000 gone, and we don't know where they are. Some of them have moved and not told anyone. I met a boy on the street the other day—he used to be one of my traffic patrol captains—a fine boy. He'd moved over to Hampton to go to school, and I hadn't even known. Of course he'll finish, but he won't have any chance for a scholarship now, and that means he won't get to college."

THE students who would have been seniors in Norfolk's public schools this year are now referred to as "The Lost Class of '59"—perhaps the first generation ever to be branded "lost" as the result of a state law. A survey of what has happened to them appeared in the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, which said that "just under half" of the 1,037 Norfolk seniors may not be back, even if schools open this year. Some have gotten jobs, some have gotten married, some have joined the service, some have just "drifted."

The loss is felt perhaps most deeply (because it is understood most deeply) by Norfolk's teachers, most of whom, though they will remain on the state payroll till June, have volunteered to teach in the makeshift tutoring classes either for no pay or for just enough to meet expenses. Mrs. Abbitt, who supervises the classes in the Baptist church tutoring group, led her visitor up the narrow halls to meet "one of our outstanding teachers," who was once the college adviser of Granby High.


U.S. COURTS
SCHOOL CHILDREN
VIRGINIA
BYRD MACHINE "MASSIVE RESISTANCE" POLICIES
HERBLOCK
©1958 THE WASHINGTON POST CO.

"We'll Show Those Fellows!"

Out of a Sunday school room jammed with students came Miss Ellen Blake, a tall, gray-haired lady who leaned forward to speak with a sharp and angry conviction.

"I can tell you this—Granby sends 60-80 per cent of its graduates on to college, but it isn't just by accident. Some of it is a result of 'selling,' and helping with scholarships and proper guidance. Now, parents who are college graduates are still doing all they can to get their children to college and I'm writing letters and trying to help. But what I'm worried about is the little girl whose mother was a hairdresser, say, and who wouldn't have thought of going to college unless she had the proper encouragement. She's lost. And even the others will have trouble getting in. I've been in contact with college-entrance people, and ones I know say they'll take students I've had in these tutoring classes if I recommend them, but you see, it's largely going to depend on personal relationships. Some students will just be out of luck."

Miss Blake mentioned that the annual "College Night" activities in which representatives from different colleges came to the city to talk to seniors would not be held this year. Although the teachers were offered the use of the building to hold it, they decided not to.

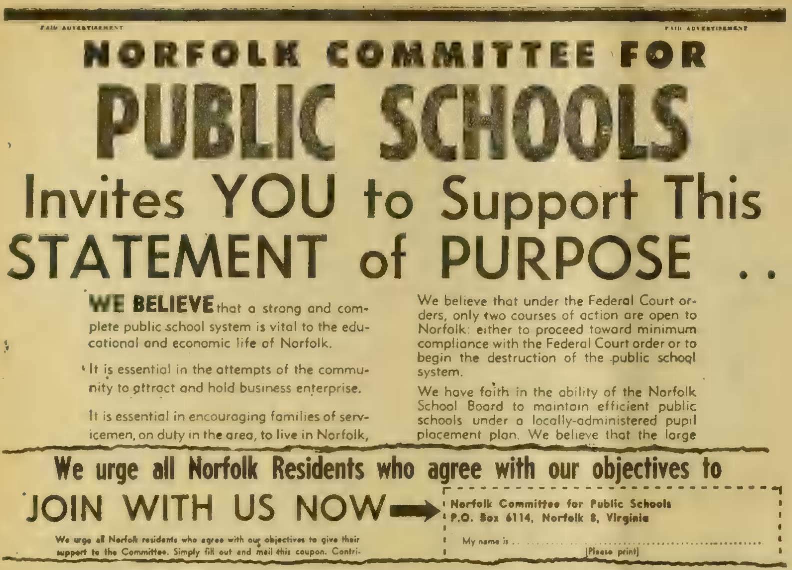
"We can use the building for meetings," Miss Blake said, "for PTA, for bird-watching, for the garden club, for anything but teaching. Well, if we can't use it for teaching we don't want to use it for anything. We are very *irked*."

The teachers not only of Norfolk but all Virginia expressed their displeasure a few weeks ago when, at a state-wide meeting of the Virginia Education Association, they voted by a majority of four to one in favor of opening the schools, even if this meant integration. As one of the Norfolk teachers explained the vote, "There was a real unity among us all—but don't misunderstand. We weren't voting for integration; we were voting for public education."

THIS IS WHAT the issue has now come down to, and the teachers are in the front ranks of citizens demanding continuance of public schools. Their stand has brought their "loyalty" into question by state officials. Lieutenant Governor A. E. S. Stephens told the Virginia Education Association convention that ". . . When you pick up the papers and see that a large proportion of teachers have voted not to participate in the private-school movement, you ask yourself 'Where is their loyalty?' "

Actually, the teachers of Norfolk have pitched in wholeheartedly to run the temporary tutoring classes like the one at the Baptist church. An estimated 3,000 students are attending classes in churches and homes throughout the city. What the teachers refused to take part in was the Tidewater Educational Foundation, a private-school system begun by leaders of the Defenders of States Rights and Individual Sovereignty (Virginia's version of the White Citizens Councils) which had originally conceived a full-scale private-school plan to handle more than 5,000 students on a permanent basis. The lawyer of the teachers' organization warned them that they would be breaking their contract with the state if they taught in that school, and none went into it. As a result, the plan has dwindled to accommodations for about 250 students. Another estimated 500 pupils are attending schools outside Norfolk and 940 are enrolled in adult night classes in South Norfolk.

The protest of these teachers can of course be seen in part as a "special



PAID ADVERTISEMENT

PAID ADVERTISEMENT

NORFOLK COMMITTEE FOR

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Invites YOU to Support This STATEMENT of PURPOSE . .

WE BELIEVE that a strong and complete public school system is vital to the educational and economic life of Norfolk.

It is essential in the attempts of the community to attract and hold business enterprise.

It is essential in encouraging families of servicemen, on duty in the area, to live in Norfolk,

We believe that under the Federal Court orders, only two courses of action are open to Norfolk: either to proceed toward minimum compliance with the Federal Court order or to begin the destruction of the public school system.

We have faith in the ability of the Norfolk School Board to maintain efficient public schools under a locally-administered pupil placement plan. We believe that the large

We urge all Norfolk Residents who agree with our objectives to

JOIN WITH US NOW

We urge all Norfolk residents who agree with our objectives to give their support to the Committee. Simply fill out and mail this coupon. Contri-

Norfolk Committee for Public Schools
P.O. Box 6114, Norfolk 8, Virginia

My name is . . . .
(Please print)

Scores of citizens signed this appeal for the reopening of Norfolk's schools—with integration. It appeared as a full-page ad in the Virginian-Pilot *of Sept. 24.*

interest" lobby, since they are concerned with their jobs and long-worked-for pensions. Some have already taken other jobs, and education students are wondering whether to risk going into teaching now. One teacher at the Baptist church group told about her niece, who had just graduated and was supposed to teach Home Economics in a Norfolk high school this fall, but now was getting restless: "I talked to her just the other day, and she told me, 'Aunt Lizzie, come spring, if nothing has happened, I'm going into an industry job.' "

BUT there is more than just personal welfare that is motivating most of the teachers, and it is easy to recognize in talking with them. It is a belief in and love of their work and what it means. Many of them strongly believe that integration will be harmful. As is often stated, segregation is "a way of life," but as Norfolk now is learning, teaching is a way of life too, and its values have won out in the teachers' vote—"not for integration, but for public education." I do not have any idea how much, if at all, the presence of Negroes in her class is going to disturb Miss Ellen Blake; but I know that not getting the hairdresser's daughter into college is going to disturb her a lot. As many citizens of Norfolk have said in the past weeks: "We are learning to appreciate our teachers."

Unlike Little Rock, where only the ministers, *The Arkansas Gazette*, and the Women's Committee to Open Our Public Schools have spoken up for public education, in Norfolk not only the teachers but a whole range of community leaders and organizations have come forward in public to demand that the schools be opened in compliance with the federal law. Prominent businessmen, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, sixty Protestant ministers, students of the closed schools and thousands of individuals who signed their names to full-page newspaper ads have asked that schools be opened. When this rash of protest appeared immediately after the schools were closed on September 27, the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, which has opposed the massive-resistance laws from their inception, editorialized that

> . . . The new voices in the school-closed communities must be heard. And they must be answered with truths. The cliché that states' rights must be won now or lost forever is not the truth. The shibboleth that the Supreme Court's order may be legally ignored is not the truth. The myth that Virginia is in contest with alien forces is not the truth. The truth is that Virginia can open all the schools, and cannot with justice and good sense keep them closed. Virginia and its children need their schools.

But Virginia's political leaders have so far remained mute in answer to the need. The Rev. James Brewer of the Norfolk Unitarian church led a delegation from the Committee for Public Schools to Richmond with a petition signed by 6,190 Norfolk citizens asking that Governor Almond return the schools from state control to local operation on a desegregated basis. The state's massive-resistance laws, passed in special sessions of the state legislature in 1956 and 1958, provide that the Governor close and take over any desegregated public school. There is, however, an "escape clause" which says that if both the school board and the city council of a community ask to have the schools returned to be operated locally on a desegregated basis (and without state aid), the Governor may turn them over to the community. The first "catch" in the clause is, of course, state aid, which varies in Virginia from 17-88 per cent of local school budgets. In Norfolk it is approximately 20 per cent, or close to $2,500,000, and each Norfolk pupil would have to pay roughly $60 a year to make it up. The second "catch" in the escape clause is that the law says the Governor *may* return the schools to the community under the stated conditions. The members of the Committee for Public Schools who visited with Governor Almond came away with the impression that he wouldn't give back the schools even if the Norfolk school board and city council made the request.

The Norfolk city council, unlike the school board, has not yet been willing to make the request. Many of the councilmen are said to be strong segregationists, and even beyond those considerations is the matter of staying in favor with the electorate. To keep on solid ground in that respect, the council ordered a special "informative" referendum for November 18, quite similar to the one Governor Orval Faubus ordered in Little Rock.

The *Virginian-Pilot* attacked the

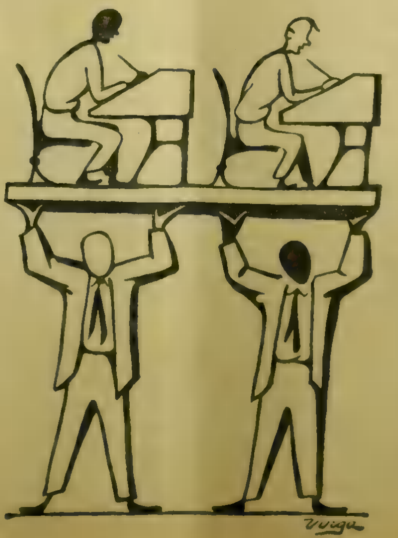
referendum plan on grounds that it wasn't legally binding, and also that four suits testing the constitutionality of the school-closing law are now in the courts and will be argued within a week after the referendum. The most important of the suits is a test case arranged by the state to go before the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals on November 24. It is the hope of those citizens who want the schools to open that the Virginia court, rather than the federal court, will rule the massive-resistance laws unconstitutional, thus relieving the decision from charges of "federal" or "alien" intervention. In the meantime, some members of the Committee for Public Schools filed an injunction against the referendum, holding that it was not binding, not legal and would cost $6,000. The injunction has been denied.

NONE OF THE partisans on either side was paying much attention to the referendum, since the segregationists feel sure of victory and the people who want the schools opened are sure that the referendum can make no difference in the final outcome anyway. The segregationists are on solid ground, though not as solid as a few months ago. A fascinating indication of the effect of school closing was reflected in the voting for Senator Byrd's re-election.

Byrd won, as is his habit, by 70 per cent of the vote, but his protest opponent on the massive-resistance issue, Dr. Louise O. Wensel, polled her greatest strength in communities where schools had been closed. Without an organization, Dr. Wensel, a complete unknown, drew more than 100,000 votes as an independent candidate for the Senatorial seat. Proportionately, her vote was consistently highest in communities where the most children are out of school. In Mecklenburg County, for instance, in the southern, most deeply segregationist part of the state, where no schools have yet been closed, she drew only 347 votes against 3,399 for Byrd. In Charlottesville, where more than 1,000 children are out of school, she had 1,401 votes while Byrd had 2,690; and in Norfolk, where 10,000 children are out of school, she polled 8,720 and Byrd drew 13,231.

In Norfolk, the voting cannot reflect the feeling of the whole community because of the peculiar situation of the Navy personnel. Roughly 40-50,000 Navy men who are married and have families live in Norfolk, some for only a few years, some on a long-term basis, but only a tiny minority of them are registered to vote here. State law says that all voters must pay personal state-income tax, and few Navy men are willing to pay the price especially since the right to vote locally seems not especially important in ordinary times. The Navy is, of course, concerned with the school situation because of its personnel, but feels it can take no official action. Officers sent here in the past few years have been warned in advance that the public schools might not be available for their children, and are told they will have to deal with the problem as individuals. The Navy cannot officially instruct the officers on this, but has intimated that where families include school-age children and the assignment to Norfolk is temporary, it might be wisest to leave the families behind. Although the situation has caused immense strain for the Navy, with a flood of complaints and problems to the chaplain's office, the Navy feels it cannot permit school considerations to take precedence over military considerations.

Another hidden source of Norfolk voting strength lies in the Negro community. Negroes make up 27 per cent of the city population, but at present only 9,500 are registered to vote. R. D. Robertson, president of the local NAACP chapter, says there are 15,000 more potential Negro voters.



Mr. Robertson says that the NAACP is, of course, constantly working on getting out the Negro vote, and that since the school crisis the job has been much easier. Robertson is a tall, ramrod-straight man who is a business agent for a local of the Amalgamated Meatpackers Union. He sat straight in an easy chair of his house in the winding streets of Norfolk's Negro ghetto last week and told his visitor that "We're not making any noise here —you won't see any 'statements' from the Norfolk NAACP chapter. We're just keeping quiet and going through the courts. We're staying in the courts. We're just going to wait till law and order prevail."

R. D. ROBERTSON waits, as he has waited all his life, and his children wait too, but time is getting short. Political reporters in Virginia are already predicting a special session of the legislature in January to revise the massive-resistance laws. By then the court tests will be determined, and chances are that the laws will have been found unconstitutional. No one expects that the legislature will quietly accept this, and the alternatives being considered range from some sort of compromise local-option plan to complete abandonment of the Virginia public schools. The last choice is being seriously debated, and the *Virginian-Pilot* recently ran an editorial which took the "controversial" stand of supporting public education.

The Virginians who feel that this heritage is more valuable than the heritage of white supremacy are fighting to convince the public, but they admit they are fighting uphill, even in Norfolk. Community leaders fear now that the initial shock of school closing, which brought roars of protest, is wearing off, largely because of the success of the tutoring plans. This has been especially true in Charlottesville, where the group which began as a protest movement against the closings has diverted most of its energies into the tutoring classes. In Norfolk, the Unitarian church has refused to lend space for classes on grounds that it only allows the public to sink back into apathy and avoid facing the real issue. A sad indication of the truth of this fear was revealed when after the first week of outcry, a public rally for opening the schools held two weeks later drew only 1,000 people instead of the 3,500 expected to fill the hall.

It is easy to stroll by the leaf-blown lawn of the Larchmont Baptist church and feel that after all, children are still being taught, the trees are still turning in the way they always do in the fall of the year, and the occasional exhaust of a starting Buick is the only discordant note in this world. It is quiet here, as it is all over America, and it is easy to forget—easy to forget about R. D. Robertson, way across town, who sits proud and tall and unbending in his chair and waits for "law and order to prevail" and will not disappear because we refuse to think about him.

E. U. Condon

BOMBS-FOR-PEACE HYPOCRISY

WAS PROJECT PLOWSHARE designed to complicate the job of getting political agreement among the nuclear powers to stop further tests of nuclear weapons? So designed or not, there are strong indications that it will prove to be a danger to the current negotiations at Geneva. Those who believe that a ban on further bomb tests is vitally important to world peace and world sanitation may have to find a way to neutralize this danger before it becomes a major stumbling block.

Project Plowshare was initiated in 1957 at the Atomic Energy Commission Laboratory in Livermore, California, for the purpose of studying possible peacetime uses of the nuclear explosives themselves, as contrasted with the use of nuclear energy for power production.

A number of speeches and statements on the subject have already been made by Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard Libby, and the project has been set up at the laboratory that is directed by Edward Teller, "father" of the hydrogen bomb. Both Libby and Teller have been fighting vigorously for unabated continuance of the nuclear-armaments race, basing their position on assertions that no reliable scheme for enforcing a test ban could be devised. Until last spring their argument so impressed the White House and State Department that it had become the foundation of government policy.

There the matter might have ended except that President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Committee (headed by President James R. Killian of Massachusetts Institute of Technology) includes some members of the highest scientific standing who, on the basis of the same scientific information, have come to the very opposite conclusion. Professor H. A. Bethe of Cornell University, a member of the committee, was on the Los Alamos staff from its beginning. His standing in nuclear physics is at least equal to that of Teller. He is generally credited with having persuaded the President that adequate means of enforcement exist, and with having won the President over to the idea of calling last summer's Geneva conference of technical experts from the Soviet Union, Great Britain and the United States. It will be recalled that this conference agreed — contrary to what Teller and Libby had been saying — that detection of clandestine tests is feasible, and spelled out a definite detection plan (which has not yet been made public).

This favorable result led to the calling of the "political" conference on the same subject that opened in Geneva a fortnight ago. It was received, at the time, with great satisfaction by thousands of scientists and others who believe it is important to quit shooting radioactive poisons into the atmosphere of the whole earth, and to begin to take real steps looking toward nuclear disarmament.

BUT NOW THAT the new Geneva talks have started, officials in the Department of Defense and the AEC are making statements seemingly intended to undermine public confidence in the agreement reached last summer by the technicians. Thus Lt. Gen. Arthur G. Trudeau declared that the Russians must have found out about some of our summer tests through espionage, since these could not have been detected by any known technical means. He flatly asserted — without supporting evidence and in contradiction of the Geneva findings — that tests are really not detectable. The Russians claim to have detected thirty-two tests carried on by us. We now acknowledge thirty, although earlier we had publicly acknowledged only fourteen. (It has been suggested that we have been playing a numbers game designed to discover how good the Russians' detection scheme really

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E. U. CONDON, Wayman Crow Professor of Physics at Washington U. (St. Louis), was a member of the formerly secret S-1 Committee which initiated the U.S. atomic-bomb project before Pearl Harbor. He was scientific adviser to the Special Senate Committee on Atomic Energy of the 79th Congress—the committee which wrote the legislation establishing the Atomic Energy Commission. He also served as Director of the National Bureau of Standards, 1945-51.

is. Perhaps we had hoped that the Russians would not detect our unannounced tests, thus demonstrating the unreliability of their detection apparatus. If this was the plan, it boomeranged; the Russians did detect our tests and reported accurately when they occurred.)

Returning now to Project Plowshare: Chemical explosives, such as gunpowder, dynamite and TNT, have civilian as well as military uses. In the same way, it is quite plausible that peacetime uses could be found for nuclear explosives. That is what Project Plowshare was set up to do; in itself, this is a laudable objective. But in order to develop peacetime uses, more tests will have to be made. And U.S. officials are already laying the groundwork for an exception in favor of such tests in any weapons-test ban that may be agreed upon in Geneva.

WHETHER or not this move is intended to wreck all hope of reaching an agreement at Geneva, it certainly will operate in that direction. This is because, although means exist for detecting tests at considerable distances, no means exist for detecting the *motive* of the persons who set off a nuclear explosion. If civilian-use tests are exempt from the ban, then we might as well have no ban at all, since any nation wanting to test a bomb need only announce that the test was for civilian use — and who could deny it? (Incidentally, the same amount of radioactive poison is put into the air whether the nuclear explosion is set off for military or for civilian purpose—a point not often mentioned in discussions of harnessing the bombs to peacetime uses.)

Is Project Plowshare really meant as a subterfuge to conceal a continued program of weapons development? If so, we cannot expect it to fool the Russians, since the idea is theirs. Americans scoffed when the late Andrei Vishinsky said in 1946 that the USSR was using nuclear explosives in Siberia "to move mountains and to change the course of rivers." We declared this was merely a cover-up for Soviet entry into the atomic-bomb business — which it probably was. But now, when Commissioner Libby brings up Plowshare on the eve of the Geneva weapons-test-ban conference, and announces that he could use atom bombs to build a harbor in Northwest Alaska, (but complains that nobody wants one there), we seem to expect the Russians to be too stupid to suspect what we may be up to.

NOT ENOUGH is known publicly at this time to make a judgment as to whether Project Plowshare has any technical merit. Some of its detailed ideas make sense. Others do not.

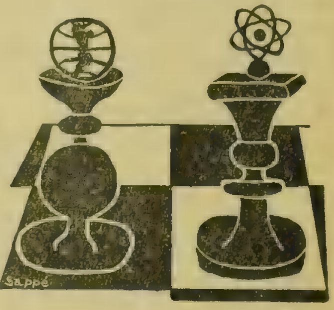
Commissioner Libby's proposal to use underground nuclear explosions to make radioactive isotopes (a great boon to industry and medicine) makes no sense at all. This is a more serious misrepresentation of the facts than the AEC's "inadvertent" press release of last spring which implied that a Nevada test was detected only two hundred miles away by seismographs when in fact it was detected more than two thousand miles away.

True, radioactive isotopes could be made this way. Every explosion makes isotopes: this is what makes tests a health hazard. But the fact is that reactors now in operation are already producing a vast over-supply of isotopes for which we have absolutely no use. Libby knows this because the surplus is giving rise to a waste disposal and a pollution problem which the AEC is spending large sums of money trying to solve. Indeed, the problem of waste disposal now constitutes one of the serious impediments to development of an atomic-power industry.

While some civilian uses for nuclear explosives might represent real technical gains over present practices in mining and civil engineering, these uses, too, will present fallout and contamination problems. *But most important, nuclear explosions cannot be allowed to be used freely for any purpose without nullifying attempts to police a weapons-test ban.*

A way out of this dilemma is possible. We are spending great sums on technical aid to underdeveloped countries. We are interested in sharing our know-how with our friends and hope to win more friends by this policy. We could now propose at Geneva that all research and testing for civilian uses of nuclear explosives be carried on cooperatively under United Nations management. This would put an end to all suspicion that the United States set up Project Plowshare to wreck the possibilities of enforcing a weapons-test-ban agreement. Moreover, as a U.N. project, progress could be expected to be more rapid, for everyone's ideas and skills would be used — and the results would redound to the advantage of all mankind. If research of this kind happened to produce information of military significance as a by-product, this too would be freely available to all; no one power could use the project to gain military advantage over another.

In any case, nuclear explosives for civilian purposes must, in the long run, come under a world regulatory authority. For they, too, spread radioactive poisons over the whole earth, and it is a matter of world concern whether the advantages from their use outweigh the dangers.



In a way, Project Plowshare is the "clean bomb" of 1958 — a means by which the proponents of continued testing hope to see the test-ban conference fail. In 1957, Teller and AEC officials promised that, with more testing, a "clean" H-bomb could be produced. This was advanced as a humanitarian argument for continued testing. Such a "clean" bomb test was announced with great fanfare for last summer and observers from other countries were invited to come and see how clean it was. But when the time came last August, the test was quietly canceled. Whether intended or not, Project Plowshare certainly could produce failure at Geneva unless we prove our sincerity by offering to convert the whole technical question into a wide-open, fully-shared United Nations project.

Philip Noel-Baker

RESEARCH DRIVES the ARMS RACE

I BELIEVE the abolition of military research by all nations, under effective international control, to be the most important and the most urgent of all reforms today.

This statement will surprise some people who are unfamiliar with the facts, or who have not taken time to reflect on the cost—and the results—of military research. It will shock others who remember the civil benefits which military research has undoubtedly produced, and who regard it as one of the dynamic forces in the developing economy of the modern industrial state.

Nevertheless, I believe the statement to be profoundly, indeed horrifyingly, true.

What are the facts about military research?

For more than eighty years the engineering, metallurgical and chemical advances due to science have been progressively applied to increasing the striking power of armaments by land, sea and air. But it is only since 1939 that scientific research has become a major factor in armament policy. In that year, Britain spent £7.9 million on military research and development carried out by all defense departments; this was on the eve of Hitler's war, when armaments, in Sir Winston Churchill's phrase, were "at a towering height," far greater than ever before. By 1947, the £7.9 million had grown to £40 million; by 1952 to £80 million; by 1957 to £204 million (dollar equivalents: from $37.9 million in 1939 to $571 million in 1957). In 1939 the United States spent $26.4 million; in 1952, $821 million; in 1957, $5,300 million. In 1939, neutral Sweden spent nothing; in 1945, 2 million kronor ($386,000); in 1957, 21.8 million ($4,207,000). Even Sweden has increased its expenditure for military research by eleven times since the end of Hitler's war. All this money has been spent for the development of new weapons, and for making existing weapons cheaper, more powerful and more efficient. And not only money is involved; the work has absorbed much of the scientific genius of the leading nations.

THE NATIONS have certainly got what they have paid for. In 1945, the Hiroshima A-bomb multiplied by one thousand the explosive power of the most destructive weapon ever previously used; by 1952, fission A-bombs had been made ten (some say twenty-five) times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb; in 1954, the Bikini fission-fusion-fission H-bomb multiplied by 1,000 the explosive power of the Hiroshima bomb. The outer sheath of the H-bomb, composed of 1,000 pounds of the common uranium-238, added ten megatons, or the equivalent of ten million tons of TNT, to its explosive force. This is six times the total explosive force of the bombs dropped on Germany by the Allies in six years of war. Uranium-238 is so cheap that the extra ten megatons cost only $15,000.

Since 1945, Hitler's nerve-gas, tabun, has been made ten times more effective. You cannot see tabun, nor taste it, nor smell it; three drops ingested, inhaled, or on the skin, are fatal; it penetrates your clothing. Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times* said long ago that tabun has made obsolete all known gas masks and protective clothing, and that "not a square inch of skin can be safely exposed" to it. The Chief Chemical Officer of the U. S. Army said in 1955 that the danger of chemical weapons was as great a threat as that of A-bombs, and that by their use "mental derangement might be deliberately inspired." In plain English, tabun drives you mad; then, after some hours of great agony, you die. If what the U. S. Chemical Corps and Mr. Baldwin say is true, there can be little hope of any real defense against tabun for civilians, and not much for troops.

By 1945 both Hitler and the Allies had made great progress with biological weapons of various kinds. Major-General Brock Chisholm, who was Chief of the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps throughout the war, and then the first Director of the World Health Organization, has revealed that in 1944 the Allied Staffs thought that Hitler meant to use "a certain biological" against Britain in his V-1 (the flying bomb). "We knew," he says, "that, if the Germans used this biological in their flying bombs, *they could kill millions of people, and perhaps everybody south of the Tweed,* and there would be nothing, *repeat nothing,* that we could do about it." Information was fed into Hitler's Intelligence Service to warn him that we were "ready for biological warfare." "We had, of course," says General Chisholm, "stocks of this biological for use in retaliation." And he adds: "There are very large stocks of this weapon available today. *The potential dangers of biological warfare are much greater now than they were in 1944.* Research is at present going forward with a view to making the bacteria of the more general diseases, e.g. cholera, typhus, etc., much more virulent. . . . This line of investigation is very dangerous to the future of mankind."

NOT MANY people remember that in 1945 an Allied Air Force, with piston-engined aircraft and conventional bombs, burnt 83,000 people to death in Tokyo in a single night. The incendiary bombs available today are far more potent than those of 1945.

The "improvement" of "conventional" weapons since 1945 has been no less striking, and little less dangerous, than the development of the special instruments of mass destruction. Hitler's V-1s and V-2s have been replaced by IRBMs with an

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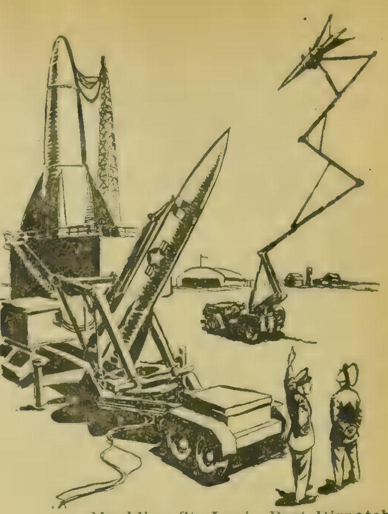
effective range of 800 to 1,000 miles. Reliable ICBMs will be in quantity production in many countries in a few years. The most effective bombing aircraft in World War II were the British Lancaster and the U. S. B-17 and B-29. The Lancaster had a speed of 250 mph, a range of 1,000 miles and it could carry the ten-ton "block-buster." The present U. S. bomber, B-52, has a speed of over 600 miles; it can carry nuclear bombs to any target in the world and return to its base. The latest Russian jet-bombers are just as good. The modern aircraft carrier displaces over 80,000 tons, and carries 100 jet aircraft of the latest design; one carrier costs over $200 million to build. The latest nuclear-powered submarine displaces 5,900 tons—as large as most of the cruisers of pre-war days. It can travel for months under water at a speed much greater than that of merchant ships. The chance for surface shipping in a future war is almost nil; and Britain and Europe depend for their very life on surface shipping. All other types of conventional weapons—tanks, guns, fire-control systems, troop carriers, flame-throwers, machine guns, rifles—have undergone similar revolutionary improvements since 1945. Radar, electronics, television, all the marvels of modern science, have been turned to military use.

There has been nothing like this in history before. In thirteen years, science has multiplied the destructive power of armaments in an almost unimaginable way. In their Vienna Declaration at the Third Pugwash Conference, seventy world-famous scientists unanimously declared that war with nuclear weapons might exterminate mankind. But there are now many ways in which civilization could be destroyed. And year by year the pace of this competition in military research grows fiercer, the resources given to it are greater, the advances made are swifter and more terrible, and the strategic plans of General Staffs are more completely and more dangerously founded on the use of the "modern" means of war. In 1955, the U. S. Secretary of the Army approved a report which urged the development of "a complete family of chemical, biological and radiological weapons for actual use, if necessary." No one can blame the Secretary; the Russian, British and other governments are doing the same. That is how the arms race always works; and the competition in military research has become the most dangerous form of the arms race today.

OF COURSE, military research gives results that are of value for human advance. Year by year, the scientists engaged uncover new basic knowledge, and evolve practical applications of principles old and new; it would be astonishing if some of the new knowledge and techniques could not be put to civilian as well as military use. In fact, the contribution made to industrial technology in recent years has been considerable. But three observations are in order. First, the contributions are often overstated. It was recently asserted that among "the better-known" discoveries which military research has presented to civil welfare were: "yellow-fever eradication, chlorination of water, nuclear power, blood-plasm substitutes, the modern aircraft, high-temperature alloys, and the modern automobile automatic transmission." A subsidiary list of "less-known contributions" was added, including fire-retardant paints, helicopters, anti-icing equipment, new plastics, advanced weather-prediction techniques and automatic electronic computers.

It is grotesque to suggest that all these inventions would not have been made if there had been no military research. The Wright brothers had produced a heavier-than-air machine, Bleriot had flown the English Channel, there had been a decade of important progress, before any war department showed the slightest interest in aviation. This progress would inevitably have continued even if there had been no world wars and no military research; indeed, without war, more and earlier attention might have been given to the development of civil aircraft. And is it irrelevant to recall the death of hundreds of thousands of airmen, and the destruction by air bombardment of millions of lives and immeasurable amounts of property, of irreplaceable architectural and artistic treasures, which have resulted from the adaptation of the Wright brothers' invention to war use? For this, in fact, was the fearful price paid for the more rapid progress which military research in aviation involved.



Mauldin: St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"And THAT'S an ANTI-anti-missile-missile."

THE CASE on meteorology is even stronger. Weather prediction is of great practical importance to agriculture, shipping, aviation, railways and many other kinds of economic enterprise. If we could predict the weather even a fortnight ahead, it would mean a large addition to mankind's annual income of usable wealth. Who can doubt today that the physicists, who have probed the secrets of the atom, could have found out what makes the weather, if they had worked on meteorology instead of on the miraculous nuclear bomb? The claims made about the civil benefits of military research are not only overstated; sometimes they seriously distort the truth.

Second, the civil benefits of military research constitute only a tiny proportion of its output; and they are an accidental, not an intentional result. Its overwhelmingly important effect is to increase the complexity, and thus the cost, of armaments; to give them immensely greater destructive power; to increase the possibility of overwhelming, surprise attack; and thus to add to the dangers of the arms race and to the risk that unprovoked aggression might succeed.

Third, all military research inevitably involves a very grievous social waste. Since 1945, a great proportion of the most distinguished scientists have devoted their entire efforts to increasing mankind's power to kill and to destroy. But science, rightly used, could — as the Pugwash scientists in their Vienna Declaration said — provide mankind with an ever-increasing understanding of the forces of nature, and the means of harnessing them to constructive purposes. If since 1945 the scientists engaged in perfecting armaments had been employed instead on peaceful industrial, agricultural and medical research, they might already have laid the foundations of a veritable revolution in man's individual and social life.

One practical example of the social waste involved may usefully be given. Malaria has been one of the great scourges of mankind. Some historians believe that it was the cause of the decline of ancient Greece. It still kills three million people every year; it saps the vitality, and thus greatly reduces the agricultural and industrial output, of hundreds of millions more. But it can be dealt with. In Italy, Greece and Yugoslavia, it has, for the time being, almost disappeared. The World Health Organization declares that, at the cost of a relatively trifling sum — perhaps $2 billion — it could be definitely and permanently wiped out everywhere. But governments have refused the money; they are spending much greater sums in trying to reach the moon because they hope that knowledge of space travel can be adapted to military ends.

To argue, as even some economists have done, that our vast expenditure on military research is justified by the civil benefits it brings, is to accept the reasoning of Charles Lamb's Chinese, who thought he must burn down a house to get roast pork.

I KNOW, of course, that military research is most unlikely to be abolished until a general treaty of disarmament is signed. My purpose is to argue that its abolition is an indispensable part of any first-stage disarmament treaty.

There are three reasons why this is so. First, the purpose of such a treaty is to create a stable balance of military strength among the signatories. But the purpose of military research is to upset the existing balance through the production of weapons cheaper and more powerful than those possessed by rival states. As long as military research continues, there can be no firm basis for a disarmament treaty.

Second, unless military research is ended very soon, it may become impossible to make a treaty in which governments and their peoples will feel real confidence. The reduction or abolition of military aircraft and of missiles could certainly be controlled effectively today. But once missiles have been perfected, produced in quantity and emplaced in underground launching sites, then — as Dr. Seymour Melman points out in his important book, *Inspection for Disarmament* — detection would become extremely difficult, if not impossible.

Third, as Dr. Melman and his colleagues also point out, continued military research will inevitably develop "ultimate weapons of a type which are explicitly designed to be uninspectable, and which therefore would doom the world to eternal anxiety and hatred." When we look at what has been accomplished in the last thirteen years, we must take seriously Professor Isidor Rabi's warning: "We have no reason to believe that development will be slower in the future."

Military research has already destroyed the hope of any effective national defense; the British Minister of Defense has said again and again that there *is* no defense against the weapons that have been developed in the last thirteen years.

Those who think that military research should continue are convinced, consciously or subconsciously, that the present system of conducting international relations cannot be changed, that the arms race must go on, even if it be true that it must end in war. They may be right; but if they are, mankind is doomed.

All Alone in the Supermarket . .

by David Cort

THE SUPERMARKET may be said to give half the people of America the most regular, satisfying, ennobling and masterful experience that they can confidently look forward to in any given week. In great cities, many women regard the local supermarket as the only stable social force in their environment. They cash all their husbands' checks there; everything on their kitchen shelves is transposed from there; they gossip about the surly girl at the cigarette counter; they pride themselves on wangling six items past the "express" check-out limited to five items; they delicately bump their carts on the Achilles tendon of the other customers and indelicately rebuke those who bump them. In the supermarket they feel that indispensable justification: they are doing something important, functional, respectable, American and godly. It is incredible but true that a quarrel in a supermarket has a tone of the sacerdotal about it.

I work at home. I live near a supermarket. I am in and out of it several times a day.

Some sort of market research discovered that supermarket patrons blinked less often than normal as they wheeled the cart under control, steered it imperiously down the aisle, began to peer at the stacked shelves

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DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor.

and piled the cart with commodities to match the unpremeditated sugar plums suddenly dancing in their heads. The unblinking consumer is not embarrassed by having to voice her desires, perhaps discreditable, to the other human being, the clerk. She sees, she desires, and a moment later the coveted thing is buried in her cart, all but secretly. In this way she buys as greedily as if she were stealing.

This little fact is worth several billions of dollars a year in the consuming economy of America and, as the idea spreads, of the rest of the world. Its terrible power is that of leaving a woman alone with her desires, not for herself exclusively but for her loved ones. She has this dream of how good she is to her family — a noble dream, which makes the world go round. But here it is diffused and debauched into a consumption of overbuying and hence of waste.

THE SUPERMARKET proprietors are not fiendish enough to have devised this foul plot against the soft under-belly of the American consumer; they just stumbled on it. It works, and it will inevitably keep on working.

The old-time shopping list is virtually extinct. If you see one in a supermarket, it is almost invariably in the hands of a man who is bucking the smooth flow of traffic because he is actually looking for a specific item he has been sent for. His wife doesn't trust him to do what she does.

A supermarket may carry 15,000 items, brands and sizes. It is estimated that 70 per cent of all sales are "impulse-buying." In consequence the woman's total purchase is so huge and heavy that most women have their own additional, personal cart to drag the monstrous orgy home.

We are told that that is the marketing for the whole week. This claim is undercut by a syndicated column, released to the papers June 13, 1958, which fairly represents the American housewife's opinion. It gave the maximum length of time that certain foods will keep in the refrigerator (not the deep-freeze) as follows: 1-2 days — chopped meat, fresh sea food, poultry; 4-5 days — fresh meat, cooked sea food, milk, cream, soft cheese; a week — fruit and vegetables. According to this table, much of the food has to be consumed, or thrown out, well before the end of the week. And these figures are about the same used in America before there was universal refrigeration. Remembering the old winter-long apple barrel, one must smile at that week for fruit. The modern system certainly produces Lucullan garbage cans.

Furthermore, this bounty is not cheap. For California lettuce, it was testified, the farmer got 5 cents, transport to New York City cost 9 cents more, and the final 15 cents, making 29 cents, was added in New York. Other figures, if you'd like two sets, have the farmer getting $403.17 for a market basket costing the consumer $997.21. "Distribution" used to mean primarily the salesperson, but at the supermarket there is no salesperson. The labor is out of sight of the customer.

THIS FORMIDABLE institution, which began to spread only in 1932, may easily prove to be America's most universal and powerful export. How the various peoples adapt it to their own *mores* will be a fascinating story in a few years.

England already has 175 supermarkets (defined as having over 2,000 square feet of selling space) and is adding five a month. It had to wait until 1954, when rationing was lifted. The cooperative movement runs half of the supermarkets, chiefly in the industrial North. The private chains include Premier with sixteen and Fine-Fare with twenty-two. There, success is represented by weekly sales of 20 shillings ($2.80) per square foot of selling space (not far off the American figure of $2.74, as against the small grocer's 76 cents), and a wage cost of 4 to 5 per cent of sales against the former 7 to 8 per cent. The British supermarkets go up to 8,000 square feet, whereas the American reach 100,000 square feet.

Supermarkets have already infiltrated the continent — France, Germany, Switzerland, The Netherlands and elsewhere. The largest in Europe is the Eklöh in Cologne, containing 23,000 square feet of selling space. The American firms that have the advantage in Europe are those that already have plants there: Heinz, National Biscuit, Corn Products and General Foods.

The supermarket exhibited by the U.S. Department of Commerce at the 1957 Trade Fair in Yugoslavia has been bought by the government to equip the first of sixty Yugoslav supermarkets, this one of 10,000 square feet. Israel is to get twenty, with Canadian, United States and Israeli capital. The opening of the first, in Tel Aviv, on August 28, was attended by a riot of small shopkeepers and pushcart peddlers. One could hardly imagine a more reasonable riot, or one more futile.

Supermarkets are also proliferating through Latin America and Australia.

Canada is acting as if it had invented them. In the Winnipeg area there is a price-cutting, give-away, building war among Safeway (thirty-nine-store chain), A & P (five), Loblaw (ten to come), Dominion (six to come), Shop-Easy and 1,400 local independents, which have pooled their advertising and buying. And still other unnamed chains are itching to get into the fight.

RETURNING to the United States, the food situation is awesome and not at all what one would think, though this is another subject on which everybody is obviously an expert.

According to the statisticians, the American today buys more food than ever—$48,000,000,000 worth in 1957—and eats less than ever in his history—only 3,200 calories today as against 3,500 calories in 1909. (How the statisticians know this I cannot imagine, nor what is meant by a figure of 4.2 pounds of food a day per capita. Does this mean food bought, put on the table or ingested? I guess that it doesn't mean dehydrated food, or include the weight of the can or package. Readers might try weighing a few meals.) Well, those are the figures.

How this food is conveyed to the United States consumer is a desperate story which explains the Israeli riot. In this country there are usually around 350,000 stores selling groceries (a very liquid category, so that you can change the figure any way you want). Ten per cent of them do less than $10,000 a year gross business. These are barely living, even though the proprietors eat off their own shelves at wholesale prices. Two-thirds of the food stores do $10,000 to $100,000 a year gross business. But their share of the total retail food business is less than a quarter. Still, they keep alive. Supermarkets—both chain and independent—number around 27,000 (depending on how you define them) and get most of the rest of the business. The supermarkets, including one-store, two-store and three-store independents (the chain designation starts at four stores) have clearly cornered the American food market.

The situation of the small independent retailer (not just food) has been studied very thoroughly. One set of figures shows that in 1955 the United States had 1,865,000 retail stores. But in the immediately preceding eight-year period, 991,200 had gone out of business, 1,052,000 new enterpreneurs had taken the plunge and there had been 2,067,400 transfers of ownership. Cold statistics can seldom have disclosed more heartache, insomnia, ulcers, vain hope and black anguish. The source (Victor Lebow for Babson Institute) was convinced that the American small retailer was in an "atmosphere of catastrophe . . . steadily intensifying crisis."

This statement is put into a more correct perspective by a book that should be read by anybody trying seriously to fit into our economy — *Little Business in the American Economy*, by Joseph D. Phillips (Illinois, 1958). Here, with figures generally based on 1939, it appears that the atmosphere of catastrophe is perennial in little business in America.

Of all independent small retailers in 1935-36, 91 per cent had an annual net income under $2,000! Of all business in 1941, 329,000 enterprises were born and 328,000 died. About the same numbers went in and out in 1905. In the years between, the variations were not dramatic. The higher number of deaths occurs generally in fairly prosperous periods.

As to what is nibbling at the small grocer, a distinction must be made between chain supermarkets and independents. For some years the chains have barely increased their percentage share of total food business. But new, well-financed independents, often offering a better and more varied type of food than the chain, have increased their share of the business from 22 per cent up toward 30 per cent since 1954.

A definite division along class and intelligence lines seems to be taking place. The better class uses, with some discrimination, the independent, "luxury" supermarkets. Political liberals seem to me to carry the trend one reactionary step further and have returned to the butcher, baker and small grocer. The masses generally do their mass-shopping in a dream at the chain stores. (I use a chain store, A & P).

THIS DRAMA has a fourth character, the great nationally-advertised-brand packer. The chain stores are applying a slow squeeze on the packers, but the existence of the independents and the small grocers saves the big packers. A & P, Safeway, American Stores, Food Fair, National Tea, Giant Foods, First National Stores are themselves listed as "packers" by the U.S. Department of Agriculture, putting them under the friendly auspices of that office and releasing them from the harsh inquisition of the Federal Trade Commission. (But new legislation may modify this arrangement.) As packers, these chains compete directly with the famous packers, buy their own cattle, sheep and hogs, fatten, slaughter, pack and ship to market. A quarter of all Colorado's cattle is handled by two chain-store packing houses. The percentage of cattle going to the great markets is rapidly sinking each year.

Chain stores, as well as the regular packers, also supervise contracted farmers' operations to the end of obtaining for market mass-produced broilers and fryers to specifications; lean bacon; big, firm heads of lettuce, etc., etc. Naturally, the chains use their own brand names on their products, but they also ask the regular packer to put their brand names on part of his product.

ONE EFFECT of all this—not our subject here — is that the farmer is becoming a one-crop specialist in an assembly line, dependent on one buyer who also supplies him with all his needs and even keeps his books. Another is the heightening of the creeping war between packers and chain stores, which the government will doubtless referee. As things stand, the packer's weapon is national advertising which, he hopes, will make the consumer *demand* — yell, scream and stamp for — his product. He can also advertise in the chain store by packaging his product seductively.

The chain store is fighting on its own home grounds. It can give its own brands the best shelf position and cut prices — for example, today the large A & P instant-coffee jar is 95 cents, while Borden's equivalent is $1.05, and the A & P coffee is moving.

In reprisal, the packers may reduce their prices to the independents. They may increase advertising, especially in local papers in cooperation with the independents. They may get into the retail business themselves, at least to the extent of improving trade credit to small grocers.

If the chain stores followed the monolithic line of least resistance, they would stock nothing competitive with their own brands and cultivate the undiscriminating mass-type shopper who never knows what's going on. (On the other hand, one of the big chains — Safeway — has recently opened in Manhattan its first supermarket specifically addressed to the epicurean elite.) The packers might see an incentive to market more varieties of more highly differentiated products, aimed at the more discriminating consumer.

There is some support for the theory that the American consumer is growing a little more sophisticated. He might some day even demand food as fresh as his grandfather got. In that case, an independent supermarket could outstrip its competitors, at least in season, by contracting with a farmer thirty miles away to bring in fresh stuff every dawn. To people who have always eaten chain-store eggs, it is a shaking experience to eat an egg laid the day before. Corn and potatoes harvested the same morning would turn modern city consumers into religious fanatics. The same applies to really fresh new peas, asparagus, tomatoes and all the rest of the edible flora.

Ultimately, the supermarket is judged on food. And food, perhaps wrongly, is judged on only one quality — taste.

LURE OF THE BRINK..

by Norman Birnbaum

London

THE PEOPLE of North America and Western Europe are moving towards a debacle, possibly even towards a catastrophe. But are they being frog-marched, shepherded, or simply encouraged over the brink?

We value an informed and active citizenry, but Western democracy's critics frequently argue that public opinion in the NATO countries is manipulated. The Communist states simulate consensus with familiar, battered stage-sets—petitions, resolutions, demonstrations; the control of Western opinion, we are told, is no less effective for being more subtle. The truth is that Western public opinion is both spontaneous and controlled. The Western peoples want peace and are nonetheless prepared to risk atomic war. They alternate between passive resignation, resentful withdrawal and an aggressive bellicosity. These are today's political paradoxes.

The response of the American people to the Quemoy crisis at first seemed abysmally passive. Ordinary folk hardly bothered to look. When they did, they sometimes denied themselves the normal human skepticism: James Reston has quoted a young man, venturing a quarter-criticism of the Administration, who quickly added that he did not have the "information" necessary for judgment. Things changed, later; unrest in Congress and the press spread to the public. But when Stevenson and some of the experts sought to use the crisis to force a change in our entire Far Eastern policy, popular doubts stopped well short of a total rejection of the assumptions behind the wavering Eisenhower-Dulles line.

It appears that the American man in the street still thinks that a line ought to be drawn against the Communists—if not in front of Quemoy, then in front of Formosa. Eisenhower can rightly claim that his insistence on drawing a line does have popular assent. The argument over Quemoy is mainly one over means, not ends—and the popular distaste for a hot war is far from a popular demand for a systematic policy to end the cold one.

There are, of course, differences within the Western bloc and unrest within several countries. But the Western leaders have a loose mandate from their peoples to repel what has been successfully depicted as a direct threat to their existence. They do not question the reality of the threat: why should they criticize all the measures taken to meet it? Even the evasions and half-measures by which the Western powers have maneuvered themselves out of the obligation to stop nuclear-weapons tests have gone largely unchallenged, indeed almost unnoticed, by the public. The activists have protested, of course; the millions have not responded.

Western governments, it is true, have resorted increasingly to lies: recall Mr. Macmillan's convenient discovery of "the plot to kill King Hussein" after a parliamentary debate on the Mideast crisis. Eisenhower claims that Dulles' policies will cost money, not blood. All the NATO governments speak peace, while preparing for war. But we ought not to suppose the Western peoples are so much putty in their rulers' hands. A crude and conspiratorial theory of history can be left to those who see in every problem the work of those secular substitutes for the devil, the Communists. Our rulers are not entirely without political talent, and their talent consists of an instinct for the sore points in the human raw materials before them.

Passivity, then, is a superficial diagnosis of the condition of Western opinion. Sometimes, as in the case of mass support for the British Suez adventure, opinion turns active. Eisenhower's popularity increased after the dispatch of troops to Lebanon; millions of Frenchmen supported the savage conduct of the war in Algeria. The difficulty is with the larger conditions under which opinion is formed—the bewildering complexity and machine-like functioning of modern society. These are

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the forces which shape the political views of average men and women, and which explain why the Western peoples shrink back, horrified, from the brink of every abyss they reach —but have as yet to insist on a politics designed to avoid the brinks.

THE WESTERN peoples do not want a major war, but they may be led into one by their ideological commitments. The American people are more belligerent, *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union, than the Europeans, who reserve their belligerency for the colonial peoples. This is a legacy to Mr. Dulles from the late Senator McCarthy, who contributed immensely to the development of a public image of a Communist menace internal as well as external, extending from Moscow to the local reservoirs (fluorinated by subversive scientists). This image of the Soviet Union does not depict it as a foreign power in imperialist rivalry with the United States, but rather as a threat to the very pattern of ordinary American lives. This fusion of dangers internal and external is exactly characteristic of the ideology of neo-imperialism: the British and French publics support colonial wars not alone to retain the privileges of imperialism, but to stop the rot in the fabric of the state.

The gutter press in Great Britain and the respectable *Times* both attribute to President Nasser intentions far worse than twisting the tail of the British lion: they suspect he wants to slay the beast. The French have responded to the claims of the Algiers *putsch*: that national existence itself demanded the repression of the (Moslem) national liberation movement. We sometimes forget that America's relationship to Nationalist China was not unlike imperialist tutelage: the refusal to recognize the People's Republic reproduces the British resentment at Nasser's rejection of the role of Western stooge.

What we face is not nationalist bellicosity, old style; it is a curiously new national obsession. The French and British peoples are aware that their countries have been degraded to second-class status; the Americans dislike sharing world power with the USSR. These facts of international life have merged, in popular consciousness, with anxieties peculiar to the internal development of the Western societies. The Western peoples, far from thinking rationally and critically about politics as a whole, manifest a profound ideological rigidity. They have attached themselves compulsively to the symbols of national unity, despite the palpable evidence of social division. The cult of the monarchy in Britain, the resurgence of French chauvinism, the pursuit of loyalty in the United States — each constitutes a dubious therapy for the relief of social tensions. The discontinuity between a foreign environment out of control and an internal one no longer in accord with received stereotypes has been overcome — by identification with a pseudo-community. (I take this term from Robert Merton, whose earlier writings are of great value to the student of contemporary politics.)

THE identification is both forced and troubled. Those who make it do not dissent lightly; they are quick to accuse the opposition of non-national behavior. The terms are varied: "subversive" in the United States, "unpatriotic" in Britain, "*apatride*" in France. The meaning is the same: those who suggest new policies, or who display something less than enthusiasm for the most vulgar of national political stereotypes, are not just different; they are treacherous. Slogans like "twenty years of treason" are indispensable to politics in the Western countries: if the Communists did not exist, they would have to be invented.

As authentic community in Western society has eroded, the new nationalism has replaced it. The members of Western society are imprisoned in bureaucratic structures which render them, as individuals, dependent and impotent. What's the point of attending Town Meeting, even in old New England, if the critical decisions (on the fate of a local factory, on the availability of credit to local business, on the route of a new super-highway) are made elsewhere? The organizations which once defined and defended popular interests, parties, unions, trade associations, are equally bureaucratized. The daily business of politics has become, in popular perspective, another racket; and that perspective is not altogether false. The French Socialist Party used its post-war predominance to colonize the nationalized industries; the militant British Laborites of the thirties worry about the Royal Honors Lists in the fifties; the American parties in and out of office exchange roles (and invective) with oiled ease.

It has been impossible to interest, let alone mobilize, large numbers for general political programs. The Communist Parties in France and Italy have had considerable successes on concrete economic issues. But their peace campaigns, which should have had the most widespread appeal, failed. (The Communists, of course, are also bureaucratized: during the French crisis, local union secretaries in the Communist-led C.G.T. restrained the workers pending the arrival of directives from headquarters and so contributed to the general *malaise* of the Republican forces.) Moreover, the Communists' insistence that they alone represent the social revolutionary tradition in Europe has strengthened the primitive fears of those who interpret any change as a threat to their place (however pitiable) in society. So deep are these primitivist responses, indeed, that European Social Democracy has virtually repressed its reformist impulses — lest it, too, be damned as "non-national."

MEANWHILE, there are the particular problems of that post-war prosperity which has been given the peoples of North America and Western Europe. The mass media have taught millions to consume; they consume hurriedly and frantically, as if sensing that a prosperity given to them can also be taken away. As a result, their lives have become increasingly "privatized." The private life is the one sphere average individuals think they can master. The control, even the understanding, of larger social processes strikes them as beyond their powers. They suspect, not without reason, that the elites ostensibly in command of events are in no better fix. And so, for most of the time, they refuse politics. And when they think about it at all, they rely on received stereotypes or on inane notions derived from customary experience. (A *Manchester Guardian* reporter who interviewed Lancashire workers on the Suez crisis, found that all his questions on the complexity of the issue were dismissed with the words: "What's ourn is ourn.")

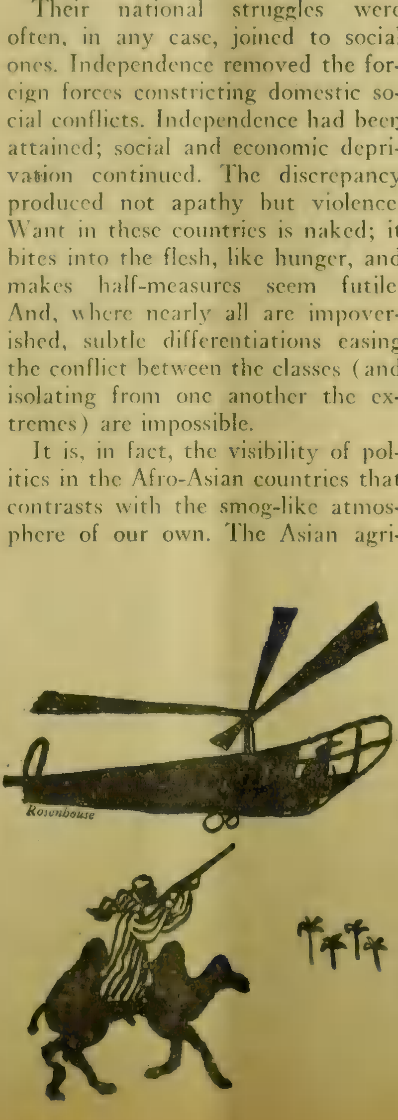
Some political thinkers have welcomed these developments as evidence for the decline of ideological frenzy and the commencement of a reasonable and pragmatic era in the public life. But the retreat to the private sphere is in itself ideological; it expresses the mass conviction that society can't be changed. Worse yet, it leads to the mass conviction that society *must not* be changed. Deprived of any real sense of community, millions seek compensation in political fantasy. Tyrannized by organizational demands, uncertain of their status, missing both a sense of participation and a sense of autonomy, millions make of their private lives fortified bases from which they sometimes emerge, furious, to do battle with imaginary enemies. Unable to enjoy life with their fellows, they are prepared to die for a spurious image of their nation. The Western peoples' occasional enthusiasm for military and political adventures is the necessary complement to their pervasive political passivity.

NOTHING is more sobering to the liberal critic of Western democracy than a glance at the new democratic states of Africa and Asia. Whatever else they may be, liberal they are not. Their public and parliamentary life is unstable, indeed often violent. Yet it is the Indians and Ghanese, rather than the Americans, French or English, who seem to give effect to the notion of popular rights. The Afro-Asian peoples have as yet to conquer nature, yet they believe they can alter society. They are seemingly remote from the larger issues of world politics, but their political restiveness is such that their leaders can intervene in both Moscow and Washington in their names. What accounts for this phenomenon?

The successful struggles of the Africans and Asians for national liberation have given them self-confidence, a sense of coordinated and purposeful action on a national scale. The struggle has, of course, produced demagogues like Nkrumah, but by flattering the masses these have (at times unwittingly) contributed to their political education. Afro-Asian politicians have not quite yet devised political mechanisms for blunting the sharp edge of popular concern. It was once said that these relatively immobile social structures, with tested modes of curbing social discontent, would nullify the parliamentary institutions imposed on them. In fact, the accumulated explosive force of social discontent has infused the institutions with life.

Their national struggles were often, in any case, joined to social ones. Independence removed the foreign forces constricting domestic social conflicts. Independence had been attained; social and economic deprivation continued. The discrepancy produced not apathy but violence. Want in these countries is naked; it bites into the flesh, like hunger, and makes half-measures seem futile. And, where nearly all are impoverished, subtle differentiations easing the conflict between the classes (and isolating from one another the extremes) are impossible.

It is, in fact, the visibility of politics in the Afro-Asian countries that contrasts with the smog-like atmosphere of our own. The Asian agricultural village appears to be an unlikely place for the development of an educated citizenry. But in the villages, social relations are there to be seen. Who is richer, who is more powerful, who is unjustly treated: all is public. During the first Indian general election, a Western correspondent asked a villager if he knew what it was all about. "It is," said the latter, "the election of a national *panchayat*." The *panchayat* is the traditional democratically elected governing council of Indian villages: the analogy was simple, direct and not untrue.



MOST OF ALL perhaps, the peoples of Africa and Asia have something to live for — as peoples. Their past, despite its religious consolations and sensual satisfactions, was black. Today, with all in flux, they sense that a gigantic collective effort may lighten the future. Deplorably, but inevitably, they are attracted by Leninism-Stalinism as a path to rapid industrialization. The liberal democratic values can hardly exercise a counter-attraction, since they are not entirely visible in the societies which boast so loudly of their possession.

The Western populations are, no doubt, discontented with their own lives. But they lack effective ways of expressing that discontent — and it feeds the demons they substitute for political beliefs. Fixated on the appearance of things present, they are prisoners of the past and unable to make the future. This suits the elites ruling Western society very well. The Stalinists fear the consequences of even intra-party democracy, let alone of intellectual freedom and genuine socialist experiments like workers' councils. Khrushchev's Western counterparts are more fortunate: the structure of their society places in their hands a pliant population. But the popular alternation between withdrawal and frenzy is potentially disastrous. Either way, it gives freedom of maneuver to those who purposefully court war. We have to face the terrible fact that many of our fellow men may prefer catastrophe to that painful reconstruction in our society which alone can avert it.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Modern Criticism in America

Irving Howe

THE beginnings of a distinctly "modern" criticism in America can be dated with fair precision: 1915, the year Van Wyck Brooks published *America's Coming-of-Age.* During and after the Second World War Brooks was to abandon most of his youthful beliefs and to lapse into a rosy, soft-spirited outlook upon life and literature; but the early Brooks, though not himself contributing very much to the small stock of distinguished criticism written by Americans, led the way toward arousing a desire and creating some of the conditions for a serious criticism.

Brooks lashed out against the "genteel tradition," that cluster of decayed inhibitions and pieties which seemed to him responsible for so much of the evasiveness and deceit in American culture. He poured forth his contempt upon American commercialism and materialism, not merely because they were so dreary in their own right but because he saw them as a cause of the collapse that so frequently broke the careers of promising American writers. Like Emerson before him, Brooks worried the problem of what it meant to be an American, and not merely as being an American was a social fact but also as it was a spiritual possibility. He provided his followers with a rough yet ready criterion for evaluating both experience and literature — the criterion of "reality"—which soon came to signify an eagerness to break past the bland surfaces of American life and to discover the animating values of the American tradition as these have been embodied in the work of our major writers.

This approach could not, by itself, provide critics with clear guidance at either the practical or the theoretical level; it gave them a cultural rhetoric but not a critical technique; it failed to indicate how, in twentieth-century America, one might go about the job of criticizing a particular novel or poem. Yet the work of Brooks and his colleagues (Randolph Bourne, Waldo Frank, Lewis Mumford) was important to American criticism, if only because it prepared the way for achievements greater than their own. Perhaps more than anyone else, they brought into being an atmosphere in which the problems of literature and criticism could be regarded as vital to the future of our civilization.

THE excitement that bubbled through the work of Brooks and his friends had a good many sources: it drew upon the insurgent spirit of early twentieth-century American radicalism, it had some connection with the gradual discovery in this country of the European *avant-garde*, and it was greatly influenced by a number of revolutionary systems of thought about man and society which had been drifting across the Atlantic. From our immediate point of view, the most important of these were Freudianism and Marxism, both of which, though never designed as methods of literary criticism, were soon appropriated by eager disciples intent upon "applying" them to literature.

While it would survive into and no doubt beyond the fifties, the psychoanalytic vogue in criticism had its most exciting and popular moment during the twenties. Most of the pioneering Freudian criticism is now likely to seem excessively crude, but at the time it had, at least, the strength that comes from unqualified commitment. Later psychoanalytic critics, more cautious and sophisticated, learned from the mistakes of such beginners as Ludwig Lewisohn and Joseph Wood Krutch — but with this qualification: the more their work approached the flexibility and sensitiveness one looks for in criticism, the more their rigid Freudianism tended to melt away and become one element among others in the usual kind of critical intelligence.

On the face of it, the discoveries of psychoanalysis should have turned out to be enormously valuable to literary criticism. Psychoanalysis insists upon the primacy, and devotes itself to the buried drama, of individual life — a major theme in modern literature. Psychoanalysis sees human personality in highly dynamic terms, with the self becoming a kind of battlefield upon which fierce struggles rage between impulse and regulation, desire and convention — a vision surely close to the scrutiny of inner motives that is so frequent in nineteenth- and twentieth-century writing. Psychoanalysis seeks to break past the façade of personality and discover the implicit motifs of behavior—an impulse closely related to a dominant concern of modern literature: the search for realities of the self behind social masks. And in its stress upon the unavoidable pains and costs of repression, psychoanalysis offers a somber view of human destiny, one that in grandeur and depth approaches the "tragic sense" which has been so recurrent a topic in modern criticism.

Yet these contributions to criticism have thus far proved mainly theoretic, a promise unfulfilled. Psychoanalysis is devoted to an investigation of the individual's inner life,

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but as long as we employ it primarily upon the conceptual level and are not closely involved in a clinical situation, the individual postulated by the Freudians must necessarily remain abstract. Few critics, when turning to particular poems or novels, have been able, so to speak, to individualize the Freudian image of the individual, to melt the Freudian concepts into a vital apprehension of specific character or event.

The tendency of Freudian criticism must therefore be to treat the poem or novel as if it were a case study — at best, a marvelously rich case study — without the experience of analysis behind it; that is, as a report for which the analyst had no enriching and complicating history of struggle and affection with the patient. And this, I think, must be as unsatisfactory in regard to literature as it would be in therapy.

Even in such relatively careful studies as Ernest Jones's essay on Hamlet or Ernest Kris's on Prince Hal, psychoanalytic criticism frequently courts the danger of becoming a mere sequence of predictable correlations, a sectarian allegory in which the events and figures of the plays are "translated" into the fixed categories of a system. The Freudian constants, which in a well-conducted analysis quickly lead to and become interwoven with the materials of a particular human history, usually remain frozen when applied to a work of literature. And the main reason for this, I think, is that the characters of a novel or a play cannot "talk back" or engage in free association or modify previous revelations, as a patient in therapy can. The Freudian critic is therefore inclined to concentrate upon recurrent human types rather than individual representations as they appear in novels or plays. But at its best criticism must soon go beyond the notation of archetypes and seek to discover why certain embodiments of them are so much more valuable than others, why, for example, Hamlet is so much more engaging than any number of other figures in literature with whom he shares the Oedipus complex.

The Change

The change is too complete.
These brute seasons and the sea-
bunched distance have impeded
flight, song tawny-throated

strong, or so it seemed,
enough to outwit any change
of flesh or tongue or continent.
The nightingale—how range

its wings, in thrashing
tossed, a stormy sea, its notes
a scream, to such outlandish
names and sights—is lost.

The grief, once thought
too long for time, nestling
in its flights in whatever mind
could relish it, now founders

in this water, on these
shores, in grief new, strange,
unfathomable. The change is too
complete; our story weaves,

incessant, manufactured
roar, into a ragged vacancy.
The winds we hear, this harvest
moon, finding us in the tide,

unplumbed and chartless,
of our babbling air, amazed
by what its gaze unfolds, these
cannot help. And we are dumb

unless in time the bird,
shot from this soil, caught
in our blood, our troubled will,
renew the fable of our loss.

T. Weiss

THOUGH a small part of the social, or sociological, criticism that flourished in the thirties was considerably better than most Freudian criticism, the great bulk of it was probably worse. A small part was better because the social approach, if used with restraint, lent itself to a more fruitful and intimate relationship with certain literary texts than did psychoanalytic criticism. The great bulk was worse because in the thirties social criticism usually degenerated into the kind of "Marxist" apologetics that served primarily to advance the Communist movement. Even the most rigid Freudian was usually his own man, and when he did mangle a poem or novel it was the result of disinterested zeal.

Like almost any other significant trend in modern thought, Marxism could prove useful to a literary critic, particularly if he regarded his commitment with a certain skepticism or at least reserve, and if he were not so innocent as to suppose that Marxism could by itself constitute a critical method. The power of Marxism as an analytical instrument for a critic dealing, say, with the nineteenth-century novel could be enormous — indeed, the trouble was likely to be that the tool was too powerful for the critic to control. And if he wrote as a friend of the Communist movement, his work was likely to be crippled by an inquisitorial narrowness of spirit and a form of intellectual presumption that has been described as taking upon oneself "the conceit of history."

Yet it is also important to remember that there were some critics, men free of organizational control and devoted to their craft, who wrote from a conviction that Marxism — or some social perspective in which it played a part—could help us to apprehend both large-scale trends of literary history and certain individual works. Most notable among such critics was Edmund Wilson, but there were others, such as Newton Arvin, Philip Rahv, F. O. Matthiessen, and Harold Rosenberg, who occasionally used Marxist categories with restraint and intelligence.

Many claims have been made for a sociological approach to literature, and these claims do not necessarily depend upon an acceptance of Marxism. The social approach (for our purposes often the same as what is called the historical approach) can show how apparently autonomous developments in literary history have been shaped by the pressure of historical events, e.g., how the rise of both the periodical essay and the novel in eighteenth-century England depends on the growth of new reading publics. The social approach can help us to grasp the world-outlook, or, as critics now like to say, the vision of a writer, by analyzing the component parts of his belief and thought. This approach can also help us locate the social coordinates of a work of literature, those references and implications that help bind it together and must be understood if the work is not to seem inaccessible.

Some of these claims have an obvious plausibility. Since literature exists within history yet has a history of its own, there is likely to be some value in serious efforts to account for changes in the content, themes, and perhaps even forms of literature by correlating them with events co-extensive in time. For the criticism of such genres as the novel, and particularly such sub-genres as the realistic novel, the social approach can be very fruitful—it is often employed even by those critics who scorn it in principle. Can one really appreciate decisive parts of *Bleak House* without a knowledge of early nineteenth-century English life or, at the very least, an awareness of what the Industrial Revolution meant for the great English cities? Can one fully respond to *Middlemarch* unless one sees the way in which George Eliot has employed characteristic ideas of her time and given them imaginative embodiment in her novels? Nor is this merely—it is hardly at all—a matter of what scholars call "background material." The use of social and ideological categories is as relevant to a literary judgment of *Middlemarch* as the analysis of devices of rhetoric and patterns of form to a literary judgment of *The Waste Land*: that is, both are necessary and neither is sufficient.

Yet, all this granted, I find myself increasingly skeptical as to the uses of the social approach to literature—particularly if it is regarded as a self-sufficient way of reading novels or poems. The social approach may work well if we are trying to examine large curves of literary history, but it becomes stiff when we turn to specific literary problems. You can use it to explain the rise of the periodical essay in the eighteenth century, but it will not help much if you want to study the genesis and characteristics of Addison's style. It may illuminate George Eliot's mastery of the social world of *Middlemarch*, but it contributes very little toward describing a major quality of that novel: the way in which epigrammatic comment is woven into the action. The social approach helps as a preliminary in those instances where the poem or novel is concerned with large social topics, but it can seldom take us very far toward defining the particular quality of a writer or a work.

BY THE LATE thirties both psychoanalytic and social criticism had lost much of their *élan*, and many of the younger critics, indifferent to the ideological battles that both of these schools encouraged, turned for guidance to a group that has since come to be known as the New Critics.

The work of such New Critics as John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren and R. P. Blackmur extended back into the twenties, when some of them had led a group of Southern writers (the "Fugitives") who were sharply aware of their estrangement from modern life and committed somewhat quixotically to an "agrarian" politics, while others, like Blackmur, had begun to print close criticism of poetry in the literary magazine *Hound and Horn*. Their moment of decisive influence within the literary world did not really come, however, until both Freudian and Marxist criticism began to fade. To say that the prestige of the New Critics in the forties and fifties was merely a function of the collapse of their opponents would be gratuitously to disparage these gifted men. But it would also be naive to deny that their recent success has had much to do with shifts in the *Zeitgeist*, most notably with the large-scale reaction among intellectuals against psychological experimentalism, literary bohemia and social radicalism.

The roots of the New Criticism, to be sure, extended farther back. Its chroniclers have traced a number of doctrines and attitudes to Coleridge (literary psychology), Rémy de Gourmont (theories of style), Henry James (techniques of fiction), Ezra Pound (close analysis of verse) and I. A. Richards (speculations about the place of poetry in a scientific age). These and other influences deserve to be noted, but by far the most significant is that of T. S. Eliot, whom the New Critics saw as their living guide and exemplar.

Eliot's importance as a critic derived, first of all, from his achievement as a poet, since his poetic practice helped to create a view of English literature that would soon revolutionize the taste of the age. In his literary essays Eliot has been concerned to make possible and justify his own kind of poetry; and as his poetry has shifted from early evocations of the malaise of modern life to efforts in both reflective verse and poetic drama at reestablishing the Christian vision, so has his criticism shifted from early studies in the formal characteristics of individual writers to a series of attempts at using the analysis of literature for a Christian critique of our culture.

Much of the work the New Critics were to do consisted in applying—sometimes merely systematizing—the hints and notions that Eliot had advanced in his essays. Eliot was a critic with a flair for coining, borrowing and dramatizing critical catch-phrases—the objective correlative, the dissociation of sensibility, the impersonality of poetry, the uses of tradition—which scholars and critics might later call into question, but which nonetheless had the immediate effect of provoking thought and speculation. He had an enviable capacity for elevating the unformed concerns of his audience into explicit issues, as in his repeated reflections upon the "problem of belief" (whether, in an age of clashing world-outlooks, a reader must share the religious or ideological convictions of **a writer in order fully to enjoy his**

The Clown's Report on Satyrs

On the hoof or dead, a satyr weighs
about the single same. They mingle
with goddesses and singe themselves in flame
that they ignite with steady gaze
while they recite the name of One
who in the old days
slept on Paxos' shingle,
and they are ruddy golden in the sun
and hold themselves aloof.
A satyr on the hoof is fleet.
Slaughtered, their dark red meat is strong.

Ramon Guthrie

work). And perhaps most important, Eliot seemed a model of serious and disinterested devotion to the criticism of literature—and in his earlier phase, to the criticism not of literature as it might affect or promote some other activity, but of literature as something to be valued and cherished in its own right.

IN recent years, as the New Critics have begun to seem a bit uneasy with their disciples, they have been inclined to deny that there ever was an identifiable tendency or a coherent body of ideas warranting the label of New Criticism. And indeed, there can be no question that differences of outlook and stress have, with the passage of time, become quite sharp among the New Critics. The severe moralistic judgments which Yvor Winters brings to bear upon a poem have little in common with John Crowe Ransom's interest in the local wit, the niceties of observation and diction, which for him constitute the "texture" of a poem. There is at least as great a distance between R. P. Blackmur's semantic dissections and Allen Tate's concern with discovering whether some large unifying mode of belief is resident in the total work of a poet. Yet it would seem reasonable to suppose that the identification of these and other critics as part of a loose tendency is not merely fortuitous and has some basis in reality. What that basis is, has been suggested by Allen Tate in his remark that the New Criticism has been distinguished by "a hostility to, or neglect of, the 'historical method.'"

In their zeal, often a fiercely defensive zeal, to proclaim and celebrate the integrity of literature, the New Critics declared that, unlike the "positivists" and "historicists," their purpose was to study poetry *as poetry* and not as a version or reflection of anything else. Literature was to be regarded as an autonomous mode of utterance, an independent category of experience. The work of literature could become accessible to *literary* description and judgment only if the critic employed terms referring to its inner characteristics. Where all "extrinsic" schools of criticism proposed some measure of "correspondence" to one or another aspect of (or idea about) human experience, the "intrinsic" approach of the New Criticism favored "coherence," the inner unity and propriety of the parts of the poem, as a basis for analysis and judgment.

Hoping to free literature from what they apparently regarded as the pressure and competition of science, the New Critics tried to establish poetry as something quite apart from any pragmatic rationale. Poetry, in Allen Tate's words, is "an independent form of knowledge, a kind of cognition equal to the knowledge of the sciences at least, perhaps superior."[1]

Very often this critical outlook involved a strong emphasis upon devices of rhetoric. The New Critics became keen at detecting the way in which a subtle qualifier might enrich a whole passage, a series of recurrent images might form a substructure of bias, an ambiguous use of key words could create a tension of discordant or incongruous materials to lend a poem its unexpected complexity. And since most critics, even those committed in principle to formal analysis, must have some hierarchy of preference guiding their choice of problems to investigate, individual New Critics were likely to stress certain elements (ambiguity, irony, paradox, tension) to the virtual exclusion of other formal properties or thematic materials. In fiction the New Critics stressed such matters as the "point of view" through which a novelist authenticates his material, the realization of themes through a coherent structure, and the metaphoric use of language even in realistic contexts.

In addition to these formal concerns, the New Critics, being men of our time and men deeply involved in the troubles of our time, shared a number of cultural attitudes which deeply affected their work, often in ways of which they were not quite aware. They were much concerned with what they regarded as the fracturing of the modern mind into utilitarian and aesthetic sectors, a fracturing that has resulted in a steady diminution of power and confidence since the time of the Renaissance; and they looked upon poetry (except when looking upon religion) as the one possibility for restoring wholeness and unity. They were concerned with the decay of tradition, both in the social and in the literary senses of the term: the decay of those inherited assumptions of value which, beneath the surface of consciousness, give order and meaning to human experience. And as a result of these preoccupations, they kept returning, often with a genuine perceptiveness, to the "problem of belief," which in the final analysis involved nothing less than whether it was still possible in our time to have a disinterested response to works of literature.

MOST traditional literary scholars have regarded the New Criticism with suspicion, in some instances out of a feeling that they were being threatened by high-powered analysts with whom they could not compete, and in other instances because they felt that the New Criticism failed adequately to consider the historical context of works of literature. If there are certain advantages in regarding a text as though it were contemporaneous and anonymous, there are very grave disadvantages as well, since language is neither static nor stable but has an inner development of its own and is subject to the shifting pressures of the whole historical process. Thus, charged the traditional literary scholars— and at times with some justice—certain of the ingenious ambiguities or paradoxes noted by the New Critics were really read into the poems, violating the limits of possibility in behalf of modernist complexities. It may be that these are incidental blemishes on the bright face of the New Criticism; but it may also be that if the New Critics heeded such cautions systematically a good part of their brilliance would be dimmed.

Some of the New Critics, especially when dealing with poetry of unusual complexity, have also been inclined to provide monolithic readings that stiffen the poem into a moral allegory.[2] Why this should be so I am not quite sure, but let me suggest that it may be related to the fact that the New Critics are torn in two directions: their theory requires them to be dispassionate technicians of literary analysis while their experience makes them into passionate moral philosophers. As they proliferate "levels" or ambiguities of meaning in their study of a poem, they naturally seek a counter-principle of unity, one that will bind together the disparities and incongruities they have discovered and lend some principle of order to their serried interpretations. And since they are also deeply involved in the modern quest for values, it becomes a natural temptation — one by no means confined to their school of criticism—to regard the poem as ultimately possessing the rigor, certainty and completeness of allegory.

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[1] Except as indices of preference, it is difficult to make out the meaning of "equal" and "superior." For if Tate really intended to suggest that poetry and science are distinct disciplines, each with its own aims, characteristic procedures and modes of convention, then a comparison using terms like "equal" and "superior" is probably meaningless.

WE have been assuming all the while that the New Critics habitually practice what they preach, but, like any other group of critics committed to a method or an approach, they have never found this entirely possible. The truth is that they have often mixed (or contaminated) close analyses of texts with oracular pronouncements of a sort that might be described as moralistic impressionism. A major charge that could be brought against a good many New Critics is not that they are limited in their approach but that they stray, often unawares, past the limits they have set for themselves.

Consider the peculiar prestige which terms like "orthodox," "tradition" and "Original Sin" enjoy among many New Critics. "Orthodox" is, properly speaking, not a literary term at all, since it pertains to matters of religious or other belief rather than to critical judgment. "Original Sin" is a category of a particular theology. The word "tradition" is somewhat more tricky, since it has legitimate uses in both literary and moral-ideological contexts. What happens, however, in much contemporary criticism—the New Critics are not the only sinners—is that these two contexts are taken to be one or to be organically related, so that it becomes possible to assume that a sense of the literary tradition necessarily involves and sanctions a "traditional" view of morality. There is a powerful inclination to forget that the literary tradition has never been a unitary one but has consisted of competing tendencies, and that it can be fruitfully regarded as a series of revolts, literary but sometimes more than merely literary, of generation against generation, one age against another. There is an equally powerful inclination among the New Critics to take for granted in their work the beneficent presence of a neo-orthodox theology and a conservative politics. Opposed though they are in principle to confusing literary and ideological categories, they have seldom troubled to examine their own work in order to inquire whether this confusion has afflicted them even as it has afflicted other mortals.

Nocturnal Aerial Act

Deep in a stretch of silver
under the river

the bridge is in
the branches of the moon.

The wind is in the branches
of the bridge

swinging across
an arc of dark air

dangerous down there
the trees watching

caught in the branches
of the wind leaning

over steel stresses of water
about to let go.

DONALD SCHENKER

THERE is a sense in which these remarks about modern criticism have been systematically unjust—perhaps unjust to the extent that they have been systematic. For it has been necessary to discuss the various critical approaches as if they were actually as internally consistent as their defenders sometimes claim, while in the reading of criticism what matters is precisely the individual variations, the touches of private sensibility. Any critic who is more than a robot seldom stays very long within one approach. The social critics may favor some version of "correspondence" as a criterion of judgment and the formalist critics some version of "coherence"; but in practice, when confronted with the task of elucidating "Sunday Morning" or *Light in August,* no critic of any intelligence has had any choice but to bring both criteria into play.

Literary criticism at its best is a personal art in which the power of insight counts far more than allegiance to a critical theory or position. When one reads Newton Arvin on Melville, one cannot easily place his book in any of the usual categories—indeed, so fine and just a book merits an appreciation much more generous than any act of "placing" could be. When one reads the criticism of Edmund Wilson, it may be possible to notice that he was at various times influenced by Freud and Marx, but what really matters is his skill at grasping the outlines of a work, his gift for evoking its essential quality, his zest before the experience of reading. His work suggests no image of blackboard and chalk, he does not add to the dreariness of the scene by proposing still another "system" or catalogue of jargon; each of his essays is his and his alone, the revelation of a unique and cultivated sensibility.

The methods critics use must obviously affect the nature and quality of their work, but they are not finally decisive. Perhaps there has recently been too much talk about critical method—a "searching," as Gide once wrote, "for criteria without wishing to go to the trouble of acquiring taste"—and not nearly enough about critical tone and breadth and insight. The best method could not make a mediocre man into a good critic; the worst can do a sensitive critic harm but not, I think, suppress his gifts indefinitely. And no method can give the critic what he needs most: knowledge, disinterestedness, love, insight, style. "The only method," Eliot once wrote, "is to be very intelligent." He might have added that it is also the hardest method.

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[2] This observation has been made to me by J. V. Cunningham, though I do not know whether he would accept the use to which I have put it.

Law and Policy in the Supreme Court

MARBLE PALACE: THE SUPREME COURT IN AMERICAN LIFE. By John P. Frank. Alfred A. Knopf. 302 pp. $5.

THE SUPREME COURT FROM TAFT TO WARREN. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. Louisiana State University Press. 250 pp. $4.95.

C. Herman Pritchett

IT IS increasingly hard to remember the time when the main barrier to an understanding of the Supreme Court was a public attitude of over-veneration. For the half-century from 1885 to 1935, a property-minded, conservative Court was protected by a carefully nurtured myth that the interpretation of the Constitution was an exercise in pure reason unaffected by the personal predilections of the justices. When liberal legislation was declared unconstitutional, the public was told that it was not because the justices willed it, but because the Constitution required it.

Between 1935 and 1937 this myth was shattered as the people came to see, in Max Lerner's words, that "judicial decisions are not babies brought by constitutional storks." Since then a generally liberal Court has had to function before a public well aware that constitutional interpretation is policy formation, not legal exegesis. The sense of awe has vanished. Instead we have violent attacks on the Court as a promoter of communism; a conference of state chief justices castigates the Court for assuming legislative functions, and a journalistic busybody sends out a broadside to judges of the lower federal courts, inquiring whether they agree with the decisions of their superior tribunal. Under such conditions there is danger that the new understanding of the Court's policy role will be perverted into a denial of the legitimacy and the value of judicial participation in democratic policy formation.

These books by two of the ablest analysts of the Court will help to maintain the perspective and balance now so badly needed. Mason of Princeton is the author of magnificent biographies of Brandeis and Stone. Frank, once law clerk to Black and former Yale professor of constitutional law, adds to this background the insights of a practicing lawyer and a sparkling writing style. Frank's book is a kind of intelligent layman's guide to the Court. There are two chapters of appraisal and good stories about the justices who have served on the Court, and another on the various chief justices and the roles they have played. Frank explains how cases are argued and how the Court reaches decisions and writes opinions. He even offers a chapter on the literary character of judicial opinions, which he finds to be too often non-existent. The only part of the book which does not succeed is the five chapters in which the author undertakes the impossible task of covering in a few pages the substance of the Court's position on civil liberties and other major issues in constitutional law.

MASON's book is a somewhat academic and chronological account of the Court's approach to its policy responsibilities since 1921 when Taft became chief justice. Under Taft, the Court demonstrated what a real "super-legislature" is like, striking down legislation in a "carnival of unconstitutionality." The conflict on that Court is presented, not as between conservatives and liberals but as between justices who believed there were certain rights beyond the reach of legislative experimentation and other justices who held that experimentation was essential to a changing society.

Mason denies Hughes the kudos he usually has received for his statesmanship. "An inclination to resist irresistible change and then to move along with solutions one has had no conspicuous role in shaping are not the marks of statesmanship. At the expense of both the form and substance of the law, he seemed unduly interested in preserving the Court's symbolic function."

Under Hughes the Court retreated from the super-legislative function espoused by Taft; under Stone it was forced to become "a court in search of its role." Mason is an avowed partisan of Stone, whom he regards as "one of the great creative judges of our time." Admitting that Stone was not much of a success as chief justice, he suggests that this failure was in part the result of his virtues—Stone refused to use "the high-pressure tactics of Taft and Hughes," nor would he employ "ingenious reasoning, good fellowship, the caucus" to keep the Court united.

Mason all but ignores Vinson, the index listing only three references to him. He sees the movement of the more recent Court as toward "positive responsibility." Judicial self-restraint, which has been a consistent refrain of Justice Frankfurter, and which the state supreme court justices urge on the Court in their manifesto, is by no means the essence of judicial responsibility. When political rights are denied by legislative action, it makes no sense to say that the only remedy lies with the legislature. "The real problem is to protect individuals and minorities without thereby destroying capacity in the majority to govern." This is the tremendous responsibility which the Warren Court has courageously assumed.

C. HERMAN PRITCHETT has written The Roosevelt Court, Civil Liberties and the Vinson Court *and* The Political Offender and the Warren Court.

Second Impressions

Reviewing the Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Science and Philosophy

FOUR SCIENTISTS, yielding to the urge to philosophize, meditate in new reprints about the nature and validity of scientific knowledge, speculate about the characteristics of ultimate reality, or examine man's peculiar status in the sort of universe depicted by prevailing scientific theories.

An Introduction to the Study of Experimental Medicine by Claude Bernard (Dover, $1.50) was first published nearly a century ago, but its account of the essential features of scientific research is almost as useful today as it was originally for students of science and philosophy of science. A new foreword by I. Bernard Cohen reviews Bernard's scientific achievements and explains his philosophical outlook.

Science Theory and Man, formerly *Science and the Human Temperament,* by Erwin Schrödinger (Dover, $1.35), carries an essay on elementary particles in the new edition. The eminent physicist presents his views on the philosophical implications of Heisenberg's indeterminacy principle, discusses the philosophical value of the sort of conceptual models used in modern physics, and analyzes the concept of "law of nature." One particularly interesting essay argues convincingly that science (i.e., *Wissenschaft*) is really a kind of intellectual play or artistic activity.

In *The Philosophy of Physical Science* (Michigan-Ann Arbor Paperbacks, $1.75) Sir Arthur Eddington offers what he ambitiously describes as "the philosophy to which those who follow the accepted practice of science stand committed by their *practice.*" Eddington acknowledges that he submits a personal philosophy of science. Indeed, he stands almost alone in declaring that fundamental laws of physics are *a priori* rather than empirical principles.

Sir James Jeans surveys a borderland territory in his *Physics and Philosophy* (Michigan-Ann Arbor Paperbacks, $1.75). He reflects on his theory of knowledge, free-will problems, philosophical implications of the new physics. He argues that we are not yet in a position to announce either the death of materialism or the obsolescence of metaphysical determination. He reaffirms his belief that modern physics has moved in the direction of mentalism and reiterates his conviction that in so doing it has moved nearer truth than fiction. Like Eddington on somewhat similar points, Jeans is less convincing than provocative.

(James W. Clark, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, University of Alabama, kindly provided the four notices above.)

The Function of Reason by Alfred North Whitehead (Beacon, $1.25), assuming that the function is "to promote the art of life," considers reason relative to the decay of physical nature and the renewals within biological evolution.

An Introduction to Mathematics by Alfred North Whitehead (Oxford-Galaxy, $1.50) protested in 1911 against absorption in detail and a resultant neglect of principles and underlying purposes. It is still *avant-garde,* a lucid, comprehensible foundation for newly-designed introductions to mathematics.

Literary History

Contrasting procedures in literary history appear in the new releases. *The Allegory of Love* by C. S. Lewis (Oxford-Galaxy, $2.25) is now a classic analysis of a convention, with a history of its development in literature. Chaucer, Gower and Spenser are the chief writers dealt with, and through the convention Mr. Lewis illuminates both the men and the times.

The Novel in France by Martin Turnell (Vintage, $1.25) treats only seven novelists, Mme. de La Fayette through Proust, and is hence no regular history. Mr. Turnell's tastes are classical and he is perhaps most perceptive about Mme. de La Fayette, Laclos, Constant and Stendhal—the last of whom suffered an "unfortunate influence of Romanticism" but was preserved by psychological penetration and the involvement in life characteristic of the classicists. Balzac he considers sentimental, extravagant and stylistically insensitive; Flaubert failed to define his central characters and overloaded his symbols; Proust for all his oddities and involutions is greater than either. Mr. Turnell's study is stylistic, historical, psychological and finally critical. It continues to win admirers despite translations which are surprisingly inadequate in a book on style; but he gives French and English and writes with the French always in mind.

A History of Russian Literature from Its Beginnings to 1900 by D. S. Mirsky (Vintage, $1.25) is Francis J. Whitefield's respected edition. Most of its nearly 400 pages treat the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with a surprising absence of bias. Mirsky's history is standard and full in detail. Good index.

Miscellaneous

Eimi by E. E. Cummings (Evergreen, $2.45), an individualistic poet's account of a month's trip to Russia in 1931, describes a Communist world of detectives, technicians, tipsters and harum-scarums which appears somewhat madder than our own—or Mr. Cummings'.

The Double by Fyodor M. Dostoyevsky (Indiana-Midland, $1.50; cloth, $3.75), though it lags and misfires at times, is at others a brilliant first venture into the theme of split personality which is near the center of his great work two decades later.

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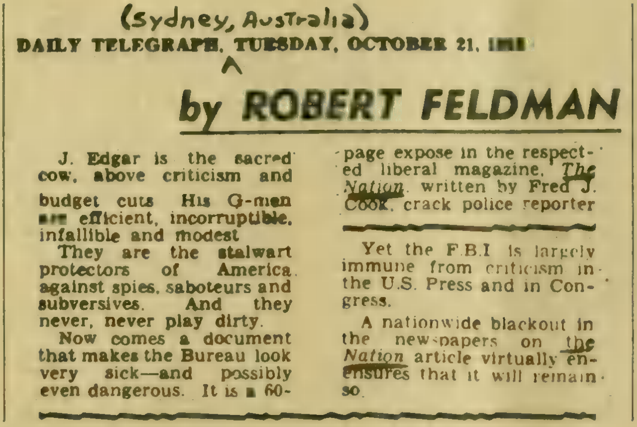

(Sydney, Australia)

DAILY TELEGRAPH, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, [redacted]

by ROBERT FELDMAN

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Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain (Riverside Editions, 80c) reprints the authoritative first edition, with appended facsimiles of manuscript and printed text and a careful, fresh introduction (typical of the series) by Henry Nash Smith.

The Genius of American Politics by Daniel J. Boorstin (Chicago-Phoenix, $1.35), profoundly suspicious of dogma, examines American substitutes for political theory and argues that the doctrine of "givenness" in varied forms and times, coupled with the uniqueness of our circumstances, has favored a domestic conservatism and in effect prevented export of our patterns. The Walgreen lectures of 1952, with needed suggestions for further reading.

The American Woman by Eric John Dingwall (Signet, 50c) wittily presents a mass of evidence that she is obsessed with sex though heir of the Puritans, and frustrated though domineering.

Language for Everybody by Mario Pei (Pocket Books, 50c) popularizes a big subject in a small book.

The Oldest Stories in the World, originally translated and retold by Theodore H. Gaster (Beacon, $1.95), contains thirteen Babylonian, Hittite and Canaanite stories with an introduction and extensive comments relating them to other folklore.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *Sister Carrie* by Theodore Dreiser (Bantam, 50c); *The Wapshot Chronicle* by John Cheever (Bantam, 50c); *My Brother's Bride* by William March (Pyramid, 50c); *David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens, introduction by Joseph Mersand (Pocket Library, 75c); *Bell, Book and Candle* by John van Druten (Bantam, 50c); *Three Great Plays* of Euripides, Rex Warner, translator (Mentor, 75c), containing *Medea*, *Hippolytus* and *Helen*; *Hannibal* by Mary Dolan (Avon, 35c).

LETTER from ROME

Alexander Werth

"THE English Poet John Keats died in this house. . ." In October, Rome is particularly beautiful. The orange, ochre, apricot and salmon-pink stucco of the buildings in the Piazza di Spagna looks so much more delicate than it does in the glaring sunshine of July. On the large staircase alongside the house where Keats died, young people, mostly Americans, sit for hours, absorbing the atmosphere of Rome. It is tempting to relax in Rome, to enjoy its beauty, its spaghetti and chianti, and forget about H-bombs, even about the miseries of the Italian poor. The poor aren't all that obvious in Rome itself, but I traveled out to some of the *borgate*—the tin-shack settlements only a few miles outside the city—and the poverty there is worse and more sordid than you see even in Sica's and Fellini's films; families of nine or ten in one room; undernourishment; no hygiene; unemployment with practically no help from anywhere.

In Italy they don't much care for Sica's and Fellini's films. Even Italian intellectuals say they dislike being constantly reminded of *that* side of Italy; the stuff gives them a bad conscience. It also gives the outside world the wrong idea of Italy. They tell you that Italy remains two distinct countries: the North, where the standard of living is comparable to France, and the South, where it's comparable to North Africa. In Rome, just on the borderline between the two, abject poverty is represented chiefly by the constant influx of "immigrants" from the South. At the same time, houses are being built all over the place, with rents accessible to middle-class and upper-working-class incomes. Italian cities (and Rome in particular) are among the few cities in Europe where, except for the very poor, there is no longer a housing shortage.

THERE is a marked *embourgeoisement* among the working class, and the labor unions are up against a terrifying problem: high wages in certain industries. Fiat and Olivetti, for example, pay *three* times as much as the labor unions demand. The unions, not unnaturally, complain of the "loss of class solidarity"; what a worker in Turin wants is not a "union wage," but a job with Fiat, complete with house and garden. So the masses in Italy tend to belong to two extremes: the "Americanized" working-class aristocracy which is becoming increasingly apolitical; and the down-and-outs who are anarchist, rather than Marxist. The apolitical working class is a phenomenon common to most countries of Western Europe today. The Italian peculiarity is the existence of a relatively large down-and-out group—and the fact that it is anarchist, rather than revolutionary-Marxist.

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No doubt, the "poor" in Italy continue to vote for the Nenni Socialists and for the Communists. There are still 140 Communist members in the Chamber of Deputies, and eighty-four Nenniites, as against 275 Christian-Democrats. But the most common complaint I heard from both Nenniites and Communists was that their parties had "lost contact with the masses." The Christian-Democrats still kept in touch with the people through the priest, but the left-wing parties had no such agent. Nor did the masses read the party newspapers; in a great industrial city like Turin only a few thousand copies of the Communist *Unità* or the Nenniite *Avanti* were sold. Radio and TV were entirely in the hands of the government.

I had long talks about this with Pietro Nenni; he took a gloomy view of the future of Italy and the future of Europe. Both, he thought, were going "reactionary," and Gaullism in France, for all its apparent benevolence and liberalism, merely showed the way all Europe was going. There was not much genuine socialism, or genuine revolutionary fervor, in the young generation. His Socialist Party is now in a constant state of crisis. Nenni, once a faithful ally of the Italian Communists, broke with them after Budapest. He thought there wasn't "a hope in hell" for a Popular Front in Italy now, and was impatient with Socialists who still hankered for their old alliance. There would have to be a showdown at the Naples congress in January, even if it meant a final split in the party. His line was that the real tragedy of the Left in Europe was that "you couldn't have a strong Left either *with* the Communists or *without* the Communists."

WHOSE fault was this decay of a "Left *mystique*" in Europe? I put the question to one of the most interesting characters in the Italian political scene: Antonio Giolitti, grandson of *the* Giolitti and so, obviously, a man with a *grand-bourgeois*, Piedmontese background. Antonio, now 43, had taken up an active fight against fascism in the days of Mussolini; then became a hero of the Resistance during the war when he fought on the side of the Partisans in the Italian Alps. He respected the Italian Communists who, he said, had a "pure record," unsullied by the Soviet-German pact which the French Communists had approved. At the end of the war he became a deputy and one of the leading figures of the Italian Communist Party. No doubt, Giolitti said, he (and others) had had qualms about the Communist Party: it seemed too closely tied to Moscow. In the post-war years they swallowed a lot of things they didn't like—the Rajk trial, the Slansky trial, the breach with Tito. And yet, he said, by and large, they still felt that Russia stood for the "right things," and that it was impossible to be squeamish at the height of the Cold War. The breaking-point came with the XXth Party Congress and events in Eastern Europe thereafter. Togliatti felt Khrushchev was reasoning along the right lines; in Italy, the Communists started talking in terms of "the Italian way to socialism." The XXth Congress, in short, raised hopes, which Budapest then destroyed.

Giolitti and many other intellectuals left the Communist Party—they had lost faith in the Soviet Union. "Why," I asked, "did you have faith in it in the days of Stalin?" "It was different then: we needed Russia, and Russia needed us; neither we nor Russia wanted war. Now Russia has the H-bomb, and this H-bomb has somehow taken the place of the ideological prestige Russia once had. Since the effect of the XXth Congress was destroyed by Budapest, Russia has come to mean less and less to the Italian working class. Nor does Russia, armed with H-bombs, need us. . . ."

The confusion on the Left in Italy becomes the greater when one considers that Nenni's critics accuse him of "wanting to be a cabinet minister again," and of being willing to cooperate with the left-wing of the Christian-Democrats. These alleged tendencies on Nenni's part are chiefly attributed to the influence of President Gronchi who, scared of an all-out right-wing offensive—in Italy, as elsewhere in Europe—finds the last hope for Italian democracy in an alliance between the Christian Democrats and the Nenni Socialists.

So nothing on the Italian Left is clear-cut: not even the position of the Communists. Influenced by Franco Rodano, head of the now defunct Left Christian Party, Togliatti himself has an ambiguous attitude to the Church. At Rodano's house he is said often to meet Cardinal Ottaviani and other cardinals. After the death of the late Pope, he wrote in *Unità* a highly favorable obituary—which is a lot more than Nenni ever did.

Western Europe is, sure enough, becoming more prosperous, but politically and mentally it is becoming increasingly stuffy. Antonio Giolitti said to me:

> In my grand-dad's days, a parliamentary speech could be a great historic event; now parliament means practically nothing in Italy. There hasn't been a single important debate since the election last May. Everything in parliament has been prefabricated by the government. And it's becoming the same in most other European countries; it is highly ominous for the whole of Europe that France should, in fact, have adopted a monarchist constitution. . . . Something new is crystallizing in Europe. It will not be called fascism, but may, in many ways, be quite as bad. And you may well have it in England, too.

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

IF THE point of your play is to be that your hero is a hollow sham, prudence suggests that you contrive to conceal it until quite far along in the proceedings. In *Epitaph for George Dillon* (John Golden Theatre), John Osborne and Anthony Creighton make Dillon's emptiness clear before he has ever set foot upon the stage and devote the rest of the evening to showing the various ways in which a vacuum is without content.

The play has a certain virtuoso appeal, for not only is Dillon without any qualities that could move you to response, but everyone around him shares in the negation, and it is surprising that a stage can be kept looking lively and varied while the actors work out permutations on the concept of zero. Perhaps the fact that the cast, led by Robert Stephens, Eileen Herlie and Alison Leggatt, is composed of resourceful actors adept at making their presence strongly felt (Stephens is a regular windmill of self-generated emotion) has something to do with it; but it is also true that Osborne showed early a brilliant understanding of stage situation.

That is a mechanical affair, though, and not to be confused with dramatic situation. Dramatically, the play defeats itself by telling you that these are negligible people, incapable of growth or change, and then proving it by permitting nothing to grow or change. The stage does not offer either enlightenment or entertainment when all that is to be discovered about the characters is evident in the immediate impression each one makes.

George Dillon, self-styled artistic failure, is patently a parasite living on the general credulity that does not look under the bushel when a petulent loafer says his light is hidden there. The Elliott family on which he feeds is patently meant to be fed on and will be no better and no worse for the experience (the

Elliotts are representatives of the middle class which the nouveau literates in England feel compelled to denounce in filial horror). The notion of a thin-skinned man doomed to live among people who say "this occasion calls for a drink" does not rouse pity if he has made no slightest attempt to escape. The maudlin deflation of Dillon in the closing scene looked, thus, like a good actor's trick of shrinking in his clothes.

A playwright cannot trot a lot of people on stage and simply say "did you ever see such a bunch of fools and phonies?" The answer is that we have seen a good many fools and phonies, that we think we are pretty good at spotting them and that it is the playwright's job to show us either that our acumen is less sharp than we had supposed or that there are curious reasons behind the distressing waste. Anyone who really believes that there is nothing to be said beyond that flat angry question has a right to his opinion, but the theatre is not his métier. He belongs in some work where people are counted, not discussed. And I am not talking about the artist's supposed obligation to society—only about his obligation to show us what he has discovered when he calls us to his booth. *Epitaph for George Dillon* is not a discovery, it is a tautology.

NEVER say that Broadway is indifferent to youth knocking at the door. Speed Lamkin, a young playwright from Louisiana by way of Harvard, and Robert Mulligan, a young director from New York by way of CBS and NBC, offer *Comes a Day* (Ambassador Theatre) as their first Broadway venture. They are sponsored by Cheryl Crawford (with Alan Pakula as co-director) who has engaged for them Judith Anderson, George C. Scott, Arthur O'Connell, Brandon de Wilde and a supporting cast of consistent excellence. Young men could scarcely ask more generosity.

Why, then, is *Comes a Day* so discouraging? It is not very good, but few first plays are—what we look for is a spark, not a flaming masterpiece. *Comes a Day* is depressing because it does not try to be good; it tries to be successful. Needing a marketable theme, Mr. Lamkin has selected, with no originality at all, the currently popular scapegoat—mother. Caroline Lawton (Diana van der Vlis) is being forced into an advantageous marriage by her mother (Miss Anderson), who expects thus to recover her fallen prestige in the town. The advantageous Tydings Glenn (Mr. Scott) does not attract the girl; also his own mother's showy promiscuity has turned him into a psychotic misogynist with homicidal overtones. Miss Anderson doubles in the role of husband castrator; having by scorn reduced her husband (Mr. O'Connell) to an apologetic drunk, she jumps up and down, as it were, on his supine body to instruct her son (Mr. de Wilde) and daughter in the niceties of wedlock. Poor old father Lawton has the last word, though; after Tydings, his mother being mentioned, stages a fit in the living room and then steps outside to break up the garden furniture (also after it is discovered that he has beheaded a pet crow under the misapprehension that it is a gift to his fiancée from a rival admirer), Lawton springs into sobriety and denounces the marriage. Mother is then suffering an unusual moment of weakness (a police ambulance has been summoned to remove her candidate) and Caroline is permitted to leave home in pursuit of the manly young plumbing salesman with whom she has been spending the odd weekend in a nearby motel.

These abstracts from some how-to-do-it handbook of abnormal psychology have been directed in a wigwagging style of acting designed to be visible on a 21-inch screen. Tydings Glenn, a masterful facade, betrays his inner rottenness by a curious tic. He is a compulsive eater of small fruit (limes, perhaps?) which he cuts in half with a clasp knife large enough to disembowel a bullock. Lawton the lush is forever entering from the bathroom (he retires to that haven when any crisis arises), wiping his mouth with a gesture furtive enough to be seen across a state armory. Caroline is given a big undress scene to signify that she is "ready." There is a bumptious friend (Charles White) whose bad taste and vulgarity are so eccentric as to carry him over to the loony side with Tydings. Only Miss Anderson and Mr. de Wilde are permitted (or determined) to behave like normal examples of the people they are said to be. Everyone else has been taught to send up smoke signals. Mr. Scott's case is particularly alarming—he is a young actor of talent with a growing reputation for a hypnotic stage presence; he can only harm himself by consenting to do imitations of a man wrestling with a high-tension wire.

It may be injustice, but I get the impression that Mr. Lamkin's play has been through one of those processing plants known as writers' workshops. It is put together with more second-hand hardware than any one young man would be likely to have handy.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI's latest opera, *Maria Golovin*, which had a successful world premiere at the Brussels Fair, opened at the Martin Beck Theatre somewhat over a week ago and closed quietly within five days. This was, to my knowledge, the most resounding popular failure that Menotti has ever suffered, and it raises all sorts of questions, especially since this work gave reason to hope that the composer was rising above an easy level of musical expression he long ago achieved and was seemingly content to duplicate. *Maria Golovin*, though a rough gem, and not a diamond at that, showed signs of a stronger musical personality than did *The Consul* or *The Saint of Bleecker Street*. Indeed, it was the first Menotti work since *The Medium* (long ago worn thin for me), which sent me from the theatre with an uncheated, even a slightly nourished

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feeling. That feeling has persisted, and since it is my conviction that a work is as much to be judged by its afterglow as by its immediate flash of sensation, I feel that *Maria Golovin* was an aesthetic success—a qualified one, to be sure—and that its quick death at the Martin Beck could be explained only by someone who understands the Broadway box office. I do not.

Menotti called a variety of strange forces into play when he announced his opera as a "musical drama," mounted it in a Broadway theatre, and invited the drama critics, rather than their musical colleagues, to write about it. I understand the first part of this arrangement: the word "opera" is apparently box-office poison on Broadway. Mounting the work in a legitimate theatre, I can also understand (there was probably no practical alternative), although I do not feel that such auditoriums possess the acoustical qualities for musical presentation, or the non-prosaic atmosphere suited to so poetic a medium as opera.

But the reason for inviting only the drama critics, I cannot understand. As a musician I was certainly not offended, but a question of aesthetic categories remains. When a composer asks for drama criticism, rather than music criticism, he infers either that his piece is in a new genre, or that the dramatic element in it is more important than the musical. Neither of these things was true of *Maria Golovin*; it was, plainly and simply, an opera. Indeed, as sometimes happens with this medium, the most interesting events were often taking place, not on stage at all, but in the orchestra pit. I have wondered, since the closing, whether this breach of critical routine may not have confused the opera-going audience while failing to woo a theatrical one.

THE story of *Maria Golovin*, like those of most of Menotti operas, deals with the fates of wounded or trapped human creatures. The leading figure is a young man, Donato, who has been blinded in war. Formerly an aspiring architect, he is reduced to making spindly little bird cages, with which one side of the living room is piled. The scenery, by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, repeats this motif. Both the interior and exterior sets have a spidery, cage-like quality which I found forced and somewhat arty, but which most viewers seemed to admire.

Donato is getting along at home with his mother, when a beautiful, older woman comes along to rent an upstairs apartment. She, Maria Golovin, is married to a man who has been a prisoner of war for several years. She and Donato become lovers; the husband returns; a crisis is precipitated. In the final scene, a revolver which has been provided by an otherwise extraneous character, is brought into play. Donato asks his mother to help him aim it at Maria. Holding his arm, she points the gun to one side; tells him to fire; hands him a rose to drop upon the imaginary corpse; and leads him, seemingly stunned into helplessness or idiocy, from the room. Now he is free, she says.

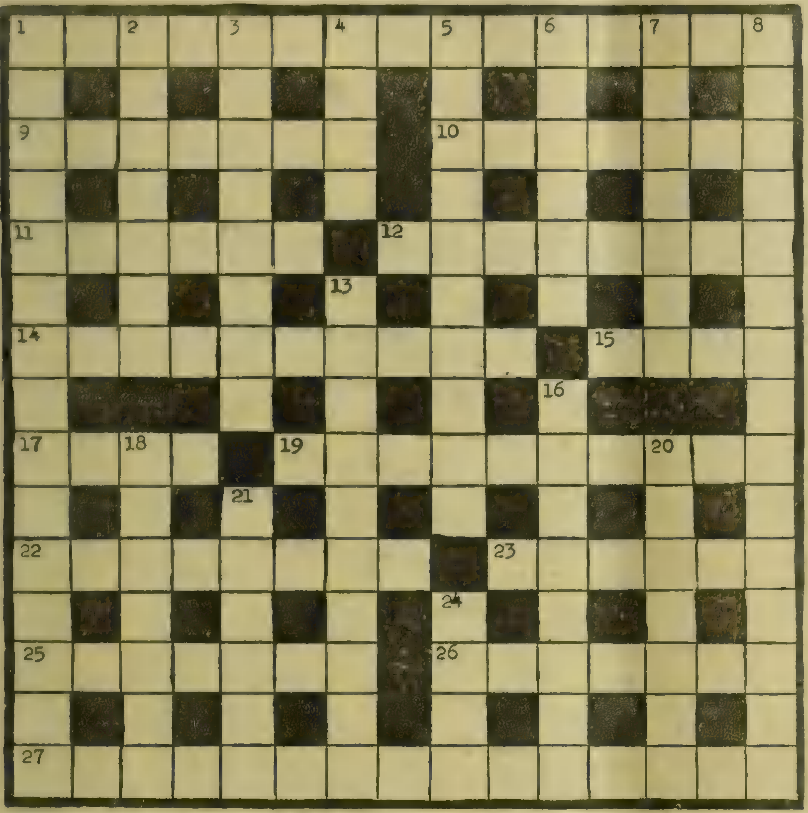
As you can see, there was much melodrama in these proceedings, and a dependence upon the sensational qualities of any given scene. Such things are to be expected in a Menotti libretto. What was more interesting, however, was the philosophical content the author injected into his story and then failed to clarify. There was dreadful irony in the idea that, by causing Donato to believe himself a murderer, his mother was leading him into freedom. Was that not, rather, an ultimate enchainment? But the opera had ended, and none of the preceding material had really clarified what the author meant to say on the subject. For the first time, when hearing a Menotti opera, it occurred to me that what he needed was a good librettist.

That feeling was enforced by the superior quality of the music which drifted up from the pit. Much of it had a freshness, and up-to-date sound, which was a distinct advance over the rather pale and stylistically equivocal idioms Menotti has employed in the past. It showed, at times, real urgency and conviction, which made the bumps in its progress both noticeable and less than basically annoying. I suspect that the score to *Maria Golovin* was put together in a hurry (as are most Menotti scores); perhaps an unusual hurry. Certain orchestral passages sounded as if they had simply been lumped together to follow the voice part and keep sound coming up from the pit. And, yet, bumps and all, the music had vitality. It could be smoothed and developed into an impressive score. Some of the aria material on stage, too, had a plainness and firmness which might ultimately wear better than some prettier tunes from the author's earlier operas.

My full impression, then, was that Menotti had taken so large a step forward that now it might serve him well to slow down his working pace, polish his scores more minutely, and call in a playwright to help detail, deepen, and keep in line the psychological and philosophical meanings of his stories. Certainly, he has never given a better sign of being potentially the great opera composer so many people feel he is already.

Crossword Puzzle No. 795

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 13 down
9 Why Japanese go to wineshops, and leave. (7)
10 Seems to suggest what's at the bottom of modern dress for the brave wise man. (7)
11 Box-wood for 10? (6)
12 Put off about last, as a protective device. (8)
14 Always why, in trouble, it gets old before universal distribution. (10)
15 No snake-in-the-grass in the simple scene of song. (4)
17 Nursery bell-carriers. (4)
19 The year of the Indian Moon? (4,6)
22 A cut is no substitute, where knock-downs are concerned. (8)
23 Somewhat like Dorothy's lion. (6)
25 Looks like the devil, regarding application. (7)
26 Take me back to the tavern, and move for prohibition! (7)
27 Kind of literary passage of an early American painter? (It's not a major point! (9,2,4)

DOWN:

1 The distinction of "I" into "A"? (15)
2 Shorten what Pons Asinorum is for fools. (7)
3 Servers suggesting Carroll's bats? (3,5)
4 Cyclops was one. (4)
5 Toy store, or plant. (10)
6 Search for what might fall under foot. (6)
7 He might be pushing eighty, but is probably much younger! (7)
8 A sort of bastion proves to be a point of vantage. (11,4)
13 and 1 across Quando—age? (4,2,4,2,2,3,6,2)
16 How the ghoul shows are sometimes represented? (8)
18 Get a bad case through one who beats it. (7)
20 How rhymers write? Wrong! (7)
21 The drink of a fakir schooled in learning. (6)
24 Give expression to what 18 might use. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 794

ACROSS: 1 Cassava; 5 Angelic; 9 Ailment; 10 Shakier; 11, 12, and 26 Grand Canyon; 13 Allow; 14 Ratable; 16 Cutaway; 18 Gyrates; 21 and 27 down Conning tower; 24 Apsis; 27 Tiger; 28 Tolstoi; 29 Unweave; 30 Descant; 31 Surfeit. DOWN: 1 Charger; 2 Saltant; 3 Amend; 4 Article; 5 Arsenic; 6 Ghana; 7 Laid low; 8 Caraway; 15 and 17 Button; 18 Granted; 19 Resoles; 20 Concurs; 22 Ingrate; 23 Garment; 25 Sitka.

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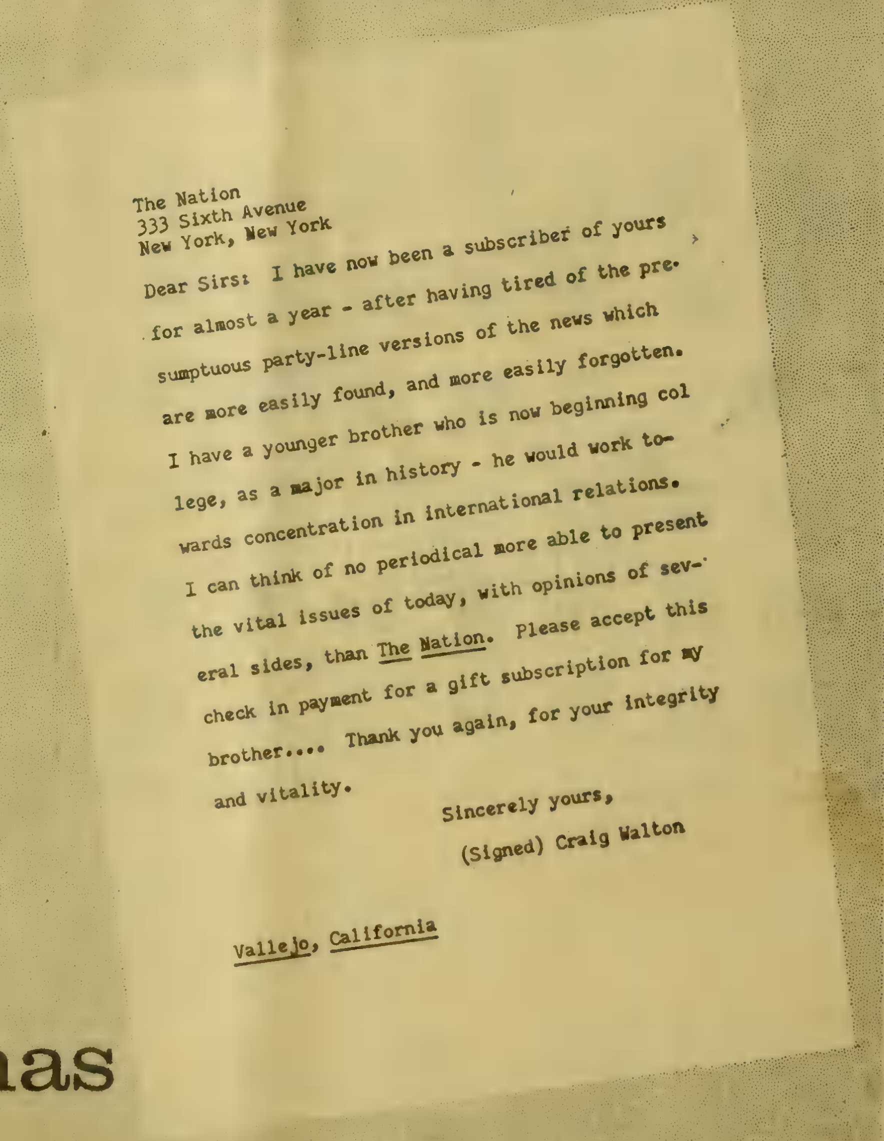

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Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Craig Walton

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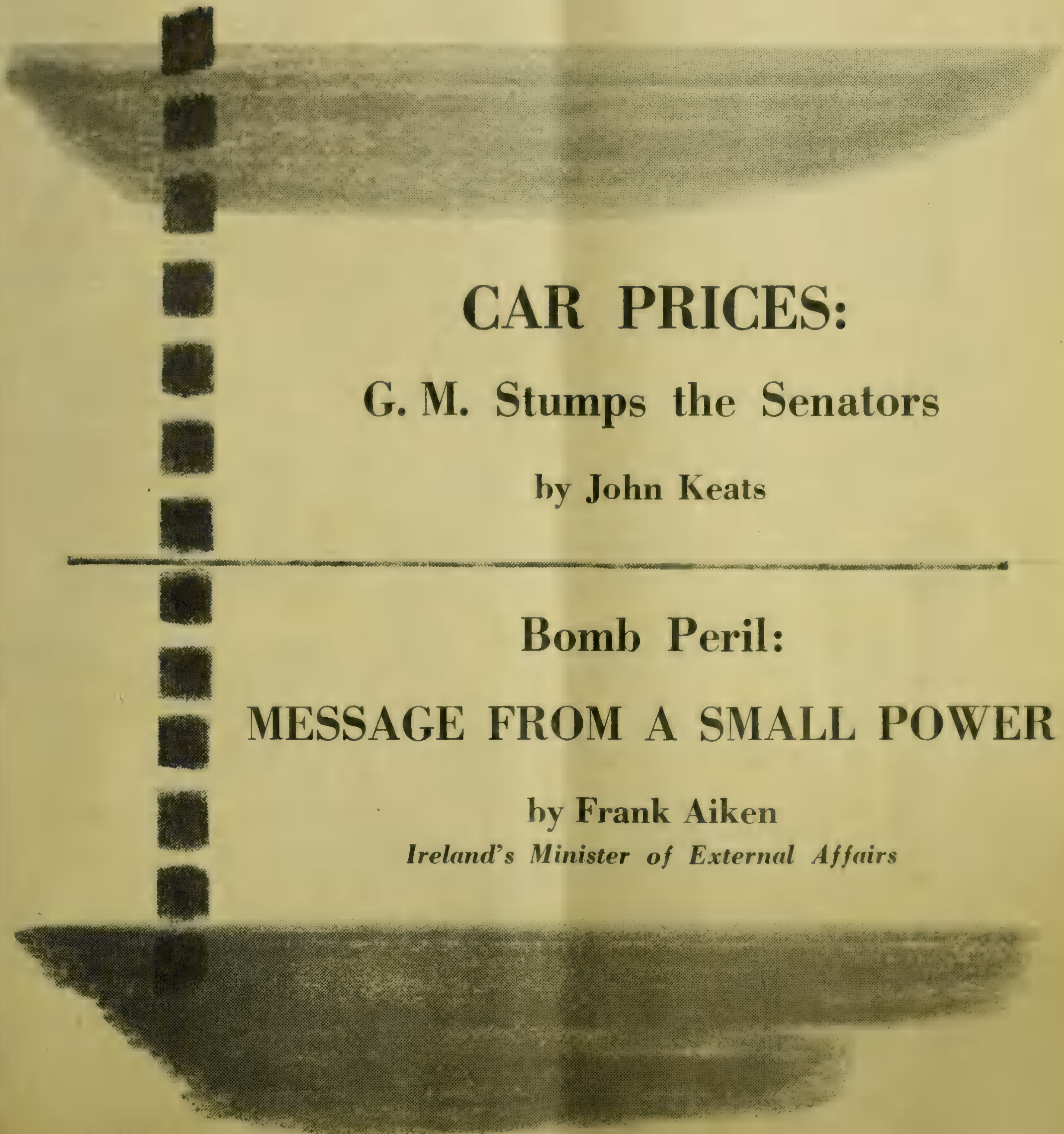

CAR PRICES:

G. M. Stumps the Senators

by John Keats

Bomb Peril:

MESSAGE FROM A SMALL POWER

by Frank Aiken
Ireland's Minister of External Affairs

LETTERS

A Democrat in Brookline!

Dear Sirs: The November 16 issue is splendid—your description of a "Landslide in a Vacuum" is absolutely correct in its estimate of what happened on Election Day. But there is a second "Incident in Massachusetts" which your readers may not have read about: the retirement from the state senate of Philip O. Bowker, Republican, of Brookline. Bowker's chairmanship for six years of the state Un-American Activities Committee seemed to guarantee him perpetuity in office, especially since Brookline had never sent a Democrat to the state senate. But Peter M. McCormack, an Irish Democrat, rolled up enough votes in the gerrymandered Brookline-West Roxbury district to retire Bowker permanently from Massachusetts political life.

It is hardly profitable to play the red-baiting disc any more.

PHILIP JONES

Boston, Mass.

Mirror, Anyone?

Dear Sirs: I don't know which impresses me most: the resemblance of the drive of Knowland *et al* to get Labor to Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, or the resemblance of the situation of certain Republicans now to Lucifer and his cohorts in Canto II of *Paradise Lost* (a literary work not often read these days).

In any event, one thing is going to be really interesting. It seems to me that in proportion as the Republicans take the steps which are indispensable, if they are going to regain the confidence of the country, they are going to be out of business! Resolving this one may require mirrors.

Mr. Eisenhower, with his $81 billion budget, and $12 billion deficit, seems so confused about who the spenders are that I doubt if he can get around to it. Do you think Messrs. Nixon and Alcorn can do it?

SELWYN COLE

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Artist-Physician

Dear Sirs: I am preparing a detailed catalogue of the works of the artist-physician, Dr. William Rimmer (1816-1879). I would appreciate learning of the existence of paintings, drawings or sculpture of Dr. Rimmer's, and of any other information relative to him. Dr. Rimmer was active in Boston, New York and Providence in the 1860s and 1870s.

RICHARD S. NUTT
The Historical Library
Yale University School of Medicine
New Haven 11, Connecticut

Some Men Are Men

Dear Sirs: Thanks to Eve Merriam for a particularly flashing article, "The Matriarchal Myth" [November 8]. . . . She has finally taken the whole exasperating discussion about Momism by the scruff of its neck and stood it upon its feet: "The emasculation of men has not been caused by woman. It is a social, not a sexual affair."

I think, however, that the first of these two feet is somewhat lame. To prove that Mama is not Papa does not require the castration of the male. Miss Merriam takes our collective manhood too quickly away. . . . True, *organization man* seems to fit the placid mold into which he has been poured—but not all American males are junior executives on the make. Is Detroit Madison Avenue—and are the factory workers at River Rouge quite as desexed as Miss Merriam makes all men out to be? Isn't this devitalization she talks about more a class trait than a sexual trait?

Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but I think there's still a lot of life left in the old boys. Maybe the men in the gray flannel suits have tired blood—but there are still some thirty or forty million males who punch time clocks. These days they seem to be asleep—but hibernations don't last forever. Mama Bear needn't worry when they wake up—but Corporation Bear may have to.

MILTON OST

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: A dozen orchids to Eve Merriam. But there's a real dilemma for men, it seems to me: What does it mean to be a *man* in the twentieth century? A male today can't prove his manhood by toting a gun and shooting Indians or bad men, nor can he wear armor and rescue maidens in distress. If he proves it by beating up his wife is he acting in the real he-man tradition? Or if he helps out with the dishes. . . . is he disproving he's a man?

I've wondered. Physical courage does seem to have had its day when the end product becomes nuclear war that would wipe out the human race. If ideal behavior for men were known, they could lay off blaming women for all the ills and get on with their own development toward what they should be.

What does a true man do in this age? All I can say, as a woman, is that moral courage is the basic essential. . . .

ROSE G. LEVAN

East Chicago, Ind.

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The Nation, Nov. 29, 1958. Vol. 187, No. 18

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 18

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Missiles and Misgivings

The November 14 headline was "McElroy Asserts U.S. Is Recasting Global Strategy" — by substituting U.S.-based intercontinental missiles for European-based intermediate-range missiles. The November 15 headline was in flat contradiction: "Allies Reassured U.S. Stands Firm on Missile Policy." The latter was based on a State Department announcement; the earlier, on a McElroy press conference. Whom are we to believe — the Secretary of Defense or the Secretary of State?

No one who is not privileged to attend the meetings of the National Security Council can be sure, but the answer is probably both political and technological. It all began with the discovery, in October, 1957, that the USSR was in the lead in missile development. The most spectacular of our reactions was to press intermediate-range missiles on our allies, ostensibly for their defense but also to prove to them that they had not chosen the wrong side in the nuclear-missiles contest.

But why IRBMs? Simply because they were the only ones we could have ready within a period — say a year — which would make sense if the Russian menace was as great as it was played up to be. The production of Thors and Jupiters was put on a crash basis, and in fact a few have been sent abroad. But there were grave liabilities in the program from the start, and Secretary McElroy's remarks are in effect a belated admission that all was not, is not, and never will be, well in this sector of the Cold War effort.

One difficulty is that the missiles are the wrong type for their announced purpose or, probably, for any purpose. The announced purpose is retaliatory, in the event of a Soviet attack. But these IRBMs are liquid-fueled, and the countdowns at Cape Canaveral give an idea of how long it takes to launch this type of rocket. At the same time the launching sites are highly vulnerable. Consequently, if the Russians were insane enough to launch a nuclear attack on Britain or the continent and did not succeed in knocking out our IRMBs in the first try, they could fire at least one more salvo before we could get into the air such of our missiles as might still be operational. The Russians would have a minimal two-to-one advantage, besides the advantage of surprise, which adds up to a pretty weak coefficient of deterrence.

If the IRBMs are inherently slow and vulnerable, they are also unwieldy from the standpoint of control and decision. Dual control is implicit in their use. The Atomic Energy Act requires that the nuclear warheads be kept in American hands. But the unarmed rocket must be in the hands of nationals of the country providing the site, since even the most ardent allies wish to have some defense not only against a foreign aggressor, but against an American screwball who might precipitate an exchange desired by no one else. Even a brief symposium preparatory to launching hardly makes for an ideal operational situation.

The worst defect of this improvised weapon, however, is that nobody wants it. Distaste ranges from resigned acquiescence, as in the case of Italy and Turkey (neither of which really has any choice in the matter), to obdurate negation in most of the rest of Europe. As the *Wall Street Journal* puts it, "We have had to cajole, bargain with and even bribe our allies to permit their [IRBMs'] emplacement." This, the *Journal* adds, does not make for happy allies.

These considerations may have led to Secretary McElroy's second thoughts. They did not lead to second thoughts on the part of Secretary Dulles, who promptly knocked his colleagues flat. Just the same, taking the long (i.e., two-year) view, it is a fairly safe bet that few IRBMs will be emplaced in Europe, and the defense of America will devolve on ICBMs, probably solid-fueled and safely based on the home grounds. When those missiles are ready, perhaps there will be further second thoughts, and hopefully another Secretary of State.

Pacifists and Voters

It is, of course, axiomatic in American politics that pacifists are anathema to the voters; that any candidate who utters the word "peace," except by way of execration, is more likely to be tarred and feathered than elected. Nevertheless last week we had occasion to refer editorially to one would-be political suicide, William H. Meyer of Vermont, a Quaker, who campaigned for repeal of peace-time conscription, admission of Red China to the United Nations, and American leadership in the movement toward disarmament and peace. Something went wrong with the axioms and Meyer was elected to the lone Vermont Congressional seat, the first Democrat in a century to be so honored. But the dour Vermonters were not unique. The prize exhibit in the political rogues' gallery is Democratic Congressman-elect Byron L. Johnson of Colorado, who beat John G. Mackie by the comfortable margin of 94,000 votes to 79,000 in a district which had been solidly Republican for twenty years. During the campaign Mr. Mackie, a World War II infantry veteran, expressed willingness to "take a rifle and go to Quemoy." He disapproved severely of Mr. Johnson, a former professor at the University of Denver, a member of the National Council of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and a citizen who was saved from being a conscientious objector in World War II only by physical disqualification. "Our only choice in this atomic era," Johnson replied to the embattled Mackie, "is either to live together or die together." So, for the present, he's going to live in Washington, while Mackie stays in Colorado.

Of course these two cases don't prove much, but then very few candidates spoke out for recognizing Red China or trying to achieve peace. Can it be that the voters are not quite as reactionary as they are pictured and, given a choice, may sometimes choose benignly, liberally and intelligently?

Debating Society — Plus

It is time that the United Nations stopped agreeing politely with its detractors. Instead of describing itself as a debating society (said Assembly President Charles Malik to the National Women's Press Club the other day: "The U.N. provides the opportunity of perpetual discussion"), it should shift the spotlight from its Political Committee, where everyone is lost in outer space at the moment, to one of the committees in the basement — where sometimes revolutionary things get done.

Recently the Second Committee, for instance, furthered the cause of internationalism by a plan for the so-called underdeveloped countries that may well have healthy repercussions in the overdeveloped ones. Through this plan, called the United Nations Technical Assistance in Public Administration, countries long on problems and short on trained personnel can ask for a U.N.-recruited expert to give them an international helping hand. Perhaps planes are not running on time in Ghana since British civil servants moved out — lock, stock and experience; the U.N. will find a man to fill the gap while he trains a Ghanan. Treasury-trouble in the Sudan? A U.N.-recruited economist will look over the books while his prospective Sudanese successor looks over his shoulder. The expert may be Swedish, Polish or whatever; but as long as he is on the job, he is a United Nations — an international — man.

Care has been taken, in drawing up the plan, to quell the fears both of the former colonial powers, loath to relinquish parental influence, and of the aid-requesting countries, wary of new masters. The number of specialists will be kept to twenty or thirty during a one-year trial period, and the specialists can be dismissed by the host countries even before the period is up. The U.N. experts will get only the going local wage from their hosts; where necessary, the U.N. will make up the difference.

So far the underdeveloped countries, riddled with growing pains, are the principal beneficiaries of the new plan. But is there nothing on which the big, industrial nations could use some non-partisan technical advice? What about a thrifty Finnish economist to look over our national debt? Or an American clothing manufacturer to teach the Russians that a dress or suit can be produced to sell for something less than a month's wages?

Fallout's Second Villain

So far the chief villain in atomic fallout has appeared to be strontium-90, but now comes Dr. Linus Pauling, California Tech chemist and Nobel Prize-winner, to uncover another product — carbon-14 — which, he says, is many times more dangerous to health than the strontium isotope. Dr. Pauling, who views all statements on fallout by the Atomic Energy Commission with extreme skepticism, looked into carbon-14 precisely because two years ago Commissioner W. F. Libby of the A.E.C. said it was *not* dangerous. On the basis of his own investigations, Dr. Pauling reports in *Science*: ". . . One year of [nuclear] testing is expected to cause in the world an estimated total of about 55,000 children with gross physical or mental defects, 170,000 stillbirths and childhood deaths and 425,000 embryonic and neonatal deaths."

These figures are about seventeen times the numbers usually estimated as the probable effects of fallout from a normal year's testing of nuclear bombs. Clearly, Mr. Libby's innocuous carbon-14 needs further investigation.

The Automation Depression

We don't hear much of automation these days. There was a flurry of interest a few years ago, many articles and several books were written and forgotten, and everybody got bored with the subject. Everybody, that is, except displaced workers. The fact that workers have been displaced by machines, and more — many, many more — will suffer the same fate, comes to mind only because the International Longshoremen's Association crammed Madison Square Garden last week to complain that the benefits of waterfront "automation" are not being shared with the workers, with the result that the total hours worked by dockers in New York declined from a total of 46 million in 1956 to about 42 million in 1958. And actually that's not automation at all, but merely advanced mechanization, without benefit of electronics or any really sophisticated technology.

The real point is that we are stumbling blindly into the automation era with no concept or plan to reconcile the need of workers for income and the need of business for cost-cutting and worker-displacing innovations. A part of the current unemployment — about four million, with the much-touted recovery well under way — is due to the automation component of the capital-goods' boom which preceded the recession. The boom gave work while it lasted, but the improved machinery requires fewer man-hours per unit of output. The next capital-goods' boom will likewise leave its residue of unemployment. In the meantime the adult population keeps growing at the rate of about 12 per cent a decade and we can count on between 750,000 and 1,000,000 extra job-seekers every year.

The contribution of automation to the recession, now hopefully over, is not the actual problem. The problem we shall have to face some time is that the working force is expansive, while latter-day industrial technology is contractive of man-hours. Heretofore the service industries have taken up the slack, but there is every indication that the gap is growing wider despite the standard reassurances to the effect that technological unemployment is either a figment of the imagination or a self-curing condition. Nobody looks ahead to the sixties and seventies except to envision ever-rising levels of prosperity. At the same time the fear of a recurrence of the 1929-1939 economic nightmare has never entirely left us. Can it be that the hopes and the fears are not inconsistent — that vastly greater prosperity is possible if we are able to lift ourselves to a level of economic foresight and planning to match our technological progress — and that a depression as devastating as that of the twenties is likely if we don't?

CAR PRICES

G. M. STUMPS the SENATORS . . *by John Keats*

JUST AS IF Detroit were not having enough difficulty this year, comes now a clutch of Senators who demand that the Eisenhower Administration drag General Motors executives into federal court, there to try to find out whether they might not be guilty of some kind of crime. Their own investigation of G.M., the Senators hasten to say, yields absolutely no courtroom evidence that any crime has been committed.

All that the majority of the Kefauver Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly* have to present is a bill of suspicion. They suspect that G.M. seems able to:

¶ *Rig sales prices of new and used automobiles.*

¶ *Corner the market in parts and raw materials.*

¶ *Obtain preferential treatment from steel companies.*

¶ *Drown any competitor in his last bucket of red ink.*

¶ *Create either a boom or a depression.*

Again, the Senators are quick to say they don't know whether G.M. does any or none of these horrid things, but — they say — if the possibility exists that it might do any of them now or later, then the Administration ought to chop the corporation up into little bits as a public service. Therefore, they ask, would the Justice Department be so kind as at least to ease, or at worst to confirm, the Senatorial suspicions?

Legal theory, of course, frowns on such fishing expeditions as the Senators wish the Justice Department to undertake, but there is plenty of daylight between accepted legal theory and actual practice, and nimble lawyers scamper through the open spaces all the time. Moreover, G.M. itself might consent to public examination merely to maintain good public relations, on grounds that continued refusal to submit fact and figure to the Government — no matter how innocent G.M.; no matter how legally correct such refusal might be — cannot fail to make the public suspicious. Making the public any more suspicious than current sales indicate, is not good for General Motors.

Meanwhile, there is some merit to the cynical view that the Kefauver subcommittee's report is more of a political document than it is a legal complaint. It is difficult to imagine the Eisenhower Administration leaping at the chance to harass its big, best friend in Detroit. On the other hand, if the Administration does nothing, then even the most unimaginative Democrat will not

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*Report: Study of Administered Prices in the Automobile Industry, 85th Congress (Gov't Printing Office, 1958).

find it difficult to locate still another stick with which to belabor a fairly dead elephant in the 1960 elections.

A more charitable view is that the Senators are neither Inquisitorial nor Machiavellian, but simply human, for the subcommitte report is more like a despairing cry of a customer sinking in quicksand than it is like anything else. Here is unfolded the whole grimy story of the tortuous sales practices of Detroit and the dealers; of the repeal by G.M. of the laws of supply and demand; of the expensive asininity of styling, horsepower-races and lying advertising; of the fact that no manner or means of competition occurs in Detroit that could conceivably help the customer either to a better car or to a different car, much less to lower prices. All this is presented within an historical context that works as inevitably toward a hopeless conclusion as any Greek tragedy. Despite the uncomfortable prose that custom demands of *The Congressional Record*, the reader gets the point: the customer is inevitably done in by capricious forces beyond individual man's control.

THE REPORT begins by briefly noting that one out of every seven jobs in this country is directly or indirectly dependent upon the automobile industry, and that this chiefly means "dependent upon General Motors." In 1921, eighty-eight separate American automobile firms were in business; today there are only five, and of these, three control 90.4 per cent of sales — and of the three, G.M. holds 50 per cent of the total market. G.M. is the biggest corporation in the world, with sales in 1957 totaling $11,000,000,000.

In achieving this enviable position, G.M. has faithfully followed the precepts of its founder, W. C. Durant, who went about the land gobbling up as many automobile firms and related industries as he could find, candidly explaining: "I was for getting every kind of thing in sight, playing safe all along the line."

So well did G.M. succeed in this pursuit that, in 1923, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., then in charge of the company's destiny, could complacently face up to a momentous decision: "To determine whether we would operate under a centralized or decentralized form of administration."

"Decentralization was analogous to free enterprise," Mr. Sloan explained. "Centralization, to regimentation." He paused, and then in Augustan tones, remarked: "All, of course, within the area of General Motors."

THAT G.M.'s present view of itself is still somewhat regal, if not downright Bourbonistic, was demonstrated when Harlow Curtice, at the time still G.M.'s president, appeared before the Kefauver subcommittee:

> *Sen. Kefauver*: "Mr. Curtice, do you regard the growth of your company from about one-third [of the sales market] in 1929 or 1930 to over one-half, and the decline by the independents from one-fourth to less than five per cent, as a healthy trend in the economy and in the automobile industry?"
>
> *Mr. Curtice*: "I regard that as a healthy situation as far as General Motors is concerned, yes."
>
> *Sen. Kefauver*: "Not so far as General Motors is concerned, Mr. Curtice, I am talking about the country and the industry generally."
>
> *Mr. Curtice*: "I think it is a healthy situation for the country and the industry in general."

Senator Kefauver, however, while recognizing that the nation's economy is predicated on the health of its automobile industry, was not so sure that the nation should be dragged along in the wake of G.M.'s private fortunes. He remarked:

> Years ago, if an automobile manufacturer made a mistake — priced his car too high, or came out with a design which did not appeal to buyers — the result, while fatal to him, was not necessarily injurious to the automobile industry as a whole, and certainly not to the entire economy. The market which he lost was filled by one or the other of his many competitors. . . .
>
> Today, however, if the Big Three [G.M., Ford and Chrysler] raise their prices unduly, or put on the market models which do not attract customers, or if there is an extended work stoppage because of a labor dispute, there is little alternative aside from foreign cars to which customers can turn. They can only buy, or not buy, and today they appear to be doing the latter in large numbers.

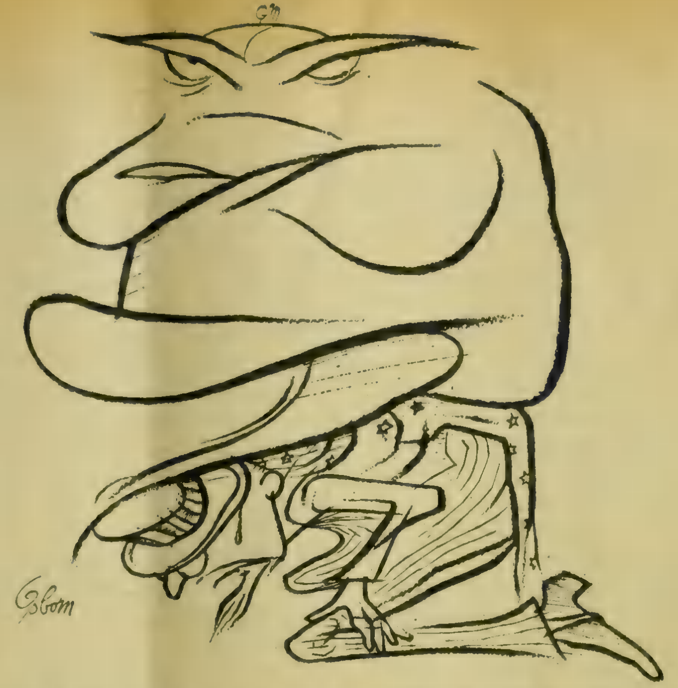
Thus, Senator Kefauver implied, if Detroit doesn't sell its wares, then Detroit does not order the raw materials to make more cars; then unemployment in Detroit means lower production and lower employment elsewhere; then we have what the Administration euphemistically calls recessions, or rolling readjustments — the least serious by-product of this being political belching and voter disenchantment.

GENERAL MOTORS' historic response to nagging Congressional questions has been (a) that this is a free country made great by free enterprise and (b) that the public likes what G.M. makes more than it likes what other manufacturers produce and (c) why should G.M. be penalized just because its free enterprise makes the customers happy?

This was once again the G.M. philosophy during the recent hearings, and while it might be difficult to quarrel with this point of view, the Senators found it not so difficult to quarrel with the end results of G.M.'s practices. For one thing, it irritated them to learn that while G.M. pays no attention to its competitors in arriving at the prices of G.M. automobiles, the competitors feel they must pay attention to G.M.'s prices in arriving at *theirs*. G.M.'s sheer size and power have placed it in the happy situation of being able to fix prices on its own terms, and Mr. Curtice's testimony showed the terms to be these:

G.M. estimates the total cost of producing as many cars as may be made in a 180-day work-year (i.e., 80 per cent of what's left of the year after deducting all non-work days), then adds a sum sufficient to bring in a 20 per cent profit on G.M.'s net worth, after taxes. Thus, the anticipated profit is regarded as part of the cost of production, along with the less arcane costs of overhead, advertising, tools, labor, materials, etc. Divide the grand total by the number of cars to be produced during the 180 days, and you have the wholesale unit price of each car. If

G.M. works more than 180 days (or makes more cars within them), and sells more cars than this "standard volume" of production, then there will be extra dividends and bonuses for corporate officers. If it works fewer days, or sells fewer cars, then, of course, profit shrinks. Testimony indicated, however, that this scheme has worked consistent wonders for G.M., because during the last ten years, the rate of return after taxes averaged 25 per cent—not 20—ranging from a low of 19 per cent to a high of 37.5 per cent.



WHAT this means to the customer is simply that the laws of supply and demand have nothing whatever to do with the price he'll have to pay for his G.M. car—but that the total size of the world's largest corporation could have. Thus, the bigger G.M. grows, the more the customer will be charged — unless G.M.'s car production keeps pace with its plant expansion (i.e., net worth), which doesn't always happen. Indeed, Mr. Curtice gave the following assurance when asked whether G.M. also expected to obtain a 20 per cent profit after taxes on new facilities then under construction. "Certainly," he said. "We are investing the stockholders' money in new facilities, and we would certainly expect to make a continuing fair return."

At the same time, Mr. Curtice implied that the higher the rate of profit, the fairer it would seem to him. Asked whether he thought a 30 per cent profit after taxes was too high, Mr. Curtice said: "No, I do not."

One consequence of G.M.'s dominance in the field is that Ford and Chrysler frankly admit that they slavishly price their cars within a few dollars of G.M.'s products—"to compete" as they put it, with G.M. This sometimes results in there not being a dime's worth of difference among the sales prices of G.M., Ford and Chrysler entries in the same fields. The most dramatic instance of such imitation that the Senators found occurred in 1956. At that time, word got around the industry that prices would rise between 5 and 7 per cent on the 1957 models. Ford, however, announced its prices first, showing general increases from 2 to 9 per cent on its models, ranging from $1 to $104. At this time, Ford said that its increased prices exactly reflected the year's increase in "our actual costs for materials and labor."

But two weeks later, G.M. announced its Chevrolet prices, reflecting an average increase of 6.1 per cent over 1956 model prices, ranging from $50 to $166 higher per car.

Ford waited one week, then raised its prices to match. The following week, the pattern now clearly set, Chrysler priced its cars, and the result was the usual startling conformity, class by class, of all Big Three cars.

"This is the first time in the history of a free-enterprise economy where a company raised the price of their products in order to be competitive," Walter Reuther sourly remarked, and Mr. Reuther's skepticism was widely shared by the Kefauver subcommittee.

Ford witnesses never satisfactorily answered the Senator's questions as to why they increased the prices to match Chevrolet's, when they had already explained that their first announced price increases were designed simply to cover actual increases in costs. Nor would Ford explain what wisdom led it to match Chevrolet prices in view of the Ford Company's own stated belief that it could "probably" have increased Ford sales if it had stayed with its originally-announced prices. "This is a question of all the factors in a situation you have to take into account," a Fordling said to the Senate.

THE Senate report was careful to say there was no evidence of collusion or conspiracy to rig prices on the part of the Big Three. The testimony indicated the situation just developed because other makers are afraid to enter into a price war with a corporation that could drive them all out of business. Meanwhile, as other manufacturers try to follow G.M.'s prices, sometimes they guess too low when they announce first.

> The evidence suggests [the Senators said] that G. M. has used one of its makes to set the price level, but another to undercut a rival who established a competitive price on the first make. In a sense, this is a case of both eating one's cake and having it, too. For, under this arrangement, G. M. can simultaneously play the role of price leader and also meet or beat price competition where it develops.

The word "competition" is used in the most figurative sense in this regard, inasmuch as prices are seldom more than a few dollars apart within each class of Big Three automobiles. It is an even more illusive word as used by Mr. Curtice, who employed it again and again as his excuse for not making facts and figures on G.M.'s manifold operations available to the Senate. Such figures "I do not wish to disclose, for competitive reasons," he said.

And, again and again, Senators found it difficult to imagine what competition Mr. Curtice might have had in mind. The whole testimony presented the picture of G.M. creaming the opposition, forcing its "competitors" to follow along as best they could.

Mr. Curtice was no more enlightening when he used the word with respect to prices within his empire. For instance, he said that price plays an important role in "competition" within G.M.'s divisions. But then he went on to say that he and three other men set the prices for *all* divisions—and that such prices were arranged to bring back that good old 20 per cent on net worth. Senator Kefauver found it difficult to see just how G.M. could possibly imagine that it was involved in any kind of price competition, even within its own family, if the prices were set by Mr. Curtice and three other guys, but good answer came there none at all.

EXPLORING little fiscal jungles without a compass is apt to be mad fun, even for Senators, but the report by no means confined itself to this pursuit.

All in all, the Senate report makes fascinating reading for anyone with a taste for the macabre, explaining, as it does, why General Motors Acceptance Corporation (G.M.'s captive finance company) cannot be enjoined against practicing usury; why the National Automobile Dealers Association guide books to used-car prices favor G.M. cars; why G.M.'s spending of $500 million a year for model changes compels everyone else to follow suit; why G.M. runs up a $94 million advertising bill (and why this is passed on to the hapless consumer); why the prices of all cars will continue to rise no matter whether they are actually improved next year or not, and—finally—why the customer has to hold still for all of this.

The report is most diverting when it demolishes Mr. Curtice's almost Russian insistence that G.M. invented everything; it is most challenging when it suggests that G.M. and other manufacturers could make $200 million more profit if they reduced the prices of their $2,000-cars by $100 each, and $300 million more profit if they reduced them by $200 each. While offering considerable gratuitous advice whereby Detroit could run its business to everyone's increased benefit, the report also indicated why Detroit won't accept such advice.

THROUGH it all, G.M. emerges as the principal villain—damned for its successes, damned for its failures. If today's customer winds up with an overlong, overstuffed, overpowered and overpriced monstrosity, then it's all G.M.'s fault. The Senate's report suggests that the net result of automotive progress is that the customer must spend more for exotic fuels because of the higher-powered, higher compression engine; and more for labor when things break, and more for repairs more often because today's cars are increasingly complex and easier to get out of whack; and more for the increased weight and size of the car, because the bigger engine needs a heavier, more stable platform; and more for power-steering and power-brakes because these are necessary safely to guide and halt the overweight, overpowered car; and more because a bigger company is growing still bigger and is spending more to design a still bigger, still fancier car; and more yet because the company has to spend still more to cozen the customer into buying such a road locomotive. All this is G.M.'s fault, the report indicated, because this is the trend in automotive engineering at G.M., and what to G.M. is a trend, to Ford and Chrysler is a command.

"Any sound economic or financial study of the Big Three together, or G.M. standing alone, results in a finding of monopoly," the subcommittee reported. "However, the theory and factors constituting a monopoly at law would, possibly, produce a different result."

Not only was the subcommittee undisturbed that their complaints and suspicions might not add up to a lawsuit, but they were even less disturbed by their failure to find legal evidence of collusion or conspiracy among the manufacturers, nor—for that matter—of any evidence of wrongdoing by G.M. specifically. Instead, their report was simply an article of faith, of belief:

> The subcommittee believes that the hard core of the monopoly problem in the automobile industry is the concentration of production and power held by G. M. This concentration appears neither compatible with nor conducive to a free market in which the public must buy automobiles.

Thus, typical of the report are statements like these: "Therefore, G.M.: . . . *may be* restricting dealers. . . ."; "This *very well may be* a violation of. . . ."; "G.M. *could be* practicing the squeeze. . . ."; "*Without alleging* that G.M. has attempted to monopolize raw materials . . . the automobile . . . company . . . *may have* misused its power. . . ."; and—finally—the subcommittee used the wonderful phrase,". . . *at least affords indications that*. . . ." (Italics added.)

In sum, the Senatorial report merely concludes that G.M. couldn't possibly be so big without being somehow bad; that if the effect of G.M.'s success was to have created a monopoly, then it doesn't matter whether that monopoly was created by fair means or foul—it will have to be destroyed. Lacking legal evidence, the report uses the language of belief in its own suspicions. The subcommittee concluded:

> In the general context of trying to preserve competition and prevent monopoly, it would appear appropriate that the Department of Justice consider . . . a thorough investigation, and, if justified, a case under Section Two of the Sherman Act against the dominant economic force [G. M.] in the industry.

In other words, we have a cry from the heart: Won't somebody, somewhere, somehow, please do something?

BOMB PERIL

MESSAGE from a SMALL POWER . . *by Frank Aiken*

The writer of the following article is Minister for External Affairs of Ireland. He has played an important role at the current session of the General Assembly as ex officio *spokesman for many of the smaller member nations.*

United Nations

ON OCTOBER 31, the U.N. Political Committee placed itself on record, by a vote of 37 for, 44 abstentions and none against, as recognizing

> . . . That the danger now exists that an increase in the number of states possessing nuclear weapons may occur, aggravating international tension and the difficulty of maintaining world peace and thus rendering more difficult the attainment of general disarmament.

This recognition followed a long disarmament debate in which the specific issue of the wider dissemination of nuclear weapons, introduced by the Irish delegation, was discussed by many member nations. Most of these, and notably Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Burma, Sweden and Norway, recognized the reality and gravity of the danger. Its nature was defined very succinctly by the Australian delegate, Dr. Ronald Walker, when he said: "If the manufacture and possession of nuclear arms becomes widely diffused throughout the world, the negotiation, let alone the implementation, of an effective disarmament agreement might well become impossible."

This discussion was notable as being the first of its kind in the United Nations. Hitherto, in the annual disarmament debate, discussion has concentrated on the question of reducing the nuclear—and other—armaments of the present nuclear powers. The question of the wider dissemination of these weapons was alluded to only rarely and in passing, under the title of "the fourth-power danger"—a term which is already obsolete.

The fact that the problem was recognized this year, in the remarks of so many speakers and by vote of the committee, does mark therefore an advance in the evolution of public opinion on this subject. The Irish delegation felt that its initiative in drawing attention to this particular aspect of the disarmament problem justified itself by having placed on record the considered and cautionary opinion of the Political Committee —an opinion which we trust will influence nuclear powers not to *give* "the bomb" and the non-nuclear powers not to *make* it.

It would be wrong to pretend, however, that this "recognition of the danger" is all we set out to accomplish, and wrong not to call attention to the urgent necessity for widespread support for the principle of non-dissemination of nuclear weapons if the danger inherent in such dissemination is to be eliminated. Our original hope was that the committee, and later the General Assembly, would clearly and specifically resolve to urge those member states which do not now possess nuclear weapons to refrain from acquiring them, and to urge those states which do now possess them to refrain from handing them over to the non-nuclear states. Our argument was as follows.

THE DANGER of nuclear weapons to humanity, we argued, does not merely increase in direct ratio to the number of those possessing them. It seems likely to increase in geometric progression. Those who now possess nuclear weapons are a few great and highly developed states, with great urban populations, with much to lose and little to gain in a nuclear war. Their potential adversaries are in the same situation and have the power to retaliate. As in the case of every other military invention, however, the harnessing of nuclear energy for military purposes is bound to become simpler and cheaper with the passing of time. Sooner or later, therefore, failing action by the United Nations, this weapon will pass into the hands of states with much less to lose. Furthermore, as it comes into their hands, it may give them a temporary but enormous advantage over their adversaries—an advantage which they will be sorely tempted to exploit.

There are several regions of the world where fierce antagonisms exist, held in suspense only by a kind of truce or deadlock. That deadlock could be broken all too easily, if one side or the other possessed nuclear weapons. In short, the nuclear stalemate ceases to apply once nuclear weapons begin to come into the hands of the smaller countries. Furthermore, nothing except international measures to prevent the dissemination of such weapons can prevent them from coming, ultimately, not merely to small and poor states, but also to revolutionary organizations. All through history, portable weapons which are the monopoly of the great powers today become the weapons of smaller powers and revolutionary groups tomorrow. And since local wars and revolutions almost always involve some degree of Great Power patronage and rivalry, the use of nuclear weapons by a small state or revolutionary group could lead, only too easily, to the outbreak of general war. One obsolete, Hiroshima-type bomb, used by a small and desperate country to settle a local quarrel, could be the detonator for world-wide thermonuclear war, involving the destruction of our civilization.

THERE WAS, as I have indicated, a general recognition by the Political Committee of the reality of these dangers. Division of opinion existed, however, as to whether any action could or should be taken to combat them. During the eight weeks before the vote we had many discussions with various delegates on our proposals. The criticisms we had to meet were in the main variants of the following three objections:

First, that by establishing, even temporarily, two categories of member states—nuclear "haves" and "have-nots"—the amendments we proposed infringed in theory the principle of the sovereign equality of nations and reduced in practice the prestige of the "have-not" nations.

Second, that by limiting freedom of action in the disposal of nuclear weapons, the proposals might impair the effectiveness of the various systems of defensive alliances to which many member states belong

Third, that since the presence of nuclear weapons is virtually impossible to detect, it would be impossible to control compliance with the obligations here envisaged—and particularly compliance with the requirement that states which possess nuclear weapons should not hand them over to non-nuclear states.

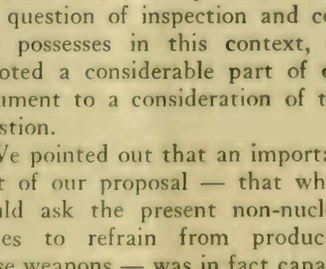
THE FIRST objection, as might be expected, was put forward by some representatives of smaller and medium states who tended to resent the perpetuation, as they considered it, of what the delegate of Spain, Señor de Lequerica, called "the clique of atomic aristocrats." To this our reply was that we aimed, not at perpetuating the existing situation, but at preventing its deterioration. If the Assembly were able to check the wider dissemination of nuclear weapons, it would not be rendering any more difficult the fundamental problem of abolishing nuclear weapons altogether, within the framework of an effective, balanced, disarmament agreement. On the contrary, failure to check wider dissemination might well render all disarmament, including Great Power disarmament, quite unattainable. It is worth noting that, although some representatives of the smaller and middle powers did raise this objection, the majority of those in that category who spoke gave support to our ideas.

The second and third objections—limiting freedom of action, and the difficulty of inspection—are closely interrelated. The danger envisaged by those who make these objections is approximately this: Suppose that all the nuclear powers bind themselves not to hand over nuclear weapons to their non-nuclear allies. Some powers faithfully abide by this undertaking, and their allies are deprived of these modern weapons. Another power does not abide by this undertaking, but secretly supplies its allies with these weapons. As no certain means of detecting such supply exists, the result is that the power which is in bad faith has obtained a covert advantage over those which are in good faith.

This was really the crucial objection to our proposals in their original form. Those proposals were put forward in the form of amendments to the United States resolution on test suspension and Ambassador Lodge, in indicating that he could not accept them, referred to the difficulty of effective inspection and control. Rather than divide the committee in a manner which would have been harmful rather than helpful to the principles which we were trying to establish, we withdrew our amendments and concentrated, for the time being, on securing the "recognition of the danger" to which I referred at the beginning of this article.

IN VIEW OF the importance which the question of inspection and control possesses in this context, we devoted a considerable part of our argument to a consideration of this question.

We pointed out that an important part of our proposal — that which would ask the present non-nuclear states to refrain from producing these weapons — was in fact capable of effective inspection and control. It is agreed by experts on the subject that diversion of nuclear production from peaceful purposes is capable of detection, under a comparatively simple inspection system. Such an inspection system, set up in countries agreeing not to produce nuclear weapons, could not only serve to guarantee non-production there, but could serve also as a pilot scheme for working out techniques which would be applied in the more difficult case of the hoped-for cessation of production by the present nuclear powers themselves.



As regards the second and no less important aspect of the proposals—agreement by the nuclear powers not to transfer the weapons to the control of present non-nuclear countries—we agreed that here international inspection and control probably cannot be made 100 per cent effective with existing techniques. Any risk involved, however, is very small in comparison with the enormous risks involved in the free and unhindered dissemination of nuclear weapons.

The best guarantee that such an agreement would be kept is that it is self-enforcing, in that it would be in the interest of the nuclear powers, generally and collectively, to keep it.

In defending our proposals, on the last night of the disarmament debate in the committee, I concluded with these words:

> Seldom if ever, in our belief, has a proposed international agreement been in such obvious conformity with the mutual interests of the signatories. As history shows, it is such agreements, rather than those equipped with the most elaborate safeguards, which tend to be kept. None of the nuclear powers has anything to gain by a transfer of these weapons which would counterbalance *both* the sacrifice of a considerable part of its own power *and* the creation of a situation in which disarmament would become impossible and general war more likely.
>
> And, on the other side, in what does the risk consist? Is it in the possibility that one party to the agreement would, in breach of it, and secretly, transfer the weapon to another country? In terms of the general situation, the risk of such a transfer exists already. . . . What would be created by the agreement is a limited specific risk for the complying party, who would have foregone whatever advantage might reside in such a transfer, while his rival, in bad faith, obtained that advantage. That is the whole extent of the risk. Remember that both parties would be free—pending a general agreement on disarmament—to hold

> nuclear weapons anywhere, on allied territory, they wished to hold them. The supposed advantage which might be sacrificed would be that of handing over these weapons into the ownership or control of an ally. I submit that the potential loss of this supposed advantage is scarcely worthy of being described as a risk. It is more in the nature of a hypothetical military inconvenience. . . .
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> In the entangled dangers of today the progress, and indeed even the survival, of our civilization require initiatives from the Great Powers which only they can take and which no one can force them to take. . . .
>
> I suggest that one of these initiatives should be an agreement between them that they will bind themselves voluntarily to abstain from distributing nuclear weapons to non-nuclear states.
>
> I suggest that the non-nuclear powers should complement this decision by undertaking to abstain from production of these weapons. . . .

IT IS OUR belief that this question of the wider dissemination of nuclear weapons is one on which world public opinion must be concentrated in the months to come, lest the spread of these weapons becomes uncontrollable. We believe that the discussions in the Political Committee during this session have helped to start such a movement of public opinion in many countries.

Mankind is surrounded by risks whichever way we turn. But we must not allow ourselves to be hypnotized, by the prospect of the risks which must be taken to secure peace, into frozen and despairing inactivity on the iceberg of the cold war now drifting inexorably towards the area in which there is no peace and no victory.

The world cannot get out of the present entangled situation unless all nations, nuclear and non-nuclear, accept the necessity to take risks in order to win stable peace based on law, as the necessity to take risks is accepted in war to secure military victory.

LEARNING to be a TYCOON . .

by Andrew Hacker

JOHN MARQUAND had George Apley call the Harvard business school "one of the most damnable examples of the materialism which we face." But Marquand made sure that Willis Wayde, before entering the world of business, got his M.B.A. from that institution. An Apley could afford to sneer at business education; his career was ready-made for him and personal success was all but guaranteed. The Waydes are provided with no such built-in escalator. A business education at least offers them a start in a field where the participants are never sure of what they themselves have to offer, or of what will be demanded of them.

The passing of Apley and the arrival of the Waydes on the American business scene has contributed more than anything else to the rise in status of business education. Young men (and women) increasingly feel the need of explicit classroom preparation before they go out to earn a living. In doing this, they are making certain assumptions — some valid, some mythical — about the value of such training. There are other assumptions which guide the deans and professors who preside over our business schools. It would be well, therefore, to take a hard look at the ways in which links are being forged between higher education and the business community.

ANDREW HACKER teaches in the Department of Government at Cornell University. Mr. Hacker here deals with graduate business schools. In an article to be published shortly, The Nation *will deal with a related problem: how corporations attempt to graft a liberal education on their non-college-graduate executives.*

Today, 185 colleges and universities offer business training, of which more than a hundred award graduate degrees. There are currently more than 250,000 students in business programs, one-eighth of the total enrollment in all institutions of higher learning. By 1970, it is estimated, there will be 620,000 business students; most business deans think that their proportionate share of the total number of students in higher education will increase. To quantity, we are told, is added quality. The American Association of Collegiate Schools of Business does not allow its eighty-one member schools to give business courses exclusively; a strong dose of liberal arts is required. Business education, we hear, is itself liberal: to accounting, marketing and the traditional specialties are added the study of human relations, the science of management and business statesmanship. Business, we are led to conclude, is a profession. Business education is professional training.

On paper it looks good. But what is described is more aspiration than reality. Despite the fact that, in 1956, 258,995 students were in business programs throughout the country, only 4,727 degrees at the master's level were awarded. In the 105 schools offering graduate degrees, the total graduate enrollment amounted to 21,884 — less than 10 per cent of all business students. Business education is still, in the large, undergraduate instruction.

WHAT IT comes down to is that only a handful of institutions provide the conditions under which serious business education can be carried on: Carnegie Tech, Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard and Stanford. They are the only institutions in the country at which exclusively graduate training in business is available. These six had a total enrollment of only 3,911 at last count. Nevertheless, they are worthy of our attention. They provide a good proportion of the teachers who join business-school faculties in the hinterland. They are the models, moreover, which it is hoped other schools will copy up and down the land. In this respect, Harvard is — sometimes grudgingly — conceded to be the primary standard bearer.

What is taught in these business schools? Catalogues alone do not give the answer; what is imparted in the classrooms is far less important than the overall atmosphere surrounding the students. "The typical graduate student comes directly from college," Peter Drucker says. "He has never lived as an adult in an adult world." Can the graduate schools of business turn such a youngster into a businessman? The answer is that at least they try. Harvard's famous "Ad Prac" (course in administrative practices) seeks to introduce students to the realities of business relationships. Emulating the law schools, Harvard has built up a file of 25,000 case studies, the purpose of which is to throw the students into actual situations. Classes are presented with real problems of production, marketing and labor relations. What, the professor asks, would you do in a case like this? The student must become a foreman or a manager, and solve the problem himself. Abstractions are eschewed; theory grows out of practice. Harvard is now experimenting with case-study films; scowling faces, tense voices and background clatter will bring the factory even further into the classroom.

Can techniques be taught in this way? The consensus seems to be that if techniques can be taught at all in the classroom, this is the best method. However, business education cannot be built wholly on a hypothesis. Therefore the schools do offer standard courses such as accounting, advertising and time-study, so that graduates will leave with at least one or two specialized skills. On the other hand, the graduate schools realize that such essays in vocationalism can be carried out just as well in less august surroundings — in undergraduate colleges and night schools, for instance. They rely, therefore, on the idea that above all else they are training leaders — leaders of men, leaders of society.

Education for leadership perplexed Plato: his solution was to create a Utopia. Business educators frequently make Utopian speeches and they probably have Platonic dreams at night. However, in this world they must deliver the goods, and to this end they apply themselves. The job of turning a college boy into a businessman takes, first of all, time. All too obvious a consequence of graduate study in business is that it allows a lad of twenty-one to turn into a man of twenty-three. For some reason or other, business firms are willing to give far more responsibility to a twenty-three-year-old than they are to a man two years younger. During this aging process, however, the graduate student — unlike a cheese — must be kept busy. The graduate business school gives him more work, in terms of sheer time-consumption, than he ever got as an undergraduate. He reads case studies; he writes reports on them; he puzzles out balance sheets. Much of the work is repetitive or irrelevant; but no matter. The point is that the business student must work hard because he must be brought to believe that he is embarked on a serious career. The theory seems to be that the harder the student works, the more likely he will feel that there is much to learn.

AT THE SAME time, the faculty quietly builds student self-confidence. The students are told: "You are the crown princes of American industry. You, no one else, will provide the leadership for our economy. You are rational. You are responsible. You are professional men." Students finally come to believe these propositions. Why not? The whole atmosphere of the business school conspires to strengthen the ego of future managers. For example, periodic conferences for businessmen are held on the campuses; the visitors, successful men all, are seen by and mingle with the students, who get the impression that they are already members of the business community.

Another instance of ego-development is to be found in the teaching of the "human relations" courses. First projected by the late Elton Mayo of Harvard, this technique for training leaders has spread to most graduate business schools. The core idea is that to be effective, a manager must understand the irrational sentiments which motivate the bulk of employee-behavior. Business students are told that they must be amateur psychoanalysts: they are taught to listen to their employee complaints with a "third ear." Lying beneath gripes about low wages, for example, there may be deep-seated cravings for social acceptance and psychological recognition. If these real, though unarticulated, human needs are satisfied, labor-relations problems will all but evaporate.

This, at least, is the theory. Of course, the assumption throughout is that only the employees, never management, are swayed by irrational sentiments. Such a premise is hardly a strong one to begin with; but its validity is really beside the point. What is important is that a manager in industry holds a position of power and authority. When he gives an order, it is obeyed. And it is obeyed because business has no pretensions about being democratic. What a "human relations" approach does is merely to follow the lesson of experience, which teaches that speaking softly — and listening empathetically — is usually more productive than wielding a big stick.

Just as Machiavelli only advised men who had already become princes, so the business schools teach how best to exercise the power which is already inherent in the management class for which their students are destined. The schools do not give the students a magic cloak of leadership; that can only be provided by the company (a fact rarely spoken of in business-school classrooms). But the schools can tell their pupils how to wear the cloak to best advantage.

THE WHARTON SCHOOL at the University of Pennsylvania was founded in 1881. Harvard's School of Business is a half-century old this year. Few institutions can exist this long without beginning to wax theoretical. The business school, we are told, has to provide "professional leadership" in modern enterprise and the modern industrial society. The meaning of this proposition is not entirely clear. It ought to be obvious that businessmen fit the requisites for professionalism only in the loosest way. Unlike those who are called to the bar, the military, the clergy and medicine, they are not self-governing, nor do they have a core of ethics, nor do they have an "expertise" which they themselves impart to those who would enter the profession.

Nevertheless, the business schools persist in talking as if they offered professional training. Fifty years ago the businessman did not worry about professionalism; he earned the esteem of society by taking risks, by being his own boss, and by building a personal fortune. The business schools of today do not train entrepreneurs: they would not know how even if they wanted to. They graduate organization men. Many business educators regard this as a retreat; but it is a retreat which must be covered up. Consciences are salved, a modicum of public respect is won, by the term "professional" organization men.

Young men who have just received their B.A. realize that a graduate business education is a good investment. The liberal-arts major finds that corporations are cool to his applications for employment. The jobs which are available yield low pay, especially compared with those offered to engineers and scientists. In contrast, the product of a graduate business school is much sought after by the large corporations. He will draw at least $5,000 in his first year on the job; Harvard graduates average $6,250 at the beginning.

Yet it is not entirely clear what the advantages are over and above initial employment opportunities. One business school dean told *Business Week*: "It's getting to be a matter of pride with companies to have a few business-school people around." Whether the corporate view of business education extends further than that is problematical. Let us suppose that two students graduated from a liberal-arts college in June of 1956. One managed to get a job with du Pont; the other spent two years at a business school and joined du Pont in June, 1958. Assuming equal native abilities, can we say that in ten (or thirty) years the business-school man will be a better manager — and be so recognized in terms of salary and responsibility — than his liberal-arts classmate? The business schools shy away from questions like this. No studies have been made: the results would probably be disillusioning.

A PARTIAL answer lies in some of the recent surveys of the educational backgrounds of businessmen in America. W. Lloyd Warner and James C. Abegglen, in preparation for their study on *Occupational Mobility*, sent questionnaires to 7,484 business leaders. Of these, only 1,610 (22 per cent) had taken business courses in college or university. Herrymon Maurer, reporting on 833 top executives in *Fortune*, found that no more than 162 (19 per cent) named business or economics to have been their main educational interest. (In neither of these studies are we told how many of those interviewed had simply taken some undergraduate courses in accounting, and how many had attended graduate business schools.) Mabel Newcomer, in *The Big Business Executive*, reports that of the 863 executives she studied, only thirteen (1.5 per cent) were products of the Harvard Business School. These studies tell us, at least, that younger executives — tomorrow's top men — are better educated than the older men and that businessmen who have done postgraduate work are on the increase. Yet it is apparent that, in most cases, the advanced study was not in business but in law, science and engineering. The evidence, such as it is, is that graduate business schools have yet to provide a significant number of top business leaders. The truth may finally be that while a business degree can get your first job in middle-management, its effect is relatively inconsequential when it comes to selection for the higher echelons.

Today, more than ever before, the small group of men who fill most of the positions of real power in industry are men of genuine talent. The barriers to executive recruitment which were based on class and ethnic background are rapidly breaking down. A business degree, in the final analysis, will neither help nor hinder a man tabbed for a high position. He will be judged and selected on the basis of personality and skills — qualities which a business school is equipped neither to instill nor to bring out. Nor are the men in the executive suites inclined to be influenced by the talk of professionalism which goes on at the business schools. Business deans quote Alfred North Whitehead, and ask our business leaders to "think greatly" of their calling. The new men who run our corporations know only how to think greatly within the circumscribed universe of the problems which directly face their own companies. Guided by profit-and-loss statements, public-relations shibboleths, and an almost pathological desire to avoid controversy, they end up in no position to apply their corporate power to a serious confrontation of social questions.

MANAGEMENT
Lebo

The rhetoric and the ritual which surround business education may seem harmless in itself; nevertheless, a good many people are beginning to take it seriously — and ideas do not have to be valid in order to have influence. Furthermore, it is true that business-school graduates — and non-graduates who are not unsympathetic to business-school ideas — stand a good chance of being the source of supply for a high proportion of the next generation's corporate managers. Should this be the case, the American economy may begin to bear the imprint of an ideology which is a radical departure from our traditional business creed.

WARM SIDE of the COLD WAR . . *by Lee J. Michaels*

Heidelberg, Germany

IN SOME WAYS, the most pampered people in the free world today are the 500,000 American servicemen and family members serving in Europe and North Africa. They are coddled beyond the wildest dreams of the advocates of a Socialist state.

It is impossible to compute what all the coddling costs the average American in tax bites each year, but the figure runs into tens of millions of dollars and some believe even beyond that.

Gasoline at 15 cents a gallon, the latest movie for 25 cents, a full gallon of top-quality strawberry jam for 75 cents, bread at 10 cents a loaf, milk at 11 cents a quart, a radio station featuring all the top American shows but with no commercials, cigarettes at 11 cents a package, a daily advertisement-free newspaper produced at a cost of 8 cents but sold for a nickel—these are just a few of the benefits on which the government sees fit to spend the tax dollar in providing for the serviceman stationed in Europe or North Africa.

Add to these facts the knowledge that the products are carried across the Atlantic in a government ship, that they are sold in stores operated almost completely at government expense, and that table leftovers go into government-owned garbage cans to be emptied by government-paid trash haulers, and the picture begins to come into focus.

THE basement holding the garbage is built under a government-provided and government-furnished home. The less than $100 the military man would get as a housing allowance were he stationed in the United States has here been forfeited for a modern and completely equipped apartment. The furnishings provided at taxpayers' expense include everything down to blankets, kitchen utensils, expensive glassware and silverware sets—and a cabinet containing ninety-six pieces of the world famous Rosenthal china. Doting mothers needn't worry about punishing little Susie for dropping a dish or glass, either—15 per cent breakage is replaced free of charge each year by a thoughtful Uncle Sam.

Utilities are furnished and there's no worry about the size of a coal bill or what will happen to the family budget if the lights are left burning all night every night.

These modern homes—built specifically for the American military in the past eight years—are always in the shadow of the 25-cents-a-seat theatres, 20-cents-a-game bowling alleys, excellent libraries, modern shopping centers and—most important of all to the military man—a night club, equal to the finest in most American cities, where the most expensive drink in the house will put only 25 cents in the cash register. Famous beers shipped from Scandanavia and Holland sell for 15 cents a bottle and a one-and-a-half-pound T-bone steak dinner (the best Irish beef) is served by a tuxedo-clad waiter and his entourage for $1. Even so, prices permit enough of a profit for the club to offer nightly entertainment in the form of a dance band plus top European floor shows which play a complete military circuit at all times.

If all the military man and his wife want is a drink in the comfort of their living room, they can buy the same famous imported beer for five cents a bottle. If alcoholic tastes run to something stronger, the best scotch is available at less than $2 for an imperial quart. Or, if scotch is too rich for the blood, good, old-fashioned American whiskey can be had for 95 cents a fifth. Uncle Sam's Navy is kind enough to carry the whiskey to Europe for these Americans isolated in the middle of France's cognac country, living next to a gin distillery in England, or just thirsty for a good Yankee highball after all that German beer, wine and *schnapps*.

Although the military establishments contend that most of these "bargains" are possible only because they are tax-free, the government actually is underwriting every brick along this gold-paved road. The "business-like" enterprises conducted by the military do not pay rent, and receive all utilities free. Almost all of the personnel involved are paid out of the Defense Department's Military Personnel budget. All of the items sold in post exchanges and commissaries (military grocery stores operating for the military family) are transported to Europe on government ships and cleared through European customs by military men—and not a cent of this cost is reflected in the final sale price of the individual item. There is probably not a retail store in the United States that could not trim prices by 40 per cent or more if the owner did not have to pay taxes, rent, utilities, salaries beyond that of a cashier—or meet an advertising budget.

The undisputed high mark of the overseas benefit program comes in the form of vacation centers operated for the use of military men and their families.

Located at the 1936 Olympic site of Garmisch and the famed Hitler-era retreat of Berchtesgaden, these centers offer some of the Alps's finer facilities for summer and winter sports. Hotel rooms—comparable to those available in swank St. Moritz—cost $1.00 a day; and all of the entertainment advantages of the world's plushest resorts are available at prices that would strain the ability of anyone to spend more than $5.00 daily on food, drink and entertainment.

THE coddling is extended into unexpected fields. Here in Germany, where it has been charged that American soldiers and airmen annually father an estimated 20,000 illegitimate children, a German-American agreement protects the serviceman-father and he cannot be made to pay for the support of a child unless he volunteers to do so.

The story is different in France, England, Italy and North Africa, where a military man is subject to

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LEE J. MICHAELS, an American free-lance writer, has been observing his countrymen in Europe for eight years.

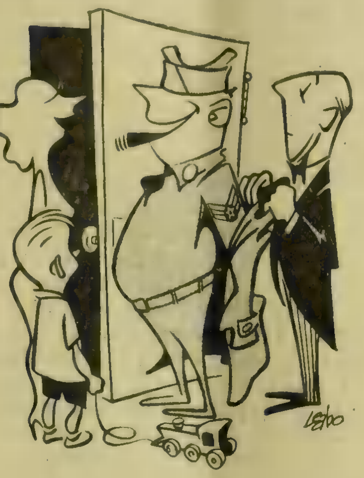
the laws of the land. But in these countries the military neatly gets around paternity-type suits by transferring a man out of the country when civil paternity suits are slated. This is the result of a "gentleman's agreement" among American commanders.

If the effect of this protective coddling is to encourage extra-marital relationships, it works also to discourage men from marrying. To marry a European girl, the soldier or airman must have the approval of his commanding officer. This approval must conform to a carefully spelled-out set of rules which insists upon a morals, health and criminal-record check on the girl. A chaplain, unit commander or military police official can turn thumbs down on a marriage, and if the man defies the ruling, he is liable to a trial by court-martial. Even if he does get the necessary approval, there is a chance that the wife will not be admitted to the United States. The loophole in the procedures aimed at protecting military men is causing grief for dozens of military men who have married European girls, fathered one or more children, lived in housing provided by the military and prepared for return to the United States, only to learn that the State Department will not grant the European wife a visa. The men are then faced with a choice of leaving their families in Europe or leaving military service and living permanently in Europe.

A CONSTANT education campaign is waged to keep servicemen from drinking any milk or water that has not been tested or procured by the military. U.S. authorities in West Germany are installing special chloridation systems, at a cost of almost $100,000 each, in scores of American housing areas because Germans object to the excessive amount of chlorine poured into their civic water systems by the Americans.

Milk bought in most European stores does not meet U.S. military tuberculin standards, and all Americans are constantly warned that they are not to have anything to do with any product made from milk. European medical experts agree in this instance. But the same experts—from noted medical institutions at Heidelberg, Paris and other leading centers—disagree on some of the other warnings constantly thrown at the Americans by the military. A sterilization process for all vegetables and fruits is ridiculous, they contend. If the code of purity standards for food demanded by military medics were followed, there are not more than a dozen restaurants in all of Europe where an American could have a meal with complete peace of mind.

Summer fun is a problem for the American overseas, too. During this past summer fewer than fifty swimming pools in all of Europe were approved for use by military men. The remainder of the more than 50,000 pools, lakes and beach areas in the American area of influence were "Off-Limits" and a man could be fined or tossed in jail for using them. Pool owners in Germany attempted to operate their pools according to military standards, but soon realized that the high chlorine content required was driving away most customers, including the military.



THE CODDLING is by no means all physical. It may be that the anti-missile missile has not yet been perfected; anti-*thought* techniques, as developed for the serviceman abroad, have been brought to a high stage of efficiency.

The *Stars and Stripes*, a 120,000-circulation newspaper which is a government monopoly, is thoroughly censored by military officials. Stories that will point out faults of the military operation in Europe—often even in other areas—must be okayed by the Army's European headquarters at Heidelberg or the Air Force's Pentagon in Wiesbaden before they can be printed—and often they never see ink. The American Forces Network radio stations operate under similar censorship rules.

Only books and magazines that are approved as suitable for the military man are sold on the military-controlled newsstands. The screening board consists of a half-dozen top-ranking military men who turn thumbs down on an estimated 40 per cent of the magazines on sale at any corner newsstand in the United States. As for the book department, one colonel on the censorship board recently remarked that, if the board listened to all of the complaints passed along by high brass, only two books would be on sale—the Bible and the dictionary. "And the chaplains would object to the dictionary," he added.

Motion pictures are not outside the realm of the censor, either. Although military officials insist that the only pictures not shown on the 25-cents-a-seat circuit, embracing over 500 theatres, are those which are listed as unsuitable by the U.S. Code of Decency, dozens of top films not included in the "black list" are never shipped to Europe.

When questioned on this, officials in Europe say that films are selected in the United States. At the Pentagon, however, officials of the Army and Air Force Motion Picture Service responsible for the procurement of movies say that officials in Europe do not want anything that might endanger the morale of the military man and his family serving in an overseas area, and that overseas commanders and their staffs can refuse any motion picture they do not like.

Although subsidies paid for by the taxpayers make him one of the best cared-for American citizens, the soldier or sailor stationed abroad strongly resents the protective coddling of his private life. If it weren't for the $2 scotch, things would be very tough, indeed.

BOOKS and the ARTS

'You Mustn't Say Things Like That'

Walker Gibson

EVEN though clichés, dead metaphors and triteness have always been inseparable from any use of words, our present-day self-conscious anxiety about these matters is extraordinary. Alarm over the flatness of contemporary language has penetrated to the very journalism that flattened it: thus a recent issue of *The New York Times Magazine* features Mr. Bergen Evans, professor of English and TV expert, in a rousing attack on clichés. Clichés, he says in his opening sentence, flourish "like crab grass on our lawns," and he goes on:

> The *torrent* of printed and broadcast wordage that is *dumped* over us every day exceeds all possibility of fresh supply. The happiest day in the history of the language never produced one-thousandth of what the press and radio and television *pour out* every hour. And since most of this stuff is prepared in furious haste, it is bound to be repetitious, *woven* of the *worn* phrases that come to jaded minds. . . .

Mr. Evans urges us to use a phrase "with a full awareness of its exact meaning and shopworn state." "When the writer or speaker has his metaphor vividly in mind, he isn't using a cliché." This is good advice, but it would have been more convincing if Mr. Evans had been able to follow it. The reader who hesitates over that first metaphor I have italicized may want to ask himself whether one can in fact dump a torrent, but if he wades on regardless, it is to encounter some pretty muddy going. "What the press and radio and television *pour out*," Mr. Evans tells us, is "*woven* of the *worn* phrases that come to jaded minds." Talk about exact meanings and shopworn states! (Many clichés, Mr. Evans points out, are alliterative.)

The spectacle of an expert on language misusing language in an article on the misuse of language may be an indication of the state things have got to. But the fact is, it is extremely difficult to attack clichés directly, in the wholesome and forthright manner of Mr. Evans. If one is to speak soberly in expository prose about these things, one's solemn face is sure to utter some absurdly solemn and pretentious phrases, and one's metaphors are certain to look shopworn. Instead, the attack on clichés is more effectually carried on by another sort of voice altogether — the voice of the poet, perhaps, or of the comedian.

One reason Kingsley Amis' comic novel, *Lucky Jim*, enjoyed such favor among intellectuals a few years ago (and has now been re-issued in paper[1]) was that its protagonist, a sensitive and clever fellow even as you and I, knew himself to be caught in a vast mush of bad language. Jim Dixon spends his days making covert faces at windy talk; he is a barometer of hot air. "I'm the boredom detector," he says. "I'm a finely tuned instrument. If only I could get hold of a millionaire I'd be worth a bag of money to him. He could send me on ahead into dinners and cocktail parties and night clubs, just for five minutes, and then by looking at me he'd be able to read off the boredom coefficient of any gathering. Like a canary down a mine; same idea."

Lucky Jim is constructed around a series of episodes in which its hero quivers at verbal claptrap, his own and others'. He suffers from the melodramatic clichés of Margaret, his academic-priggish girl friend:

> At his side, Margaret heaved the sigh which invariably preceded the worst avowals. She waited until he had to look at her and said: "How close we seem to be tonight, James." A fat-faced man on the other side of her turned and stared at her. "All the barriers are down at last, aren't they?" she asked.
>
> Finding this unanswerable, Dixon gazed at her, slowly nodding his head, half expecting a round of applause from some invisible auditorium. What wouldn't he give for a fierce purging draught of fury or contempt, a really efficient worming from the sense of responsibility?

Jim gets his chance for a worming when he is delegated to give a public lecture, on "Merrie England," at the college where he teaches. Painfully he prepares this speech, all too aware of its bilginess:

> "In that way we shall be saying a word, however small in its individual effect, for our native tradition, for our common heritage, in short, for what we once had and may, some day, have again — Merrie England."
>
> With a long jabbering belch, Dixon got up from the chair where he'd been writing this and did his ape imitation all around the room.

The night of the speech arrives, and Jim, inspired by drink, finally finds a bizarre way of uttering these anemic phrases while at the same time expressing his opinion of them:

> Gradually, but not as gradually as it seemed to some parts of his brain, he began to infuse his tones with a sarcastic, wounding bitterness. Nobody outside a madhouse, he tried to imply, could take seriously a single phrase of this conjectural, nugatory, deluded, tedious, rubbish. Within quite a short time he was contriving to sound like an unusually fanatical nazi trooper in charge of a book-burning reading out to the crowd excerpts from a pamphlet written by a pacifist, Jewish, literate communist.

It isn't often, however, in the course of Jim's adventures, that he can find anything affirmative to say. When Margaret is murmuring to him things like "Do you think it's wise for us to go round together like this?" and "I'm getting much too fond of you," Dixon can feel only panic, until "he hit on a remark both honest and acceptable: 'You mustn't say things like that.'"

THE publication last month of *The Most of S. J. Perelman*[2], should remind readers that we have in our own country a comic writer who has been carrying on a consistent and eloquent attack on dead language since about the time Mr. Amis was born. Perelman has been quoted to the effect that Joyce is the greatest comic writer of our time, and that observation helps to suggest the particular quality of his own humor. It is a humor, richly represented in this

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[1] Viking Press. $1.25.

[2] Simon & Schuster, Inc. $5.95.

handsome collection, that depends on the strictest sensitivity to the corniness of contemporary public language, laced (as he would say) with wild juxtapositions of traditional literary glop. The effect is somewhat as if Joyce had been, as Perelman *has* been, a writer for Hollywood and gagman for Groucho Marx. Admirers of Joyce will want to point out a few differences — that Perelman never wrote a great novel hundreds of pages long, for instance. In fact some of Perelman's six-page sketches are too long already, and there is rarely any development out of the given situation of madness, fairly simply defined. Still, the madness is certainly given, and nowhere more fantastically than in the piece called "Scenario":

> Gentlemen, I give you Martha Custis, hetman of the Don Cossacks, her features etched with the fragile beauty of a cameo. And I walked right in on her before she had a chance to pull the god-damned kimono together. But to be away from all this — . . . Tired, Roy, I'm tired, I tell you. Tired of the rain, the eternal surge of the breakers on that lagoon, the glitter of the reef. . . .

Hollywood gobbledegook with its pale echo of trite literary styles is exactly right for the expression of Perelman's particular vision. Not only can he "fade" from one all-too-familiar backdrop to another, skipping about in time and space, but the fakery of these phrases can be held up against another kind of vulgarity, the "real" voices of the movie operatives at their business:

> I ask you confidentially, Horowitz, can't we get that dame to put on some women's clothes, a skirt or something? The fans are getting wise, all those flat-heeled shoes and men's shirts like a lumberjack. Get me Gerber in publicity, he'll dish out some crap about her happy home life. . . . Shoot it two ways, you can always dub it in the sound track. She shrieks or she don't shriek, what the hell difference does it make?

All these sentences, of course, are enclosed in unwritten quotation marks; indeed, in Perelman's world, there is very rarely anything except words in quotation. Usually the author's own voice never appears; nothing is said straight. This gives an effect, sometimes, of a kind of nightmare, where images bombard us without form, without the controlling authority of a narrator's presence. (A nightmare is like a work of fiction without an author.) But reading Perelman is finally not like having a bad dream at all, because he is usually very funny, and because we know that behind the madness there is an active intelligence with a most sensitive ear for the banal and the phony.

When in Perelman's work an "I" is dramatized and a narrator's voice actually appears, it is a highly stylized character indeed:

> I guess I'm just an old mad scientist at bottom. Give me an underground laboratory, half a dozen atom-smashers, and a beautiful girl in a diaphanous veil waiting to be turned into a chimpanzee, and I care not who writes the nation's laws.

Often this character displays a peculiarity that is very precisely one its creator does *not* share: an amazing naïveté about language. The narrator in some of Perelman's pieces (particularly his early ones) is a fellow who really believes what he says — and nobody in his right mind does that. This is a fellow who, when he uses a metaphor, not only doesn't realize that it's dead, but actually presumes to relate its two elements. "A scream fit to wake a dead man," "to comb all the books" on a subject, "burning a hole in my pocket," "apparent to a boy of five": in each case Perelman pretends to live in a world where these words make literal sense:

> That Philomene was a manic-depressive in the downhill phase was, of course, instantly apparent to a boy of five. Several boys of five, who happened to be standing around and were by way of being students of psychopathology, stated their belief to me in just those words: "Manic-depressive, downhill phase."

At its worst this device can become a formula all too recognizable by the reader, and sometimes it just isn't very funny:

> I found myself, banderillas in hand, facing the horns of a dilemma.
>
> They tangle and rain blows on each other.
>
> While waiting for these to dry. . . .

Sometimes the same technique is used on a metaphor which is not dead or dying, exactly, but affected or silly. The expression "lean and bronzed as a shad's belly" has that peculiarly specific, masculine-outdoorsy flavor characteristic of writers for *Time* and other admirers of Hemingway:

> What you will see is a middle-aged city dweller, as lean and bronzed as a shad's belly (I keep a shad's belly hanging up in the barn for purposes of comparison). . . .

"You mustn't say things like that." Or, as Perelman himself puts it in a preface to this new collection, "so long and don't take any wooden rhetoric."

IN LARGER ways, Perelman conducts a more or less global war on empty-headed language of all sorts and from the past as well as present. Here is another example from his earlier works (the period 1930-44), in a piece he now calls "Entered as Second-Class Matter":

> Dog mah cats, folks, jes' give me mah spoon vittles, mah side-meat an' yams, an' dat little blue tin of Edgeworth, sho sho. Down the dusty Chisholm trail into Abilene rode taciturn Spit Weaver, his lean brown face an enigma and his six-gun swinging idly from the pommel of Moisshe, the wonder horse. I'm curryin' my dogs in a pail of hot H_2O when the ball-and chain ankles in beamin'. I get the bulge on her both ways from the whistle. Listen, sister, I snarls, Spike McGinnity'll be a pushover for the Kid's meathooks. He'll be kissin' the canvas in two frames. So take a powder. You're slugnutty, grates she, how you gonna do it? Just bend the old auditory apparatus, meanin' ear, I warbles. Women of America, all you worried fatties, simply apply my marvelous Thinno treatment to that sagging, foolish bosom of yours and in ten minutes you'll be as svelte as a Fifth Avenue model — svelter, by Christ. Vy svelter in the city's heat. . . .

Half a dozen bad writers are echoed here, but except for their common origin in the pulp magazines, the various voices have no more relation to one another

---

The Woodpecker

on our television aerial
is not alone in his praise
of thee o infinite sphere
whose center is everywhere
whose circumference is no-
where each morning he is
at it (in praise of thee)
no more convinced by his
sore beak than we by that
other daily sound his tap-
pings most resemble (and
what we thought at first
his mantras were) that is
the drip from the bathtub
faucet dropping down the
drain (in praise of thee)
o sphere whose force is
constant from the center

J. Laughlin

than the jumbled contents of a mailbag. Their *order* seems unimportant, and that is perhaps why Perelman remains a humorist and not a great writer. (Some of his attempts at relation, such as the pun in that last sentence, are catastrophes.) And this particular piece goes on like this for rather too long. But its conclusion suggests a wider range; the madness begins to make frightening sense. By increasing the tempo of his clichés, and by connecting them grammatically into a more or less logical order, Perelman briefly shows off an organized savagery that he may have abandoned in his recent work as simply less marketable. It is worth noticing:

> And now, dear reader, a final word from Mr. Editor Mans. We have scoured the fiction market to set before you *Three Million Tiny Sweat Glands Functioning* in that vibrant panorama of tomorrow so that *Your Sensitive Bowel Muscles Can* react to the inevitable realization that only by enrichment and guidance *plus a soothing depilatory* can America face its problems confidently, unafraid, well-groomed, mouth-happy, breaking the hair off at the roots without undue stench. Okay, Miss America!

IT HAS to be conceded that the quarry both Amis and Perelman are hunting down scarcely qualifies as big game. Where, after all, does the language come from that these two comics hold up to our ridicule? In Amis' case it is the language of dead-beat professors and amateur art-lovers, "the homemade pottery crowd, the organic husbandry crowd, the recorder-playing crowd," as Dixon himself describes them in a rare moment of direct abuse. In Perelman's case it is the language of advertising, Hollywood, women's magazines, pulp magazines, third-rate literature generally. These are not, really, first-class enemies. What we need, if Mr. Evans' worthy ambitions are to be realized and clichés are to be weeded out of our lawns, is a school of satirists with all the skillful concern about language that Perelman and Amis have, plus a willingness to go after big game. The hardest part of this is to know where the big game is. Is it Eisenhower's language? Is it Khrushchev's? More likely it it yours and mine at this very moment. At all levels our society is full of things we mustn't say, or at least shouldn't say. We live, as Mr. Evans so rightly if tritely says, under a "torrent" of hackneyed phrases. That fact, of course, is a tremendous asset to the satiric artist, who never had it so good. And it is the voice of the satirist and comic novelist that will do the job, if any voice will.

Obsessed by Theatre

THE THEATER AND ITS DOUBLE. By Antonin Artaud. Translated from the French by Mary Caroline Richards. Grove Press. 159 pp. $3.95 cloth; $1.95 paper.

Paul Goodman

ARTAUD's little book on the theatre is by a man in love and banking everything on his love. He wills this love to give a meaning to life and he wills by this love to counterattack in the society where he is desperate. What he says is often wrong-headed and he often contradicts himself, but he also sees and says important truths with bright simplicity. "I will do what I have dreamed or I will do nothing"—naturally this comes to doing very little; yet since his death the passion of his dream has moved and conquered theatre people. "He was the only one of our time who understood the nature and greatness of theatre," they say of this confused little book (I am quoting Julian Beck). Now if here for a few paragraphs I try to distinguish the true and false voices of this explosion, it is not to diminish the idol of the theatre people; his passion is more important than sound sense; but it is to help simplify their discussions, in order that that passion can be more effectual.

Everywhere Artaud betrays the attitudes and prejudices of a puritan, self-depriving and with a nausea for ordinary food. I should guess that he clung precariously to his sanity by warding off fantasies of cannibalism and other things he thought depraved. When the theatre broke through this shell and provided him a real excitement, he inevitably thought of it as totally destructive and hellish; it had raped him. The theatre, he says, is "the exteriorization of a depth of latent cruelty by means of which all the perverse possibilities of the mind are localized."

He is wearing blinders. He does not seem to conceive of the more ordinary neurotic or simply unhappy man to whom the magic of the work of art is its impossible perfection, its promise of paradise. And for the happy there is no art: "Where simplicity and order reign, there can be no theatre."

So he famously derives the theatre from the last stages of the Plague, when "the dregs of the population, immunized by their frenzied greed, pillage the riches they know will serve no purpose or profit. At that moment the theatre is born, i. e., an immediate gratuitousness provoking acts without use or profit." He goes on to quote St. Augustine's horror of the theatre's poison. And he ends with a rhapsody on Ford's *Whore*, whose content seems to him to be the plague itself. All this is brilliantly told, with good oral savagery; it may be only a partial view of theatre, but it is a hot one that could give birth to fine works.

ALAS! as he thinks it, he becomes frightened of his love, and he begins to reiterate a tediously moralistic theory of illusion and catharsis, false in itself and in direct contradiction to the best things he has to say elsewhere. The action, he reiterates, is only on the stage, it is "virtual" not actual, it develops an illusory world like alchemy; its aim is to "drain abscesses collectively." He seems to think that this symbolic action is the primitive theatre magic, but the very point of the primitive magic is that it is not virtual, it makes the grass grow and the sun come back; the primitive is not afraid of the forces he unleashes.

Artaud's theory of draining the abscesses seems to look like the Greek view of catharsis, but there is a crucial difference: for when it had purged the passions, the Greek play restored its audience to a pretty good community, further strengthened by the religious rite that the play also was, that sowed the corn with the dismembered limbs. But Artaud's play would purge the audience of such vital vices as they have and let them down into the very world from which there is no escape but the asylum. Just so, Artaud is beguiled by the wonderful combination in the Balinese theatre of objective and accurate complexity with trance and indeed witchcraft; but he astonishingly does not see that this is possible because it rises in and still rests in the village, its everyday way of life, and its gamelan. Artaud makes the fantastic remark that the Balinese dances "victoriously demonstrate the absolute preponderance of

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PAUL GOODMAN's four-volume novel, The Empire City, *will be distributed by The Readers Subscription in 1958. The Living Theatre will give his* Family of Abraham *in January.*

the *metteur en scène*"—there is a delusion of grandeur indeed!

Artaud betrays little humor, but his view of comedy brings him to the same dilemma, the fear of total destruction. Comedy, he says, is "the essential liberation, the destruction of all reality in the mind." No, *not* all. Comedy deflates the sense precisely so that the underlying lubricity and malice may bubble to the surface. Artaud always thinks the bottom will drop out and that through the theatre one is "confronted with the absolute." But it is not the absolute but always a risky next moment that is very real.

But let us start again on a positive tack, and see where Artaud is strong. Artaud is great when he insists that theatre, like any art, is an action in the sense of a physical cause; it is not a mirroring or portrayal that can be absorbed by the spectator and interpreted according to his own predilections. It is not a fantasy. He rightly compares it to psychoanalysis: "I propose to bring back into theatre the elementary magical idea, taken up by psychoanalysis, which consists in effecting the patient's cure by *making* him assume the apparent and exterior attitudes." Let me say this my own way: the moment of communication we are after is not that in which a structure of symbols passes from the system in one head to the system in another, when people "understand one another" and "learn something." The semanticists, the language-reformers, the mathematicians of feedback do not give us what we are after; the interesting moment is when one is physiologically touched and one's system is deranged and must reform to cope with the surprise. This Artaud wants to say and does say.

Complin

1.

For all my ills, I lie with night
Waging slumber on conspiring cells
Abroad in streets of the brain's curfew.

Around a zodiac of sleeplessness
We fraternized, my fears and I,
Bedfellows after a day's campaign.

And still the tender guts of care
Yearn for forsaken ills. They arraign
Me, the conscript regiments of mind.

2.

In sixteen casement squares of night
Suddenly moves for no one's sake
The unhurried multitude of sky.

With me they wake in our patch of ills,
To susurrus of crickets fiddling with
Cheops' troubles several worlds ago.

For all his care, kept bound and bent
In dimensions of himself: was his sleep
Solid? did he stir beneath the stone?

3.

In my blind watch, I at least contend
With still watchers across night's keep,
In ratio of rest and strife, rock and tree,

Or mirror of a whole, the utterly
Silent lake upgathering all it takes—
Fish, night heron, and final scent of sleep.

And upgathering me, taught again
to measure
The mild zodiac of dark, and know
my end
Beyond the sixteen squares of night.

HORACE HAMILTON

IT IS in the context of theatre as effectual action that Artaud comes to his celebrated assault on literary plays, his refusal to use text to direct from. It is not that he means to attack speech as such, for he understands perfectly that speech is a physical action, it has intonation, it is continuous with outcries and natural signals. He wants, he says beautifully, "to manipulate speech like a solid object, one which overturns and disturbs things, in the air first of all." And his remarks on breathing in the essay on Affective Athleticism are solid gold; for the breathing of anger or some other affect has far more theatrical value than the verbalizing or confabulation about it, which can certainly profitably be diminished.

But there is an aspect of the action of speech that he quite neglects and that makes his attack far too sweeping. Words have inter-personal effect, they get under the skin, and not only by their tone but especially by their syntax and style: the mood, voice and person of sentences, the coordination and subordination of clauses. The personalities of men are largely their speech habits, and in the drama of personalities the thing-language that Artaud is after is not sufficient; we need text, but a text not of ideas and thoughts, but of syntactical relations. Artaud polemically condemns Racine as literary, but he surely knew that Racine's theatre did not depend on the content of those speeches, but on the clash of personalities in them, and especially on the *coup de théâtre* of the sudden entrances and the carefully prepared big scenes. *Coup de théâtre* is theatre as action. If the old slow preparation makes us impatient, the fault may be ours.

Artaud neglects these obvious things because he has, I am afraid, one basically wrong idea: he says that the art of theatre aims at utilizing a space and the things in the space; and therefore

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he makes quite absolute claims for the *mise en scène.* But this is too general; for the theatre-relation is that some one looks at and is effected by, not a space with things and sounds, but persons behaving in their places. Theatre is actors acting on us. So the chief thing is neither interpreting the text nor the *mise en scène,* but the blocking-and-timing (conceived as one space-time solid): it is the directedness of the points of view, the confrontation of personalities, the on-going process of the plot. Artaud was misled, perhaps, by his experience of cinema, where the one who makes the montage, the so-called "editor," is paramount, for what we experience is the flow of pictures. But for the blocking-and-timing of theatre we need, as is traditional, the collaboration of three: the actor, the director and the dramatic poet.

Politics of Spinoza

SPINOZA AND THE RISE OF LIBERALISM. By Lewis Samuel Feuer. The Beacon Press. 323 pp. $7.50.

Abraham Edel

HOW FAR must one go into the personal, social and historical setting of a philosopher in order to understand his ideas? Professor Feuer's book goes a long way toward giving us an answer to this old theoretical question, not by theoretical argument but by dramatic and convincing example. For he has taken Spinoza, who in the popular image is the very prototype of the isolated philosopher contemplating all being, and presented his development, reactions and ideas in their relations to the turbulent milieu of the seventeenth century generally and to the particular balance and tensions of the Dutch Republic. The result is a masterful fusion of history, psychology and philosophy which may very well serve as a model of method in contemporary philosophical biography and philosophical criticism.

Spinoza's career is an exciting, not a placid one. Successful in business before twenty, he came under the awakening liberal-revolutionary influence. He was excommunicated from the Jewish community not simply for religious reasons but because, Professor Feuer concludes after a detailed examination of the issues and the judges, his ideas and associations were seen as a threat to the community. He abandoned the commercial life and its competitive ethics to make his retreat among a Mennonite group, sharing the pantheistic ideas which in that period had a wide equalitarian social potential. He emerged from this passive stage to become an active theoretical defender of the Republican Party of John de Witt against the monarchical convictions of the House of Orange. Professor Feuer points out that his philosophical pronouncements of this time constitute "the first statement in history of the standpoint of democratic liberalism." When de Witt was murdered by the mob under desperate war conditions (a crisis in which Spinoza had to be restrained from throwing away his own life), social reaction set in. Spinoza's democratic dreams evaporated and he assumed the life of the isolated philosopher. Caution became a condition of survival, and individual freedom of the spirit through resignation by understanding emerged as a philosophic keynote.

SOME of the most interesting parts of the book are the analyses of Spinoza's political writings. Professor Feuer interprets the earlier *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* as a defense of the Republic's liberal philosophy and humanistic ethic against the restrictive Calvinist fundamentalism whose hold on the masses helped deprive the Republic of a mass base. The later unfinished *Tractatus Politicus* he sees as an attempt to understand the fall of the Republic and to explore without illusion the conditions for stability in different forms of government. Professor Feuer's approach explains a number of puzzling and often conflicting strands, such as Spinoza's opposition to any right of revolution, and more particularly the problem which neither Spinoza theoretically nor the Republic practically was able to solve—the fundamental attitude to the mass of men, and their role in a democracy.

A brief review can do little justice to the philosophic detail of the book, nor to the psychological sensitivity with which Spinoza is portrayed. Professor Feuer has successfully conveyed the role of social context without turning his philosopher into a puppet; he has exhibited Spinoza's frontier creativity without overlooking the limitations and contradictions that time and place and stage of social development made inevitable.

ABRAHAM EDEL is the author of The Theory and Practice of Philosophy *and* Ethical Judgment: The Use of Science in Ethics.

LETTER from PARIS

Elliott Stein

THE *affaire Atlantide* at the Paris Opera proved again that, as long as there is a France, and whatever the regime, the management of anything French will involve things theatrical converging on the political, things political lapsing into the theatrical, and that nearly every aspect of the Paris scene will continue to be graced with elements of comedy. The curtain went up on Henri Tomasi's "lyric drama" on October 10—exactly nine months, twenty-seven days and thirty-five minutes late. The work itself did not prove to have been worth waiting for, but the slamming of doors, the making of speeches, the quantity of headlines—and above all the number of questions its presentation brought forth—went far beyond the usual stir of a première in the great theatre designed by Charles Garnier in 1861.

For some time now, it has been no secret that the Paris Opera, which all during the nineteenth and the early part of this century was one of the leading houses in the world, has been in a state of marked decadence. In 1938, the *Palais Garnier* and the *Opéra Comique* were administratively combined as one unit: the *Réunion des Théâtres Lyriques Nationaux.* Since then, singers and conductors alternate between the two theatres, and the individuality and *esprit de corps* of each house has suffered. Under government control, these theatres have become infected with the spirit of civil servantry—young singers or dancers beginning a career get caught in a bureaucratic machinery similar to that of a post office or nationalized gas company. The ballet corps is the worst paid of any large opera house in the world, in spite of the fact that the *Opéra* receives the largest subsidy of any theatre in the world (more than a billion francs a year for the two houses—more than two and a half million dollars). For such a sum the French taxpayer might be entitled to expect at least a first-rate ballet and opera troupe—unfortunately he's had to make do with the sixth rate.

The first serious cracks in the wall began showing last winter when both theatres were closed for several months, due to a mass strike of electricians, stagehands and dancers. *L'Atlantide* was postponed. In the spring, for the third year, the *Théâtre des Nations* festival series (which presented operas by companies from East and West Germany, England and Argentina) gave Parisians a chance to see how things are done in other countries, and this salutary deprovincialization of minds was an incentive to the setting up of an official government commission whose task was to investigate the management and suggest reforms in the status of the national theatres. About the same time, the generally polite *Figaro* ran a series of articles attacking Georges Hirsch, director of the two opera houses, detailing a sizable amount of financial hanky-panky which involved Mme. Hirsch, hats, costumes, account books and trips to South America. Hirsch sued *Le Figaro*, but his case was thrown out of court. Meanwhile, rehearsals of *L'Atlantide* continued. A hilarious insight into how anything connected with France's temples of art is predictable spoil for political greed, was afforded by the reprinting in *Le Monde* of a passage from the governmental transcript, *Le Journal des Débats*, in which Frederic Dupont (the reactionary Parisian deputy whose sobriquet is *"le député des concierges*,") berated the Labor Minister for refusing the post of "Superintendent of the Toilets in the National Theatres" to a protegée.

THE fireworks really began early in October, when, one week before the belated opening of *L'Atlantide* was scheduled, Ludmilla Tcherina, who was to dance the central role of Antinea (the main character in this peculiar opera does not sing) walked out on her part. La Tcherina explained that she preferred breaking her contract to debasing herself by doing a strip tease in a new work which was being staged in such a ridiculous style. Serge Lifar, dancing master at the *Opéra* for the last twenty-nine years, who was choreographing the ballets, followed her out the door and let off steam, explaining to crowds of delighted club-ladies how he had been dragged *"dans la merde."* M. Hirsch decided to stick to his guns and his deadline, wired Claude Bessy, a young ballerina who was appearing at the Metropolitan in New York to hurry home and learn the part in six days, and got himself a new dancing master.

The libretto for the controversial "lyric drama" is based on the adventure story by Pierre Bénoit which was number-one best seller in France during the years immediately following the First World War. The book, whose escapist theme accounted for a great deal of its popular success at that troubled period, is roughly on the literary level of *The Son of the Sheik*—it was filmed three times, the most recent version starring the late Maria Montez. The novel is centered on the perverse vampiric eroticism of its heroine, Antinea, Queen of the Lost Continent of Atlantis, who enjoys fifty-three lovers, each once, and then has them mummified. *L'Atlantide*, as presented on the *Opéra* stage, proved to be as erotic as *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon*.

At curtain rise, two members of the Foreign Legion, Saint-Avit and Morhange, are lost in the Sahara. Morhange has just decided to become a monk, but suddenly a frightening stereophonic storm breaks out over loudspeakers placed in the first and second balconies. An enigmatic sheik leads the pair to a cave where strange Dunhamesque shapes wiggle infernally. He drugs the men, and Hashish Demons and Daughters of Nothingness emerge and dance, as billows of incense are puffed out at the audience. At the end of this "odorized ballet" (a tradition established a few years ago for a revival of Rameau's *Les Indes Galantes*, when the public was sprinkled with a different cheap perfume during each scene), the legionnaires meet Queen Antinea who, in a cape "which drapes her like a sarcophagus," descends a long staircase and in the dimness of her family vault dances the "Waltz of Those Who Died For Love," hungrily caressing each of the fifty-three ex-boy friends, now luminous mummies. The music thickens—tom-toms, gongs and saxophones sound as Antinea chooses the baritone for number fifty-four. But Morhange, sustained by religious scruples, clutches a rosary and refuses to as much as unlace his boots, and the infuriated beauty orders jealous Saint-Avit to kill his friend with a silver hammer. Saint-Avit thumps Morhange, then flees into the desert with Tanit-Zerga (light dramatic soprano), a slave girl who dies of thirst. He crawls around in the sun toward a mirage of Antinea which is projected by lantern slide as far as cyclorama can stretch. Curtain.

TOMASI is one of the world's least adventurous musicians—his previous operas *Don Juan de Manara* and *Sampiero Corso* had already made this clear. His score for *L'Atlantide* alternates between two styles — pseudo-Arabic local-color passages, intended to be obsessive, and which are merely monotonous, and intimate love music along adulterated post-*Pelléas* lines which seems to have been orchestrated by Dukas the child.

Mademoiselle Bessy danced with great grace and seduction, became the toast of Paris and a star overnight. She was the single artist to emerge unscathed from this vulgar, pretentious spectacle upon which a distressing fortune had been spent. At the première, the distinguished audience which included a dozen ambassadors, André Maurois, Youra Bousquet and the Begum, heard catcalls from the gallery of "Boo! Boo! *Musique de clown!*" and *"Vive Meyerbeer!"* Most of the critics gave the opera a good lambasting, and *Le Figaro* did not even bother to review the thing, merely sending a gossip columnist who reported various celebrities' remarks of boredom and dismay. However, Paul Derval, owner of the *Folies Bergère*, was quoted as having spent "a marvelous evening." He offered Mlle. Bessy a fat contract if she would quit the *Opéra* and come and strip.

The *Atlantide* scandal is all the more outrageous when one realizes that in the last *twenty* years only *six* new works

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have been presented at the Paris Opera. Since four of the six were immediate duds, it is no wonder that Menotti has been commissioned to compose a new work (*The Last Superman*) especially for the *Palais Garnier.*

The Tomasi fiasco curiously coincides with the government's refusal to publish the report of the Theatre Reform Commission which was to have been made public upon completion of its work. The report was drawn up last July, and the group is now threatening to break its pledge of silence if it is not published by the coming elections, November 30. *Le Monde* surmises that M. Hirsch's "function" will be abolished, and the two houses revert to their separate status.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SEAN O'CASEY's career has been a strangely troubled one. His fervid and distinguished champions are to be found everywhere in English-speaking theatre circles, but except for his early plays—*Juno and the Paycock, The Plough and the Stars, The Shadow of a Gunman*—he has been almost entirely shunned in his native Ireland and largely neglected in his adopted England.

With us in America, where it seems his most appreciative audience is to be found, most of his plays—particularly in recent years—have been produced off-Broadway. This is understandable in view of the fact that, while most of these plays teem with talent, they are uneven in quality and devilishly difficult to present in a key compatible with their content.

Perhaps the most challenging of O'Casey's later plays is *Cock-A-Doodle Dandy*, now to be seen at the Carnegie Hall Playhouse. It is a play a master director might find hard to stage unless he was blessed with a first-rate company of authentically Irish actors. Small wonder then that it is beyond the capacity of the people who present it on Fifty-seventh Street. They must be credited nevertheless for their valiant effort.

I CALL the play difficult. The truth is that unless one has read it—and I have not done so for some years—one cannot feel secure in any estimate of it based on a production that is less than marvelously atune to its peculiarly mixed music. For the play is a poem and a harangue, a bitterly sad farce, a tender fantasy and a savage parody. It sings and preaches, it guffaws and curses. There appears to be too much outright anger in it, and while one is inclined in a certain mood to find its indignation fully justified, one cannot be altogether certain that its anger, if articulated in the proper vein, could not be turned into a beautifully wry melancholy, a heart-broken sweetness.

The play is presumably a paean to the abundant joyousness of life, but the dramatist's heart is oppressed by frustrations, his grin is distorted by outrage at the forces of bigoted religiosity which darken the landscape of his beloved country. There is no patriot more clamorously harsh than the alienated Irishman. He can express his devotion only in a lament that is rendered strident by derision—and while he sheds tears of compassion, one cannot avoid the sense that they are commingled with venom.

The present production is staged in the manner of burlesque. And while the broadness of the play's humor—it is frequently very funny—seems to call for such treatment, I suspect that this approach is fundamentally wrong. Much of O'Casey's action is rough, and many of his characters are both crude and cantankerous, so that the atmosphere verges on that of a pub in which a brawl is in progress. For all that, I believe the play's message and essential quality might be conveyed with a certain reticence in which the basic reality of the environment rather than the ebullient nature of the play's "business" might emerge.

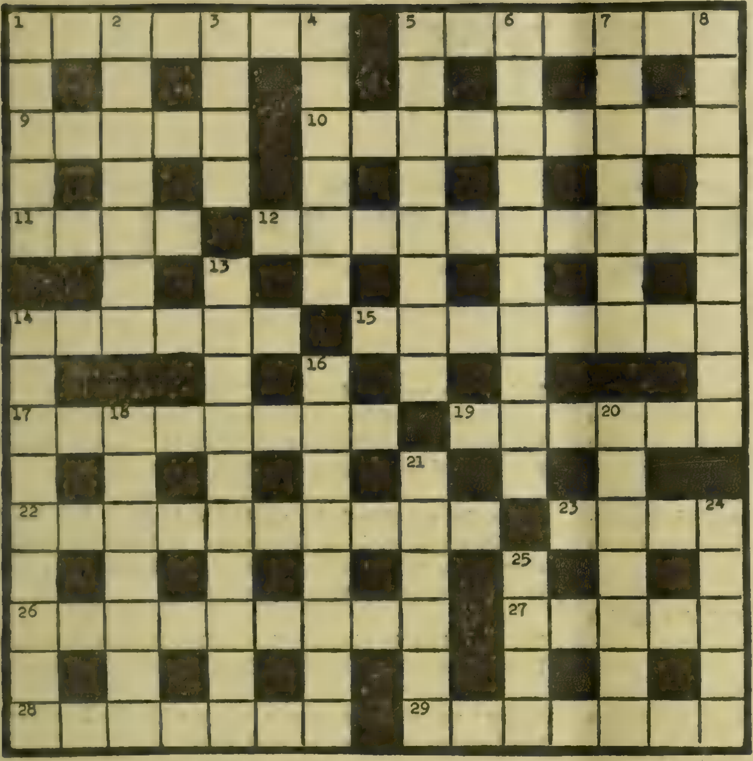
THE wickedness or the absurdity of the play's negative characters (those who blemish nature) might then become comically pathetic rather than shrill and cartoon-like. None of the characters—no matter how cruel their stupidity—should in the context of such a play be made hateful. For the hallmark of O'Casey's folk, whether they live in Dublin or in the country, is a certain charming provinciality. They are all *small* people—almost "cute"—and one should laugh or weep over them, not detest them. They are limited, they are blind, they are thick-headed, but above all they are pitiful. They do not know what they are doing—and they would be kind if they were not so foolish. They live in a twilight world in which superstition is as natural as lyricism, a world where vice and terror are somewhat infantile and where beautiful dreams—adorably or distressingly naive—can flourish along with rank depravity of behavior. The soil underneath is confined and boggy.

Set in such a world, the play's conflicting moods—the crazy high jinks and the pain exemplified by the crippled girl who returns unhealed from the pilgrimage to Lourdes—could coexist as parts of a whole in O'Casey's tragi-comic vision of his country's grace and woe.

Since I see the play in this way and since it has been directed in almost every respect in a quite contrary sense, I cannot, for all the honest work proffered in this production, praise any part of it—except for the courage manifested in doing it at all. And, as I have said earlier, for the intrinsic worthiness of the project.

Crossword Puzzle No. 796

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 16 down
5 With the locks forced off? (7)
9 See 7 down
10 See 18 down
11 Not all as described by the first person! (4)
12 You might find this trying. (10)
14 He belongs in the upper classes. (6)
15 Someone probably cares for her. (8)
17, 24 down and 27 Instructions to the tardy cadet? (3,5,2,3,5)
19 See 18 down
22 Seizing on pins here? (10)
23 It might be accidental, but likely to call for jack. (4)
26 Missiles suggestive of the cold war? (9)
27 See 17 across
28 Likely to have a reasonably good jet force. (7)
29 Put out of commission by an exploding grenade. (7)

DOWN:

1 Dresses for fires? (5)
2 He might have worked in the bank, long ago. (7)
3 Yesterday's 4? (4)
4 Decomposes about like meat. (6)
5 Suggests what Hebe does with the reputedly ill-tempered. (3-5)
6 Such a treatment brings out the opposite of the symptom. (10)
7 and 9 across Those who deal in suits sometimes have them cut right. (7,5)
8 Their motifs might be good, their motives bad. (9)
13 Evidently isn't a frozen product used in a skillful manner. (10)
14 Stopsigns are not exactly, but one might take heed of them. (9)
16 and 1 across Piper to throttle in the artist's study? (9,6)
18, 10 and 19 Are we continually attached to the less-than-fair? (3,4, 3,6,4,2)
20 One given to deviltry. (7)
21 Driven as a shield might be. (6)
24 See 17 across
25 A yard of wood? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 795

ACROSS: 9 Forsake; 10 Sachems; 11 Elders; 12 Defender; 14 Everywhere; 15 Aria; 17 Toes; 19 Anno Domini; 22 Auctions; 23 Craven; 25 Impasto; 26 Embargo; 27 Northwest-by-west.

DOWN: 1 Differentiation; 2 Abridge; 3 Tea-trays; 4 Eyed; 5 Oysterroot; 6 Arches; 7 Speeder; 8 Observation post; 13 and 1 across When in Rome do as the Romans do; 16 Horribly; 18 Escaper; 20 Inverse; 21 Kirsch; 24 Vent.

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AMERICA NEEDS A NEW FOREIGN POLICY

- For twelve years the United States, under administrations of both political parties, has followed a policy of cold war. This policy has carried us time and again to the edge of disaster. Within the past six months, on the beaches of Lebanon and in the Formosa Strait, we have been committed to undefined and dubious missions which twice have led us to the brink of war.
- War with modern weapons means total destruction and therefore offers no solution to anything.
- Though we are loaded with arms and have laid great store by the deterrent effect of threatened retaliation

Communism has not been contained
Democracy has not been extended
A position of strength has not been achieved

- We are in greater peril of annihilation than we were when the cold war started.
- The world's belief in the United States has been undermined.
- We find ourselves trapped in tight corners where we desperately assume rigid positions that make negotiation virtually impossible.

It is time we faced reality. Whether we like it or not, more than one-third of the earth's population is governed by communist regimes and there is no indication that this situation is going to change any time soon.

Since the people of the world must either live together or die together, it is imperative that all the world be opened up, and that travel, trade, and cultural exchange be encouraged among all peoples.

We who join in signing this statement are unwilling to let our country be dragged from one crisis to another.

We are unwilling to remain, along with the Russians and the Chinese, captives of cold war.

We are unwilling to sacrifice our country in pursuit of a policy which has been tried and failed.

We believe that a solution can be found.

We reject the dogma that humanity stops where the iron curtain begins.

Therefore, we urge that the Government and the people of the United States, through every possible means, enter into a discussion and a reconsideration of our entire foreign policy.

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THE NATION

DECEMBER 6, 1958 . . 25c

* * *

PEACE WINS an ELECTION

Colorado Points the Way

by William P. Irwin

* * *

THE BERLIN CRISIS

Tactics and Strategy

by Terence Prittie

* * *

HEADING INTO SPACE

A Down-to-Earth Look

by Dan Wakefield

LETTERS

Are You Having Christmas-Card Worries?

Dear Sirs: Our family saw the *Golden Rule* off on its first protest voyage against nuclear-bomb testing. We have done what we could for the cause since. Now the Earle Reynolds story, "The Forbidden Voyage," in your November 15 issue, gives us another opportunity. Can you supply me with fifty copies of this issue? My husband and eight-year-old daughter have read the article and agree that it makes the best possible Christmas card.

May we have wrappers with the copies? We intend to mark them in such a way as to meet postal regulations.

EVELYN DAMUS

Loma Linda, California

To those of our readers who think Mrs. Damus has a good idea, we are prepared to fill orders (minimum order: 25 copies) of the November 15 issue at 12½ cents per copy (half the usual price). Wrappers will be provided free. Send orders with check or money order to Circulation Dept., The Nation, 333 6th Ave., N. Y. 14, N. Y.—Editors.

Dear Sirs: I only wish that words were capable of expressing to Mr. Reynolds and his family the elation, the encouragement, and the revivification of spirit that took possession of me as I read their story. I am sure that hundreds of readers shared my feelings.

PHILIP CHAPIN JONES

Northport, L.I.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Reynolds' courageous family brawl against the elements — the sea, the Coast Guard, the AEC, the U.S. State Dept., Government, Dept. of Justice, and everything else — is the best piece you have carried yet. It tells in such human and endearing terms of the plight of the individual against unreasoning institutional force over which he no longer has control.

MERTON E. GRUSH, JR.

South Hadley, Mass.

Fire-Breathing Rabbit

Dear Sirs: Mr. Barthol, in his provocative article, "The Subliminal Rabbit," [*The Nation,* November 15] seems to have missed the point when he describes the furor raised by subliminal stimulation as "attacking a small rabbit." For it is not in the field of commercial advertising, on which the author places greatest emphasis, that many of us fear the effects of this technique. It is, rather, in the realm of political and social affairs where the dangers of directing (or affecting) one's subconscious are to be feared most.

Mr. Barthol points out that, "Don't sit under the apple tree with anyone else but me," is much too complex a thought to survive (when received subliminally) without gross distortion. But how would people react to a subliminal message which said: "socialized medicine" — and added a commonly accepted term of approbation or reprobation? Or what effect would there be on race relations if "mongrelization" were insistently and subliminally flashed to those previously conditioned to accept its meaning as a disruption of their "way of life"?

It should be obvious at this point that there is a direct relation between previous conditioning and the possible effects of subliminal stimulation. Given this relationship, how then can we view our rabbit? Supraliminal stimulation, we are told, has an "incalculably greater impact" than the subliminal variety. And, as Mr. Barthol says, "a single point of view, presented insistently, can and does change beliefs and attitudes"; and since, as he again states, there is an increasing trend in this country towards a one-party press (which we can assume will present a single point of view insistently and consistently), what forces are there to protect the individual from having his beliefs and attitudes changed through the *combination* of supra- and subliminal stimulation in a way in which they might not otherwise be altered?

This, I submit, is the issue with which we are faced. It is obvious, of course, that it is the one-party press that laid the groundwork for this condition. And so we can rightly draw swords against this dragon. But if a one-party press be a dragon (and surely it is some sort of monster) then subliminal motivation can easily become added fuel for the dragon's consuming fire.

It seems, therefore, that the implications of subliminal stimulation in areas outside of commercial advertising are indeed frightening — certainly no less to be guarded against than the forces of anti-intellectualism. We must be prepared to fight the abridgement of personal liberties in whatever form it appears — whether as anti-intellectualism or in the forces of thought control possible with subliminal stimulation.

SAM WEINER

Stanford, Calif.

Back Numbers, Anyone?

Dear Sirs: We have in our storage files several years of back issues of *The Nation,* and other monthly periodicals which we would like to donate to some public library where they might be of some value.

ROBERT SILVERSTEIN
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Milwaukee 4, Wisconsin

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 19

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The East German Contagion

The Soviet Union's latest offer on Berlin—"open city" or East German city—is one of those complicated maneuvers whose full import will no doubt be unraveled in the days to come. But meanwhile some quarters in Washington are already urging—six months before the Soviet "ultimatum" is to go into effect—that we be prepared to use tanks to smash through check points manned by East Germans. It is explained that for us to deal with East German road guards would be tantamount to extending *de facto* recognition to the East German regime. Once they were permitted to examine military travel documents, their next move would be to refuse to let the convoys through. But even before this eventuality came to pass, NATO would have been inoculated with a deadly and contagious virus. Its members could never rally from the humiliation of submitting to East German jurisdiction over routes which run through East Germany.

The contagion theory is a conjecture, not a certainty. The Soviets have formal, *de jure* diplomatic relations with the West Germans. Ambassador Smirnoff asks for an appointment with Chancellor Adenauer and they confer in the Chancellor's office, not in the zoo. What they say to each other is no doubt unpleasant, but no more so than many communications between businessmen. Nor does either man succumb to the virus so feared by our political bacteriologists. Smirnoff remains a Communist and Adenauer a capitalist.

But is not East Germany more virulent than the Soviet Union? The West Germans don't seem to think so, for they have *de facto* relations with the East Germans and more of them with each passing year. The contention over the Berlin routes is over military traffic; trade and civilian travel between the two Germanys proceeds through well-understood arrangements. Neither side seems to realize that grave politico-medical hazards are involved.

There are, in fact, even more intimate associations from time to time. It was revealed only recently that Herr Fritz Schaeffer, Minister of Justice in Chancellor Adenauer's cabinet, had conferred in 1956 with the Soviet Ambassador to East Germany, Georgi Maksimovich Pushkin, in the latter's East Berlin Chancellery. He also conferred with Lieut. Gen. Vincenz Mueller, Deputy Defense Minister of East Germany. This venture in East-West diplomacy we know of. It is a fair assumption that other contacts have occurred to which we are not privy. Nor, when Herr Schaeffer's indiscretion was revealed, did Chancellor Adenauer release any Jovian lightnings on his head.

In the meantime, each of the two Germanys must feel it gains by the relations between them, or these relations would not exist. Since they do exist, the contagion theory is *ipso facto* nonsense. As for the tanks, there will be time enough to deploy them when the East Germans bar the way to Berlin. The talk of tanks has come from Washington, not Moscow. Since the East Germans will still hearken to the voice of Moscow, and Moscow can't afford a war—ultimatum or no—the road to Berlin is likely to remain open.

The Ladies Tell the Generals

There have been numerous complaints of late that the American male is becoming an epicene underling instead of the leonine creature he used to be. A particularly doleful lamentation by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in the November *Esquire*, was not taken very seriously by the general population which, noting the statistics on teen-age assault and battery, the language of frustrated truck drivers, and the *sang-froid* of skyscraper window cleaners, seems to have been lulled into a false sense of security. But now it appears that even the Air Force is losing its virility. Standing behind this alarming revelation are five eminent professional women who took part in a public-relations seminar sponsored by the 9215th Information Services Squadron of the New York Air Reserve Center and reported by *Advertising Age* in its November 10 issue. Bernice Fitz-Gibbon, a member of the Retail Advertising Conference Hall of Fame, was particularly critical of the decline of the traditional masculine virtues in an area where it would be least expected. She called for more toughness in the Air Force public-relations program. For instance, what is to be the proper attitude for Air Force publicists when the inhabitants of a town demur at the establishment of an air base on the ground of noise and occasional crashes of military aircraft into housing developments? Labeling her proposal TNT (for "tactful and tough"), Miss Fitz-Gibbon told the cringing PR officer: "You should let the smug inhabitants of the town know, in no uncertain terms, that their getting an air base is like grabbing a fistful of stars. Prosperity will roll over the whole community, creating more jobs, doubling local merchants' business volume, and spilling hundreds of thousands of dollars into the town's river of cash. But you have to be tough about it. Like the old preacher, and like modern advertisers, you have to keep on telling them. . . ." If there is any fault to be found with this injunction, it is that the recommended toughness is too greatly diluted with pleasant incentives. A truly masculine attitude would be to drop dummy bombs on the residences of the smug objectors until they came to their senses.

The Faultless Man—the Flawless Agency

If this journal printed an article stating that President Eisenhower was an incompetent political leader without energy, conviction or leadership, hardly an eyebrow would be raised. We might, with impunity, even go as far as the current issue of *Harper's*, which states baldly that the President was never a "soldier" or a "military man" "except in name" (whatever that may mean). There would be no widespread comment on our impudence any more than there will be on *Harper's*.

We could take our Vice President to task in the sharpest terms (and we have done so) without a single newspaper columnist or politician paying the slightest attention to our criticism. "Tricky Dick" is fair game for all who wish to arrest his pursuit of the Presidency.

Even the Supreme Court is not immune to criticism. If we charged that the Court was undermining the Constitution, nullifying sacred states' rights, freeing Communists by the regiment and generally assuming a legislative rather than a judicial role, we would be merely swelling a press chorus which has repeated these false accusations again and again. Perhaps our subscribers would be shocked; nobody else would.

But when *The Nation* has the temerity to suggest that despite an over-all record of satisfactory performance, the FBI and its director may have certain shortcomings, the roof falls in. The head of the American Legion screams "Smear!" and the efficient wire services of the AP and UPI dutifully record his horror throughout the land. A newly designated Cardinal tells a distinguished audience in Boston, which includes the Governor of the Bay State, that *The Nation* fired "the biggest gun in the anti-FBI campaign." A Senator from Maryland proposes an inquiry by the Internal Security Subcommittee into the "conspiracy" to discredit the FBI. Sokolsky thunders twice; Pegler does whatever he does once. Editorial writers around the country gallop to the defense of the pitiful and helpless object of our criticism: J. Edgar Hoover.

If only half of the commentators on our FBI issue would take the time to read it, their screams would be pitched somewhat lower. But this is too much to hope for. We have apparently discovered the one flawless man administering the one faultless government agency. From now on, back to those good, safe comments on the President's lack of character and the Vice President's lack of ethics.

Bedside Reading for Mr. Dulles

John Foster Dulles received an ovation when he appeared in Cleveland to address the Fifth World Order Study Conference of the National Council of Churches of Christ. The delegates like Mr. Dulles; he is an old friend and colleague to many of them and the conference's former adviser on foreign affairs. But having greeted him with warm, friendly applause, the delegates then proceeded to repudiate — in spirit, at least — the major tenets of his foreign policy. Among the specific recommendations adopted by the conference were recognition by this country of Red China and its admission to the U.N. Since then, an effort has been made to undercut the force of the recommendation by pointing to the fact that the press incorrectly reported that it had been adopted unanimously. What happened was this. The conference was divided into four sections, each of which reported its recommendations to a plenary session; the plenary, in turn, adopted the "Message" or general report. An attempt was made to amend the China recommendation in the plenary session, but only about a fourth of the delegates voted for the amendment. For the most part, this minority was made up of delegates representing Eastern Orthodox groups which have a special position on China; hence, for all practical purposes, there *was* unanimity in the recommendation.

While couched in generalities, the "Message" nevertheless sharply questions the policy of nuclear deterrence, scotches the notion of a preventive war, examines and rejects the doctrine of limited war, and calls into question the basic ideological presuppositions of the Cold War. For example, it points out that "to reduce the total tensions [in East-West relations] to moral terms is unjustifiable. . . . Stronger efforts must be made to break through the present stalemate and to find ways of living with Communist nations. Sometimes this is called 'co-existence,' but we are concerned with something more than the minimum meaning of the word. . . . We should avoid the posture of general hostility to them and cease the practice of continual moral lectures to them by our leaders."

In his address, Mr. Dulles told the delegates that this country would not change its basic foreign policies to appease its enemies or curry favor with its friends. Unfortunately, the Secretary left Cleveland before the "Message" was adopted, but he will read it and he will not be pleased. That he has now come to a parting of the ways with his old friends in the National Council can hardly be doubted. The "Message" is not an official pronouncement until it is approved by the council's General Board, which was to meet on December 3-4, but the tenor of the document and the character of the discussions at Cleveland clearly indicate the direction of Protestant thinking on foreign policy.

Double-Think on China

In the nine years since — as the *Wall Street Journal* inelegantly puts it — "Communist armies booted Chiang Kai-shek off the mainland," *Time-Life* has been tireless in its efforts to restore Chiang's sovereignty over those who did the booting. Can it be that these efforts are slackening? Only Henry Luce can say, but the fact is that the cover of the current issue of *Time* is emblazoned with a portrait of, not Chiang, but Mao Tse-tung, and considerable space is devoted to the frenzies of the "New China," with its manual dam construction, do-it-yourself iron smelting, and communal living. News is news, and perhaps *Time* has also been influenced by the writing on the California wall. The voters may not have sent Senator Knowland into oblivion because of his pro-Chiang stand, but obviously the Chiang-Knowland alliance didn't prove to be much of a vote-getter either.

The suspicion that some sort of reluctant *modus vivendi* is in the making has much wider support than a *Time* cover. A more cogent piece of evidence is the fact that scarcely an issue of an American newspaper appears without an inspired denial that the United States will ever appease, trade with, recognize, or have any amicable dealings with, the nefarious Chinese Reds. Thus the irreconcilably anti-Peking New York *World-Telegram* starts a November 25 column with the remark that "sensitive antennae" have been picking up signals which might indicate a "slight softening" of American policy toward China. The writer then makes the obligatory obeisance to Mr. Dulles: the Administration's answer to the mere suggestion is a "resounding no." These disclaimers have become almost as routine as the obituary notices and the sports pages. But, whether in the affairs of the heart or in diplomacy, denials don't gain force by repetition—rather the contrary. The worldly inference is that there must be a powerful temptation to do what, it is endlessly said, will never be done.

PEACE WINS an ELECTION . .

by William P. Irwin

Fort Collins, Colorado

THE SECOND Congressional District, in northeast Colorado, is a sprawling, improbable political creation of nineteen counties covering more than 30,000 square miles, an area roughly the size of South Carolina. Estimates of mid-1957, already out of date, set its population at 560,000, a thin counterpane of life by Eastern standards, and spread all ways to the outer limits of water lines and irrigation ditches.

Most of the district is prairie, a harsh land extending out of Kansas and Nebraska and coming to an abrupt halt against the rise of the Front Range of the Rockies. Its northern half is watered by the South Platte River and its tributaries. Here English, Scandinavian, German and Volga German pioneers built prosperous towns which, sheltered by cottonwoods and elms from the obliterating depths of the plains beyond, are not unlike Norwalk, Ohio, and Bloomington, Illinois. The cities of Boulder, Fort Collins, Greeley, Fort Morgan and Sterling are service and distribution centers for the beef, grain, potato and sugar beet industries which lie along the river basin. Here, it has been said, the Middle West returns briefly before being swallowed up in the mountains.

Carved out of the southwest corner of the district is the City of Denver, to plainsmen an enclave of dubious credentials, comprising by itself the First Congressional District. Wholly surrounding Denver, but a part of the Second District, are more than a quarter million persons living in a splotched mosaic of incorporated and unincorporated suburbs. East of the city, in Adams and Arapahoe counties, residential areas gradually thin out until, at the "blue line" limits of the Denver water sys-

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WILLIAM P. IRWIN, a member of the Department of History and Government in Colorado State University, is president of the Colorado Young Democrats and a member of the Democratic State Central Committee.

tem, they disappear entirely into the plains.

For only the second time since Colorado entered the union in 1876, the Second Congressional District has sent a Democrat to Washington. In 1932, Fred Cummings was swept into the House with the Roosevelt tide, only to be beached at the ebb in 1940. For eighteen years thereafter, Republican William S. Hill of Fort Collins held the seat against all comers. Old Billy knew the district and the district knew him; the pact between them to overlook his serious Congressional deficiencies seemed inviolable. The district was Republican, there was certainly no doubt about it.

Hill's Democratic opponent in 1956 was Dr. Byron L. Johnson, a young professor of economics at Denver University. Johnson had come to the Denver area in 1947, after some years of federal employment, and become active in a host of civic ventures. Not until 1952, at age thirty-six, did he dive into politics. In that year of the Eisenhower crusade against the infidels, he conducted a creditable but losing race for the lower house of the Colorado General Assembly from a suburban and cattle district south of Denver. In 1954, the size of the district having been reduced to suburban Arapahoe County alone, Johnson ran ahead of his ticket to be elected a minority member of a state legislature controlled by Republicans since 1938.

In 1956, Johnson entered the Congressional race in the Second District. After overwhelming his primary opposition and conducting a strenuous general election campaign, he was defeated by a margin of 14,000 in something over 200,000 votes cast. The district was still Republican, Democrats noted to one another. The defeated candidate went to work as an administrative assistant for the newly elected Governor, Democrat Steve McNichols.

AT THE Second District Democratic Assembly in Greeley, in July, 1958, three other aspirants for the job of U.S. Representative were by-passed to nominate Johnson without primary opposition. By now Hill had announced his retirement, and at the Republicans' primary, John Mackie, a "liberal" from Longmont, in Boulder County, emerged victorious. Mackie, an attorney, was a transplanted Pennsylvanian; in his late thirties, he was a veteran of six years in the lower house of the Colorado General Assembly.

Adopting a Stevenson-like posture of "talking sense to the people," and working with the slogan "for a truly prosperous nation in a truly peaceful world," Johnson took the initiative throughout the district. Plugging hard at the price-cost squeeze on farmers, monopolism in agriculture, commerce and industry, and calling for increased federal aid for schools and expanded farm and small-business credit, the Democratic candidate, it was conceded, was putting on a determined, imaginative campaign. Mackie, a hard-driving, personable campaigner, was hampered as a newcomer and by an inability to find an issue not already pre-empted by his opponent.

Drawing by Berger

Byron L. Johnson

"Elect a Man of Action, Not of Dreams," Mackie advertising proclaimed in the vaguely anti-intellectual tones deemed acceptable in the rural areas. What possible use could the Second District have for an economics professor, a housing and social-security consultant, a bureaucrat and, worst of all, a "Denverite"? "If all the college professors in the world who are trying to study the farm problem were laid end to end, wouldn't it be a wonderful funeral?" the Republican candidate remarked publicly in mid-October.

An opinion sample taken in the second week of October found Johnson running at 37 per cent, Mackie 36 per cent, and the rest undecided. It was still, most people assumed, a Republican district.

On October 24, eleven days before the election, the campaign took a startling turn at a debate sponsored by the Colorado State University chapter of the American Association of University Professors. Speaking first, and briefly, on the assigned subject of Congressional policies on higher education, Mackie turned suddenly to a direct personal attack upon Johnson, who had not yet been to the rostrum.

Labeling his opponent a pacifist and a man "unfit to serve as a Congressman," Mackie directed three questions to Johnson: Would he personally bear arms to defend his nation? Would he vote for military funds for preparedness? Was he a supporter of the pacifist Fellowship of Reconciliation? Both a reporter and a photographer from the *Rocky Mountain News,* sixty-five miles from home base, recorded the melee which followed. Higher education was promptly forgotten.

Responding with heat and confusion, Johnson said it was indeed true that he would not bear arms, but that he would vote for the United States to go to war if attacked. Juxtaposed on front pages of the Fort Collins *Coloradoan* and other Republican newspapers, the two unrelated utterances produced a startled and embittered public murmur: Johnson won't go to war, but he would send us!

IN THE next three or four days election news centered with sheer wonderment on the Second District, and even a bitterly fought "right to work" campaign in the state was momentarily forgotten. Headlines burst on Denver and across the state: "Mackie Labels Johnson Unfit as Pacifist"; "Pacifist Charges Enliven District 2 Congress Battle"; "Johnson Defends Pacifist Beliefs After Mackie Blast." Within hours, Republican gubernatorial candidate Palmer Burch had assaulted his opponent, McNichols, for appointing an "admitted pacifist" to his administrative staff.

Democratic workers faltered. Telephones began to ring in campaign headquarters and private homes throughout the district. "What about this character? What's he trying to do to us?" Inquiries started to flow into offices of the Colorado Labor Council, AFL-CIO: "Is this the guy we endorsed?" And the party pros shook their heads. Johnson was dead. It was a damn pity, but he was dead.

Mackie's timing had been canny. This was, after all, the sort of charge that took time to sink roots into the masses of voters. It would take a few days before gossip could reach the full force of its potential.

There was no question, moreover, about Byron Johnson's position. For years, his pacifism had been a matter of common knowledge (though only of mild interest) among his friends. Grandfather Lindberg had been the first Swedish Baptist minister in Minnesota back in the 1860s, and the pacifist tradition of the faith had been passed down to the boy by his mother, herself an active church layman. As a student at the University of Wisconsin, Johnson had become active in the Baptist Student Group and, in 1936, joined the student Fellowship of Reconciliation, a well-known and respected Christian peace movement.

After moving to Denver, the Johnsons joined the Congregational Church, and in time Byron had become Chairman of the Social Action Committee of the Colorado Conference of Congregational Churches. Work with the same committee of the Denver Area Council of Churches led, in 1957, to a vice presidency of the Denver Area Council, and after some twenty years of membership, Johnson was elected to the National Board of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

IN WORLD WAR II, Johnson was called by his draft board, to whom he declared his intention to register as a conscientious objector. Rejected on his physical examination and classified 4-F, his decision was overlooked. During the war years and before moving to the Denver area, he served, first, as a fiscal analyst in the Bureau of the Budget and, later, in the Federal Social Security Administration. In succeeding years, he has been called as a fiscal consultant by the cities of New York and Denver, and enlisted his knowledge of social security, housing and finances in a variety of public and private undertakings.

Few headlines, but occasional newspaper notices, accompanied Johnson's interests outside politics. It took five years of wrestling with sponsoring church groups, city councils, FHA and various private interests to realize one major Colorado project — or dream, perhaps, as Mackie ads would have it. On July 18, the day before his nomination for Congress in 1958, ground was broken for 148 units of housing for the elderly. Evidence of the Johnson convictions had been scattered for anyone to see; among friends, even in the form of Christmas cards printed by the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

BY MONDAY, October 27, support for Johnson had begun to stir in the district. A wire from the American Association of University Professors in Fort Collins to both candidates stated that "deliberately questioning the patriotism and personal convictions of any man for cheap political purposes" is "reprehensible and obnoxious." A well-known district judge was quoted as calling Mackie "a trigger-happy kid," and newspapers, in news copy as well as editorials, began to question the propriety of the attack.

By nightfall of the 27th, the mood at Johnson headquarters changed perceptibly. Jangling telephones carried a new message, a new note of hope. Calls from Fort Collins, Limon, Wray and Holyoke, calls from a hundred people in the Denver suburbs, all indicated that the unexpected had begun to happen: Mackie's charges were backfiring. "Yeah, we got some money together out in the county; how about sending us some more ad mats we can put in the local paper?" "Look, we just got up a new committee, veterans and a couple ministers. Can you send us about 5,000 pieces of literature to mail?" "This guy just walks in — he's a farmer out south of town — and plunks down twenty bucks. Do you want us to use it up here, or send it up to headquarters?" "I dunno, he just took off work and has been passing out Johnson stuff up and down town all day. Before? I don't think he ever knew the Democrats were around before."

BY mid-week, the mail had begun to pour in, hundreds of pieces. Some contained money, but most carried words of encouragement. By now the lines were busy again between the party pros: "These Germans and Swedes up here in Larimer and Weld counties aren't so sure of Mackie: looks like a saber-rattler." "One of the pollsters over around Windsor says there's a definite shift among those isolationist voters." "If we can just keep the veterans and wage workers around Denver from breaking away, we might lick this thing yet. How about the ministers? Will they help us out?"

On Wednesday, in the town of Loveland, fifty miles north of Denver, six ministers issued a statement of "firm conviction that neither pacifism nor militarism qualifies any man for holding public office." Reaction from the clergy, both in public and private, came from all over the district, and on Sunday, two days before the election, sermons in church after church were devoted to the subject. "It will be a tragic day in America," the Rev. Hyslop of the First Congregational Church of Greeley said that Sunday morning, "when any candidate is judged unfit for public office because of his sincere Christian convictions."

On Wednesday, the influential Greeley *Tribune* published an editorial entitled "Christian Principles No Disqualification." On Friday, the Littleton *Independent*, another paper of prestige, devoted a long editorial to "A Sincere Man." By this time, advertisements were appearing in every daily and weekly in the district, sponsored by Yuma, Lincoln, Arapahoe or Phillips County Citizens for Byron Johnson. A three-column, fifteen-inch ad in the Boulder *Camera*, the largest daily in Mackie's own county, accused the home-town boy of "contempt for intelligence, contempt for those who disagree with him, and contempt for religious ideas."

On October 30, Elliott Roosevelt, a resident of Colorado for some years, raked over Mackie before an unprecedented crowd in the farm town of Crook. "Well, Mr. Mackie, your party nominated Mr. Herbert Hoover as President of the United States. He was a Quaker. . . ." In the last week of the campaign, Charles Brannan, former Secretary of Agriculture, spoke in Johnson's defense, as did U.S. Senator John Carroll, former Senator and Governor Edwin C. Johnson, Colorado Supreme Court Justice O. Otto Moore, Retired Brigadier General Hugh B. Hester, and President Edward Dahlberg of the National Council of Churches, who happened to be in Denver at the time. Coincidental gatherings of the Colorado Friends Service Committee and National Convention delegates of the United Church Women, both in Denver in the last days of the campaign, focused wide attention on Johnson and the religious issue.

Finally, on Monday before the election, a committee of overseas veterans for Johnson published advertising in dailies over the district: "We have seen war," it related, "and know its terrible cost." And on election eve, using television time bought with last-minute contributions, four multiple Purple Heart veterans and the state's only civilian Congressional Medal of Honor winner appeared before the public on a pacifist's behalf.

By eleven o'clock election night it was clear that the improbable had come to pass: Johnson had won by almost 15,000 votes.

IN WHAT proportion the ingredients of victory were mixed can never be known. It was a Democratic year, no doubt about it. But here Republicans had weathered Democratic years before, or lost by smaller margins to Fred Cummings in the Roosevelt period. It was the year, too, of the "right to work" campaign in Colorado, which brought out unprecedented numbers of both union and non-union wage workers to vote "no." Most of these, undoubtedly, pulled Democratic levers in the ballot booths.

But it was more than that. It was a tough, resilient, feverishly enthusiastic organization of both professionals and amateurs that had too long been denied the fruit of their work. Johnson headquarters on election night saw men with tears in their eyes who had driven for that moment through four, five or six successive election years.

It is probable that Byron Johnson would have won without John Mackie's strategic mistake, perhaps by five to ten thousand. That the charges did not destroy him, however, is a seemingly miraculous sign that the public mood of doubt and fear that stifled non-conformity in the postwar decade has in part been dissipated.

HEADING INTO SPACE . .

by Dan Wakefield

IN THE RATHER conservative prediction of Samuel Eastman of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, speaking at the thirteenth annual convention of the American Rocket Society, "The Space Age has something in store for everyone." Whether the "something" will mean a richer life for human beings, or the end of life for human beings, is an item not yet determined and not very popular as a topic for discussion at scientific gatherings. But the recent meeting of rocket-men in New York City dramatically displayed that, whatever may happen, our lives are now inextricably tied to events in outer space. As everyone knows, men will soon enter the world of space; as is less well known, the world of space has already entered the affairs of men.

How suddenly the Space Age has changed from a theoretical to a practical concern can be measured in one small way by the history of the American Rocket Society, an organization of scientists and engineers devoted to "the advancement of rocketry, jet propulsion and astronautics." Founded in the dim, space-unconscious year of 1930, the A.R.S. had a membership of just 1,000 as recently as 1952. Today it has more than 12,000 members, and claims to be "one of the most rapidly growing professional engineering societies in the United States." Its concerns reach not only to the moon, but into such earthly realms as state bar associations.

The multifarious reports of the A.R.S. convention on its more "down to earth" problems, in fact, were as startling as the stellar matters, for they indicated how deeply and quickly the events in outer space have begun to affect us in a "practical" way.

"An immediate problem," said A.R.S. general counsel Andrew Haley in his talk on Space Law, "one indeed that has existed since the launching of the first Sputnik on October 4, 1957, is the control and regulation of the use of the radio spectrum for space purposes." The Sputnik used for its radio signals two frequencies which are also used by stations on earth. Mr. Haley said that we must very quickly set aside particular radio frequencies for astronautics use, since "there'll soon be 200 of them [earth satellites] and all that beeping will interfere with radio frequency." Another pressing problem, Mr. Haley said, is an international law for the control of re-entry of objects put into outer space. "They are a natural hazard to life and property on earth. We must have radio control of them or they are

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

liable to fall on the Empire State Building or Buckingham Palace."

Many space laws to deal with these earthly problems must be created as soon as possible, and then, in the near future, even more comprehensive laws will be needed for man's activities in outer space. As Mr. Haley explained to the A.R.S.:

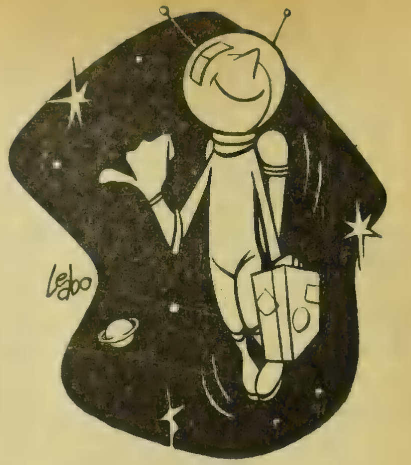
> Initially, space vehicles will be owned by nations or groups of nations and extension of international regulation will be fought jealously. But gradually and inexorably traffic will increase, new propulsive systems will be found which will reduce the cost of construction and operation, commercial enterprise will demand access to space, emigration will commence, meteorite mining will become an industrial objective, and all the ancient problems of law will be reasserted under vastly more complicated circumstances.

But long before the day when Soviet spacemen will start collective mines on meteorites and perhaps be challenged by prospectors who have staked a claim for U.S. Steel (and will Dave McDonald send space picketers?; will Jimmy Hoffa claim jurisdiction over space pilots?), space law must face more imminent problems. For instance, will a satellite equipped with a camera have the right to photograph nations without their consent? To meet such a question as this, Mr. Eastman said that nations will have to determine to what extent the space above their national territories is the exclusive property of the national state below. "The basic problem," Mr. Eastman explained, is whether the space above a nation "is to be a free area open to all like the high seas; or whether there are to be zones which are partly free and partly owned by the states below."

Already at work on such problems are the International Law Association, the American Bar Association, the Senior Judge Advocates of the U.S. Army, and the state bar associations of Michigan and New York. A separate Institute of Air and Space Law is now being planned at the University of Virginia; the University of Oklahoma is preparing a special Space Law library, and eight other U.S. law schools, including Harvard and Columbia, are giving special attention to air and space laws.

But the earthly consequences of our advancements into space are not limited to space laws and regulations. As a result of discoveries with satellites and rockets, science is now exploring developments which will change the lives of even those among us Earthmen who do not choose to migrate to the moon. Methods for predicting and controlling weather, world-wide TV and radio hookups, devices to insure safer navigation, are all being worked on. And the methods which will make transportation to outer space a reality are also being developed to create commercial faster-than-sound transportation on earth.

Robert Cornog of Space Technology Laboratories, Inc., who spoke to the convention on "Some Economic Aspects of Hypersonic Flight," stated that within ten years it will be economically feasible to use, for commercial travel, planes which fly from six to twenty times the speed of sound. The use of these hypersonic planes will make it possible to travel from New York to California in half an hour; from New York to London in roughly an hour; and New York to Moscow in roughly two hours. The alteration such planes would make in our travel system would not be limited to time alone, but would also mean the use of fewer planes. Today the airlines provide an average of 4,000 seats each way every day for flights from coast to coast in America, and slightly less than 2,000 for flights between America and Europe. Assuming that each of the hypersonic planes made six round trips a day, providing thirty-three seats on each flight, only twenty planes would be needed for the trans-United States traffic, and another ten for European traffic.



NOT ONLY our transportation, but also our communications here on earth may soon be revolutionized. Sidney Metzger of RCA presented to the A.R.S. convention a detailed plan for an "Orbital Post Office" which would make use of a satellite for transmitting mail across the ocean. Mr. Metzger found that in 1957 there were 428 million letters sent back and forth across the Atlantic, with an average weight of 110,000 pounds of mail a day. In the system developed by Mr. Metzger, no mail weight at all would be sent —yet all the letters would reach their destination.

The "Orbital Post Office" would depend on electronic sending stations in the United States and Europe which would mechanically "scan" the letters, transmit them into electronic code, and send them to the radio transmitter in a satellite, or group of satellites, over the Atlantic. The satellite transmitter would in turn send the message on to the continental receiving station, where it would be transmitted out of electronic code and onto paper. It may come as a relief to old-fashioned souls to know that at this point a human postman has to pick up the letters and deliver them.

IN HIS STUDY of the possibility of such a plan, Mr. Metzger found that it would be both technologically and economically feasible, and the greatest problem of realizing the orbital post office would be the question of public acceptance. The letters would have to be written on standard forms, similar to V-mail, and then opened and read by the men who transcribed them on the sending devices, and again by the men at the other end who transcribed them back onto paper. Mr. Metzger said that "the techniques called for in the ground and in the satellite equipment are within the present state of the art and can be implemented in several years." But as for the matter of public acceptance, "The question of a standard letter form and of privacy must be investigated further."

AS SPACE technology more and more affects the affairs of human beings, human beings more and more affect the affairs of space technology. Along with such matters as magnetohydrodynamics and perchlorate propellants, "The Human Factor" is one of the major fields of study in outer-space planning. This is a relatively new development, for it was not until scientists began to plan space vehicles with compartments for men that they had to think seriously about the men who would go into the compartments. How quickly that time has come upon us was indicated in the announcement at one of the A.R.S. sessions that "proposals leading to the development of the first U.S. manned-satellite capsules are expected from industry by December 4."

A great deal of study is now being done about the "variables" of man in space flight, and man being the variable creature he is, the studies necessarily are concerned with both the physiological and psychological aspects of human survival in space. The cabins or "capsules" which have so far been developed were described by Otto Winzen of Winzen Research, Inc., as "no more uncomfortable than a train roomette." This is still not exactly a luring prospect for the space pioneers, who will bear the considerable added disadvantages of not being able to smoke, not being able to look out the window, and not being able to get up and walk down the aisle (or at least not more than once).

A number of men have now survived such harrowing circumstances in tests conducted in simulated space compartments, and the reactions of one group were reported, in a talk on "Space Cabin Requirements as Seen by Subjects in the Cabin Simulator," by Willard Hawkins of the U.S.A.F. School of Aviation Medicine. The Space Medicine Division of the school has been experimenting now for two years with a space-cabin simulator of ninety-six cubic feet, half of which is taken up with equipment. They have held simulated "flights" of periods ranging from thirty-two hours to seven days, and many of the human responses have indicated the enormous trials that our first space explorers will face. It seems that one of the greatest threats of all will be boredom. As Captain Hawkins reported of the first forty-eight-hour flight subject:

> Time began to weigh heavily for the subject early in the flight; and as time went on, it seems that oppressiveness of time increased in a ratio directly proportional to the duration of the flight. Intermittent periods of depression, similar to depressive moods which result from extreme monotony, have been routinely observed in all subjects at some time during their flight. . . . The clicking noise of the camera shutter that automatically took a picture of the subject every three minutes during the flight became a major source of irritation for one subject after ninety-two hours in the cabin. All the subjects enjoyed music during the work period, but soon found that their favorite recordings were highly irritating as they were repeated. One subject tried whistling as a substitute for music, but immediately found this difficult to do at a simulated altitude of 18,000 feet. This served only to irritate him further.

For all we know, experiments are going on at this very moment to try to find out how man can whistle in space, and they are perhaps as important as research in aerothermodynamics and electroencephalograms. For better or worse, we are heading into space, and we are taking with us all our old hopes and desires and troubles. If we thought we could leave them behind on earth we had better think again, for it looks like the first man who goes to the moon is going to be just as bored as the idle housewife, and not even able to whistle.

BERLIN CRISIS: Tactics and Strategy . . *by Terence Prittie*

Bonn, November 27

THE BONN Government is now certain that a diplomatic—if not physical—campaign against Berlin has begun. How will this campaign be waged, and for what purposes?

In the first place, practically nobody in Western Germany or in Berlin envisages a second, full-scale "Berlin blockade" of the 1947-48 type. There are various reasons for assuming this. The Western powers have been quick to show that they are ready to withstand a second blockade; they have the planes with which to organize a second air-lift, if necessary. West Berlin holds reserves of food and fuel sufficient for five or six months (in 1947, there were, practically speaking, no reserves at all). Furthermore, a full-scale blockade would deprive the East Germans of around 25 million marks a year (in hard currency) derived from the autobahn and canal tolls which they now impose on "alien" traffic, and would lead to the suspension of an interzonal trade which brings valuable heavy industrial products into Eastern Germany from the Ruhr. Above all, a full-scale blockade would carry heavy risks of war and refute the whole Soviet program of "normalizing" conditions in Central Europe for the purpose of consolidating the status quo.

Both West German and Allied observers believe that what lies ahead in Berlin for the West is a "cam-

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paign of pinpricks." This could start with the withdrawal of the Soviet representative from the four-power "Air Safety Center"—the only four-power organization which has functioned in recent years. An East German could simply be installed in the place of the Russian, and the Western powers would have the choice of dealing with him or leaving the complicated problems of aircraft-control over Berlin to solve themselves.

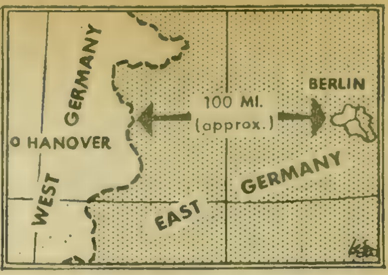
Control of the air between Berlin and the West is a major East German objective. In the last ten years, 1,150,000 East German refugees have been transported from West Berlin to Western Germany. This is roughly 40 per cent of the three million who have so far fled from East Germany. But since December, 1957, when severe internal travel restrictions were imposed in East Germany, the proportion escaping via West Berlin has risen to around 80 per cent. And these have included an ever-increasing proportion of technicians, doctors, teachers—the people who can least be spared by a state which is running short of manpower and which is especially intended to be the "workshop" of the Eastern bloc.

A second pinprick could take the form of the removal of Soviet officials from the check-points on the Berlin-Hanover autobahn, along which all the military and official traffic of the three Western powers must move. The installation of East German officials at these check-points—and on the railway stations where Allied military trains are given clearance—would increase East German prestige, possibly force some kind of Western recognition of East German sovereignty and, in any event, weaken the Western position in Berlin psychologically.

AT THIS STAGE, possible explanations of the Khrushchev démarche begin to emerge. The immediate Soviet objectives seem clear enough. They include Western recognition, or part-recognition, of the East German Republic; the weakening of Western prestige; the choking-off of the flow of East German refugees through Berlin to the West; the morale-boosting of the Ulbricht-Grotewohl regime in Berlin-Pankow; the gradual strangling of West Berlin independence and its eventual inclusion in the East German state. So obvious are these objectives that the Western powers can prepare counteraction to each of them. Secretary Dulles could publicly and dramatically repeat Allied guarantees of Berlin's independence—perhaps in Berlin itself.

West Berlin's Lord Mayor, Willy Brandt, could reiterate the steadfast determination of the Berliners to stand on their rights. (With the crisis at its height, Berliners made saucy jokes about the situation to each other; housewives refused to be panicked into buying non-perishable foodstuffs and fuel; the exchange rate of East marks to West marks remained steady at 4.35 East to 1 West.)

Ultimately, the Western powers could continue flying out East German refugees without the permission of either a Soviet or East German air-safety officer. For it is scarcely thinkable that Khrushchev would risk World War III by creating an "incident" in one of the air corridors from Berlin to the West. Ultimately, too, the Western powers could talk to East Germans without recognizing the East German regime—although this might turn out to be the first step down a slippery diplomacy slope.



But all of this has to do with obvious, short-term objectives. What is Khrushchev's long-range goal—the strategy behind the tactics? For one thing is certain: Soviet long-term planning is as much a feature of the current Berlin crisis as is the Soviet gift for improvised political maneuvering.

In this connection, one must survey Soviet policies in Germany since 1945 and out of the pattern, a great truth emerges. The Russians have been governed by two major lines of thought, each of which, at different times, has dominated Soviet policy. The first is unification: East Germany is a stepping-stone to the Ruhr and the immensely greater material wealth of the Bonn Republic. In this context, West Germany is a *point d'appui* for the extension of Soviet influence to the borders of France and the Low Countries. The alternative concept is of an East Germany whose destiny is simply that of a Communist puppet state, an integral part of the satellite bloc.

THE TWO policies have often run side by side without conflicting. But while Soviet readiness to take the bigger risk over Germany was evident in 1952 and again in 1955, the disciples of the lesser project—the consolidating of Germany as a member of the Communist bloc—have never ceased to work steadily towards their objective. The thoughts behind their labors have been that East Germany could become the most important industrial element in the whole Communist system; that its continued independent existence would guarantee the Oder-Neisse line with Poland and the finality of the ejection of three million Germans from the Czech Sudetenland; and that, once consolidated, it could still be used at a later date as a bastion from which to launch further political, economic and social pressure on Bonn.

But the biggest argument in favor

of this concept is that only by keeping Germany divided can the satellite bloc be kept chained to the Soviet Union. For the Pole or Czech does not live who wants to see Germany reunified. At worst, reunification would mean to the smaller satellites the creation once again of a powerful and unpredictable neighbor; at best, it would mean a united Germany which would turn its face to the East, but would become a far more interesting factor than themselves to the Kremlin—and might even lead to territorial adjustments at their expense.

Has Khrushchev already written off any prospect of German reunification? Is he today paying only lip service to the idea? This is the most cogent question deriving from the Berlin crisis. The terms which the Soviet Premier has already set for German reunification are impossibly high: full recognition of East Germany, indefinite postponement of free elections in the whole of Germany, the elimination of "Fascists and militarists" from the Federal Republic, the military neutralization of Germany and (admittedly by inference only) the withdrawal of all American armed forces from the European continent. Does Khrushchev really think that these terms have any chance of success? Or were they always intended to make Western acceptance impossible, so that the satellite bloc can be consolidated and the Soviet Union can sit back for a decade before making the next move westward?

Finishing School for Executives . .

by David Ray

In our issue of November 29, Andrew Hacker, in an article entitled "Learning to be a Tycoon," dealt with the graduate business schools and their attempt to make business executives out of college men. The following article deals with the reverse side of the coin — the currently fashionable attempt by many corporations to make college men out of business executives.

The author is on the faculty of Northern Illinois University. — Ed.

BIG BUSINESS is worried about one of its human products — executives. For years, large companies have been selecting their men on the basis of narrow technical skills, forcing them into a highly competitive environment, and thus shaping them into a progressively more rigid outlook. Now the companies find that these men lack the glamour for the top-echelon jobs. Their cultivation of aggression as a virtue shows; so does their primary devotion to money, rather than to the stated higher ideals of their companies. In short, after teaching them to think small, the companies suddenly want them to "think big." So they are throwing their men into university "executive-development" programs which stress the liberal arts.

A surprising number of campuses are cooperating to make the programs available. The University of Pennsylvania pioneered a schedule of courses in liberal arts for A.T.&T. in 1953-54, and variant programs for the same company have since been set up at Swarthmore, Dartmouth, Williams and Northwestern. Courses similar in purpose have evolved independently at such places as Wabash, Pomona, Akron and Aspen. While differing widely in their approach and in the degree of commitment in time and effort by the student, they all emphasize the responsibility of the corporation in modern society and the need for the corporation leaders to behave with maturity, intelligence and grace. Publicized as ambitious "enrichment" courses, they serve primarily for the acquisition of what may be termed "executive style."

Defenders of the programs say that students are supposed to acquire from them "the imaginative comprehension which comes from understanding the whole condition of man," as well as a cultural perspective to "assist them to develop the capacity successfully to deal with those abstract ideas that illuminate and allow them more wisely to control the world in which they live" (from *Toward the Liberally Educated Executive*, published by the Fund for Adult Education). "But the mere reading of Plato's *Republic*," the same sources warn, "will not push up anyone's sales graph."

In most of the programs, which range in duration from two weeks to five years, a stupendous amount of "pure" culture is thrown at the students. Lectures on architecture follow discussions of *Ulysses* and the *Pisan Cantos*. So far, measurement of the effects has been necessarily superficial. But champions of the idea already see important results: " . . . The men of affairs changed considerably. They have taken to buying books and building their own libraries; they are collecting classical records; they think about replacing 'wall-cover' with art in their homes; and they are more aware of the architectural clichés in American suburbs." It is also asserted that the programs "liberate" the students intellectually, and stimulate among them "a creeping discontent and loss of complacency." (Quotations from *Toward the Liberally Educated Executive*.) But it is the university administrators who seem to have the clearest idea of what is desired by the corporations they are servicing. As one administrator told me: "The corporations want an organization man whose basic values and loyalties will remain unchallenged, indeed even reinforced. But they want the stimulation of an unthreatening individualism — of an *appearance* of individualism, not any that would interfere, naturally, with the company."

AS MIGHT be expected, the views of uninvolved scholars differ from those of educators immersed in the problems of implementing the programs. "The Bell Company program at Northwestern," a disinterested scholar remarked, "isn't very effective. For one thing, the men are all from one firm; there's no interaction among men from different companies. And the program is too short. What can you do in eight weeks?" The Northwestern administrators' reaction to such criticism is: "Those fellows want the sky." Both teachers and administrators connected with the programs feel that their work is misunderstood by the rest of the academic world; they are eager to defend the purity of their rapprochement with big business. They will not acknowledge that the demands of industry have in any way modified their conception of "liberal arts." They are particularly annoyed when their programs are described as a "gravy train."

Despite the denials, there is evidence that concessions are made in order to adapt the curricula to the company-minded men. At the worst, books like Alex Osborn's *Applied Imagination* are employed in courses on developing "creative imagination" by "group-ideation procedures," i.e., "brainstorming." (Typical exercises: "Name all possible uses for a common brick"; "If you had a son who was Communistically inclined, what would you do to straighten him out?") A graduate complained to me about the results of his training in "Creative Thinking" (such courses are now offered at Buffalo, Columbia, Drake, Northwestern, N. Y. U., and elsewhere): "Our company started brainstorming sessions. A guy'd come into a meeting where everybody was making $12,000 or more and hold up a pencil and say 'What's a pencil good for?' One guy impressed everybody by saying you could hold up a window with a pencil. These men, some of the most valuable in the company, took up a couple of hours horsing around like that." The alumnus observed that any idea could be sold to his colleagues. He felt that ideas like "brainstorming" or "understanding the *needs* of your employees" resulted in almost religious conversions among the idea-hungry students, who rushed back to their companies, applying the concepts wildly. In a recent article in *Personnel,* Cris Argyris described the results of some misapplications by executives of lessons they had learned. An executive who sought to impress upon his workers the importance of their individual contributions to the company succeeded only in stimulating worker discontent. "Doc," one employee said, "Don't rub it in. How would you like to be reminded that the most important thing you can do in life is to put four bolts in the right rear end of a car?"

THE MORE interesting of the programs have caught the attention of the independent Center for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults, a Chicago group financed by the Ford Foundation. The center serves as a consultant, makes modest grants-in-aid and publishes relevant writings. It is committed to the ideas that "the first orientation of a liberal education is toward man as man, not toward man as money-maker," and that "the meaning of liberal is, not bodies of knowledge and skill, but the process of . . . liberation from the bondage of an overly-narrow perspective on life [and the building of] strength to maintain individual autonomy against social pressures for conformity." The center tends to push the programs toward a "purer" approach to liberal arts; it encourages courses which place a value on the liberal arts *per se.* Peter Siegle, a center associate, has surveyed the whole field in *New Directions in Liberal Education for Executives.*

Of all the programs, the Bell Company's has received the most publicity; certainly it has exerted a great influence over independent experiments. Although liberal arts are taught "purely" in some Bell courses, a company spokesman states: "The humanities will help us solve a problem, and so we are using them . . . but not because they are a fine thing in themselves." The importance to Bell men of studying the humanities, according to this spokesman, is to encourage "statesmanship" in business, "to offset a tendency to over-conformity," and "to indicate the importance, impact and use of history, science, philosophy and the arts in the world today, *particularly as they influence large groups of people, such as employees, customers and stockholders*" (italics mine). *Ulysses* and *Pisan Cantos,* the architecture of Paxton's Crystal Palace and of Frank Lloyd Wright, become part of these objectives. One teacher has remarked that the sum effect is that Bell men now add John Stuart Mill to their list of great men — a list previously composed exclusively of industry men such as Bell's president, Wilfred Gillen.

Bell's interest in the plan reflects a unique company problem. During the 1930s, Bell did little hiring; the men it hired during the 1940s now stand across a ten-year age-gap from the senior executives, most of whom are in their sixties. The company is suffering a shortage of men in their fifties who have the requisite sophistication for advancement to the senior posts. Thus, through its executive-development program, the company is trying to step up the wisdom-acquiring process of their junior executives, who are ten years too young for the jobs meant for them.

DESPITE THE shortcomings of the executive-development programs, do some students nevertheless experience a "liberating" effect? It depends, I suppose, on the student and how seriously he views the course. One anecdote concerns the student who took the program very seriously indeed. It induced him to question where his basic loyalties should lie: to the company, or to himself; to the company, or to his family; to money, or to self-expression. It is doubtful whether supporters of the program are looking for quite such a stupendous success for their brainchild.

"Poetry makes nothing happen," wrote Auden. Here are men who for years have been taught to devalue severely anything which does not "make something happen." That these men approach the humanities with even tentative respect is in itself a miracle. "We can't change a man fundamentally in eight weeks," they say at Northwestern, "but we can produce better men — as humanists and as company men."

Northwestern does put on an exciting show for the Bell students. For eight weeks they study architecture,

(*Continued on page 436*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Perry Miller's Thoreau

CONSCIOUSNESS IN CONCORD: The Text of Thoreau's Hitherto "Lost Journal" (1840-1841). Notes and Commentary by Perry Miller. Houghton Mifflin Co. 243 pp. $4.

Odell Shepard

THE FIRST, best and most important thing to say about this perplexing book is that it brings us a considerable mass of Thoreau's writing which has hitherto been accessible to few readers, and to them only under severe restrictions. Here are the contents of the third among the thirty-nine notebooks which, shortly before his death, Thoreau packed away in a box of his making and designated as his Journal.

Henry Thoreau was twenty-three years old when he wrote — between July 30, 1840, and January 22, 1841 — these seventeen thousand words. Considering that he was teaching school for a part of that time, and allowing for some distraction by a transient love affair, one sees that the young man was an industrious diarist. For what we have here is by no means a series of hastily jotted memoranda about external events, but the record, rather, of an earnest mind exploring its own inner space.

On the basis of the *Lost Journal* alone, one might hazard a guess that Henry Thoreau at twenty-three had already chosen a life work: to find out from day to day what Henry Thoreau was thinking and, indeed, what he essentially was, by exacting sentences of him. If anyone thinks this an idler's task let him try it himself, meanwhile keeping in mind Thoreau's journal entry for August 22, 1851:

> Sentences which suggest far more than they say, which have an atmosphere about them, which do not merely report an old, but make a new impression; sentences which suggest as many things and are as durable as a Roman aqueduct. To frame these, that is the *art* of writing; sentences which are expensive, towards which so many volumes, so much life went; which lie like boulders on the page, up and down and across; which contain the seed of other sentences, not mere repetition but creation; which a man might sell his grounds and castles to build.

Manifestly, those words have been earned. Under the tone of exultation one hears the grind and groan of arduous toil. Henry Thoreau never pretended to be one of "the crowd of gentlemen who write with ease." If we ask what special kind of heroism he had in mind in *The Service*, there is this clear answer: "That of the writing-desk." Wherever else he might falter and fail he would there be sternly true, caught and held by "the fascination of what's difficult."

THE themes of the *Lost Journal* are miscellaneous, but there is a frequent return to the topics of heroism and music, closely related in Thoreau's mind as they are in the third book of Plato's *Republic*. Another favorite topic is the ancient and perennial concept of the microcosm which underlay his lifelong feeling that Concord was a sufficient miniature of the world. In numerous ways we are made aware that the diarist is a deeply happy man. Already he is reaching toward one of his most memorable utterances:

> If the day and night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal — that is your success.

For our present purpose, the most significant passage in the *Lost Journal* is the one given on page 162 of *Consciousness in Concord*:

> Prosperity is no field for heroism unless it endeavors to establish an independent and supernatural prosperity for itself. In the midst of din and tumult we hear the trumpet sound. Defeat is heaven's success. He cannot be said to succeed to whom the world shows any favor. In fact it is the hero's *point d'appui*, which by offering resistance to his action enables him to act at all. At each step he spurns the world. He vaults the higher in proportion as he employs the greater resistance of the earth.

Now perhaps it will be agreed that there can be no more precise criterion of any man's character and career than that to be found in his theory, if he has one and we can get at it, of "success" and "failure." Here Thoreau tells us in good set terms what his theory was. We do well to recall this passage whenever it is asserted or implied that he was greatly downcast by some outward defeat and so took to crying "Sour grapes!" A good way to approach the present book is to read the passage thoughtfully through, perhaps several times, before turning to the Introduction.

IN THE ACT of introducing a hitherto unknown piece of writing by an author of established fame, a sensitive man will be aware of certain responsibilities. Realizing that most of his prospective readers are somewhat acquainted with the writer in question, he will try to provide them not so much with opinions as with information connecting this new matter with what they know. He will wish to be minutely accurate, honest, clear, consistent, self-effacing and brief. Simple courtesy and the code of editorial good manners will keep him in mind that this is not his book.

Professor Perry Miller of Harvard University seems to imply some awareness of these obligations when he says that "after all, our concern is, as far as possible, to read what Henry Thoreau wrote." His readers agree, with emphasis; but that statement stands, amusingly, not to say "amazingly," at the end of an Introduction three times as long as the document by Henry Thoreau which it ostensibly introduces. By the time a reader comes to it his "main concern" has already been ignored for 130 pages. Those pages are made to seem much longer and more numerous than they are, moreover, by frequent inaccuracies of statement, by assertions unproved and unprovable, by confusions and inconsistencies of thought, by the dragging-in of matters wholly adventitious, and by the use and abuse of violent language in a prose style habitually feeble, fumbling, slovenly and dull.

All this sums up to a considerable tedium, and it is with a corresponding sense of relief that one comes, in "Part II," to the "Journal" itself. But that feeling is short-lived. Almost at once there begins a drum-fire, a barrage, of

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footnotes, some of them useful and pertinent but too many others impertinent in both senses of the word. These run, by a rough estimate, to about one-third as many words as the text, and after them come the "Notes" proper, nearly three hundred in number. Six pages of really valuable "Notes on Textual Variants," and a three-page makeshift for an Index, round out what looks like a book — by Perry Miller, of course — which if not quite an *opus* is at least a well-padded *opusculum*. On the jacket we are informed that "this present study of Thoreau, which Mr. Miller modestly terms 'a commentary,' may well prove the most comprehensive and penetrating evaluation ever offered of the lonely consciousness in Concord."

AMONG several reasons for doubting that assertion, we may note first of all that Professor Miller is unable to decide about the nature of Thoreau's "Journal" as a whole, although he correctly sees it as the man's life work. On page 4 it is called "a deliberately constructed work of art," on page 6 "a deliberate accretion," on page 25 "a self-conscious effort to create a 'mythology,' " on page 27 "a highly schematized pattern of words," on page 30 "a self-portrait," on page 93 "a clinical study" of the "literary libido," on page 94 "a 'sublimation' of inhibited loves, a 'compensation' for a ghastly sense of inferiority, a neurotic defense against a fear of humiliation," on page 106 "a retreat before the ever-pressing assault," and on page 148 "a literary exercise." The reader is left to take his choice, but meanwhile he has an uneasy feeling that this editor does not really know what he is talking about.

The question of Thoreau's motives in writing the "Journal" proves equally baffling to the commentator. On page 31 we are told that it was "a contribution to the greatness he dreamed of, to the prestige which is in America the reward of success." Two pages farther on the commentator reaffirms that notion in louder tones, declaring that "this lover of Nature was not a lover of nature itself" and that he went to her for his metaphors with a purpose of exploiting natural resources "as self-centered, as profit-seeking, as that of any railroad-builder or lumber-baron, as that of any John Jacob Astor." It would seem, then, that he has made up his mind; but just here it should be observed that one of the several respects in which the commentator differs from Socrates is that he has two demons, only one of which prods him into vociferations like that just quoted. The second then admonishes him not to talk nonsense — or, if he must, then always to balance a violent remark by its opposite. In this instance, the contrary opinion is intelligent. It runs thus: "Thoreau cherished a sneaking love for the activity [of journal-writing] itself, without regard to consequences or utility. . . . The real impetus of the 'Journal,' assuredly, even in these first years, is something quite other than the young writer's ambition to become somebody as famous as his patron." For a moment one is encouraged, but then on the following page the commentator returns to his utilitarian hypothesis. Once more, the reader must choose.

In sharp contrast with these mental tergiversations is the consistency of the professor's emotional conduct throughout this book. The prevailing tone of his commentary is the tone of contempt, varied now and then by patronizing commiseration. Always he sees to it that Thoreau gets "the dirty end of the stick." We do indeed find a few admissions that the imprisoned "egoist" of Concord wrote here and there a "great" passage, but no inference is drawn that he was on that account, or on any, a great man. In one way and another, most often by the help of a "snide" adverb or adjective, the debits are regularly made to cancel out the credits. Thus, as we have seen, the acknowledgment that Thoreau loved to write is poisoned by the word "sneaking."

In the notes and footnotes of *Consciousness in Concord*, Professor Miller doggedly continues the revelation of his own unconsciousness with regard to most things that make Henry Thoreau worthy of remembrance. Humorless himself, he never suspects that his man may, occasionally, be jesting. Himself unremarkable as an exemplar of certain Christian virtues, he brings the charge of "blasphemy" against a man whom Emerson called "a person of rare, tender, and absolute religion . . . incapable of any profanation." In accents of shrill self-assertion, he calls Thoreau "truculent," "arrogant" and "egoistic." In a ludicrously long-winded note meant to show that Thoreau had no musical knowledge or taste, he makes it quite clear that he himself has no faintest notion of what Thoreau meant by "music." He finds it pathetic that Thoreau invented "private names for two ordinary spots on the Sudbury River." The answer is, of course, that all "spots" are ordinary to ordinary men, and that Henry Thoreau was extraordinary, among other ways, in his feeling that every spot has its own *genius loci* — or, as he might have said, its *numen*, worthy of a *nomen*.

Alfred Kazin has said in a recent review that Professor Miller's study of Thoreau's "Journal" is more "systematic" and "passionate" than any other that he can recall. Whether he means that it is systematically passionate or passionately systematic does not appear, but in fact it is neither. Instead of system we find here a confusion steadily more confounded, and in place of passion we find spite. If one word can suggest the state of mind and nerves that produced this tumult of undisciplined thoughts and unbridled feelings, that word is the adjective "spastic."

It serves most occasions, but when the professor feels quite sure that he has caught his man *in flagrante delicto* — in the vulgate, that he has the goods on him — then his chronic spasm swiftly mounts into a paroxysm of indignation. A fair example of what he can do in this way is shown on page 119, where we are told that "Henry Thoreau — master of woodcraft — set fire to Concord woods and almost destroyed the town." Now, letting alone the question whether Thoreau was at the time, or ever, a "master of woodcraft," those words are calculated to suggest to the uninformed or unwary that the fire was deliberately set and that it did destroy most of the buildings in Concord. But the professor is certainly aware of the far less sensational truth, that by a really culpable carelessness Thoreau and a young comrade built a fire near the river on a windy day, a fire which caught in tall, dry grass, got away from them, burned perhaps a hundred acres of woodland and, if it had not been controlled by the fighters summoned by Thoreau, might have endangered the central village, which it did not in fact come near. Why, then, does the commentator choose words bound to give a false effect? Why does he suggest, quite gratuitously, that Thoreau may

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At the Crossroad

Close
but far

strayed into the half-cultivated country
of meditation
woven into it wholly,
enlaced in the rare herbs of silence

another,
a lost stranger, our friend
asleep, perhaps nearly dead

Night-stir of silence
Water runs beyond summer its gutters
Rustle of wind, light.
Moonlight over it all

In the next field,
the May ass screaming
drunk on the new hay.

PAUL BLACKBURN

have had a sense of "glee" when he started to run for help? What meaning are we expected to derive from the statement that "his vice kept up with him" unless it be that Thoreau was a confirmed pyromaniac? Finally, what interpretation of any sort can be put upon the frenetic remark that, after six years, Thoreau was "internally compelled to vomit forth the cancer of his guilt"?

Apart from the fact that cancers are not quite so easily got rid of, that last statement is obviously unrelated to scholarship, to criticism, or to the duties of an editor introducing a literary text. It is a wildly emotional statement, and the emotion involved appears to be some queer, sour, sick kind of animosity — toward what or whom one does not care even to guess. At this point one reader, at least, ceases to take any interest in Professor Miller's opinion about Thoreau, and begins to watch his aberrations from common sense with an amusement often rising to hilarity.

RATHER early in Professor Miller's studies of Thoreau — and no implication is intended that they have been going on for very long — it probably occurred to the noisier of his two demons that an expeditious way of cutting this "bachelor of nature" down to size would be to cast doubt upon his sexual normality — perhaps even to impugn his "morality"! But the other one, the nay-sayer, with some notion of what the late Irving Babbitt meant by "inner check," didn't like this. He had seen that mode of manslaughter used so often in academic circles that it seemed to him trite and outworn. "And besides," the nay-sayer objected, always striving for at least a semblance of consistency, "how can we let the professor say on the one hand that Thoreau's 'Journal' is a 'literary exercise' and then go on to assert that it is a 'confession of lusts' not too artfully hidden? In addition, we have to remember that psychologizing by laymen is dangerous, and that even skilled analysts have made fools of themselves in trying to diagnose a work of art."

In this manner the debate continues from page 93 to page 95 of *Consciousness in Concord*, producing a hurricane of mixed metaphors and *non sequiturs* unsurpassed in this turbulent book. But the outcome is never in doubt. Demon A insists, and Demon B cannot deny, that here is good pay-dirt. Eventually they agree, braving the chance that he may make a fool of himself, to let the professor "probe below the topsoil of the 'Journal' " and so get at its "literary libido . . . related to some more biological or psychic neurosis." This jargon is meant to indicate that we have now entered a scientific "frame of reference," and that the "Journal," previously called "a work of art" and "an oratorio," is to be considered as a "clinical study."

Storm and After

The winds that winnowed the rain are spent
And soft sprays fall like chaff
From restless clouds that lumber
Where twisted light blades flashed;
And where the lithe sly greeneyed ebony cat
Paused on the quick green sea
Taut with fear of the whooping
Of the wanton willow tree—
(For the willow waxes merry
When the winds with maddened glee
Wrap round her with their airy arms
And shake her tresses free)—
There—where the black back stiffened
A restless quiet strains
While searching the ground for fallen fruit
The silent blackbirds range.

LEAH ROTHBERG

Yet the second demon's counsel of caution is heeded for a time. There is something of Iago's technique in the professor's gradual approach, by one little poisonous innuendo and another and another, to his final statement — for once most carefully muffled and modified — of the charge he means to convey. He begins with two or three comparatively sensible pages about friendship as it was experienced and expressed by certain members of the Transcendental group. Then he says, on page 88, that within this group "love and friendship are interchangeable terms," the truth being that there, as everywhere, they overlap. Having introduced "love" he is ready for "lust," and can soon assert that "the Transcendental fellowship . . . found in their idealization of friendship an escape analogous to that which the younger romantics of France found in sexual promiscuity." Now the approach is nearly complete, and the next thing we hear comes in the raucous voice of the first demon: "With Thoreau a luxuriating in friendship and in its inadequacies becomes simply monstrous."

If another quite amateurish psychologist may cut in at this point, he would like to say that the professor's paroxysms somewhat resemble the flight of a space-rocket. His fueled fancy leaves the launching-pad of common sense when triggered by some such phrase of its own as that quoted just above, and thereafter it is propelled on its way by a series of internal explosions until it has quite out-flown the pull of the facts and begins to gyrate on its own momentum. An interesting thing to watch in these performances is the way they are arranged in steadily mounting crescendos of denunciation. Thus, shortly after the "simply monstrous" charge, we are told that at the root of these Transcendental tantrums "there is something terribly black, something devouring." What this horror is we are supposed to guess from Thoreau's poem called *Sympathy* and its opening line, "Lately, alas, I knew a gentle boy." Lest we should miss the point even there, we are provided with this clue: "Only within recent years have studies had the courage to call attention to the androgynous character of Thoreau's monomaniac discussions of friendship."

That sentence is obviously the product of Professor Miller's two demons working in concert. As ugly in sound as it is venomous in purpose, it must be regarded as a masterpiece in the art of calling a man a sexual pervert without taking responsibility for the assertion.

"Studies" of recent years turn out to be two unpublished dissertations, neither of which Professor Miller has read. He has, however, seen digests of them, from one of which he culls the affirmation that in the "Friendship" section of the *Week*, Thoreau displays "an unconscious homoerotic orientation."

ALMOST as though he doubted whether half a sentence from an academic exercise would carry conviction with other people, Professor Miller calls the sonnets of Shakespeare to his aid, feeling sure that all literate persons will know what they are about. All the Transcendentalists knew, he declares, and were worried by their knowledge; but one doubts both statements and denies their relevance. Indeed, the argument for a "homoerotic orientation" rather peters out toward the end, perhaps because of a slow start.

Yet the professor has other, and even more courageous, charges to make regarding the "literary libido" of his intended victim. Like a faithful and well-trained smut-hound, he noses out the familiar passage in the "Journal" for 1856 where Thoreau praises "the dear wholesome color of shrub-oak leaves, so clean and firm . . ." and where he says "I love and could embrace the shrub oak with its scanty garment of leaves rising above the snow, lowly whispering to me, akin to winter thoughts, and sunsets, and to all virtue." But to Professor Miller this "obsession," as he calls it, is exceedingly close, akin to vice, and he likens it to what another man would feel in finding himself "surprised by an irresistible desire for a neighbor's wife." Here he "divines something of the libertine whom Thoreau hid behind what Emerson miscalled his 'Stoic' exterior," for "again and again in these spasms," he tells us (page 205), "the language becomes highly erotic."

Professor Miller on the topic of "spasms"! This is probably the most hilarious passage in his book.

So now we have Thoreau charged with being a lover of trees — or, to make it sound more scientific, more depraved, more "terribly black and devouring," let us call this vice of his "dendrophily." And one fears that the charge will "stick." Thoreau himself would plead guilty. Perhaps that is the reason why the pure-minded Commissioners of Middlesex County are rooting out the trees that stand near the site of Thoreau's cabin, meaning to put a public bathhouse in their place. [See "Walden on Trial" by Truman Nelson. *The Nation*, July 19, 1958.] But let them have a care, for Professor Miller points out on page 198 that this amazingly and miscellaneously libidinous young man had still another erotic obsession, a perversion even more *recherché*, which one fears must be called "lacustrine." He was, to be "frank," in love with Walden Pond! The evidence is overwhelming, and our commentator contents himself with citing what seems a minor example, namely that in "A Winter's Walk" Thoreau "concealed the name of the Pond as a poet might conceal the name of his mistress."

(Query: — Should not Walden Pond be drained, to make room for a parking lot?)

But we can't stop there. Once we fall into this way of thinking, dark suspicions crowd in from every side. What was the real "low down" of Thoreau's relations with a loon on the Pond, of his long interview with a woodchuck, of his intimacies with the mouse that ate from his fingers? Precisely what kind of obsession was it that drew or drove him on, like Prince Charming in quest of Sleeping Beauty, until he discovered, hidden in a thicket across the Assabet, the *Azalea Nudiflora* — what a suggestive name! — herself?

ALL the foregoing is meant to bear exclusively upon the editor of the book in hand. The shocking difference between his work and that of the Perry Miller who, some twenty years ago, produced *The New England Mind*, is nothing to the present purpose.

In Defense of Existence

IRRATIONAL MAN. By William Barrett. Doubleday & Co. 278 pp. $5.

Robert Jordan

THAT the problem of human existence must be the ultimate concern of philosophers is a thesis which, apparently, no philosopher would seriously question. Yet it is Mr. Barrett's contention that the concrete, contingent, personal act of existence, with its tension, its conflict and its mystery, has been persistently and tragically ignored in most of the systems of Western philosophy, and never more so than by the Anglo-American philosophers in the tradition of empiricism, positivism and linguistic analysis. Disinherited without knowing it, contemporary philosophers have invented, and have offered as a model, an image of man so grotesquely oversimplified as to be the merest caricature of the human person. From the academies has come a cure for human problems which, in reality, is the sickness unto death. Instead of speaking to the existing person, modern rationalism, like its earlier counterparts, has subsumed him under an idea, a concept, or a theory—disregarding his freedom, robbing him of his singularity, and reducing him to a mere thing, an object, a cipher.

Alone in their protest against this deformation, the Existentialist philosophers are still being regarded, especially by Americans, as eccentric Bohemians who have nothing significant to say to serious philosophers, psychologists or anthropologists. Thus the most exciting and important development in contemporary European philosophy is identified with a few plays and essays of Sartre and dismissed without a hearing. Mr. Barrett's book is not only a critique of modern rationalism but an introduction to the range of Existentialist philosophy and a spirited defense of its methods and its conclusions.

Mr. Barrett is at his best when he is describing the contemporary scene. He brings to his exposition of the parallels between philosophy and the work of writers and artists a sensitive understanding and a sympathetic heart. The effect is to show how remarkably widespread the phenomenon called Existentialism really is. While academic philosophers and scientists are busy reducing the personal self to a cluster of sensations or a quantity of measurable agitation, real people are living their lives in dramatic opposition to all of these theoretical systems, living them at the boundaries of human concern, in fear and trembling, in a world which is more radically contingent than it has ever before been recognized to be, and which troubles them as it troubles those who are trying to describe this new awareness of existence. Mr. Barrett reminds us of Max Scheler's words, "Our time is the first in which man has become thoroughly and completely problematic to himself." Here is the immediate evidence which should be the starting point for any philosophy which presumes to speak to or to talk about living people, and when philosophers fail to acknowledge this evidence the task must be carried forward by others. As Mr. Barrett argues so persuasively, the fact that poets, novelists and artists have done this without any theoretical motive makes their testimony that much more impressive.

THE writings of the Existentialist philosophers resist summary in two ways. Their phenomenological or descriptive method produces a work which suffers, in abridgment, as a novel would. And the technical vocabulary, representing an effort to avoid the abstractness both of ordinary words and traditional philosophical terms, is a formidable barrier for the common reader. Mr. Barrett overcomes both of these obstacles in his chapters on Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Heidegger and Sartre. In a lively prose style equaled by few contemporary philosophers, Mr. Barrett manages to be at once clear and exciting. These chapters should make his readers impatient to explore Existentialist literature for themselves.

When he moves from the present age to a sweeping destructive criticism of the whole range of Western philosophy, he is no less interesting but much less persuasive. Existentialists, granted that they have had considerable provocation, seem to find consolation only in the most radical extremes. The central problem of philosophy, Mr. Barrett argues, is the problem of essence and existence. The history of philosophy, until the advent of Existentialism, is a continuous effort to reduce existence (the concrete act of being—known in personal encounter) to essence (an idea, a concept, or abstraction—known by the theoretical reason). Even with the support of Gilson's *Being and Some Philosophers,*

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which presents a similar thesis but finds the answer in Thomism rather than in contemporary Existentialism, this argument is not convincing.

Whatever plausibility it might have depends upon whether one shares with Kierkegaard the conviction that "Hegel was simply the spokesman for the whole tradition of Western philosophy." Thus, to dispose of Plato, for whom philosophy was, as Mr. Barrett admits, "a passionate way of life," as an "essentialist," is to read the myth of the *Phaedrus*, and the whole of the *Sophist* and the *Parmenides* through the eyes of Hegel. There is no compelling reason why anyone should read the history of philosophy in this way. But to suggest that, for Augustine, evil is, of all things, unreal, and then further to ignore the existential, though not Existentialist, riches of the Augustinian tradition, is simply perverse. For the philosophers in the Platonic-Augustinian tradition, reason is never theoretical reason alone, but reason on fire with a love of being.

These are merely illustrations of a pervasive tendency in Existentialist criticism. The rationalism of the "essentialists" is not as purely rational, nor is the irrationalism of the Existentialists as purely irrational, as Mr. Barrett suggests. But this is an issue which he never clearly resolves. He seems unable finally to decide whether the Existentialists are attacking reason or merely theoretical abstractness. Therefore, he fails to make it clear whether traditional philosophy is to be modified and given new dimensions by Existentialism or abandoned entirely. But this decision is crucial. It cannot be left in suspense.

Leaving it in suspense, in his concluding and very unscientific postscript, Mr. Barrett can only abandon us to the Furies. In that event, there will be no philosophy whatever, either essentialist or Existentialist. Presumably, the Existentialist, like the poet, has had a vision which he *must* express. But that which we *must* speak, must be speakable. An undiscussable philosophy is not philosophy. It is not anything at all.

Joyce at School

JOYCE AMONG THE JESUITS. By Kevin Sullivan. Columbia University Press. 259 pp. $5.

Donat O'Donnell

"THE LITERATURE on Joyce," writes Mr. Sullivan, "is mountainous . . . but in all that cloud-topped critical landscape I found few certain landmarks. . . . It was a landscape, too, haunted by the Joyce myth, an amorphous shadow with a distressing tendency to materialize as Stephen Dedalus and sounding, from a distance, very like Herbert Gorman. I determined then [to] skirt the heights of criticism, and follow the humble road of pedestrian fact."

The part of Joyce's road which Mr. Sullivan follows here is that of his education, by the Jesuit Fathers at Clongowes Wood College and Belvedere College and under Jesuit influence at University College, Dublin. Mr. Sullivan, in his research, has used materials not used before — school account books, examination records, minutes of school and college societies and much else — and has talked with Dubliners who knew Joyce, or thought they did. He handles these materials with tact and good sense, and a wish to be fair both to the Jesuits and to Joyce. His careful and well-written account of Joyce's educational background will be used, and can be relied on, by any future biographer of Joyce. Such factual errors as this reviewer has been able to detect are of a trivial character, or of little relevance to the central theme. There is no distortion from a desire to prove a thesis.

THE picture that emerges of the young Joyce is one that will be more familiar to Dubliners acquainted with the oral tradition than to students of the literature. Though Joyce was perhaps always, in some profound sense, Stephen Dedalus, he certainly did not consistently behave as he made Stephen behave. Nor was he on the whole rejected by his contemporaries; most of them liked him and always continued to like him. To their memory he remained a brilliant, unpredictable, witty person, who used to hold forth in debating societies, write for student magazines, mimic his teachers and act in charades — a figure quite unlike the aloof and superior Dedalus, with whom Mr. Gorman tended to identify him.

As regards the actual impact of Jesuit teaching on the young Joyce, Mr. Sullivan leaves the reader generally to reach his own conclusions. We are shown with much interesting detail what the Jesuits were teaching, and how they taught it, in Joyce's day. We are shown also that, as we might expect, Joyce seems to have accepted Jesuit teaching, even with some enthusiasm, through most of his school career, though he rejected it afterwards. But whether either the acceptance or the rejection had any really important specific connection with Jesuit education (as distinct from the general Irish Catholic background) is another matter. Mr. Sullivan makes the

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DONAT O'DONNELL is the author of Maria Cross, *a study of a group of French and English Catholic writers.*

Purity

Ah, purity.
And the purists,
Talking,
Talking of hearts that are pure
And an art that is pure
And an earth that is not at the moment but should be
Some day
Pure.

Talking, talking,
Talking in what would appear to be total ignorance
Of the following simple, pure fact about purity: purity
Is as rare in its purest state
As the absolute vacuum
Of which the physicist speaks in his classroom when somebody
Knowing too much suggests that all falling bodies
Do not fall equally fast.
"But they would," the physicist says, "they would if you took
All the air away."

All the air away?
Who would take all the air away? Is there anyone,
Anyone present, anyone living,
Who would make such an issue of purity that he'd take
All the air away?
I must meet him.
I must shake his pure white hand and say to him, "Blast!
If you take all the air away you'll fall equally fast."

REED WHITTEMORE

stimulating suggestion that Joyce's removal from the socially "U" Clongowes Wood to the socially "non-U" Belvedere may have "secreted a broken grain of pride that, lodged deep in the dark of the boy's soul, began thus early its slow and magnificent irritation." The speculation is an interesting one, allied to a more general thesis, proposed by Mr. Niall Montgomery, that Joyce, being a snob, left the Church because Irish Catholics were lower-class. These theories are agreeable, if only as examples of inverted Marxism, but it is possible to think of other motives for Joyce's decision — for example, the dislike which an exceptionally intelligent man would feel for being told what to think by men whom he regarded as less intelligent than himself. Joyce would certainly have included in that category, though without rancor, those Irish Jesuits to whom he owed so much of his education.

Spirit of Place

MEXICO: Prehispanic Paintings, Volume XI of UNESCO World Art Series. By Jacques Soustelle and Ignacio Bernal. New York Graphic Society. $18.

Kenneth Rexroth

IN 1946 Giles G. Healy was making a documentary for the United Fruit Company in southeastern Mexico — the subject: "The Maya Through the Ages." The Indians in the region are the only tribe of Maya which has never been Christianized. After Healy had gained their confidence they showed him their most priceless treasure, "The Colored Walls." It was a small building, overgrown with the jungle and in partial ruin, but inside were three rooms more or less intact and covered with frescoes depicting the daily life of the ancient Maya. Almost by accident Healy had made one of the most important discoveries in pre-Columbian archaeology, and found the largest and by far the most informative paintings surviving from any Indian peoples in the Western Hemisphere.

Since then a Mexican, and later an American, expedition has visited the site, but until now no satisfactory reproductions of the paintings have been available to the general public. Last year the Mexican Government and UNESCO organized an expedition equipped to take color photographs under the apparently exceedingly trying conditions at the site, now called Bonampak. This book is the result, and it is certainly all that one could ask. The previous artists' copies turn out to be, if anything, toned down a little, the preservation of the brilliant colors under a thin coating of lime is astonishing. Diego Rivera was right. The Mayans did paint in true fresco, on wet plaster, and these paintings are far better preserved than many from our own Renaissance.

FURTHERMORE, although the great school of Mexican muralists, Orozco, Rivera, Sequieros and the rest actually formed their styles before anything much was known about Mexican Indian painting, the Bonampak murals are amazingly like the "School of Mexico." In color, organization, and especially in a specific feeling about life which gives each civilization its immediately recognizable style of painting, so that we never confuse even a detail — say an Egyptian or Roman pair of ducks with a couple from the Sung Dynasty — these paintings are Mexican, and they are Mexican in the same way that Orozco is Mexican, although Orozco is infinitely more humane. I have always cast a leery eye on theories of *Folkgeist* and similar spooks that haunt the philosophy of history. But here in Bonampak, confounding the rationalists, is a continuity in the blood stream of a civilization. It is patent, it demonstrates itself and needs no argument, and yet the historical discontinuity in Mexico, if one were to judge only the public face of the society, is almost as great as that which separates the Egypt of the Pyramids from that of the Aswan Dam. Such considerations aside, the book is a joy just as a splendid art book, the text is illuminating and judicious, the black and white illustrations of sculpture and architecture are fine and serve to give the paintings the setting they need.

KENNETH REXROTH, West Coast poet and critic, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

LETTER from TOKYO

Donald Richie

JAPAN is experiencing the worst crime wave in its entire history: more major crimes are committed than ever before (more than 22,000 between January and May, with assaults resulting in injury leading at almost 9,000), and there has been a vast increase in both number of gangs and number of gang members. In addition, though the national police forces are doing their best, there is definite feeling that their best is not enough.

As one might expect in a society where there is a place for everyone and everyone has his place, very little crime is committed by those outside the organizations devoted to it. The problem is that these organizations have grown so rapidly in number and membership during this past year. In 1957 there were only 3,000 known gangs in Japan, comprising some 37,000 persons; this year there are nearer 5,000, and the membership is up to almost 54,000.

The police are quite worried now that things have reached the point where even Prime Minister Kishi has shown official interest (after the sensational shooting last summer of a leading Tokyo financier), and one of the results has been a special police detail of eighty men and five mobile squads of nearly 200 set to prowl the most infested areas: the amusement districts of Tokyo — Shinjuku, Shibuya and Ikebukuro. Even so, these measures have obviously been insufficient.

Crime is so well organized in Japan (the structure of Murder, Incorporated, seems dangerously lax by comparison) that it is almost impossible to catch anyone but those in the very outer fringes. Theoretically the main power lies in the hands of the big-time racketeers, the so-called *yakuza*, whose traditions can be traced to the eighth century. These are the landed gentry of the underworld; they traditionally argue only among themselves and leave the man-on-the-street alone. The deadliest insult they know is police interference, with the implication that they don't understand their own business.

Mainly postwar phenomena are the lower echelons, the tough *gurentai* who act as henchmen, and the very young *chimpira*, glorified errand-boys but of a variety the press invariably terms "vicious." It is these who are worrying the police and frightening the citizenry. The reason is that the *yakuza* has be-

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DONALD RICHIE has been living in Japan off and on for the past ten years. He teaches American literature at Waseda University and is film critic for The Japan Times. *His novel on the occupation of Japan,* This Scorching Earth, *has recently appeared, both in English and in Japanese translation.*

hind him a long tradition of somewhat Robin-Hoodish chivalry. He prides himself upon living up to obligations, upon loyalty and honesty. Both the *gurentai* and the *chimpira* are without this background and tradition.

This would not matter so much if the barons still held sway, but the hierarchy of the underworld has become more and more theoretical. The *yakuza* are dying off (many are quite old now) and without a feudal basis which accounted for the former glory, the underlings, to whom the power is passing, are growing up unprincipled, selfish and entirely without chivalric gallantry. The entire social structure of the demi-monde is crumbling and it is this which is causing the trouble: when the *yakuza* was still in full power there were no crime waves.

THINGS have come to the pass that police are often unable to act because the victim refuses to make a complaint. Recently, for example, the Toho Motion Picture Company did some location work in Kawasaki, near Yokohama. The local gang demanded "consolation" money for "violating their territory" and the studios refused to press charges, knowing full well that unfortunate things sometimes happen to people who do. Toho was surprised at the fuss their refusal caused, saying that this was the usual thing. And, indeed, one can visit any location site (and fully half of all Japanese films are made on location) and find *chimpira* restraining the crowds and *gurentai* directing traffic: services performed at exorbitant rates by employees who cannot conveniently be dismissed.

This is just one indication of the power of the underworld in Tokyo. There are many more. Usually members get their money from intimidation (several *chimpira* holding up a couple in an alley or a high-powered *gurentai* group getting Tokyo's biggest cabaret to hire "doormen"); from prostitutes (now that prostitution is illegal); from dope, or from out-and-out robbery. In Shinjuku, alone, conditions became so bad (or, at least, newspapers painted them in so lurid a light) that this busiest of all Tokyo's business districts began to find itself losing out left and right: customers stayed away and protection-money rates hit an all-time high.

It was perhaps this fact, plus the arrogance of the *gurentai*, that finally aroused municipal wrath. No one likes to lose money, particularly in Japan where it is so hard to come by, but one dislikes it even more when the extortioners saunter the streets plainly labeled as such. Last summer, gang members began wearing a distinctive summer uniform.

It is nothing new, of course, for occupational costumes to be worn: the Japanese love to dress up. There is the costume for strikers (towel around head to denote determination); the hiking suit (heavy cleated shoes, pack, and ski hat, even if the excursion is only a picnic at a nearby hill); the juvenile delinquent outfit (pegged pants, suede shoes, bangs, tam and slave bracelet); and many others. The gangster suit, however, was new. It was also singularly unattractive, consisting of something that looked like a pajama top (worn over trousers), collarless and dirty gray. These were worn with impunity all summer long; the winter fastion has as yet not appeared.

The outraged merchants pulled strings and eventually the city government decided upon a solution, one preventative rather than remedial: the best way to limit criminal activities was to prevent new recruits from entering. Toward this end Shinjuku initiated a curfew. At precisely ten every evening a newly-installed set of chimes on top of a department store carols out an air appropriately named "Hope," which is the signal for all under eighteen to return home. At the same time Mitsukoshi Department Store unfurled great sanguine banners reading: It Is Safe to Come to Shinjuku Again!

The main effort, however, has been reserved for the all-night coffee shops, long singled out as probable dens of iniquity. Justice Minister Kiichi Aichi went on record as saying that these places where young men and women spend the night "freely" for about fifty cents should be "outlawed." The *Asahi* noted that "some of the establishments have small rooms with locks on the doors," and added that "police say the coffee shops are used by hoodlums, juvenile delinquents, and dope peddlers, and are frequented by young people for immoral purposes." *The Japan Times* editorialized: "Tearoom or coffee shop are of course euphemisms . . . what they happen to sell over the counter seems to make little difference. The important thing is the atmosphere and clientele these dens cater to."

Certainly, the all-night coffee shops have become popular. Last year there were only some 800 and there are now almost 7,000. Even far Hokkaido has some 400 and the *Tokyo Shimbun*, in complaining that they "are breaking out like a rash over the country," said that the only parts yet immune are Shikoku and Chugoku, the Arkansas and Idaho of Japan.

Yet many people feel that all this interest in coffee shops will solve no problems whatever and that, further, these all-night establishments are serving a useful social function. Tokyo, the largest city in the world, rolls up its sidewalks before midnight and there is literally no place else to go. As one letter-to-the-editor said: "All-night coffee shops are perhaps the only public places where young people may be by themselves in any halfway normal fashion. . . . I have sat in many coffee shops (where else can one go to relax in Japan, unless to bed?) and have as yet seen nothing resembling delinquency, juvenile or otherwise."

Still, the forces of law and order, having found an object, are not about to relinquish it. In a way, Japan is the most puritanical country on earth and there is a definite feeling that staying up late, much less all night, is bad; going to bed early, getting up and working hard is virtuous. At any rate the hue and cry is on.

RECENTLY nine women legislators visited the Shinjuku coffee shops and stayed until dawn. In the morning they pledged to fight for passage of a proposed bill banning such places. Two were photographed knitting their brows over boy-and-girl couples. The press enjoyed the joke but, still, it was women legislators who pulled the greatest *coup* in Japanese social history by getting prostitution banned.

Already forces are being mobilized. A special session of the Metropolitan Assembly has been called during which a "Regulation for the Protection of Youth in Metropolitan Areas" is up for discussion. The many critics of the bill interpret it "as putting the stress on banning youngsters from the all-night establishments rather than putting direct control over vice-engendering establishments themselves" but, as yet, few have pointed to the fact that any connection between the lawless gangs and the coffee shops is tenuous indeed.

It is yet to be proved that gangsters and hoodlums use the coffee shops at all and the feeling is strong that they don't even like coffee. They have many more interesting places to go after hours. And so, while lady legislators and an augmented police force stalk unwary coffee shops, the *chimpira* and the *gurentai* walk the streets unmolested, trying to decide just what the winter style shall be. Each morning the newspapers carry new outrages and public opinion is fast becoming scandalized: a serious situation exists and very little is being done to remedy it.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

CARNEGIE HALL has been host to a number of exciting events recently, foremost among them a concert by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under William Steinberg, in which the *Variazioni Concertanti* by Nikolai Lopatnikoff was given its New York première.

Lopatnikoff is a composer whose music is far too seldom heard in this city. If one were to place him in a stylistic pigeonhole, it might be tentatively that of a neo-classicist. In the sense that his workmanship is immaculate, his attention to formal structure complete, his textures occasionally enlivened by motoric rhythms, that would be accurate. A useful sub-label, however, would be "internationalist," for his music reflects a particular international background: that of a Russian-born, German-trained, American composer. His basic materials are often percussive and angular, which is characteristic of good contemporary Russian musical thinking. These are handled, always, with emphasis on thematic structuring, which is typical of Germanic music. But a kind of free-ranging imaginativeness, now beginning to show itself as an American musical characteristic, has also entered into Lopatnikoff's work. This was particularly noticeable in the *Variazioni Concertanti*, and because of it, I have a feeling that the composer has begun a new and particularly vivid period in his creative life.

Little Oranges

(From the Spanish of Lope de Vega)

Christmas: and Valencia:
this girl throws little oranges
at me; I swear that if I threw them back
they'd melt again to blossom.

Went to a ball
and stood at her window;
she came out, the morning,
eyes were all sun . . .
little oranges
she threw to drive me wild;
she's ignorant of love,
she thinks it's all a joke—
I swear that if I threw them back
they'd melt again to blossom.

Christmas: and Valencia:
this girl throws little oranges
at me; I swear that if I threw them back
they'd melt again to blossom.

GILBERT SORRENTINO

One of the most striking aspects of the *Variazioni* was the manner in which Lopatnikoff had taken a theme of the starkest mien, passed it through a sort of massive kaleidoscope, and shaped the resultant fragments into a series of big, asymmetrical sections which, in their totality, were functioning parts of a larger, organic design. That was no easy accomplishment. It is the nature of the variation form to become shapeless and sequential, a string of disconnected comments upon a given subject. To retain the principle of variation and, at the same time, to create an expansive organic form possessed of original and telling internal balances, is in a sense to have your cake and eat it too. It is a job of which few composers are capable, and the fact that Lopatnikoff managed it is an indication that his thinking was running more along grand symphonic lines than in the restricted, Concerto-Barocco pattern which characterizes the pure neo-classicist. Of orchestral brilliance, vigor and intelligence, the *Variazioni* had plenty, as do all of Lopatnikoff's major works. In addition, however, the final sections carried an unusually intense burden of expressivity — a kind of monumental soberness which constitutes a new element in the composer's language. It is, in part, the presence of this fresh, psychologically forceful element, that leads me to think Lopatnikoff has gathered together his mature powers and stepped into a new period.

As for Steinberg's performance of the *Variazioni*, it was little short of virtuoso. I did not feel that he caught the exact tempi for the work's beginning, nor that he emphasized the expressive elements toward its end as much as he might have. But these were minor miscalculations. As for his reading of the Beethoven *Eroica* Symphony, it was everywhere thoughtful and polished. Ravel's *Bolero*, which concluded the concert, gave off a positive air of hashish.

ON THE following evening, the American Opera Society revived its special production of the Handel opera, *Giulio Cesare*, and it proved to be one of the most dazzling events thus far in the season. Just to read the cast of singers was enough to make a person run out and buy a ticket, so I was not at all surprised to find, on arrival, that Carnegie Hall was full to the brim. The soprano, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, appearing in her New York operatic debut, sang the role of Cleopatra; Maureen Forrester, similarly a debutante, was Cornelia. Cesare Siepi appeared as Caesar; Ezio Flagello as Ptolemy; Russell Oberlin as Sextus. Recitatives were sung by Robert McFerrin and accompanied at the harpsichord by Robert Conant; while Arnold Gamson, the Society's young, permanent conductor, was on the podium.

What the American Opera Society did, in effect, was to re-create *Giulio*

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JOHN GATES

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Cesare in a form dramatically acceptable to present-day audiences. The sequence of Italian arias was changed, so as to make a dramatic continuity. New recitatives were written, in English, and superimposed upon the harmonic structure of the originals to carry forward the story. The result was drama which, with a minimum of stylized stage deportment, became thoroughly compelling. The arias which Handel wrote for this work are as beautiful as anything he ever composed. They bespeak genius in every measure, and, being performed by such singers as the American Opera Society had on hand, to orchestral accompaniments that were polished in every nuance, their effect was unforgettable. I do not think I have ever heard more extravagantly lovely music than in the aria *"V'adoro, pupille"* as it was sung by Miss Schwarzkopf, nor a more heartrending duet than the one by Miss Forrester and Mr. Oberlin, *"Son nato a sospirar."*

The American Opera Society has been reaping the highest critical praise for several seasons now, and playing consistently to sold-out houses. Nowhere have they showed the excellence of their musicianship and taste more clearly than in this production.

(Continued from page 427)

modern art, *The Great Gatsby* and *An American Tragedy*. The most stimulating and effective teachers on the campus are shunted to the program. Indeed, learning *is* fun when the environment is vacational; the students, who are freed from their jobs completely and live at an Evanston hotel, attend classes between rounds of coffee breaks and field visits (to the Art Institute, noted buildings, concerts and the South Side slums); there are even daily cocktails in a lounge rented for the purpose. First-name intimacy is immediately established between teacher and student. Discussion is informal; classes are conducted in a carpeted lounge, with excellent lighting, ash trays by each foam-rubber chair, and even a blower to keep the air clean.

A scholar remarked: "This is all brilliant as entertainment, and in the long run it surely helps the university financially. But no one is liberated by these courses. The students' basic loyalties remain unchanged; indeed, they are strengthened. They are no longer merely *company* men, but *industry* men. They are more sophisticated, but they are still man as money-maker rather than man as man. In a truly liberal education, of course, accepted values *are* challenged. Not here. I do not think there's any danger of the executive-students being 'liberated' to the point of interference with their primary devotion to the profit motive. In short, the companies believe in liberal education insofar as it doesn't work."

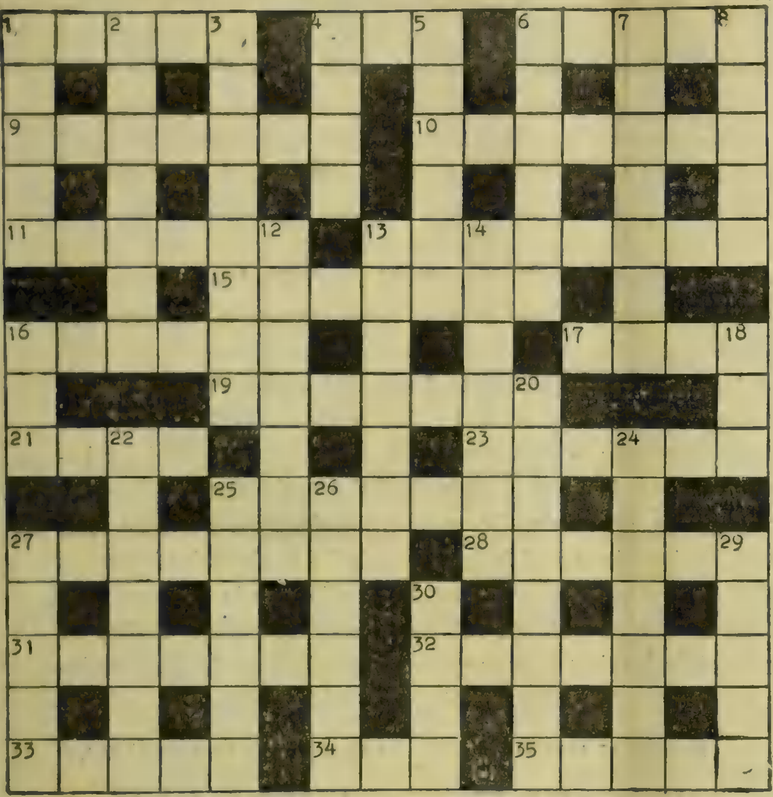
"How can one be creative about selling toothpaste — or telephones?" another teacher said. "The fact is, you can't. But business wants to perpetrate the myth that there is no gap between the practical and the creative life. You don't have to stand off against business to be an artist; your creative talents can be developed in industry. This myth — basically a promotion lie — says: 'We are the artists, the intellectuals, the creative men of our age. Even the universities recognize the fact.' And the universities cooperate by giving them a patina of humanism and a host of new persuasive techniques, and to top it off, sell their prestige along with it. The universities are selling short their own belief in scholarship."

BUT IT IS also fair to ask: How many educational programs at any level actually succeed in intellectually *liberating* the student? How often do college students really question their roles and responsibilities? Don't most students at any level maintain their basic loyalties, prejudices and intellectual limitations, merely using their learning experience to defend and reinforce them? In short, why should we demand more from an "executive program" than from any other learning experience for other groups?

Such a question does not remove this writer's belief that corporation heads should have genuine wisdom consonant with their vast powers. Wisdom is hard to come by under any circumstances; and it is doubtful whether an eight-week "executive program" makes the finding of it any easier.

Crossword Puzzle No. 797

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

4 Make a 32 with this out. (3)
6 and 1 down What women try to do in buying rats and guns. (10)
9 A horn is such a bore! (7)
10 Catches seals without much trouble! (7)
11 and 1 across This might be hell for the carpenter! (6,5)
13 Is lace a lot of trouble to divide up? (8)
15 A Roman's way of getting Charon? (7)
16 Found beneath a picture of the foot? (6)
17 Asymmetrical. (4)
19 A potherb of the goosefoot family. (7)
21 4 across, lightly. (4)
23 Four score in hand, no less. (6)
25 and 4 down What the cowboy might carry to cover a wad of bills? (7; 4)
27 Showing which is new? (8)
28 Lots of hair in jars? (6)
32 Made with a 4 across, or a 21. (7)
33 A lift of expression, perhaps. (5)
34 Sack, in the quasi-military sense? (3)
35 One who knows the ropes is always finding it (5)

DOWN:

2 Romanoff sometimes has it as an alternative in merchandising. (7)
3 More than one reading has a longer introduction in November. (8)
5 Hold the boat still — it's good advice to 20 down. (6)
6 Mm divided by M. (6)
7 and 24 down Obtained principally from membership dues? (3, 4, 2, 5)
8 As the wasteful sort, reputedly. (5)
12 To plead for the case of the future jumper? (7)
13 Like Jenny? (7)
14 1 down, when the satchel is broken. (7)
16 and 31 across Fallen angels? (Under the bar, no doubt.) (3, 7)
18 Happened to be looked up? (3)
20 See 5 down. (8)
22 De Gaulle is somewhat less than 27. (7)
25 No bark in this condition is acid. (6)
26 What Shelley's serenader does from dreams. (6)
27 Jobs held by pickets. (5)
29 15 doesn't participate in such a game. (5)
30 Forms ties with 1 down. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 796

ACROSS: 5 Scalped; 11 Some; 12 Attempting; 14 Senicr; 15 Protegee; 17, 24 and 27 Get right to the point; 22 Prehension; 23 Flat; 26 Snowballs; 28 Sprayer; 29 Derange. DOWN: 1 Sacks; 2 Oarsman; 3 Hash; 4 Roasts; 5 Shebears; 6 Allopathic; 7 and 9 Playing cards; 8 Designers; 13 Noticeably; 14 Signposts; 16 and 1 across Whistler's Mother; 18, 10 and 19 The poor are always with us; 20 Hellion; 21 Bossed; 25 Spar.

PUBLICATIONS

IS AMERICA A CIVILIZATION?
Commentary by:
Arnold Toynbee, Max Lerner,
David Reisman, Hans K. Galinsky
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To the Men at Geneva

WHAT we offer you is the most precious thing human beings have to give. We offer you our hopes. ¶ We want you to feel that your job is to help make this planet safe and fit for human habitation. ¶ We want you to feel that you are representing not just a nation, powerful though it may be, but two billion beings who represent the ultimate authority on earth. ¶ No group of men in history have had a bigger or nobler chance to serve their own age and all other ages to come. ¶ We know there may be many times during your meetings when further discussions will seem fruitless. ¶ We know there will be in the background many voices actually pushing you in the direction of failure—for it is hard for some men to comprehend the needs and dangers of our times. ¶ But this is not the source of your mandate. Your mandate comes from one and only one source—the sovereign will of the human community. It is to this community that you are primarily responsible. ¶ Naturally, the peace of the world depends on many things besides control of nuclear weapons. It depends on the control of the basic causes of war—injustice, hunger, oppression, aggression, ambition. To meet these dangers, we must look to the cause of a stronger United Nations into which has been built the required powers of world law. ¶ But, meanwhile, an important beginning has to be made on one vital part of the problem of world peace—the permanent internationally inspected ending of nuclear weapons tests. ¶ This vital beginning is now your responsibility. To that beginning we now invest our hopes, make known our mandate, and wish you well.

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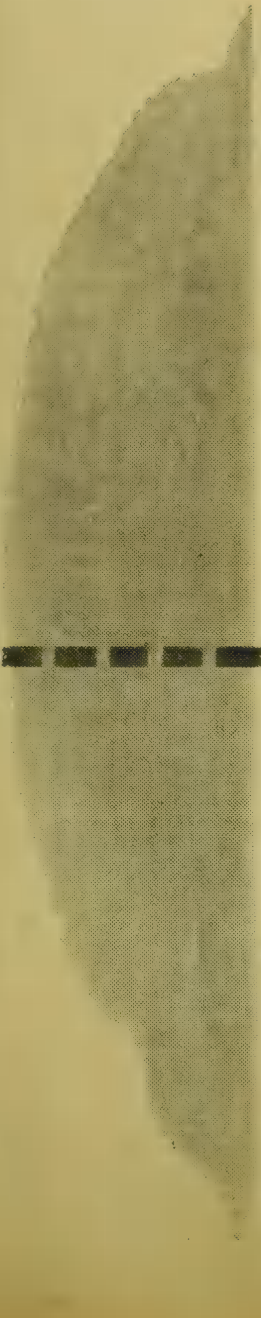

MISSILE MADNESS

Carl Dreher

GOLDEN AGE OF MISERY

Rita Hinden

BOOKS and RECORDS For CHRISTMAS

LETTERS

Senator Clark Enters a Rebuttal

[*The writer of the following letter is U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania.*]

Dear Sirs: Exigencies of campaigning have delayed my comments on David Wesley's letter, published in *The Nation* October 11, in which Mr. Wesley objects to my support of a strong national defense. He accuses me of having come down with "Forrestal's disease"; "of drawing the time-worn 'deadly parallel'" between our appeasement of the Nazis and our share of appeasing the Reds; and contends that my fear of permitting the Soviets to win supremacy in the arms race is "a fatuous concept in a period of beyond-saturation stockpiles."

It is a comforting habit of many a liberal to emulate the ostrich and put one's head in the sand, ignoring both the realities of the cold war around us and the eventual necessity of balancing the budget to prevent runaway inflation.

The deficiencies of our present defense posture are clear to all who bother to read *The New York Times.* The critical areas are:

1. Inadequate protection against Soviet submarines.

2. The obsolescence of our Strategic Air Force.

3. Our failure to keep pace with the Russians in the ballistic missile field.

4. Our tragic reliance on tactical atomic weapons (a bigger bang for a buck) which cripple our efforts to control brush warfare through conventional means.

5. Our failure to maintain in readiness a mobile force, adequately equipped with air lift, which could move quickly anywhere in the world to resist armed aggression (if we had had to fight in Lebanon we would have been in trouble).

It will take billions of additional dollars to remedy these present defects. If the pot may call the kettle black, I am confident that anyone who believes to the contrary is either ill-informed or, as Mr. Wesley might put it, "fatuous."

JOSEPH S. CLARK

Washington, D. C.

Massachusetts Incident: The Lesser Evil

Dear Sirs: As a product of the "blare loudly and smother small truths" school of political commentary, Margaret Coit has treated us to a fairly readable piece of fiction in her "Incident in Massachusetts" [Nov. 15 issue]. In the contest for the Second Essex District, we are given to understand that the great families who rule the political scene from Prides Crossing, Beverly, Wenham, Hamilton, and Ipswich brought pressure to bear in Warburton's behalf. It is unfortunate that the country seats of the once powerful do not fall in the Second Essex. What is more, a so-called "Essex County Ring" would hardly meddle in small primary races. . . .

A gross exaggeration links suburbanites, socially and politically, with Warburton and the great names of the Commonwealth, in numbers sufficient to sway a minor election. In point of fact, the social strata has changed little in a century. The "station wagon set" drives battered vehicles to haul trash to meet with friends for Sunday morning gossip at the Town Dump. These soft-spoken, self-educated, independent thinkers have sought in the exurbs a refuge from the pressures of city conformity. Thus they try by their votes and their voices at Town Meetin' to perpetuate the unspoiled countryside thru judicious zoning laws, and the unfettered minds of their young with good public-school facilities. They have met a formidable opponent in Albert Elwell, at the town level.

Despite the varied and scurrilous reasons ventured for Mr. Elwell's double defeat (there were two seats at stake in the primary), the basic issue was the decision of the people, in their infrequent flashes of wisdom, to choose the lesser of the evils available. One knew of Barclay Warburton only that apart from being the brunt of ubiquitous political mudslinging, the man had a clean record. One might almost discount his absenteeism from the State House. Albert Elwell, however, is notorious in his little legal vacuum, West Newbury; for political patronage, and for government of the Puppets, by the Puppets, and for the Puppets.

NORMA H. HOBSON

West Newbury, Mass.

Woman as Conservative

Dear Sirs: Eve Merriam's defense of Woman [Nov. 8 issue] as scapegoat for Corporation is very well done, but answers exist. In Kafka's *Das Schloss*, the woman is mysteriously allied with the forces emanating from the castle. Or, if you prefer more lucidity, André Gide (*Corydon*) and Bernard Shaw (*Man & Superman*) consider women as a force for conservatism, which in our times means knuckling under to the Corporation.

GEORGE WHAPLES

Bloomington, Indiana.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Humphrey in Moscow

The moral of Senator Humphrey's visit to Moscow is that it rarely hurts for people to talk to each other. Mr. Humphrey went to the Soviet capital to promote Soviet-American cooperation in medical research. Whatever the political differences of the two countries, he felt they could find a common ground in efforts to conquer cancer, heart disease and other ailments which kill and cripple Russian and American statesmen, American and Russian workers, with complete lack of differentiation. His mission might have ended there and been well worth the trip. But while he was in Geneva, the Senator suggested that the exacerbation or amelioration of U.S.-USSR relations depended to a great extent on whether we would insist, at the NATO conference scheduled for December 16, on equipping the West Germans with nuclear arms. This frank facing of the crux of the contention over Germany, in its present phase, probably impressed Mr. Khrushchev, who was no doubt also aware of the fact that Mr. Humphrey will play no minor role in foreign-policy discussions in the next Congress. Whatever Mr. Khrushchev said or did not say in his eight-hour meeting with the Senator, he showed by the sheer length and wordage of the discussion that he considered both the topics and Mr. Humphrey of great importance and that he is not averse to an exploration of differences.

Stop Pawing, Look Around

A standard comic-strip character is the enraged bull who slides on his backside past an elusive toreador and then paws the ground in frustration. This is the unfortunate posture of individuals and organizations who still cannot see any change in Soviet-American relations, except for the worse. Heads down, they keep charging—and pawing. Thus, even while Senator Humphrey emerges from an eight-hour discussion with Nikita Khrushchev without skinned knuckles or a black eye, Americans for Democratic Action—an organization in which Senator Humphrey plays a not uninfluential role—avows again its support for "a balanced defense system unhampered by budgetary limitations," while the Democratic leadership assures Defense Secretary McElroy that he will get his extra billion even before he has asked for it.

The bull can't get his head up and so fails to see what is going on around him. In human terms, this is what the late Dr. Horney called neurotic pessimism. The fact is that while the future is unpredictable in detail, its general outlines can often be discerned by those who live in the present, not exclusively in the past. In the immediate situation, even the headlines can serve as instruments of divination. Mr. Khrushchev cautiously proposes six months—or more—of discussion on the latest Soviet proposals on Berlin. The Rapacki Plan, with modifications, becomes the Gaitskell Plan and Mr. Gaitskell discusses it with Vice President Nixon, who admits that all these matters must look different to Europeans, who have been bombed, than to Americans, who haven't. Mr. Dulles speculates in public that the United States might let the East German officials, as agents of the Russians, supervise traffic in the Berlin corridors. Mr. McElroy, although he wants more money, prepares to drop the Thors and Jupiters, with which he is arming the reluctant British and Italians, in favor of the ICBMs, which he is not going to have in operational condition and quantities for another year at least. President Eisenhower groans at the size of the upcoming budget and appoints a commission to see what cuts can be made in the foreign military-aid program—and about time he did. Similar signs and portents can be culled from almost any week's news. Normally these signs would put reasonably alert minds on notice that a new play was being called, that the signals had been changed. It is about time that the big-armament boys, of both parties, took notice.

The Third Seat in the Cockpit

Something is obviously very wrong in the air-transport business. What is less obvious is that the same trouble afflicts other segments of American industry and will shortly spread to those not yet stricken. One of the underlying causes is the planlessness of labor relations and in particular the haphazard way in which technological innovations are flung into the productive system.

Management and labor are now both handicapped by the inclusion, twenty-two years ago, of air transport in the Railway Labor Act. For about half that period the duality worked, after a fashion. But with increasingly rapid and radical changes in the technique of aviation, it is working less and less. Technologically, railroads and airlines are diverging, and it is hardly to be expected that the same body of law should continue to regulate both.

What provision, for example, is made in the Railway Labor Act of 1926, or its amendments, for a situation such as that which has the Air Line Pilots Association embroiled with the Flight Engineers International Association, and the airlines with both? The underlying cause of this dispute is that jet aircraft, flying twice as fast and carrying twice as many passengers, will in the course of a few years supplant propeller-driven planes. Obviously, there are going to be fewer flying jobs unless there is a commensurate increase in air travel, which no one can guarantee. Consequently, the flight engineers and the pilots are fighting over the third seat in the cockpit. This summation ignores the complex technical questions at issue and in other ways is an oversimplification, but it is the most important question at stake.

How can we expect labor difficulties to be resolved in any other way than by strikes and forced unemployment when the free-enterprise system, which prides itself on its technological progressiveness, does not even provide a set of principles which can be applied in some fashion to the problems raised by that same progressiveness? Strikes may be as senseless as they are costly, but when nothing provides better sense, employees will resort to them. There have been labor-management conferences in the past which led to some improvement in mutual understanding. The time of labor leaders, industry executives and government officials might well be spent in a large-scale effort to assess the revolutionary effects of advancing technology and prescribe means for allowing innovation to proceed with less contention and conflict. The government representation would include scientists and engineers. Such a project promises larger returns than merely trying to ferret out labor racketeers, passing "right to work" laws, and limiting mediation to situations which have already boiled up into crises.

Smear Campaigns

The political campaign that culminated in California on November 4 was, as the San Francisco *Chronicle* reports, "the dirtiest in the state's 108-year history." To quote: "False issues were created; characters were smeared; facts were distorted or invented; baseless fears were raised; religious and racial prejudices were openly appealed to." In fact, things reached such a sorry pass that the *Chronicle* was forced to withdraw its endorsement of Senator Knowland "because of excesses committed by some of his campaign managers." (For further details, see our comment in these columns, issue of November 15.) Various plans and proposals are now being advanced to cope with the problem of smear campaigns. One of these *The Nation* heartily endorses. James Bishop, president of Bishop & Associates, a Los Angeles advertising agency, offers two recommendations: (1) That newspapers and radio and TV stations should refuse to accept political copy emanating from non-existent "Committees for This" or "Committees for That" — phrases which, tagged to an ad or spot announcement, supposedly allow any untruth to be stated in the copy; and (2) that each political ad or announcement carry the designation, "Copy for this advertisement prepared by Brown & Smith Advertising Agency," together with the agency's address and telephone number.

Newspaper publishers readily endorse standards set by the Fair Campaign Practices Committee headed by Mr. Charles P. Taft — and then proceeded to accept the vilest copy. It would be a simple matter for them, in concert with radio and TV station owners, to insist on the rule suggested by Mr. Bishop. The slanderous copy which appeared in the California campaign was not prepared by amateurs; it came from some of the state's major advertising firms. If the Advertising Council could induce agencies to adopt Mr. Bishop's proposal, a first major step would have been taken to eliminate smear campaigns in American politics.

Thanks for the Candor

The State Department would like to send one of its Middle East experts — John D. Jernegan — to fill what has become the most delicate diplomatic post in the Middle East, that of Ambassador to Iraq. But the White House would like to send Harrison F. Matthews, who is currently our Ambassador to Austria, thus creating an opening in Vienna for a so far unnamed fat-cat contributor to the GOP's depleted coffers. Diplomatic "bumping" to make room for political appointees has long been standard operating procedure, but it is not often discussed publicly, and with such disarming candor, as has been done in this instance. We know nothing about either Messrs. Jernegan or Matthews, but we suggest that the former be sent to Baghdad, that the latter remain in Vienna, and that the unnamed "contributor" remain in St. Louis or Waukegan or wherever it is that he hangs his hat. Vienna is one of the best listening posts in Europe and, with the German issue in the headlines, it is just as important that we should be ably represented there as that we should have a top-notch ambassador in Baghdad.

There is no persuasive reason why a lame-duck President should saddle the State Department with lame-duck political appointees when, after a decade of purges and firings and enforced resignations in our foreign service, we so badly need expert diplomats in the key posts.

Senator Gruening

Alaskan voters are to be congratulated on the preferences registered in their first state election, particularly in their decision to send Ernest Gruening to the Senate. We never doubted that they would choose as Senator a man who had served them so well for thirteen years as territorial Governor, and who had been the spearhead of Alaska's struggle for statehood. No doubt *Nation* editors have often created the impression that they fancied themselves as Senatorial caliber, but this is the first time that one of us has made it. Senator Gruening was *The Nation's* managing editor (1920-1923) and editor (1933-1934). Before Mr. Gruening's term is over, we are confident that the citizens of the other forty-eight states will be as pleased as we are that Alaskan voters decided to send him to Washington.

Whales and Submarines

The Soviet submarine menace is one of the favorite bogeys of American admirals and can be depended on to scare any American Legion convention half to death. For their part, the Russians can't be too happy about our own fleets of Polaris-equipped undersea craft. Meanwhile, swimming the oceans amid these hostile forces, we find, in still large though decreasing numbers, that obsolete leviathan, the whale, which has survived without benefit of radar, sonar, torpedoes, missiles, missile-torpedoes, and all the other contraptions of modern naval technology. The whale community is not aware of the fact, but for several weeks past it has been the subject of an international conference in London, attended by delegates from Japan, Norway, Holland and the Soviet Union, as well as Great Britain as the host government. The whale is an important article of commerce for these nations, and the purpose of the conference is to agree, if possible, on a global total for the annual catch, and national quotas within that total. The prospects for agreement, according to the latest reports, are good. The conviviality of the proceedings is in contrast with the opera bouffe war which Britain and Iceland have been fighting over the Icelandic fisheries. The whale, of course, is not a fish. It is a mammal, like Khrushchev and Eisenhower. Perhaps it has survived, through the operations of inscrutable but sometimes beneficent nature, to teach the great powers that there are things they can agree on even in the midst of disagreement.

The Spender Affair

When an intellectual bomb the size of the Pasternak affair goes off, you are almost bound to get a following wave of secondary explosions. A particularly melancholy one was detonated last November 11, when the New York *Herald Tribune* carried a small dispatch from Winnipeg reporting (but not quoting) Stephen Spender as having said that "Western lack of restraint is as much to blame as the Russians for the pressures brought to bear on Soviet novelist Boris Pasternak." The paper did quote Spender's opinion that Pasternak, if he came out to live in the West, "would be exploited and used as a tool with which to beat the Russians."

Immediately four representatives of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom wrote the *Herald Tribune* to express their sense of "deepest dismay and repugnance" at Spender's remarks. Leaping at the dispatch like trouts at a mayfly, and lashing persons unnamed with their tails, these committeemen declared: "Of all the efforts of liberal intellectuals to blind themselves to the Soviet reality and to shift responsibility to the West for the depredations of Soviet Russia, Mr. Spender's analysis [sic] of the Pasternak case is at once among the most ludicrous and the most tragic."

The violence of this attack sounds like civil war, and indeed Mr. Spender is the editor of *Encounter*, published by the Congress for Cultural Freedom, of which the American Committee is an affiliate. Irving Kristol, until recently Spender's co-editor, thought the committee's words a little harsh and sent a letter to the *Herald Tribune* telling us that Spender has signed a letter of protest addressed by British intellectuals to the Russian authorities, that *Encounter* had published many articles calling *Dr. Zhivago* to the attention of the world, and suggesting that Mr. Spender's remarks, if indeed he made them, should be overlooked as the vagary of a poet. He likened the American committee to a "schoolmarm who must wrap the knuckles of every naughty intellectual, at every opportunity, lest the class get unruly."

This crack did not sit very well, and Arnold Beichman, chairman of the committee, was soon heard from with another half-column of free copy for the *Herald Tribune*. Poets, he said, were people just like philosophers or clothing manufacturers, and he somewhat cryptically described Spender's ambiguous attitude as an example of "the kind of confusion which . . . can only be taken to demonstrate an insufficient understanding of the inevitable connection between Communist culture and Communist politics."

By this time Mr. Spender was back in London and had caught up with the letters column of the *Herald Tribune*. He therefore brought the correspondence to a prompt close by informing the paper that he had not said what had been attributed to him. He had seen a headline in the Winnipeg *Free Press* — "Pasternak Grovels to Khrushchev" — and, when an interviewer from the same paper asked his opinion of the case, said that we should try to understand Pasternak's position, his love of his country, his reluctance to undertake a life in exile, etc. The reference to pressure, obviously, was to the sorrows being heaped on Pasternak, not only by Soviet tyranny but by the West's readiness to pass judgment on his behavior. He did say that it did not help Pasternak to use his name for the purposes of propaganda, but no one seems to care to argue with him on that point.

So now, presumably, the Spender affair is over (unlike the Pasternak affair, which tragically continues), and no one is very badly hurt. But that is because Western society is still relatively free, and a man has both friends who will speak for him and the right to speak for himself.

The American Committee for Cultural Freedom did not contribute much of friendship or freedom to the incident. Picking up an attributed statement, assuming the worst without troubling to check, constituting itself the moral judge of any man who calls himself an intellectual, it leaped on Spender, not with the arguments of reason, but with the bullying abuse of passion. A committee devoted to culture and freedom might well consider how far its public spanking of an internationally respected poet and editor differs from the invective uttered by the Union of Soviet Writers when it expelled Pasternak.

EXPERTS FOR HIRE . . *by Jane Stolle*

United Nations

INDEPENDENCE, democracy, dictatorship: the political drama is repeated with disturbing regularity—in Indonesia, the Sudan, Pakistan, Thailand, perhaps Ghana—as colonial ties are broken and new countries come into being. Why? What quality do these countries have in common that seems to lead them inexorably into the third act?

They are all "underdeveloped" — not just in terms of natural and industrial resources, but in the trained manpower needed to take over after the colonial power pulls out.

Who had supervised the road-building, headed the hospitals, directed the post office, collected the customs, superintended the schools? The colonial power — badly, sometimes, and usually in its own self-interest. But there *was* an administrative structure.

Suddenly, on Independence Day, the understudies take over the star roles. Postal clerks become postmaster generals, law clerks become judges and ditch-diggers turn into engineers. A few nationals know their parts well, have trained for them. But there are never enough, and the result is a poor performance. The audience — promised more for their help in ejecting the old colonial cast — starts throwing eggs, looking for the exits. Taking advantage of the confusion, the most forceful actor, or a bully-boy in the pit, tears up the script, and the curtain rings down on democracy.

Not that offers aren't coming from every quarter to help with the production. The West, the East, the Pan-Arabs, the Pan-Africans, the Pan-Asians — everybody would like to get into the act. But who draws up the contract? What about that fine print? And in any case, there is no point to switching from one fallen angel to another.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the underdeveloped nations have responded enthusiastically to a new U.N. plan for international administrative assistance. Hesitant at first, fearful that invisible colonial strings might still be attached to the offers of assistance, the underdeveloped nations hurried to sign up as soon as their apprehensions were allayed by Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold in his report on the plan.

Called the "United Nations Asistance in Public Administration Plan," it will go into effect early in 1960.

The underdeveloped countries have no trouble translating the awesome title into practical terms. To them it means help in running their countries — without a political price tag. It means expert international aid in planning their communications systems, their urbanization, their health and education programs, their industrial and agricultural development. And it doesn't mean aid in just an advisory capacity. To quote Mr. Hammarskjold, who professed a "deep personal interest" in the plan:

> It will provide for the kind of an expert who will take off his coat and illustrate his recommendations by actually doing a job — *always, of course, in accordance with the policy and under the control of the* [*host*] *government itself.*

The tenor of the italicized words runs throughout the provisions of the plan. This, the text seems to say, is no deep-dyed plot to tamper with sovereign rights or sensibilities. The expert will be recruited through the United Nations, and may come from any one of sixty-odd nations — but while he is on the job, he will be responsible to the host government alone. Furthermore, according to the Technical Assistance program (of which the new plan is a part), the expert is offering "*temporary* assistance in filling executive or operational posts in administrative machinery."

Hugh Keenleyside, Director General of the U.N. Technological Assistance Administration and father

JANE STOLLE is The Nation's *U.N. correspondent.*

of the plan, says the goal of the "visiting" expert will be to work himself out of a job as soon as possible. This he will do by intensive training, as he goes along, of his national successor. He may — by mutual consent — leave even before the job is finished if an incompatible situation, such as a personality clash, develops.

Such personnel problems, however, are highly unlikely. The experts who will be called upon are all top men in their own countries and in their own professions. "These men are part of a new group of internationalists developing in the postwar world," said Wilfred P. Barrett, Director of the U.N. Technical Assistance Recruitment Service, who has spent the past eight years fitting thousands of the right people into as many jobs for the Technical Assistance Administration. "They have a sense of responsibility to the world at large. They find their work rewarding not only because they are helping to create something, but because they are widening their own scope in the process."

To get a picture of what these men are already doing, let's take a look at a sample year — 1958 — of their activity in India under the Expanded Program of Technical Assistance. They have been in India in an advisory capacity and responsible to the U.N. (as differentiated from the new plan's provisions for administrators, who will be responsible to the host country; but while the hats will be different, the faces under them, in many cases, will be the same).

Thirty-seven men from thirteen countries gave India a hand this year. They came from the Netherlands, France, Sweden, the United Kingdom, Denmark, the United States, the USSR, Belgium, Canada, Norway, Switzerland, El Salvador and Burma. All had a working knowledge of English, India's second language.

Among them were statisticians to teach the Indians how to gather and assess vital figures on births and deaths, the animal population, etc., as bases for planning programs. There were geologists, demographers, physiotherapists, hydro-electric engineers, chemical and mining engineers, insecticide experts, ceramicists, economists. There were six computer technicians — all from the USSR — who came to explain the computers they brought with them. There was a lighthouse expert whose job was to improve and install new equipment in fifty-eight lighthouses. The lighthouse expert, William Barratt, an Englishman, is a typical member of the new "international set." He has not only gone through all phases of the manufacture of lighthouse equipment, but he has set up beacons in Trinidad, Burma, Ceylon, Turkey, the Bahamas, Gibraltar and Holland, among other places.

Turkey, in 1953, asked help for its Institute for Public Administration, a training school for government officials; Dr. Gunner Heckscher, of Sweden, an eminent professor of Political Science, was sent. Ernest Gergely of Yugoslavia, a leather-products expert, went to Indonesia to bring the leather industry there out of the cobblers' shop into the factory, as he had done for his own government and for many others.

The list goes on and on. And so do the requests for expert aid, with an ever-increasing emphasis on Hammarskjold's "expert who will take off his coat" — the administrator.

The delegate from Nepal "strongly welcomed" the new plan, and foresaw that his own country would be one of those to avail itself of the service. His country needs managers for its commercial bank and for its electricity department. The Sudan needs an administrator for the Department of Statistics. Calls from other countries have come in for a director for a materials-testing laboratory, an air-navigation expert to handle operations, a specialist to organize a government office of weights and measures, a chief for a meteorological service, an engineer to head a post and telegraph service. And the plan is just in its infancy.

There seems to be no doubt that the demand will outstrip the thirty experts who will be made available for the "experimental" first year of the plan (which is to be examined after a year, and its future decided upon). But even these thirty for a while seemed too many to some of the colonial powers. Every day, it seems to them, their late charges are slipping further from their grasp and into the international hands of the United Nations. Even the United States and the USSR joined Belgium, the Netherlands, France and the United Kingdom in viewing the plan dimly during the debate upon it. But, in the face of the enthusiastic reception from the underdeveloped countries, and reassured somewhat by the careful limitations attached to the final text, they finally bowed out of the fight — ungracefully, but out.

So, for at least a year, and in at least a few countries, politically neutral operational experts will help to lessen political pressures — both domestic and foreign — on underdeveloped countries. Governments can put flesh on their administrative skeletons. They can begin to keep promises made to the people. They can make progress, instead of just plans. There will be less dissatisfaction with their performances, fewer chances for heckling by the opposition.

"It's like teaching a child to button his own coat and tie his own shoes at an early age," said one sponsor of the plan (from an underdeveloped country, incidentally). "It makes him independent, gives him self-confidence, and frees his mind to deal with more important things."

The plan may even set the scene for a new version of the political drama: Independence, Democracy—and no Act III.

GOLDEN AGE of MISERY . .

by Rita Hinden

London

DECENT PEOPLE in Britain were shocked to the core when race rioting broke out in two British cities last November. Both riots occurred in seedy areas where a large number of West Indian immigrants had found homes during the last few years. The chief culprits appear to have been young men of the Teddy-boy type, sometimes coming from other neighborhoods for a "lark." They were not short of money; they had suffered no personal affront. But here at last, so it seemed, was adventure, a chance to win a sense of importance, to stand for once in the limelight. "You think I am a nobody," one of them is reported to have shouted as he struck a defenseless colored man.

Stiff sentences of imprisonment and the pressure of a law-abiding public opinion soon put a stop to the riots. But these incidents have underlined the increasing anxiety which many thoughtful people have begun to feel about developments in our modern industrial societies. There are two contradictory trends at work. On the one hand is the spectacular economic progress of the years since the war, which has meant not merely greater wealth for a privileged minority (as might have been the case in the nineteenth century); it has also meant rising living standards for almost everyone. The strong trade unions and an egalitarian political philosophy (call it "Socialist" or anything else) have seen to that! At the same time, a growing sensitivity of the social conscience has insisted that increasing welfare provisions should be made for the old, the young, the ill, the unemployed, the down-and-out.

Today the whole range of educational opportunities is open to all who can make the grade; there are opportunities for entertainment and leisure pursuits before which our ancestors would have rubbed astonished eyes. What at one time were the preserves of the favored few are now the commonplaces of everyday life for the vast majority.

On the other hand, look beneath the surface and a ferment of discontents becomes visible—not the measurable discontents of poverty, wicked inequalities of wealth, wretched living and working conditions, or opportunities denied, but discontents which are unfocused and inarticulate, defying measurement in any quantitative terms. There is the pervading "apathy," the widespread sense of "purposelessness," the preoccupation with violence in public entertainment, the growth of crime in general and of "outcast" behavior among young people in particular. We know the basic reason, for it has been analyzed repeatedly by social psychologists. "Large-scale industrial societies with their immense bureaucracies, operating . . . in society at large, in industry, in trade unions, and in practically every other institution, do not provide the individual with the companionship, the sense of participation, and the sense of significance which he requires for his well-being. He is a mere number, a client, a cog, a member of an age-group, a holder of an insurance card. In the cold impersonal world, he needs the warmth of cooperation; in a society so large that he cannot grasp it adequately, except in times of crisis, he wants to be implicated in an enterprise which has caught his imagination . . . he longs for ego-involvement."*

There is, to put it in a nutshell, a curious schizophrenia in the societies we are creating. Looked at from one point of view, the individual is its darling; from another, he is its victim. Never before has so much attention and care been given to each separate person as in some of the comprehensive welfare states of the West; never before has he had the opportunities for comfort, leisure and pleasure as in our increasingly prosperous and increasingly egalitarian economies. Yet never before has he felt he "counted" so little, or had such difficulty in making any distinctive contribution. The care and attention he receives come when he is ill, or has in some way fallen by the wayside; benevolent social services then rush to his rescue. But let him be well and secure, with his money jingling in his pockets, and society disregards him; the large town in which he lives, the scale of any organization to which he belongs, his status at work, all reduce him to nothingness. He does not know how to fill his leisure hours in any satisfying way. His entertainment is left to commercial interests to provide, and these cultivate his worst tastes and pander to his lowest instincts.

TO SAY that these are, after all, democracies, and if people feel "excluded" it is their own fault, is too facile an argument. Of course everyone who wants can vote in elections, or attend union meetings, or play games at a youth club if he is the right age; but none of this meets the real need of people to "count" and in some way to contribute. This deeper, and only real, meaning of democracy is being lost in the problems created by the sheer *size* of everything. The individual does not feel that he has a significant place in our organized social institutions; the authorities which rule his destiny seem far beyond his control. People appear to be divided between those "inside" who have power and responsibility, and those "outside" who have not. This is as true within political parties—even Socialist parties—as anywhere else; they also have "Establishments" of their own. (The spread of the concept of the "Establishment" is symptomatic of our present discontents; everything can be blamed on some anonymous forces which are thought to control everything.) The result is that many people turn inward for their pleasures, presenting the blank face of apathy to the outside world. Or, if they are young and high-spirited,

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**Human Groups* by W. H. J. Sprott, p. 184. Penguin.

they turn to the antics of the gang.

It is, then, this problem of size which is bedeviling our modern societies—size and the concentrations of power which are its corollary. If inequalities of wealth were at the root of nineteenth-century discontents, inequalities of power are at the root of our present-day frustrations. Yet in none of our democracies have political parties succeeded in giving tongue to these frustrations and analyzing them effectively, let alone showing what could be done about them. Politics still deal, for the most part, with the problems of twenty or fifty years ago, not with the problems of today. Politicians still talk as if the most important need were to put yet more money in people's pockets. Whatever injustices there are, are seen in measurable, monetary terms—too little spent on this, or too much on that, too low wages or too high profits, too few schools or too many expense allowances. But none of this reaches down to the real sources of the present malaise. None of it talks simply and clearly to the common man, helping him to understand the frustrations which he finds too complex to express and showing the possibilities of a different content to his life.

Why is there this blockage in ideas? Why have our radicals failed so signally to push thought out of its established ruts at a time of such rapidly-moving social change? The trouble is that they have become imprisoned in the past; in Britain—but not only in Britain—we have the strange phenomenon that the more "Left" people have considered themselves, the more unremittingly they have fought *against* the emergence of new attitudes. Whether they call it by that name or not, whether they accept or reject it, the Marxist analysis of society has cut deeply into their thinking. Their eyes remain fixed on "the economic system," the productive process and the distribution of the product. They seem unable to outgrow the nineteenth century.

BUT THERE is another reason. We have all become hopelessly imprisoned in material *values*. The great Moloch to which all bow the knee is money — the commonly-accepted ideal is more and more production and then more and more consumption. The result is a refusal to confront the problems of size and power honestly, because the Moloch, so it is believed, can be served only through massive concentrations of industry and population and power. To humanize, to decentralize, to put a brake on the machine, would mean "setting the clock back," reducing efficiency, producing less, consuming less. Our concern is not with the content of men's lives, but only with the "standard of living." And as long as this is so, there is nothing to pit against the forces of materialism which now dominate the greater part of the world. So the sociologists and psychologists write their painstaking books, telling us just what is wrong in our societies; but the politicians do not read them, or if they do, they cannot see how to put the findings into political focus. The language is alien to them.

How this impasse is to be broken is one of the great problems of the twentieth century. How can we give people "the sense of participation and the sense of significance" which, inarticulately, they yearn for—in their work, in their neighborhood, in the organizations they would join if only they were made attractive to them? How can we offer them entertainment which will excite the best and not the worst in them? How can some point be given to their lives now that, by and large, they have money enough? These are the most challenging social problems of today. It is only when we recognize them as such that we will muster the determination to find the solution. In the meantime, we will wallow among all the goods and gadgets which wealth can bring, while the fiber of our society disintegrates.

TENEMENTS and CADILLACS . . *Norman Thomas di Giovanni*

Boston, Mass.

THE NORTH END—Boston's Italian quarter—is a closed city within a city. Surrounding it like the walls of a medieval town are the waterfront on one side, and on the other an express elevated highway, a two-block-wide aerial ribbon of steel, concrete and asphalt. And as if these enclosing barriers were not enough, there exists beyond the "walls" a no-man's land, inhabited only by day, of commercial buildings, offices, wholesale meat and produce markets, factories, warehouses and wharves, which adds further protection against the encroachment of outsiders. So the quarter is a tiny, closed city resting on a good portion of the heart and soul of colonial-Revolutionary old Boston.

Within these rigid confines, in a postage-stamp area less than a half-mile square (roughly the area of the Boston Common plus the Public Garden), live 16,000 Italians. But a true picture of the prevailing congestion cannot be drawn without noting the large number — dozen upon dozen—of North End buildings and areas used for purposes other than habitation: stores, factories, warehouses, churches, a few schools, many restaurants, single-lot playgrounds, historical sites, minuscule parks and even a pre-Revolutionary burial ground.

The 16,000, then, inhabit great brick tenements, jammed together four to five stories high, ancient, dark, dirty, run-down — some so bad they remain boarded up and untenanted. A new façade often conceals structures a hundred or more

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years old, for in the North End there is a real marriage of American and foreign, and one may see anywhere two or three new stories, with baroque fire escapes, added onto very simple early nineteenth-century buildings. Here is a maze of tiny streets and alleys, the streets bearing in most cases the names they held in colonial times: Prince and Hanover, Charter and Snow Hill and Salutation; twisted little ways wide enough for eighteenth-century man and his horse and cow, but not for today's Italians with their Oldsmobiles and Cadillacs, which they often park jauntily on the sidewalks. Lined with parked automobiles, many streets are plastered with refuse and garbage and the leftovers of the pushcart peddlers and grocers who pour their goods onto the sidewalks and along the curbing. While above this—on the roofs above the clothes hanging to dry between fire escape and fire escape, and dead-end alleys and walls covered with graffiti—a few old men go on fashioning huts and pigeon lofts out of discarded crates and, amid the omnipresent forest of television antennas, attempt to cultivate tomato gardens, an occasional fig tree, perhaps a few flowers.

INSIDE the tenements, the apartments—always spoken of as "rooms"—are small and dark and as many-celled as hives. Very few have central heating, separate toilets or their own bathing facilities. Every room is usually overburdened: furniture (either uniformly old or uniformly, jazzily modern), framed family photographs, modern appliances, clothing (for there are few closets), plaster statues of saints, holy pictures, and useless, or no longer usable, shabby, broken or run-down items—the accumulated possessions of a have-not people.

As a class, North Enders are working people: first and second generation Americans (with a third generation in its infancy), together with a vast number of recent arrivals from the south of Italy. They hold fiercely independent ideas about the work they do—they minimize their labors and, especially among the young men, give the impression of *lazzaroni*—but are nonetheless endlessly industrious. They are also physically clean, well-fed, well-dressed, comfortable and poor. There is general semi-literacy, and in practical affairs it hardly matters whether one speaks English or Italian, since the community is perfectly bilingual. The Italian they speak is more accurately described as a polyglot of southern dialects, incorporating Italianized American words, just as their English is English that will not be heard elsewhere in America. North Enders have this tendency toward being uniquely apart: not quite Italian, not quite American. And despite the work of four churches and several parochial and public schools, spiritually the people remain impoverished.

GAMBLING fills the spiritual vacuum. It is so general and so open that discussing the "numbers" is second nature to the North Ender. It is not uncommon to be stopped in the street early in the morning by someone half-awake and disheveled, and to be feverishly asked—in much the same way a derelict asks for a cigarette—"What was yesterday's number?" Or to see a $10 bill plummet from a fourth-floor window, from which a mother instructs her young daughter in the street below: "Go to C. the bookie and put it on 'Many Harvests.'" Above the racket of the bustling street, the child yells back: "What horse did you say, Mummy?"

Everyone in town knows you don't have to go a third of a block to book a horse, a dog, a number, or to borrow from "the shylock." Everyone knows that certain florists sell no flowers, that certain dry-cleaning establishments clean no clothes. Everyone has seen bookies openly burning their tickets at the edge of the street. Everyone knows that parking a car in the street overnight is permissible for the payment of two or three dollars a week to the police. One also finds plenty of small gambling in the poolrooms among kids who don't appear big enough to reach the tables. And in pastry shops, players feed nickels by the roll to pinball machines, while overhead a sign warns "No Minors, No Gambling." Bets can be placed on anything from World Series games to political elections. And, for a joke, in coffee houses or on street corners, a seven- or eight-year-old will be paid a nickel to say to an appointed person in Italian: "Hey, Ada, your husband is a fairy!" It would be fair to mention, too, that from time to time hot goods are peddled from cars along the street: "Hey, *paesà*, wanna see a real bargain—fit you just right?"

SOON the children are children in size only. One evening in a men's club, next door to a police station, two petty lawbreakers were discussing angles of defense in the face of various crimes in which they had participated. What opened as a general discussion narrowed to a fierce dialogue. The talk went like this:

"No, George, that's where you're wrong. You never admit nothing to the cops. No sir, nothing. Say I come in here and shoot you, and these four guys are witnesses." Dramatically the speaker looked around from face to face, then switched his point of view and tone of voice and began speaking to an imaginary judge to whom North Enders address all legal pleas. "'Your Honor, I didn't do it. These gentlemen don't like me, Your Honor.' You see, George, when you're caught you never admit nothing."

George rushed to answer: "Artha, Artha, you don't know, Artha. The cops are coming up your stairs, two cars full of them. You got a room full of the stuff, radios and TVs—"

But Arthur takes over. "Good evening, officers. Right this way and help yourselves, officers. Take it all, I don't want anything. I'll help you carry it to your cars, officers. 'Where did you get all them TVs?' 'I don't know, Your Honor, they were given to me.'"

"Oh, Artha, you would have liked my cousin Louise. Her right hand don't know what her left one's doing."

Later, when the talk got onto abortions, George turned to his thirteen-year-old son, sitting nearby. "Here, Joey, go buy yourself a banana split." The boy dashed out. The father announced with a broad grin, "Joey had four banana splits tonight. Right, Fishcake?" And the talk went on.

But gambling is the real, visible and widespread crime, if it can be called crime. Sometimes the "criminal" is an old woman who can barely walk and cannot read or write, but comes into a bookie parlor and puts down her nickel and a slip of paper on which someone else has written the number of her choice. On this social level gambling is a disease bred by lack of opportunity. On other levels, say that of Wall Street, it may be a respected and restricted profession.

ENOUGH about gambling. Of crimes of violence—armed robbery, assault—the North End is free. It has to be: the North End must stay clean because so many small-time gangsters and racketeers live here and work to keep their own yards clean so that attention or detection will not fall their way. The visitor's idea of the North End, which is that crime and violence lurk everywhere, just is not so. As a matter of fact, the North Enders sometimes do their own effective policing—and mete out their own justice. At the foot of Hanover Street is a Coast Guard station, and a few years back coast guardsmen were being beaten and robbed on their way home at night by North End hoodlums. Before the police could get to first base in solving the crimes, certain racketeers made an investigation of their own, found the guilty ones and sent them both to the hospital with severe beatings.

This primitive conception of justice is rather natural to the background of a people who in general are suspicious of laws. Theirs is a live-and-let-live idea which North Enders express as "You be a gentleman, I'll be a gentleman."

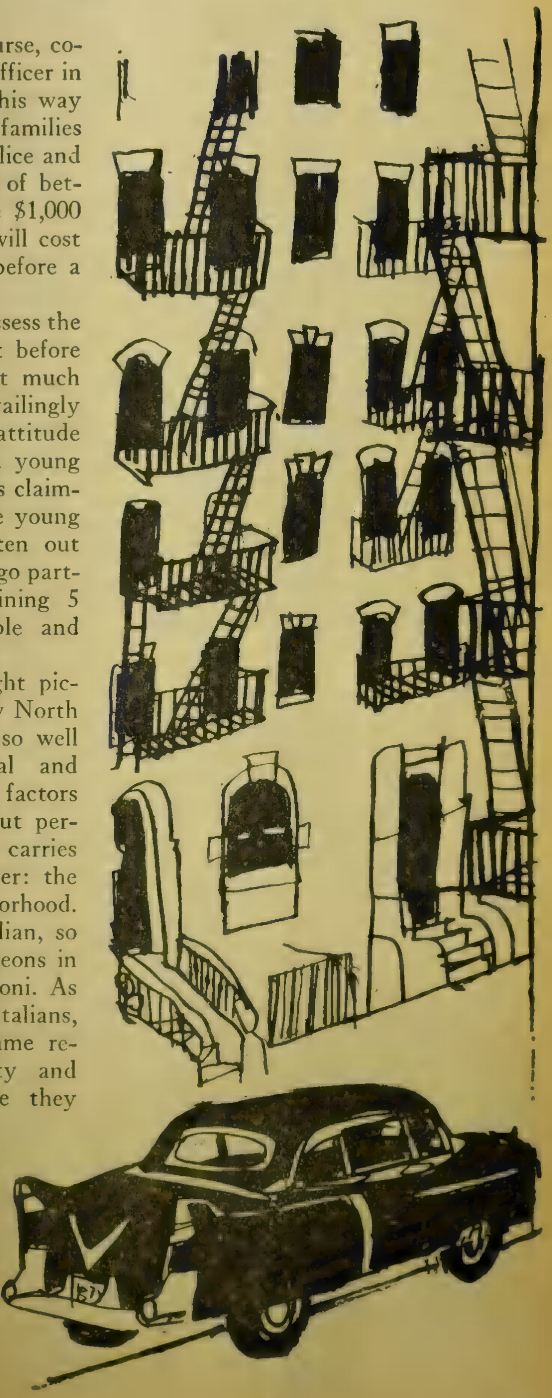
What cataclysmic effect does all this have on the youth of the North End? Apparently very little, if we can go by the informal record. No statistics are available concerning juvenile problems in the city of Boston, but something may be derived from the fact that the North End area has in its police station only one juvenile officer, while other sections of the city have two and three, and one section has four. Juvenile crimes in the North End are chiefly breaking-and-entering affairs. Lethal weapons appear to be nonexistent; all the juvenile officer has collected from his troop is one bull whip, one dog chain (used as a knuckler), and about fifteen or twenty pocket jackknives of the kind which would be standard gear for any Huckleberry Finn.

The local schools, of course, cooperate with the juvenile officer in every possible way. But his way is a little thorny among families who are not fond of the police and who, moreover, can think of better things to do with the $1,000 they believe any trouble will cost them if they have to go before a court.

It is always difficult to assess the effects of law enforcement before a crime is committed, but much can be said for the prevailingly liberal and understanding attitude shown in the area toward young offenders. At any rate, it is claimed that 85 per cent of the young people in trouble straighten out happily; about 10 per cent go partway bad, and the remaining 5 per cent prove incorrigible and end badly.

This is a relatively bright picture, and one wonders how North End youth can turn out so well considering their physical and moral environment. Many factors are involved, of course; but perhaps there is one which carries more weight than any other: the homogeneity of the neighborhood. The North End is all Italian, so much so that even the pigeons in the streets eat raw macaroni. As a little, closed city of Italians, they are one, with the same religion, money, opportunity and aspirations. And therefore they are at peace.

BUT THE North End, as a community, is a freak, an accident, from which little can be learned that is applicable elsewhere. We cannot very well divide and isolate communities of peoples, and put barriers between them, integrating each community on the basis of origin, income and general capability. That's the criminal work of fascism. We have simply got to shed more and more light on our human oneness in a world that daily becomes smaller and more crowded, a kind of North End of the universe.



MISSILE MADNESS . . *by Carl Dreher*

THE FIRING of an Atlas missile for the full ICBM distance may seem joyful tidings for Christmas, but a little reflection will dampen the spirits of celebrants who may be inclined to give an occasional thought to what such a flight actually means and where the whole missile development is taking us. In the stillness of the night, or on awakening to another precarious day, they may be able to detach themselves from the splendor of hurling a hundred tons into the sky and depositing a small fraction, the "payload," in a "target area." Only children delight in noise and force for their own sake. What is the military, diplomatic and economic import of such technological feats and, if the question is not too old-fashioned, what do they signify in human terms? To sum up the answer: they mean more and bigger headaches.

Modern engineering, which has reached its current apogee in nuclear and missiles technology, has been channeled, with scarcely a qualm, into grandiose enterprises of mass destruction. This is something quite new, even if the younger generation of engineers take it for granted that the proper aim of their disciplines is the biggest possible smashup of alien lives and property. As late as the end of the Second World War, technology was predominantly directed to constructive ends. Military applications were derivative and military men did not dominate any branch of creative engineering. Scientists and engineers tended to be squeamish about the lethal uses to which their creations might be put. Leonardo da Vinci, contemplating one of his paper inventions, a submarine vessel, foresaw that its principal use would be in naval operations and—what innocence!—found the prospect so horrible that he suppressed it. Wilbur and Orville Wright did not develop the heavier-than-air machine for military purposes and Orville lived to execrate the bombers of World War II. Radio received an enormous impetus from its military applications in World War I, but its great innovators strove for improved communications and safety at sea. Such was the spirit of pre-World War II technology.

About the Author

Carl Dreher, an engineer by profession before he turned to writing, has been evolving for *The Nation* a critique of the technological-arms race in terms of its political and social implications. In this connection, see "The Showcase War" (November 16, 1957), "Program for a Crash" (February 1, 1958) and "War by Accident" (September 6, 1958).

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All this has been turned upside down. Now military applications come first, with civilian needs as a profitable sideline. The objectives that call forth big money with a minimum of question, while all other causes scrounge and beg, are those of efficient destruction. The bigger the scale on which it may be accomplished, the more of the national resources are unhesitatingly committed. All this, of course, in the name of national survival. Actually, by the most optimistic calculation, it can only result in an endless series of hazardous experiments in which the technicians of the great powers provide the means for the diplomats to threaten one another with increasingly fearful but always inconclusive results.

THE ultimate goal of space travel is sometimes cited as justification for the missiles race. Anyone who believes this belongs on a psychoanalyst's couch. Since the intensity, duration, spatial distribution and frequency of radiation bursts are only now being investigated, it is by no means certain that man can venture into interplanetary space and survive. And if it should prove feasible, what's the hurry? An effective therapy for cardiovascular disease alone would be worth far more to the human race than a few fledgling astronauts setting foot on the moon.

The world's real problems are biological, psychological and social. Space can wait. Most of the world's population has sense enough to see this—there would be no missiles race if the great powers were not at each other's throats. Their real objective is genocide, or anthropocide if need be, and the obsessions of their leaders force them into ever more complex, extravagant, lopsided projects. If sanity should prevail, the missiles race would be converted into a workmanlike competition in an interesting, but not particularly vital, branch of technology.

ASIDE FROM the air-breathing Snark, which would be a rewarding target for the Soviet anti-aircraft gunners, we now have three intercontinental missiles under development. Despite Atlas's recent flight from Canaveral to Ascension Island, none is in a state of combat readiness nor, within a year or two, capable of production in sufficient numbers and with launch-and-flight characteristics which could force the Russians to take them seriously. In its December 1 issue, *Newsweek* wrote that "the day is imminent" when, "if the Kremlin made the most appalling mistake in history and called for a nuclear showdown, the U.S. Commander in Chief could flash the ultra-secret coded signal and dispatch Atlas missiles toward Moscow or Sverdlovsk or Vladivostok or some Soviet atomic factory high on the Air Force's target list." This is pure bombast. If the Kremlin did anything of the sort (and its behavior during the past few years indicates the opposite), we should have to rely on the bombers of the Strategic Air Command, not on existing experimental ICBMs or the more or less operational ICBMs which SAC may have at its disposal next year or in 1961.

The Atlas has been ready for a long experimental flight for some time. No less than fifteen Atlases have been fired from Canaveral. Of the first eight, equipped only with a booster engine, four flew successfully over a range of about 600 miles. In July of this year, a fully-powered Atlas took off but was aborted by a failure of the control system. The next three achieved flights of about 3,000 miles. In September, one which was aimed over the full 6,300 miles blew up, but on November 17 another 3,000-mile flight was made. Since the engineers often learn more from what the public regards as a failure than they do from a completed flight, there was no longer much doubt that an Atlas could be sent into an intercontinental trajectory.

THIS STILL gives little information on the weapon's combat capability. The hydrogen "payload" which an Atlas can be expected to carry at intercontinental range is much smaller than that of a manned bomber. The advantage of the Atlas, or any other fast missile, is that there is no present defense against it, while relatively few manned bombers can be expected to get through. But the smaller payload requires proportionately greater accuracy in delivery. Even if the missile does well on one or more flights, it does not follow that it can duplicate the results consistently enough for serious military calculations. "Target area" as a criterion of performance is well-nigh meaningless. Major General Donald N. Yates, in command at Canaveral, being asked what the phrase meant, replied, "Of course it landed in the target area. The target area is the Atlantic Ocean and that is hard to miss." The General was explaining, by facetious exaggeration, why the dimensions of the target area are not given in the publicity handouts about missile development.

The guidance system of the Atlas is a joint product of General Electric and the Burroughs Corporation. The guidance and control functions determine the accuracy with which the missile can be put on target. The Atlas guidance system is not regarded as highly "sophisticated." Sophistication is vital since, with a missile traveling 18,000 feet per second (about 12,300 miles per hour), a difference in speed of one foot per second at engine cutoff may result in a difference of about one mile in the point of impact, and this is only one in a maze of interrelated variables.

Of course these problems are just as tough for the Soviet missile guiders. It may also be reassuring that so far our people have always excelled in electronics. The Russians are ahead of us in engine thrust, but if there is any evidence that their missile accuracy is better than ours, it has not been declassified.

The Titan, designed to succeed the Atlas, has the same basic defects, but may be expected to have superior guidance. The contractors for the Titan guidance system are Western Electric, Bell Telephone Laboratories, American Bosch Arma and Remington Rand. This impressive assemblage of electronic and control talent will not, however, be brought to bear on the ICBM situation very soon, for the Titan is, at the very least, a year behind the Atlas. It has not been off the ground, and many missilemen consider it obsolescent even before its pre-flight development is completed. Like Atlas, it is a liquid-fueled rocket, with all the disadvantages of a long countdown and unavailability for instant retaliatory firing, since liquid oxygen must be pumped into its tanks just before launching.

Missiles with formidable destructive capacities and good launch characteristics will be developed by both sides. But fortunately—since it gives us a chance for negotiation and control—the present generation of missiles doesn't qualify. These contraptions are sometimes likened to the Model-T Ford. This is unfair; the Model-T was quite a good small automobile. Today's missiles, despite their complexity and some truly marvelous technical features, are more like the road locomotives of the early nineteenth century.

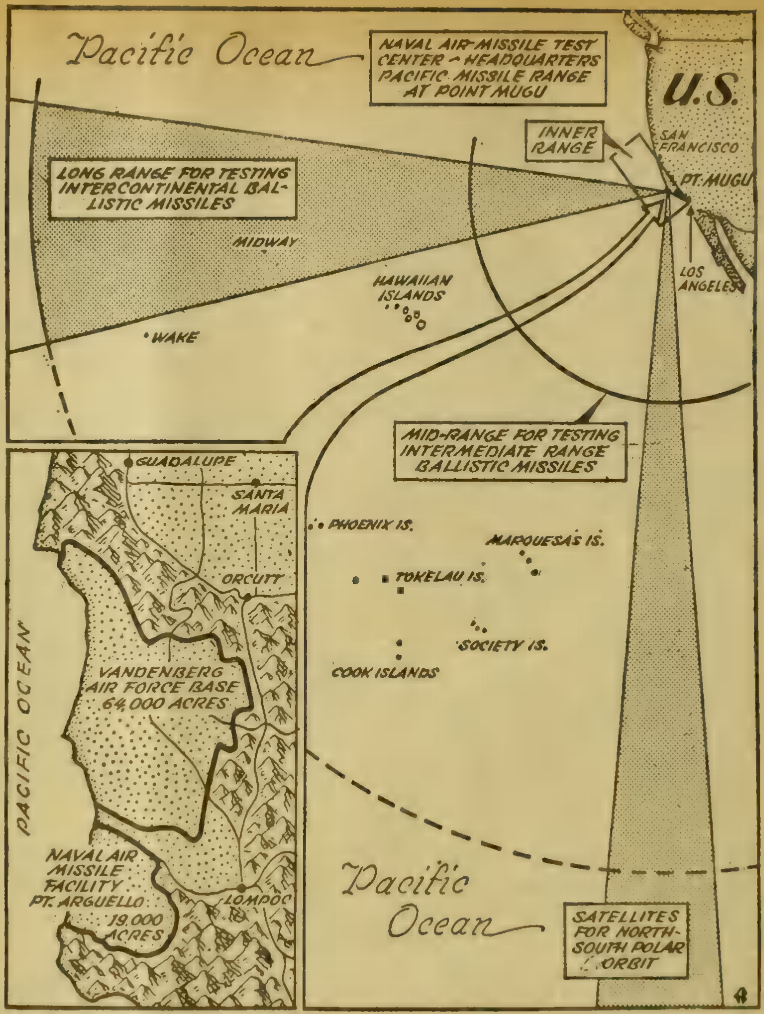
THUS THE BIG rush in missile development, with a view to early production, may result in less, rather than greater, security — assuming that there is any security in missiles for anybody. It could be justified only as a desperate measure to counter an imminent Soviet assault by trying to convince the Soviets that we were capable of more punishing reprisals than we could actually expect to inflict; or, if it came to a showdown, perhaps making some lucky hits with our ICBM equipment. It also presupposes very little confidence in our SAC bombing force. Otherwise a more scientific, longer-range approach is indicated. *Fortune Magazine,* which makes more sense in technological matters than most of the media, reports in the June, 1958, issue ("The Economic Impact of Defense," by Charles E. Silberman and Sanford S. Parker):

> Many missile experts strongly oppose a speedup in ICBM production beyond what has been scheduled; they would prefer to use the money to spur development of a much greater number of approaches to missilry. Selection of a single or even just a few systems at this early stage will prove far more expensive in the long run, these experts argue, for technology is changing so rapidly that the military might well end up having backed the wrong horse. Despite this, missile production is now expanding at a rapid rate.

This is extremely pertinent. The missile effort is in the charge of an administration committed to keeping the federal budget more or less in balance, and at the same time dealing gently with the military leaders and their allies in Congress who oppose every proposed reduction in manpower. The manpower-missiles conflict is aggravated by constantly rising "hardware" costs. It is from missiles that the military inflationary spiral receives its greatest impetus. Big-missile administrators think in terms of billions, and nobody pauses to consider any longer that a billion is a thousand million, and that even a million is a fair amount of money. A few examples of fiscal exuberance in the missiles field may be cited. A single ICBM wing (sixty Atlases) will cost about $1 billion, (mostly for facilities, with the missiles accounting for about $100 million of the total); a fleet of thirty Polaris submarines, $3 billion according to the *Wall Street Journal*; for a fleet of forty of the same, $7 billion according to *Fortune. (Business Week* rightly says that accurate figures are hard to come by in missiles and associated equipment, but even at the lower estimate, quite a piece of change is involved.) The Air Force's Bomarc, a short-range missile designed for defense against manned aircraft, has been under development for some eleven years, still isn't operational, and has already cost $1.7 billion. The cost of its successor, the Army's Nike-Zeus, an anti-missile missile which God himself, were He an engineer, could not say will work, is projected at $7 billion.

We don't need to fly to the stars: we already have astronomical magnitudes here on earth. Yet not so long ago, starting with nothing but ideas and under wartime conditions, the Manhattan District produced an atomic bomb in about four years at a cost of $2 billion.

SO MUCH money is invested in a single big missile, such as the Titan, that its discontinuance is almost inconceivable until at least a few units have been fired in a final demonstration of its obsolescence. The secrecy which shrouds all but the broad characteristics of missiles, and the publicity power of the corporations which find missile production a bonanza, a profitable sideline, or at least a stabilizing element in the ups and downs of the business cycle, together insure that any earlier showing that public moneys and resources are being wasted will be ignored. Hitler is credited with the observation that the bigger the lie, the more likely it is to receive credence. Analogously, waste on a gargantuan scale, and in the sacred name of national defense, will never be exposed. The personal interests of the corps of administrators, engineers, technicians and petty beneficiaries work to the same end. It takes years before the stage is set for a showdown between those who have nurtured a monstrosity and those who have a greater monstrosity on the drawing boards. When the latter finally prevail, the victory is a hollow one, for most of the money has already been spent in research and development and the production of the first few units. Of course, some education has been obtained, but it is the most expensive education in all history.


Pacific Ocean
NAVAL AIR-MISSILE TEST CENTER – HEADQUARTERS PACIFIC MISSILE RANGE AT POINT MUGU
U.S.
INNER RANGE
SAN FRANCISCO
PT. MUGU
LONG RANGE FOR TESTING INTERCONTINENTAL BALLISTIC MISSILES
MIDWAY
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
LOS ANGELES
WAKE
MID-RANGE FOR TESTING INTERMEDIATE RANGE BALLISTIC MISSILES
GUADALUPE
SANTA MARIA
ORCUTT
PHOENIX IS.
MARQUESAS IS.
TOKELAU IS.
SOCIETY IS.
COOK ISLANDS
VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE 64,000 ACRES
PACIFIC OCEAN
NAVAL AIR MISSILE FACILITY PT. ARGUELLO 19,000 ACRES
LOMPOC
Pacific Ocean
SATELLITES FOR NORTH-SOUTH POLAR ORBIT

Map by APN

Vandenberg-Arguello Missile Base Complex

The upcoming monstrosity in the ICBM field is the Air Force's Minuteman, presently estimated at $3-4 billion for the 3,000-4,000 units which the Air Force envisions. Minuteman is a more plausible weapon than such dodoes as Atlas and Titan, since it is designed for solid-fuel propulsion and should be capable of prompt firing from "hard," or relatively invulnerable, bases. But Minuteman is only just out of the study stage; development of components has hardly commenced. Avco, North American, Thiokol and Aerojet are in on this one, with a general contractor still to be chosen. No matter how hard it is pushed, Minuteman cannot be a combat factor till between 1962 and 1965. The wide range of guesses as to the operational date shows how uncertain the estimates are.

Having no weapons ready for ICBM warfare, the Air Force is pressing ahead with vast facilities at Cheyenne, Omaha, Spokane, Topeka and Denver to deter or exterminate the Russian and Chinese hordes when the missiles become available. At this moment the "Free World's greatest missile center" is taking shape along 500 miles of the Pacific Coast. At Santa Maria, 165 miles north of Los Angeles, Canaveral is about to be matched, if not eclipsed, by Vandenberg Air Force Base, where SAC will fire Thors, Atlases and Titans and train its cadres for the interior missile bases. A genuine full-size Atlas is stated to be already in use for this purpose. So far Vandenberg—the base, exclusive of the associated tracking facilities—has cost only $0.1 billion, or $100 million. But no doubt there will be extras. A contractor is quoted as estimating that expenditures for the coastal installations are headed toward a billion dollars.

Vandenberg's hundred square miles have been designated a maximum-security area, complete with police dogs. It already has a complement of several thousand missilemen and their adjutants, and pronounces itself operational and "ready to fight." Together with the Navy's missile facility below it at Point Arguello, it will use the new Pacific missile range, costing about $5 billion. It is planned to "dedicate" Vandenberg by firing a Thor IRBM, with Atlases to follow. A "history-making event for the Coast," the Los Angeles *Times* calls it, while the correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* apparently more naval-minded, suggests that Point Arguello "may soon be a name as celebrated as Hollywood's own."

Vandenberg-Arguello, it is said, can fire into the Pacific over almost 180 points of the compass—a semicircle with its median radius pointing in a westerly direction. The distance to Vladivostok is roughly 6,000 miles, or within ICBM range. The Soviet missile tests have heretofore been conducted with typical Iron Curtain secrecy within Soviet borders, but since missile ranges, at least American ones, are so expensive, perhaps a cooperative arrangement could be worked out whereby we would swing our Pacific range northwest for dual use with the Russian missilemen, each side shooting in opposite directions and politely retrieving each other's nose cones and experimental mice.

HOWEVER, according to the Los Angeles *Times*, the new Air Force facility has not been cooperating even with patriotic American publicity media eager to tell the Vandenberg story. "The *Times,*" its space-aviation editor comments with some asperity, "together with other newspapers, television, radio and magazines, has sought for months to get some idea of the Defense Department's news policy for Vandenberg and Pacific Range operations so plans could be made to give its readers all the news commensurate with security. But despite the months available for such a comparatively simple decision, defense officials—as of yesterday—hadn't made up their minds."

"Yesterday" was November 22. On November 25, Murray Snyder and other important Defense Department figures held a press conference at Vandenberg. It was announced that public information "ground rules" would parallel those in effect at Canaveral. There would be "open shots" on which the press would receive advance notice and background, and classified shots for which the correspondents would have to depend on nearby bars, lunch counters and motels for their information. Unless a *modus vivendi* can somehow be fabricated, relations between the press and the Vandenberg-Arguello complex may turn out to be almost as unpleasant as those currently existing between the Soviet and American armed forces. Somehow, everything having to do with missiles begins disagreeably, and may end even more so.

Can Congress Assume Leadership?

by Frederic W. Collins

THE REDUCTION almost to absurdity of Republican strength in the Senate and House, plus the President's reaction to it, plus his obviously increasing disinclination actively to direct national policy, plus the innovation of a Constitutional bar to his seeking the office again, have naturally raised serious question in the public mind as to what the country is going to do for "leadership" during the next two years. The question pervades all contemplations of the new Congress, because historically the American people assume that the Constitution requires the man in the White House to orchestrate the undisciplined sounds which frequently emanate from the Legislative Branch. The easy, mechanical analogy of the vacuum is accepted, and it is supposed that because Mr. Eisenhower will not exercise leadership, some other human force will rush in to fill the void. Some feel that Vice President Nixon will promote himself from understudy. Others feel that "Congress," probably meaning Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, will gladly do what Mr. Eisenhower gladly won't.

There are reasons for believing neither of those things will happen or is even possible. And there are further reasons for believing the answer to the basic question to be, briefly, that the country will have to get along without leadership for the next two years. This is certainly true if "leadership" is used in the current popular sense of *personal* leadership, the kind provided by Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and other great chiefs. Mr. Eisenhower deliberately defaulting, there is no other way to provide this kind of direction during his term. However, a true perception of the nature of the Executive at this moment does suggest that, during the next two years, leadership of a sort will continue to exist in the impersonal institution known as "the Administration." As various issues arise, *ad hoc* leadership will be assumed by those officers of the Administration who have jurisdiction. When necessary, the officers will invoke the forms of Presidential leadership, enlisting Mr. Eisenhower to make speeches they have written, to send to Congress special messages they have drafted, to indorse legislation they propose and, on issues of great

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moment, to "go to the people" with television and radio messages (which, it is safe to say, the President will have read through at least once before delivering). This kind of leadership may in fact prove adequate for almost every issue now challenging the national judgment except the supreme issue of progress toward equality for Negroes. On this issue, the country will have to wait, because the requirement is for a moral leadership of a kind only a President, acting as his own man, strong, compelling and dedicated, can provide, and which an impersonal Administration cannot. For the rest, as far as one can see, the next two years will be more of what we've been having. Neither the Congressional elections on the one hand, nor on the other the galloping lethargy overtaking the President's Executive impulses, have created a difference in degree great enough to bring about a difference in kind.

IT WOULD be interesting to think that Mr. Nixon would usurp. He would undoubtedly like to, and might well feel that he must if he could. The key to his problem was stated in a response he made at a press conference in London. His immediate task, he said, is "to work as hard as I can to make the policies of this Administration effective so that when 1960 comes around, whoever gets the nomination, including the Governor of New York or someone else, will have the chance to win. . . ." He must perform this task while caught in a dilemma familiar to Republican aspirants. He is obliged to please the party regulars who control the nomination, without alienating the non-party people who decide the election. He can press his activities just so far before he risks seeming to usurp, risks a defensive reaction from the President, and risks counter-intrigue by his enemies in the party. In the past two years, sometimes through clandestine use of the press, sometimes by bold public gambles, he has often undertaken to lead. He advocated tax reduction as an anti-depressant; he pressed for a more vigorous foreign-aid program and the liberalizing of foreign trade. In little-known maneuvers, he undertook to lead in forgiveness of the British after Suez, and in promising them that their post-Suez economic problems would receive U.S. aid. He insisted on writing the specifications for the GOP's recent Congressional campaign, and was responsible for the involvement of foreign policy in partisan politics. In all of these things, he was either acting to change the Administration's course or prodding it into movement.

BUT IN this kind of activity, Mr. Nixon is not a leader in Mr. Eisenhower's place. He is only one of a panel of *ad hoc* leaders in "the Administration"—and not the most successful one, nor the one in the best strategic position. There is remarkably little evidence in the record that Mr. Eisenhower has ever acted upon any initiative peculiarly Nixon's. The Vice President could not overcome George Humphrey, and could arrange only an uneasy alliance with Mr. Dulles. His influence on the Cabinet is determined by his powers of persuasion, not by any real authority of status. If he chooses to exercise "declaratory leadership" through tactical leaks to reporters or bold public pronouncements, the Cabinet and the party will not follow him against the President. While he might find some followers among his own party in the Senate (and dissenters, too), his access to the majority party is extremely limited. (For one thing, look over the list of Democratic committee chairmen and decide for yourself how much weight Dick Nixon can have with them.) There is almost no way in which he can influence even his own party in the House. In his public performances here or abroad, he is either a subordinate, an emissary—or a partisan or self-seeker. Perhaps Mr. Eisenhower himself thinks that Mr. Nixon has gone about as far as he can go in leadership. The President seemed to say as much in his November 5 press conference: "I don't see how his role in the Executive Branch could be greater."

To assume that the Congress might provide direction for the country during the next two years is to confuse leadership with power. Political historians define two great periods in the American evolution in which Congress filled a political vacuum created by Presidential inaction: 1809-1829, and 1865-1885. But what Congress provided during those periods was hardly leadership. It acted, it failed to act, it prevented action—but it did not provide that unitary inspiration to national action which is the essence of the leadership inherent in the Presidency. There are many ways of demonstrating that this kind of leadership Congress can never supply. The Legislative Branch, for example, does not possess the complex knowledge and the day-to-day body of information needed for quick, decisive action in these times. But a simpler way to prove the point would be to ask a couple of questions: Who pays any attention to Lyndon Johnson outside of Washington? Who, outside of Washington, gives a thought to Everett Dirksen from one end of the year to the other? Or to Sam Rayburn? Or Joe Martin? How are they going to lead, or endow their institution with leadership, when all across the country the people couldn't care less?

NO. IN THIS country, it is an inherent characteristic of the office, reinforced and extended by adaptation to the times, that the Presidency is the site of the political leadership of the country. And even when the President, voluntarily or involuntarily, relinquishes this leadership, it never moves very far away from him. For, in the American system of things, real political leadership of the country cannot exist except within the aura of the White House. In Mr. Eisenhower's day, it has come to rest in an institutionalized, mechanized, almost automated device known as "the Administration." Some authorities believe that a trend in this direction would have come about even without Mr. Eisenhower—a trend, as Professor Corwin puts it, "toward consolidation of executive power in an 'administration,' collegial rule, collective responsibility, and *ad hoc* policies flowing from completed staff work." Certainly this is the kind of leadership we can expect for the next two years.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Fishermen of Iceland

THE COMPLETE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. Edited by V. W. Van Gogh. Translated by Mrs. J. Van Gogh-Bonger and others. Illustrated. New York Graphic Society. 1,783 pp. Three volumes. $50.

Kenneth Rexroth

WHAT makes a good letter writer? Interesting letters. What makes letters interesting? Simplicity, directness, topicality, insight into oneself and others, spontaneity, and in most cases, genuine intimacy. Letters written for publication may be good literature for other reasons, but they are really just a special form of essay. What we want in a collection of letters is unconscious autobiography. If the writer is a great artist or a profound thinker or an important historical figure, so much the better. Van Gogh certainly fits all these desiderata. He is the ideal letter writer, and his *Collected Letters* is almost as important as his collected paintings would be and much more easily domesticated. They are not only intimate, revealing, beautifully written, but they have a special sort of sweet profundity about them that is unmatched by anyone else. What other letters could provide a popular actor with an extremely successful concert repertory? Yet there is nothing theatrical about them. They are as quiet as a conversation by the fireside in a Dutch parsonage. We think of Van Gogh as a fierce, rabid sort of personality. Perhaps this is all legend. The letters are so gentle, modest—I guess the word is endearing. And every letter is haunted by the pathos of Van Gogh's life.

The correspondence of the great artists and idealists in the history of Western Man is mostly about money. The more unworldly they were, the more it is about money. They found it scarce. They worried about it all the time. They nagged and cajoled and begged to get it. The personal correspondence of millionaires is never about money. In fact, it is considered excessively bad form ever to mention money amongst the rich, except in a place of business between the hours of ten and three.

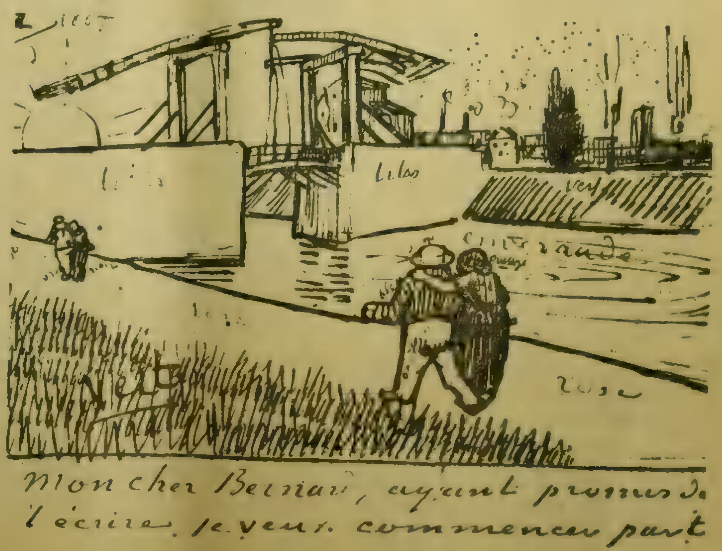
It isn't just capitalism. We don't have the real letters, but the set pieces, the verse letters of Horace and Catullus are at least implicitly about money. And it isn't even just Western Man — the Chinese poet Tu Fu is every bit as bad. The poets and artists who did not write letters about money are unknown to history — they did not survive. Everybody knows why this is. Unless the artist is in league with magic, miracle, mystery and authority, as Dostoevski put it, he may even get rich — like Rubens — but he never has what nowadays is known as security. And so he frets and schemes and begs. Blake, Baudelaire, Rembrandt, Michelangelo — Van Gogh is no exception. But if not an exception, he at least differs in several interesting ways.

IN THE first place, he was not a very revolutionary artist. In fact his early painting was the conventional "proletarian art" of the period. Sculptors like Meunier and painters like Millet were already rich from doing the same sort of thing. Then he changed to a kind of painting that was becoming quite chic, and which has remained, if not chic, at least extremely fashionable amongst the more conservative, and which has become fabulously expensive — the brightly colored, highly decorative painting produced on the border or translation zone of Neo- and Post-Impressionism. This is the last period in Western art to be genuinely popular and Van Gogh is the most popular of all. Large color prints of The Sunflowers, The Postman, The Arlesienne, The Chair, The Poolroom, The Bedroom and the others can be found decorating the over-mantel space, not in the homes of intellectuals, or even the educated, but in the homes of Negro janitors, Filipino bus boys, in the parlors of Polish auto workers in Hamtramck and Hungarian steel workers in Gary.

When the first big Van Gogh comprehensive show came to San Francisco before the Second World War, the Southern Pacific ran a "Sunflower Special," with a blow-up of the picture at the tail of the observation car, on each of its routes into town. The Palace of the Legion of Honor was accessible only after an hour's wait. This went on for weeks and broke all records for art exhibitions anywhere in the world. The intellectuals thought it was simply dreadful and did nothing but bitch. It was back in the salad days of the John Reed Clubs when all the really *au courant* young minds were busy debating the theses of Leopold Auerbach on Proletarian Culture.

The ordinary people who buy reproductions of Van Gogh's paintings and hang them on the wall think they are pretty. They make the sitting room more cheery. It killed Van Gogh to paint them. *Did it?* Is this true? Is Van Gogh some sort of Rimbaud or Dylan Thomas, burned alive in the fire of his own vision? Everybody assumes so, and the assumption is implicit in almost all the immense number of books written about him. I think it is false.

Van Gogh may have been a lay saint, but he was a simple kind of saint, like



Mon cher Bernard, ayant promis de
t'écrire je veux commencer par t

KENNETH REXROTH is at present living and working in Aix en Provence.

Brother Lawrence or St. Theresa of Lisieux, not a tormented one, like St. Theresa of Avila or St. John of the Cross or the characters of Dostoevski and Bernanos. Nobody can read these eighteen hundred pages of ingenuous communication and believe anything else unless he is totally blinded by presuppositions. If you believe that everybody must carry around an abysm in his heart, as Baudelaire said of Pascal; if you are like the French Catholic intellectuals who write articles for *Esprit* — "De Sade Belongs to Us!" — if you believe that every notorious evil-liver was seeking illumination and every disastrous life was really a clandestine career of piety; in other words, if you hold the presently fashionable apocalyptic view of human destiny; you can find it in Van Gogh if you are bigoted and persistent enough.

VAN GOGH had visions, but of miners and potato-peelers at first and then of sunflowers and chairs, never of angels or demons. They excited him, but they did not trouble him the way Ivan Karamazov's visions of similar simple things troubled him. In his young days, he was a lay preacher, not a very successful one, to be sure. He never thought of himself as bringing a torch to the countryside and the slums. His favorite episodes of the Gospel were incidents like the supper at Emaus, the widow's mite, the marriage at Cana. He thought of Jesus not as coming to bring a sword to the heart of an intellectual like Paul, but to bring just a little peace and dignity and rest to exhausted and brutalized human beings in slums and hovels. There is something profoundly Dutch about this kind of unpretentious evangelism. It is in Rembrandt, of course, but it goes back to late medieval Pietism, the Beguines and Beghards, Blessed Jan Ruysbroeck, Thomas à Kempis, a movement which involved the whole society of the Lowlands for centuries and which survives today in sects like the Mennonites. Nothing less like Baudelaire, exciting himself with a Black Mass in his mistress' boudoir, can be imagined.

What was wrong with him then? Why did he do all those crazy things that make such successful movies of his life? Something physical. There is a bit by a psychiatrist in the documents appended to these letters. It is amusing because it is in the jabberwocky of an only recently abandoned school of psychiatry and makes you realize what jabberwocky our own psychiatry will be in another fifty years. And it says absolutely nothing. Van Gogh, on the other hand, had a pretty good idea: "I have been a bit beat the way I used to be in the past, when I had that venereal trouble in the Hague and got myself looked after in the hospital." His friends had a good idea, too, the most obvious explanation. He lived a bachelor life. Artists need somebody to see that they eat. He used to paint all day in the fields without eating, come home and try to satisfy his hunger with some burned beans he had left on the stove and instead go out and quiet the demands of his stomach with liquor — pastis, probably, the little absinthe of Provence. By night he was drunk. Still excited by the day's painting and with no place else to go, he went to the whorehouses and raised Cain.

Now you can raise all the Cain you want in a whorehouse if you pay for it, but Van Gogh didn't have the money. This made him very unpopular in Arles and seems to have been one of the chief complaints of the neighbors. Such habits are annoying, but there is nothing apocalyptic about them, nothing even existentialist or eschatological. I have known dozens of the most mundane overworked commercial artists who behaved in exactly the same fashion every night. It didn't make them immortal. The snippet Van Gogh took off his ear may have made him familiar to the readers of the movie magazines; it is irrevelant to his immortality. But normal people eat, marry by the time they are his age, don't go around dressed in filthy shirt and pants covered by a ragged overcoat which has been used all winter as a paint rag. Van Gogh was abnormal; as Hokusai said of himself, he was an old man crazy about painting. He was too busy to bother, and then one day it was too late. A lot of simple things like alcohol, pellagra, spirochetes, possibly slight brain damage dating from his birth (he seems to have had mild epileptiform attacks all his life) converged on him and struck him down. Like people who make the cover of *Time*, he died of overwork.

MUCH has been made of his relations with his family. It is certainly true — to use our own jabberwocky — that the key to a psychosis is to be sought in the family constellation. I see nothing wrong with Van Gogh's and I have read all these eighteen hundred pages, mostly of very affectionate correspondence with, of course, his brother Theo, but also with all his family. Given the late nineteenth century, a Dutchman, a painter, a large family, a father who is a small-town parson, genteel poverty, the results seem to me, not just exemplary, to use Van Gogh's own estimate of his family, but positively ideal. It won't do to identify Van Gogh with the great revolts of his period. Oedipus Complex, Mother Fixation, Sibling Rivalry. If every twentieth-century American family had as few of these bogeys haunting them as the Van Goghs did, we'd all be a lot better off. Van Gogh is not a kind of self-taught Strindberg in paint, and the attempt to make him such is a sort of historical proselytism.

Of course most of the letters begin "Dear Theo," and there are those who have made much of this, as they have made much of his last days with Gauguin before the breakdown. In the first place, Theo kept all his letters; they are the ones which survive. In the second place those who find "a struggle with suppressed homosexuality" in the love of men, brothers or not, united in work to which they are passionately devoted, need to stop reading books and go to work. Gauguin is a worse than worthless witness; the Van Gogh family have disdainfully omitted only his letters from the documents of this collection — and rightly so. Gauguin was that most despicable sort of Bohemian, the artist who sponges on other artists because he hasn't the courage to attempt the rich. Even professional panhandlers and pickpockets would rather starve than prey on their own kind. So such a person is always rotten with guilt, always backbiting and boasting, always trying to kick himself free from his benefactors. Van Gogh's kindly, wistful letters about Gauguin at Arles are far saner than Gauguin's own sickening self-justifications, which are, in fact, quite paranoiac and add up to the claim that he "taught Van Gogh to paint and it was too much for his simple brain to take."

We try to fit Van Gogh's objectives into our own, we try to assimilate his art to our own post-surrealist, post-existentialist aesthetics. It won't fit. He knew very well what he was doing, step by step. He is still a boy and at home, and has been writing Theo about the Barbizon peasant painters, Millet, Breton and the rest, and the Dutch painters of the working-class:

> Uncle Cor asked me today if I didn't like "Phryne" by Gerome. I told him I would rather see a homely woman by Israels or Millet, or an old woman by Edouard Frere: for what's the use of a beautiful body such as Phryne's?

Eventually, he was to discover that his evangelism was on the wrong track. He realized when he saw the brilliance of Impressionist painting that this was what he wanted. He wanted to do certain things with it and use it for certain purposes. At the height of his achievement during the last days at Arles he speaks again and again of carrying on the work of Monticelli and Brias, the painters of the Midi. Now what Monticelli, like Raffaelli and even Redon did, was to use the broken color of Impressionism for decorative rather than representational ends. Van Gogh knew exactly what he was doing. And for what ends? In a curious, unconscious way, he seems to have had a premonition of modern color reproduction. (As everybody knows, he was devoted to Japanese prints.) Although he and Theo had to think of selling the paintings to "rich Americans" (for a maximum of $125!), he always writes about them as if they were going straight from his easel to the walls of the simple people who sat for his portraits. And he had discovered that what these people wanted was not a somber, gnarled painting of a starving woman peeling rotten potatoes:

> I have just said to Gauguin about this picture (La Berceuse) that when he and I were talking about the fishermen of Iceland and of their mournful isolation, exposed to all dangers, alone on the sad sea — I have just said to Gauguin that following those intimate talks of ours came the idea to paint a picture in such a way that sailors, who are at once children and martyrs, seeing it in the cabin of their Icelandic fishing boat, would feel the old sense of being rocked come over them and remember their own lullabies. Now it may be that it is like a chromolithograph from a cheap shop. A woman in green with orange hair standing out against a background of green with pink flowers. Now these discordant sharps of crude pink, crude orange and crude green are softened by flats of red and green.

Overworked, undernourished, alcoholic — in those days at Arles, Van Gogh had exalted visions, but they were visions of the utter substantiality of the real. "This, Sir," said Sam Johnson to Boswell as he kicked the rock and solved once for all the Epistemological Dilemma, "is the ineluctable modality of the visible!" Chairs, tables, beds, pool tables, people, fields, trees, flowers, caught up in the simplest decorative patterns, naive, gaudy, but designed to bring a little peace and dignity and rest and even glory to people with the most ordinary tastes — like the Marriage at Cana and the Supper at Emaus. Dutch, pietistic, evangelical—the lay evangelism of ordinary reality.

An age that prides itself on its self-consciousness and "alienation" may judge Van Gogh to be a minor painter, a decorator, who produced glorified pin-ups for sailors' cabins, but there is no question about the letters. He was indisputably one of the very greatest letter writers who ever lived. You can't get so refined that you cannot recognize his collected letters as one of the major classics of the world's literature, another of the Hundred Best Books the man forgot to put on that list.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

WEEK by week a publishing year looks like chaos, but in retrospect the books of singular interest or permanent quality come readily forward. The problem is to remember which titles quickened interest or curiosity when first announced; hence this year-end survey.

Immediately below, the literary editor has picked from *The Nation* reviews of 1958 a small but considerably varied group of books that should capture a reader's interest and earn his gratitude (one or two books are included for which reviews are in hand but not yet published).

In the pages following, we print the customary choices by *Nation* contributors, a critical survey of the year's art books, a list of books published by *Nation* writers, and several groupings of paperbacks chosen with Christmas in mind. The roundup ends with a selection of records by the music critic.

The annual exchange of presents has become as hot and noisy a ritual as the Fourth of July picnic. We offer these checklists as a contribution to a Safe and Sane Christmas.

My Brother's Keeper. By Stanislaus Joyce. Viking. $5.
Sovereignty. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.
The Dark Sister. By Winfield Townley Scott. New York University Press. $3.95.
Life: An Introduction to Biology. By George Gaylord Simpson, Colin S. Pittendrigh, Lewis H. Tiffany. Harcourt, Brace. $10.
The Theatre of Robert Edmond Jones. Ralph Pendleton, editor. Wesleyan University Press. $12.50.
The Private World of Pablo Picasso. By David Douglas Duncan. Pocket Books. $1.50.
Life Plus 99 Years. By Nathan F. Leopold, Jr. Doubleday. $5.50.
The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats. Peter Allt and Russell K. Alspach, editors. Macmillan. $18.
Taine's Notes on England. Edward Hyams, translator. Essential Books. $6.
Before Noon. By Ramon J. Sender. University of New Mexico Press. $6.50.
The Letters of Emily Dickinson. Thomas H. Johnson, editor. Harvard University Press. 3 vols. $25.
Bitter Lemons. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.50.
The Sicilian Vespers. By Stephen Runciman. Cambridge University Press. $5.50.
The Ginger Man. By J. P. Donleavy. McDowell, Obolensky. $3.95.
Paterson V. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $3.
The Blockhouse. By Jean-Paul Clebert. Coward-McCann. $3.50.
The Affluent Society. By John Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin. $4.75.
Social Class and Mental Illness. By August B. Hollingshead and Frederick C. Redlich. Wiley. $7.50.
Exile and the Kingdom. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $3.50.
The Road to Wigan Pier. By George Orwell. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.
The King Must Die. By Mary Renault. Pantheon Books. $4.50.
Independent Man. The Life of Senator James Couzens. By Harry Barnard. Scribner's. $5.95.
The Letters of John Keats. Hyder E. Rollins, editor. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. $20.
Doctor Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon Books. $5.
The Loom of History. By Herbert J. Muller. Harper. $7.50.

Seamarks. By St.-John Perse. Pantheon Books. $6.
Brighter Than a Thousand Suns. By Robert Jungk. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
Bizet and His World. By Mina Curtiss. Knopf. $7.50.
Irrational Man. By William Barrett. Doubleday. $5.
Parktilden Village. By George P. Elliott. Arlington Books. $3.50.
The Most of S. J. Perelman. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.
The Voyages of Joshua Slocum. Walter M. Teller, editor. Rutgers University Press. $6.

Nelson Algren

My Face for the World to See. By Alfred Hayes. Harper. $3.
I Marry You. By John Ciardi. Rutgers University Press. $2.75.
New and Selected Poems. By Kenneth Fearing. Indiana University Press. $3.95.
Chicago: A Pictorial History. By Herman Kogan and Lloyd Wendt. Dutton. $6.95.

Kay Boyle

Safe Conduct: Autobiography and Other Writings. By Boris Pasternak. New Directions. $1.35 paper.
The Complete Letters of Vincent Van Gogh. New York Graphic Society. 3 vols. $50.
Mirrors and Windows. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. $2.75.

The Unnameable. By Samuel Beckett. Grove Press. $3.50 cloth; $1.45 paper.
Child of Our Time. By Michel del Castillo. Knopf. $3.75.

Harold Clurman

The Rediscovery of Man. By Waldo Frank. Braziller. $6.95.
Bizet and His World. By Mina Curtiss. Knopf. $7.50.
American Moderns. By Maxwell Geismar. Hill and Wang. $3.95 cloth; $1.95 paper.
Once Upon A City. By Grace Mayer. Photographs by Percy C. Byron. Macmillan and Museum of the City of New York. $15.
From a Writer's Notebook. By Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.

George Dangerfield

The Americans. By Daniel J. Boorstin. Random. $6.
Body of Waking. By Muriel Rukeyser. Harper. $3.50.
The Dehumanization of Art. By José Ortega y Gasset. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Carl Dreher

Purely Academic. By Stringfellow Barr. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.
Independent Man: The Life of Senator James Couzens. By Harry Barnard. Scribner's. $5.95.
Brighter Than a Thousand Suns. A Personal History of the Atomic Scientists. By Robert Jungk. Harcourt, Brace. $5.
The Private World of Pablo Picasso. By David Douglas Duncan. Pocket Books. $1.50.

Richard Eberhart

The Odyssey, A Modern Sequel. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Translated by Kimon Friar. Simon & Schuster. $10.
Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus. By André Gide. Translated by John Russell. Vintage Books. 95c.
Wallace Stevens, An Approach to His Poetry and Thought. By Robert Pack. Rutgers University Press. $4.50.
Goodbye Earth and Other Poems. By I. A. Richards. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

Horace Gregory

Selected Poems and New. By José Garcia Villa. McDowell, Obolensky. $5.
95 Poems. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace. $4.
Doctor Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon Books. $5.
Gate to the Sea. By Bryher. Pantheon Books. $2.75.
All That Fall. By Samuel Beckett. Grove Press. $2.50.

Harry Golden

Irrational Man. By William Barrett. Doubleday. $5.
They Gathered at the River. By Bernard Weisberger. Little, Brown. $5.
Craft and Character in Modern Fiction. By Morton Zabel. Viking. $4.75.
Promises — Poems 1954-1956. By Robert Penn Warren. Random. $3.
New England Saints. By Austin Warren. University of Michigan Press. $3.75.

Dilys Laing

Three Plays. By Eugene Ionesco. Grove Press. $1.75 paper.
Four Plays. By Eugene Ionesco. Grove Press. $1.75 paper.
The Hard Blue Sky. By Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf. $5.
Great Praises. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. $4.
Lolita. By Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam. $5.
Form and Value in Modern Poetry. By R. P. Blackmur. Doubleday. $1.25.

Eve Merriam

The Tower and the Abyss. By Eric Kahler. Braziller. $6.
Russia in Transition. By Isaac Deutscher. Coward-McCann. $4.50.
Poems of Gabriella Mistral. Translated by Langston Hughes. Indiana University Press. $3.
The Question. By Henri Alleg. Braziller. $2.95.

Common Sense of Science. By J. Bronowski. Harvard University Press. $2.
Four Plays. By Eugene Ionesco. Grove Press. $1.75 paper.

C. Wright Mills

The Greek Experience. By C. M. Bowra. World. $6.
A New History of the United States. By William Miller. Braziller. $5.
Doctor Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon Books. $5.
The Political Economy of Growth. By Paul A. Baran. Monthly Review Press. $5.
Sovereignty: An Inquiry Into the Political Good. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

Howard Nemerov

Words for the Wind. By Theodore Roethke. Doubleday. $4.
Selected Poems, 1928-1958. By Stanley Kunitz. Little, Brown. $3.75.
The Antiphon. By Djuna Barnes. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.50.
A Place to Stand. By David Wagoner. Indiana University Press. $2.75.
W. B. Yeats & Tradition. By F. A. C. Wilson. Macmillan. $5.

M. L. Rosenthal

Ovid: The Metamorphoses. Trans. by Horace Gregory. Viking. $7.50.
Paterson V. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $3.
Mirrows and Windows. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. $2.75.
Body of Waking. By Muriel Rukeyser. Harper. $3.50.
Selected Poems, 1928-1958. By Stanley Kunitz. Little, Brown. $3.75.
Overland to the Islands. By Denise Levertov. Jargon Books. $2.75.
Letters (Poems 1953-1956). By Robert Duncan. Jargon Books. $4.
Words for the Wind. By Theodore Roethke. Doubleday. $4.

May Sarton

Algeria, The Realities. By Germaine Tillion. Knopf. $3.
Gravity and Grace. By Simone Weil. Putnam's. $3.50.
Angry Harvest. By Hermann Field and Stanislaw Mierzenski. Crowell. $5.
Granite and Rainbow. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
Writers at Work. The Paris Review Interviews. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. $5.

David L. Stevenson

A Crackling of Thorns. By John Hollander. Yale University Press. $2.50.
Irrational Man. By William Barrett. Doubleday. $5.
Parktilden Village. By George Elliott. Arlington Books. $3.50.
Doctor Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon Books. $5.
Exile and the Kingdom. By Albert Camus. Knopf. $3.50.

Harvey Swados

The Greek Experience. By C. M. Bowra. World. $6.
Crazy in Berlin. By Thomas Berger. Scribner's. $4.75.
The Magic Barrel. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.75.
Doctor Zhivago. By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon Books. $5.
The Secret of Luca. By Ignazio Silone. Harper. $3.50.

David Thomson

The Organization Man. By William H. Whyte, Jr. Simon & Schuster. $5.
Sovereignty: An Inquiry Into the Political Good. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. University of Chicago Press. $4.50.
Cultural Foundations of Industrial Civilization. By John U. Nef. Cambridge University Press. $4.
Parkinson's Law or The Pursuit of Progress. By C. Northcote Parkinson. Houghton, Mifflin. $3.

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The Solar Barque. By Anais Nin. Prentice-Hall. $2.95.

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Dan Wakefield

Invitation to the Voyage. By Leslie Katz. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95.

Parktilden Village. By George P. Elliott. Arlington Books. $3.50.

A Cage of Spines (Poems). By May Swenson. Rinehart. $3.75.

Lorca: The Poet and His People. By Arturo Barea. Grove Press. $1.45.

The Causes of World War III. By C. Wright Mills. Simon & Schuster. $3.50 cloth; $1.50 paper.

Bernard Wolfe

Crazy in Berlin. By Thomas Berger. Scribner's. $4.75.

Trotzky's Diary in Exile: 1935. By Leon Trotzky. Harvard University Press. $4.

My Brother's Keeper. By Stanislaus Joyce. Viking. $5.

Memoirs of a Public Baby. By Philip O'Connor. British Book Centre. $4.

Color and Integrity: Art Books

Lincoln Kirstein

AN ENORMOUS and increasing number of art books, foreign and domestic, get themselves printed and sold. Many have color. Their tints and printing have less claim to accurate representation of the original work than any sounds for sale on LP, to say nothing of stereophonic recordings. Our ears are hungrier than our eyes. Most color is so shameless that one wonders if it is *ever* useful, except to salesmen. Even in the jet age, Louvre, Prado, Brera are a long way off. Who can compare a reproduction with an original? We don't have miniature scores in front of us; you can't equate the four-color process with Hi Fi. Fruity palettes, blurred registers, any-old inking smothered under high varnish is what you can bet on getting. Few care as long as there is full color. But if you have a conscience about true color, look twice. In most books, the color is a schematic, token map to be translated. *Life's* art surveys tenderized a big public to accept mass-printing as representative of the objects photographed. The argument is that color, on a big scale, is better than nothing. Is it? It is never a substitute for the surface, texture or quality of any painting done before the last century. As for modern art, we have Braque's famous last-words when the editor of the Museum of Modern·Art's monograph apologized for a certain plate: "After all, I *might* have painted it like that." A simple test is to take along monographs on Van Gogh, Picasso or Rembrandt the next time you go to the museum; often an exact comparison will be given. Then decide whether, in principle, it is not better to buy black-and-white, if the scale of reproduction is large enough and the range of tones sensitive enough to service details. Don't fall for the machine-fed, tipped-in, heavy-paper traps simply because they are Swiss, French or German manufactured. European presswork used to be better than ours, but the printers over there have recently learned all the horrid American tricks. There are enough fine monographs on rare and familiar artists, with good photographs which tell the truth as far as they can about an artist's talent; don't waste money on show-card color.

A GUIDE TO THE ART MUSEUMS OF NEW ENGLAND. By S. Lane Faison, Jr. 405 illustrations. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 270 pp. $5.

The Chairman of the Department of Art at Williams gives us a guide that is a paragon of lively taste and rational exposition; a delight to see and hold. Taking the six states in order, he not only uncovers unfamiliar beauties, but annotates known masterpieces with deft information. Not the least surprising are the new Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute in Williamstown and the pretty collections of the Rhode Island School of Design. A perfect handbook, neat, compact and appetizing; complete maps with route-numbers, lists of additional places of interest and a good index. Not since the WPA regional guides has there been such a facility. How wonderful if every section of the country were so served.

HORIZON: A Magazine of the Arts. Bimonthly. $18 (annually).

This substantial, hard-bound book was "reviewed" in these pages [August 30, 1958] before its appearance. Nevertheless, it is only fair to greet baby, now that he's born. It is certainly no worse printed than *Life* or *Art News* for whose combined circulation it seems to be published; but alas, its letterpress eagerly fulfills *The Nation's* dreariest prediction. We start with Keats on Chapman's Homer. Surprise after surprise; the opening article is "Why Men Seek Adventure," followed by "The Golden Age of the Dutch Republic"; O.K., but is it art? Then *Time*-type think-piece on beatniks ("Howl" quoted and cleaned up, thank *goodness).* Worth the price of admission (almost) is a publicity-photo of Elvis Presley being congratulated by a mirror-monster which seems to be himself 300 pounds heavier, twenty years later, on his 16 millionth record-sale. Nature-photos illustrate a Great Book. Which Great Book? You're right: Genesis. Nice balloons, in color. Volume 2: Nice knights, in armor; capsulated Malraux; Stately Homes of England; G. B. Shaw; "comic" family-album. But *Horizon* makes its bleak and oblique commentary on this kind of shiny American publishing. As far as ideas and literary standards go, the best-edited mass magazine in the United States today is probably *Esquire.* Its sharp journalism and restless editorial acumen make *Horizon* look shier, sillier, slicker and shabbier than it may prove to be.

GRUNEWALD. By Nikolaus Pevsner and Michael Meier. 117 Photogravure and 26 color plates. Harry N. Abrams, Inc. 143 pp. $15.

"The purpose of this book is to introduce the English-speaking public to one of the greatest masters of European painting, to the greatest painter Germany has produced, and one whose fame, in spite of that, goes back even in Germany no more than fifty years." The extreme concentration of tension, terror and expressiveness in Grünewald has abruptly made him for our generation a kind of Van Gogh *avant la lettre.* This book provides a generous supply of drawings and details of paintings in gravure; without comparing color with the originals, detail sections seem far more convincing than the reduced entire panels. The text is brief, but little is known of this magnificent, harsh master. Look at this book before getting the many fat and facile books on the contemporary German Expressionists. By the terrible penetration of his Apocalyptic authority, his clairvoyant dissection and startling skill, Grünewald makes the Noldes, Kirchners, Beckmanns, Kokoschkas seem self-pitiful, weak, fragmented and un-done. There is a full critical apparatus and bibliography.

MODIGLIANI: Man and Myth. By Jeanne Modigliani. Translated from the Italian by Esther Rowland Clifford. 153 illustrations, 16 in full color. The Orion Press; distributed by Crown Publishers. 116 pp. $7.50.

This brief study, by a daughter who never knew her father, has the advantage of family documents, letters and photos. Scarcely professional, it is touching because of the author's devoted search for absolute "truth" about influences, drugs and alcohol. Modigliani, a myth even in his own time, appears here as a photographic negative, exact, but undeveloped. The writer's sole skill is earnestness; her artistic background, apart from friends and teachers of the artist, is barely amateur. There is a short bibliography, no index; locations are given for some works, omitted for others. Yet for anyone attracted by Modigliani's charming talent, the book has value.

THE SCULPTURE OF AFRICA. By Eliot Elisofon. Text by William Fagg. Preface by Ralph Linton. Design by Bernard Quint. Frederick A. Praeger. 256 pp. $15.

The distinguished *Life* photographer, himself a painter, has collected 405 marvelous examples of carving and metalwork. The big format, clear organization of materials according to region (this avoids the confusion which the layman is otherwise apt to feel when faced with a superficial similarity of styles), the sensible commentary, maps and quality of reproduction make it a treasure. However, the designer has seen fit in most cases to lift the objects from their photographic fields. While the contrast of black against white is thus rendered more glaring, all delicacy of silhouette is lost wherever the retoucher has had to work. Big forms are inevitably traduced; even edges disappear when reflections of light are close to the value of the page upon which they are imposed, which is not true when materials are shown against the neutral photographic background tone.

ATLAS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIAN WORLD. By F. Van der Meer and Christine Mohrman. Translated and edited by Mary F. Hedlund and H. H. Rowley. Thomas Nelson. 215 pp. $15.

One of the most beautiful, absorbing and brilliantly presented books of recent years. A visual survey of the geography, history, art, archaeology, iconography and theology of the vast Roman world as it became Christian, offered in a degree of detail that has never been attempted before. The fine quality of the Dutch-printed maps in color, the sharp gravure reproductions of excellent photographs and the splendid over-all organization of text and sequence of illustrations combine to give a superb panorama of the roots of all Western architecture, painting, sculpture and philosophy. This is a triumph of humanistic studies, a treasury of important unfamiliar information and a simple delight.

THE PROUD POSSESSORS: The Lives, Times and Tastes of Some Adventurous American Art Collectors. By Aline B. Saarinen. Random House. 423 pp. $5.95.

A gossipy breeze through the making of some important and unimportant native collections, determined as much by a personality's accessibility to anecdote as by his residual contribution to the public treasure, or any depth-analysis of taste or society. Judgments of quality reflect today's art-mart. W. R. Hearst is excommunicated as a compulsive agglomerator, but certainly the Valladolid grill and the Attic vases (bought as a boy) at the Metropolitan, the mere mass of San Simeon amount to more than the amiable enthusiasms of Edward Root or Thomas Gilcrease. The material on Freer, the Orientalist, is unfamiliar, and much valuable information is scattered throughout. Barnes, Mellon, Kress, Widener are covered in passing, but Mrs. Webb and Mr. Hirschorn are given the full treatment. We end with Peggy Guggenheim and the Rockefellers. No mention of Walter Baker or Grenville Winthrop. This work, and Russell Lynes's *The Taste Makers*, haphazardly formularize, domesticate and categorize enthusiasm, suggesting that innocent snobbery or smug caprice can be equated with shrewd speculative instincts. This gives some sense of the pride, rarely of the profound pleasure in possession. Yet love of particular objects moved these persons.

MASTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Edited and with an introduction by Beaumont and Nancy Newhall. George Braziller, Inc. 192 pp. $12.50.

The Curators of George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, our chief source of photographic materials, have here filed the pictures which always crop up in the surveys and exhibitions, but which are good enough to be gathered in one volume and in so large a format. Much missed are Berenice Abbott's

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NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

urban views, Clarence Laughlin's evocations of the Faulkner country, Brassai's quais and Eugene Smith's war. Nor does the mysterious inclusion of Dorothea Lange or Erich Salomon compensate in any degree. Reproductions are halftone; one must assume they are the best you can do for the money, but look at the Paul Strand section: half the clarity and all the depth are fogged by ordinary commercial printing. Such reproduction removes much of the residual impact from photographs—which are at best but microsections of time, studies of texture or superior journalism. Only a tiny part of the gross mass of clicked shots stays in memory or adds up to "art." Still and all, people pay for cameras and the pictures they take, and prefer them to books on painting. This is probably their book for the season.

USSR: Early Russian Icons. Preface by Igor Grabar. Texts by Victor Lazareff and Otto Demus. *MEXICO*: Pre-Hispanic Paintings. Preface by Jacques Soustelle. Introduction by Ignacio Bernal. The New York Graphic Society for UNESCO. $18 each.

EACH OF these elephant-folios contains thirty-two carefully printed plates with good texts. They are ninth and tenth in a series already honoring India, Egypt, Australia, Yugoslavia, Norway, Iran, Spain and Ceylon. Japan, Czechoslovakia and Greece will soon follow. A distinction in value may be made between reproductions which are essentially mural detail (Norway, Spain, Mexico) and those which approximate the original size of paintings (Persian miniatures and Russian icons). In the case of Mexico, it might have been more useful if the objects chosen had been codex-pages, painted cups, colored clay figures and metal work which would have been well accommodated by the format. The big mural details are monotonous; one example could have represented the category, since so few plates can be afforded.

On the other hand, the Russian icons are glorious and seem to contain the grace and power of the original. Gold is by no means solved, but the over-all glow is equalized, consistent and without varnish. As mythic image they make a grave and steady world which floats over our grosser Western concepts of the same stories, like a choir of unaccompanied male voices in frosty air.

THE PRAEGER PICTURE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ART. A comprehensive survey of painting, sculpture, architecture and crafts, their methods, styles and technical terms, from the earliest times to the present day. 192 plates in full color and 416 illustrations in monochrome. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. 584 pp. $17.50.

Ostensibly "a venture in international publishing," this book is firmly German in orientation. Except for a token treatment of Spain, America and the Orient, the world is served in detail chiefly by cataloguing provincial German churches and masters, and even the assigned names of Greek vase-painters in German collections. For a one-volume compendium admitting at the outset that "It is difficult to define art in a single sentence," it doubtless does as well as the French and American equivalents with their own native bias. Nomenclature (glyptic for plastic; confraternity for guild-system; stucco-lustro for itself) seems oddish to us. The one-page precis of stage design comes under Architecture, has three misspellings of proper names, mentions three recent German and one English designer, none outstanding. This project started out generously and subsided from lack of editorial rigor and energy.

KLEE. By G. di San Lazzaro; *VAN GOGH*. By Frank Elgar; *PICASSO*. By Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc. $5.75 each.

THESE three neat, small books go some way toward proving the author of the note at the top of this review a liar. Texts were printed in Britain, color-plates in Switzerland; much care was shown in the accuracy of the master color-transparencies, at least in the case of the few pictures one thinks one really knows. Black-and-whites, particularly of drawings, are clean, delicate and tell a lot. All the texts are modest, attractive, informative. An improved photo-offset process is used. There is blessedly no glazing, except on the jackets, so the surfaces seem closer to paint-on-canvas. Naturally such extreme reduction blots out any sense of raised-surface impasto, but even with the miniature page-size a great deal is given to freshen memory and make one wish for more. Ten years ago such books would have seemed expensive; now they are almost bargains.

The Paupers

(From the Italian of Rocco Scotellaro)

How nice being paupers at Christmas
because then the rich are good;
how nice is the crèche at Christmas,
having the lamb
in the midst of lions.

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

THE BELLES HEURES OF JEAN, DUKE OF BERRY, PRINCE OF FRANCE. Introduction by James Rorimer; description of the plates by Margaret Freeman. Metropolitan Museum of Art. 32 pp. $4.75.

NO MORE beautiful book exists for holiday giving than this exquisite volume prepared by the Directors of the Metropolitan Museum and its Cloisters. The thirty-four color plates, carefully printed by Draeger in Paris, who sent technicians here to supervise three years of work, are models of luminosity; gold is discreet, but it really glows. Immaculately bound in what looks and feels like vellum, crisply stamped in gold, inexpensive to the point of charity for what you get, this book is a small but exact fragment of the great treasury of the Cloisters. This museum has sponsored only two books, but what books! A smaller missal appeared last year in an equally precious edition, but it is almost monochromatic and quite tiny. This present glorious manuscript, completed by the brothers Limbourg before 1413, contains page after page of wonderful painting in perfect condition. Most memorable are facing pages of the Crucifixion at midnight, and the Deposition in full sunlight. But every page is a marvel.

DALI: A Study of His Life and Work. Text by A. Reynolds Morse. 17 illustrations in color, 98 in gravure. New York Graphic Society. 96 pp. $15.

THIS book is fourteen inches square, the gravure good, the color gorgeous technicolor. A depressing example of galloping inflation: the compulsive industry of a sizable talent, masterful manipulation by a shrewd cookie, unusually generous patronage in publication, that is the whole story of a one-man mass-movement full in the face of contemporary taste. One longs for a Knight in Shining Armor to demolish the permissive clamor of abstract-expressionism — and ends up preferring blobs, dribbles and innocent muck to the unseemly slickness of this canny vulgarian. His ferocious fingers can delineate anything and everything, but it ends as a bad joke; every form is a licked porcelain eggshell; the medium seems to be saliva. As for the ideas; words fail. A stale salad of Freud, nuclear science-fiction, neo-Platonism and Catholic mysticism, but horrid. Occasionally a loaf of bread or some dead fish turns up, realized in a desperate attempt at integrity, as if admonished by the specter of Vermeer. Book and talent: both wastes. Transcendent vulgarity pitched up to a pitiful shrillness.

HEADS, FIGURES AND IDEAS. By Henry Moore. With a comment by Geoffrey Grigson. New York Graphic Society. 64 pp. $30.

THIS huge book, nineteen by thirteen and a half inches, is extremely well printed and prepared, reproduces loose drawings in wash, some color, pencil and ink. Moore has just placed his heroic figure before the new UNESCO Paris headquarters; some of the studies refer to it. While they rarely compare to the sketch-books of the London Underground bomb-shelters that first made Moore famous, either for mystery or mastery, there is always something touching about a good artist's first notion for big work.

He agonizes toward precision. There is the predestined failure to realize intense but vague ideals. On one handsome page, underscored in a flash of bright yellow chalk: "Don't forget dreams about UNESCO sculpture." Under a photo clipping of an 18th dynasty Egyptian head, this naked self-knowledge: "I would give everything if I could get into my sculpture the same amount of humanity & seriousness; nobility & experience, acceptance (of life), distinction and aristocracy. (With) absolutely no tricks, no affection, . . . looking straight ahead, no movement, but (more) alive than a real person." Henry Moore is one of the last to wrestle with the ancient terror of cut-stone to mean a human figure. Crag-like, he persists against the welders and junk-collectors, those commercial graphic artists who doodle portentous abstract calligraphy in spare parts. One cannot fail to salute his struggle, though it be lost. This is a sad, noble and penetrating autobiographical fragment, reconstructing the quality of a man's talent and contribution.

CARPACCIO. Biographical & Critical Study. By Terisio Pignatti. Skira. 107 pp. $5.75.

AT such a modest price it is fine to get fifty-four plates, no matter how tiny or shiny, of this great artist. Carpaccio was a master muralist; he gave his full vision of Venice as serene spectacle, in which the world's citizens performed their orderly business under a benevolent Adriatic aureole. All existence was grave pageantry and human life played itself out in the perpetual balance of natural order. It is a fairy-tale, but the mellow glory of the vision with barely a mystical edge, sparkling in the permanently fading aura of late-afternoon, is one of the most convincing creations of the Renaissance. Small hint of the size or surfaces of the original is given. Nevertheless, the images are so splendid that one is grateful for any modest memory-aid, of which this book is one.

CLAUDE MONET. Introduction and Conclusion. By Leon Degand. Historical and Critical Study by Denis Rouart. Skira. 114 pp. $5.75.

THIS small work, some seven inches square, has fifty tipped-in color plates of sharpness and brilliance on coated stock. Although the scale is miniature and reduction dims the impact of the larger compositions, there is much value in the text and arrangement of illustrations, granting the post-card size. They are better than most museum post-cards. It is good to have, in a single folding sequence, the four different times of day of the Amiens Cathedral series. Monet, from the accident that his enormous late canvases are similar to recent abstract-expressionist work, has recently enjoyed a startling re-appraisal. Such forced identification by painters and dealers is suspect. Monet suffered from double-cataract; his vast lily-ponds were no abrupt innovation but the final fulfillment of his life-long passion for the exactness of transient light in open air. When his vision became clouded he freed himself onto the broader surfaces, but this was not a case of self-indulgent improvisation. He was Impressionist to the end.

FLEMISH PAINTING FROM BOSCH TO RUBENS. Texts by Jacques Lassaigne and Robert Delevoy. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Skira. 193 pp. $25.

THIS big volume, in the series "Painting: Color: History," is the second of three devoted to the Low Countries from Van Eyck to Van Gogh. It embodies a superior choice of individual examples; reproductions represent the best to be had. In the case of these particular works, painted in glazes, with polished surfaces, there is even a certain gain from shiny paper. Details from Bosch and Breughel are well cut from their matrix. There is a large proportion of unfamiliar paintings, yet one would not guess here that Van Dyck was a great artist, except for the Charles I. Certainly the room in Washington has six pictures superior to the two included, from German museums. Text is comprehensive; the book is heavy, awkward to hold and read, but there is much to it. Would it be impractical to print texts in small handbooks and keep plates separately in a portfolio? For the present, and short of a trip to Flanders, this is probably as good a compromise as you can get.

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Books by *Nation* Contributors

Listed below are the books published in 1958 by writers whose work also appeared in *The Nation* in that year. It is compiled as a service to readers and contributors, and indirectly as a tribute to ourselves as editors. Its impressive scope is correlated, we believe, with the authority and vitality of the material published in the magazine.

For the record, we include books published in England. Readers interested in such titles can order them through their book dealers.

Harry S. Ashmore. *Epitaph for Dixie.* Norton. $3.50.

E. Digby Baltzell. *Philadelphia Gentlemen:* The Making of a National Upper Class. Free Press. $5.75.

Harry Barnard. *Independent Man:* The Life of Senator James Couzens. Scribner's. $5.95.

Stringfellow Barr. *Purely Academic.* Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

Geoffrey Barraclough. *Facsimiles of Early Cheshire Charters.* Blackwell. 60/.

Carleton Beals. *John Eliot:* The Man Who Loved the Indians. Juvenile. Messner. $2.95.
House in Mexico. Hastings. $4.50.

Joseph Bensman (with Arthur J. Vidich). *Small Town in Mass Society:* Class Power and Religion in a Rural Community. Princeton. $6.

William R. Bittner. *The Novels of Waldo Frank.* Pennsylvania. $5.

Kay Boyle. *Three Short Novels.* Beacon. $1.60.

Richard Chase. *The Democratic Vista:* A Dialogue on Life and Letters in Contemporary America. Doubleday. $3.95.

Richard Church. *Small Moments.* Dutton. $5.

John Ciardi. *I Marry You.* Rutgers. $2.75.

Louis O. Coxe. *The Wilderness and Other Poems.* Minnesota. $2.75.

Mina Curtiss. *Bizet and His World.* Knopf. $7.50.

Alexander DeConde. *Entangling Alliance:* Politics and Diplomacy Under George Washington. Duke. $7.50.

Lawrence Durrell. *Balthazar.* Dutton. $3.50.
White Eagles Over Siberia. Criterion. $3.
Bitter Lemons. Dutton. $3.50.
Sappho: A Verse Play. Dutton. $3.50.

Kermit Eby. *For Brethren Only.* Brethren Press. $3.

Richard Elman. *A Coat for the Tsar.* Texas. $2.50.

James T. Farrell. *It Has Come To Pass.* Theodor Herzl Press. $4.50.

Charles A. Fenton. *Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway:* The Early Years. Viking. $1.45.
Stephen Vincent Benet: A Biography. Yale. $4.50.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti. *A Coney Island of the Mind.* New Directions. $1.

Waldo Frank. *The Rediscovery of Man.* A Memoir of a Methodology of Modern Life. Braziller. $6.95.
Complete Poems of Hart Crane. Waldo Frank, editor. Doubleday. 95c.

Walker Gibson. *Come As You Are.* Hastings. $2.75.

Harry Golden. *Only in America.* World. $4.

Horace Gregory. *Ovid's Metamorphoses.* Viking. $7.50.
Amy Lowell: Portrait of the Poet in Her Time. Nelson. $5.

Ralph Gustafson, editor. *Penguin Book of Canadian Verse.* Penguin. 85c.

Donald Hall. *The Dark Houses.* Viking. $3.

Errol E. Harris. *Revelation Through Reason.* Yale. $4.50.

Irving Howe (with Lewis Coser). *The American Communist Party:* A Critical History, 1919-1957. Beacon. $6.75.

Elizabeth Jennings. *A Sense of the World.* Andre Deutsch. 10/6.

Paul Johnson. *Journey into Chaos.* McGibbon & Kee. 15/.

Walter Kaufmann. *Critique of Religion and Philosophy.* Harper. $5.

John Keats. *The Insolent Chariots.* Lippincott. $3.95.

Alexander Laing. *The Sea Witch.* Anniversary Edition. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $4.50.

Earl Latham, editor. *The Philosophy and Policies of Woodrow Wilson.* Chicago. $5.

Joseph R. Levenson. *Confucian China and Its Modern Fate:* The Problem of Intellectual Continuity. California. $5.

Denise Levertov. *Overland to the Islands.* Jonathan Williams. $2.75.
Five Poems. White Rabbit Press. 25c.

Grover Lewis. *Wait for Morning, Child.* Samuel French. 50c.

Walter Lowenfels. *American Voices.* Roving Eye Press. $2.50.

J. S. Manifold. *The Violin, the Banjo and the Bones.* An Essay on the Instruments of Bush Music. Ram's Skull Press. 10/.

Eve Merriam. *The Double Bed.* Cameron. $3.50.

Walter Millis. *Arms and the State.* Twentieth Century Fund. $4.

Marian Murray. *Children of the Big Top.* Juvenile. Little, Brown. $3.50.

Leonard Nathan. *Western Reaches.* Talisman. $2.25.

Howard Nemerov. *Mirrors and Windows.* Chicago. $2.75.

Linus Pauling. *No More War!* Dodd, Mead. $3.50.

Richard S. Peters. *The Concept of Motivation.* Routledge and Kegan Paul. 14/.

Kenneth Rexroth. *100 Poems from the Greek and Latin.* Jonathan Williams. $4.

W. Kenneth Richmond. *The English Disease:* A Study in Despondency. Alvin Redman. 12/6.
Wild Venture. Geoffrey Bles. 21/.

Anthony Sampson. *Treason Cage:* The Opposition on Trial in South Africa. Heinemann. 21/.

Winfield Townley Scott. *The Dark Sister.* New York University Press. $3.95.

Ernest J. Simmons. *Russian Fiction and Soviet Ideology.* Introduction to Fedin, Leonov, and Sholokhov. Columbia. $4.75.

George Gaylord Simpson. *Behavior and Evolution.* Edited and with chapters by Anne Roe and George Gaylord Simpson. Yale. $10.

C. P. Snow. *The Conscience of the Rich.* Scribner's. $3.95.
The Search. Scribner's. $3.95.

Edgar Snow. *Journey to the Beginning.* Random House. $5.

Francis Sparshott. *An Enquiry into Goodness.* Chicago. $5.50.

David Spitz. *Democracy and the Challenge of Power.* Columbia. $5.

Adrien Stoutenburg. *Wild Animals of the Far West.* Juvenile. Parnassus. $3.75.
Wild Treasure (with Laura Nelson Baker). Juvenile. Scribner's. $2.95.
Honeymoon. Westminster Press. $2.95.

May Swenson. *A Cage of Spines: Poems.* Rinehart. $3.75.

Mark Van Doren. *Don Quixote's Profession.* Columbia. $2.50.
Autobiography of Mark Van Doren. Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.

Alexander Werth. *Lost Statesman:* The Strange History of Pierre Mendès-France. Abelard-Schuman. $5.

William Carlos Williams. *Paterson V.* New Directions. $3.

Edmund Wilson. *American Earthquake.* Doubleday. $6.

Louis Zukofsky. *Barely and Widely.* Cecilia Zukofsky. $5.
5 Statements for Poetry. San Francisco State College. $1.75.

From *The Nation:*

The material in the following 1958 books was first published, wholly or in substantial parts, in *The Nation:*

James Agee. *On Film.* Collected reviews. McDowell, Obolensky. $6.

Harold Clurman. *Lies Like Truth.* Collected reviews. Macmillan. $6.

Fred J. Cook. *The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss.* William Morrow. $3.50.

C. Wright Mills. *The Causes of World War III.* Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

From the Nobel Winners

Safe Conduct: An Autobiography and Other Writings (originally *Selected Writings;* New Directions, $1.35) and *The Last Summer,* now first translated (in *Noonday 1,* Noonday, $1.25) by Boris Pasternak are "concerned not with man but with the image of man." The writer remains stationary, and the world passes the window of his railway carriage. Pasternak loves movement and space and their lapidary recreation, like reflections in a carafe, and his pictures strike the eye more sharply than ordinary actuality.

Safe Conduct ends with the suicide of Pasternak's friend Mayakovsky in 1930; the novelette *The Last Summer* presents a dream of 1914. Both are nonpolitical but by official standards insidiously nostalgic and individualistic. The latter is in the first issue of a handsome, promising semi-annual which also includes work by Karl Jaspers, Ernst Juenger, William Earle and I. B. Singer.

The Selected Writings of Juan Ramón Jiménez (Evergreen, $1.75), sensitive translations by H. R. Hays with a good introduction by Eugenio Florit, shows Jiménez's development through an ornate "modernism" to a more subjective poetry in verse and prose, with the mystic's faculty of nuzzling the world and discovering the idea.

African Notebook by Albert Schweitzer (Indiana-Midland, $1.25; cloth, $3). Equatorial West Africa before the First World War plus gently humorous, humane, characterizing anecdotes from Schweitzer's experiences. Photographs.

The Animal World of Albert Schweitzer, Charles R. Joy, editor (Beacon, $1.75). An illuminating introduction

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and selections from Schweitzer's publications showing his relations with animals, his judgment of Indian, Chinese and Western ethics, and his doctrine of reverence for life. Drawings; photographs.

From Artists, on Society

Conversations with Casals, spontaneous exchanges on every subject with his friend J. Ma. Corredor (Everyman, $1.35), reveal him (he so described Theodore Roosevelt) as "a man bursting with strength, vitality and sympathy."

Lorca: The Poet and His People by Arturo Barea (Evergreen, $1.45) is a sympathetic, brilliant analysis of poems and plays by Lorca, the Falangists' victim, as spokesman for his people and of his Spanish *duende*.

The Goncourt Journals 1851-1870, Lewis Galantière, editor (Anchor, $1.25). A good selection of the brothers' vivid sketches and anecdotes which show Parisian society and the arts of the Second Empire.

Paul Gauguin's Intimate Journals (Indiana-Midland, $1.95; cloth, $3.95). Complaints against the establishment, corrupted religion and government; stories and appreciations of Van Gogh, Degas; reflections, whims, in all a moving self-revelation. Illustrated.

The Social History of Art by Arnold Hauser (Vintage, 4 vols., $1.25 ea.). A provocative, learned investigation of the mutual influences of society and the various arts from pre-history to the films, necessarily inclined to generalizing, but agile and incisive. Excellent design includes many offset illustrations.

From Older Rebels

Don Juan by Lord Byron, Leslie A. Marchand, editor (Riverside Editions, $1.25) reprints the whole mélange, "strong, lascivious, fierce, laughing," in which Byron exuberantly disrobes European and English society, satirizes its abuses and punctures many reputations.

Thoreau by Henry Seidel Canby (Beacon, $2.75) stresses the great transcendentalist's sexual repressions, his mastery of the individual sentence and the antiseptic quality of his ideas for industrialized, urbanized man.

Martin Eden by Jack London (Dell, 50c), a flamboyant semi-autobiographical novel, shows Eden bungling with the social, economic and scientific problems around 1900 and struggling to become a writer.

From Students of Politics

Political Theories of the Middle Ages by Otto Gierke (Beacon, $1.95) is the classic account of the medieval debates through which such significant concepts as monarchy, popular sovereignty, representation and legal personality were prepared for their dominating roles in the modern political scene. F. W. Maitland's introduction is of value almost equal with the text.

The Mysterious Science of the Law by Daniel J. Boorstin (Beacon, $1.95) is an absorbing account of how Sir William Blackstone took the social conditions and intellectual opinions of eighteenth-century England and so persuasively embodied them in his *Commentaries on the Laws of England* that they still exert an influence on Anglo-American legal theory and practice.

Autobiography and Other Writings by Benjamin Franklin, Russel B. Nye, editor (Riverside Editions, 75c). The authoritative Farrand text plus a whiff of shorter pieces, gay, pragmatic and reasonable.

From the Old China

Chinese Civilization by Marcel Granet (Meridian, $1.95) meticulously analyzes the bases and traces the evolution of classical Chinese social and political traditions and institutions through the Han Dynasty (202 B.C.-220 A.D.).

A History of Chinese Literature by Herbert A. Giles (Evergreen, $2.95; cloth, $4.75), a pioneering study rich in extracts and summaries, traces the interrelations of literature and civilization from Confucius to the late Manchus.

Monkey by Wu Ch'êng-ên, Arthur Waley, translator (Evergreen, $1.75; cloth, $3.50). Delightfully humorous allegorical novel of the sixteenth century; irreverent, droll and zestful.

Dream of the Red Chamber by Tsao Hsueh-chin, translated and adapted by Chi-Chen Wang (Anchor, $1.25). The great eighteenth-century novel of manners reduced to manageable size.

Yuan Mei: Eighteenth Century Chinese Poet by Arthur Waley (Evergreen, $1.75) recounts his life and literary conditions of his time and provides extensive translations.

From the Kitchen

The Art of French Cooking by Fernande Garvin (Bantam, 35c). Not *grande cuisine* but abundance and variety of authentic dishes manageable at home. Also *The Art of Italian Cooking* by Maria Lo Pinto (Bantam, 35c).

The Modern Meat Cookbook by Jeannette Frank (Dell, 50c). How to select, cook and serve meat, including poultry and game.

The Art of Barbecue and Outdoor Cooking by Tested Recipe Institute (Bantam, 50c). Not true barbecue but useful for grills and rotisseries.

For the Young

Tales of the Greek Heroes and *The*

Tale of Troy by Roger Lancelyn Green (Puffin, 85c ea.). Sound eclectic accounts of the heroic age in rapid style, good for reading aloud or for older children.

Kidnapped by Robert Louis Stevenson (Pocket Library, 35c). One of a series well designed for secondary school ages.

Puppets by Gordon Murray and Tony Hart (Puffin, 85c). Ingenious patterns and directions for making inexpensive puppets, a stage and one's own skits. Requires sustained interest.

A Puffin Quartet of Poets, Eleanor Graham, editor (Puffin, 65c). Selections from Eleanor Farjeon, James Reeves, E. V. Rieu and Ian Serraillier, sometimes forced but varied and often whimsical and graceful. Early 'teens.

From the Novelists

Decline and Fall by Evelyn Waugh (Universal, $1.25). *The Horse's Mouth* by Joyce Carey (Universal, $1.25). *The Power and the Glory* by Graham Greene (Compass Books, $1.25). *Two Legends: Oedipus and Theseus* by André Gide (Vintage, 95c). *Confessions of Z* by Italo Svevo (Vintage, $1.25). *The Trees* (35c), *The Fields* (35c) and *The Town* (50c) by Conrad Richter (Bantam).

RECORDS of the YEAR

Lester Trimble

The following records have been of special interest among the year's new issues. In the case of works from the standard repertory, criteria have been authenticity of performance and superiority of recording techniques. With contemporary works, the quality of the music itself has been considered, in addition to the excellence of performance and recording.

BACH: *Magnificat in D:* Soloists, choir and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Felix Prohaska, conductor. Vanguard Bach Guild BG-555. *The Art of the Harpsichord: (Partita No. 2 in C Minor; Capriccio on the Departure of His Beloved Brother; Fantasia in C Minor;* J. K. F. Fischer's *Passacaglia in D Minor)* Wanda Landowska, harpsichordist. RCA Victor LM-2194.

BARTOK: *Six String Quartets* (complete): Parennin Quartet. Westminster XWN-18531-3. *Concerto for Orchestra:* Ferenc Fricsay and Berlin Radio Symphony. Decca DL-9951 *Five Songs, Op. 15* (with six songs from Hungarian Folk Music, Kodály): Lázló Magda, soprano; Leonid Hambro, piano. Bartók Records BR-927 (obtainable by mail order).

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5* (with Mozart: *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik):* Karl Böhm and Berlin Philharmonic. Decca DL-9942. *Symphony No. 5* (with Schubert "Unfinished" Symphony): Felix Prohaska and Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Vanguard SRV-106. *String Quartet, Op. 135* (with *Grosse Fuge*): Barylli Quartet. Westminster XWN-18642. *String Quartet, Op. 74*: Barylli Quartet. Westminster XWN-18637. *Sonatas for Violin and Piano Nos. 1, 4, 5:* Arthur Grumiaux, violin; Clara Haskil, piano. Epic LC-3400.

BRAHMS: *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra:* Yehudi Menuhin, violin; Rudolph Kempe and Berlin Philharmonic. Capitol PAO-8410. *Symphony No. 3* (with *Tragic Overture):* Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM-2209. *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra No. 1:* Leon Fleisher, piano; George Szell and Cleveland Symphony Orch. Epic LC-3484. *Quintets for Strings Nos. 1 and 2:* Walter Trampler, viola, with Budapest String Quartet. Columbia ML-5281. *Magelone Lieder:* Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Joerg Demus, piano. Decca DL-9401.

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 4, "Romantic":* Eugen Jochum and the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio (with *Symphony No. 7*: Eugen Jochum and the Berlin Philharmonic). 3 discs: Decca DXE-146.

DEBUSSY: *Sonata No. 1* for 'cello and piano (with Schumann *Fantasiestücke* Op. 73, and Mendelssohn Sonata No. 2): Aldo Parisot, 'cello; Leopold Mittman, piano. Overtone 16.

DELIUS: *Brigg Fair; A Song Before Sunrise; Marche Caprice; On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring; Summer Night on the River; Sleigh Ride; Fennimore and Gerda; Intermezzo.* Sir Thomas Beecham and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. EMI-Capitol G-7111.

DVORAK: *Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra, Op. 104:* Mstislav Rostropovich, 'cello; Sir Adrian Boult and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. EMI-Capitol G-7109.

HAYDN: *String Quartets Nos. 1-6:*

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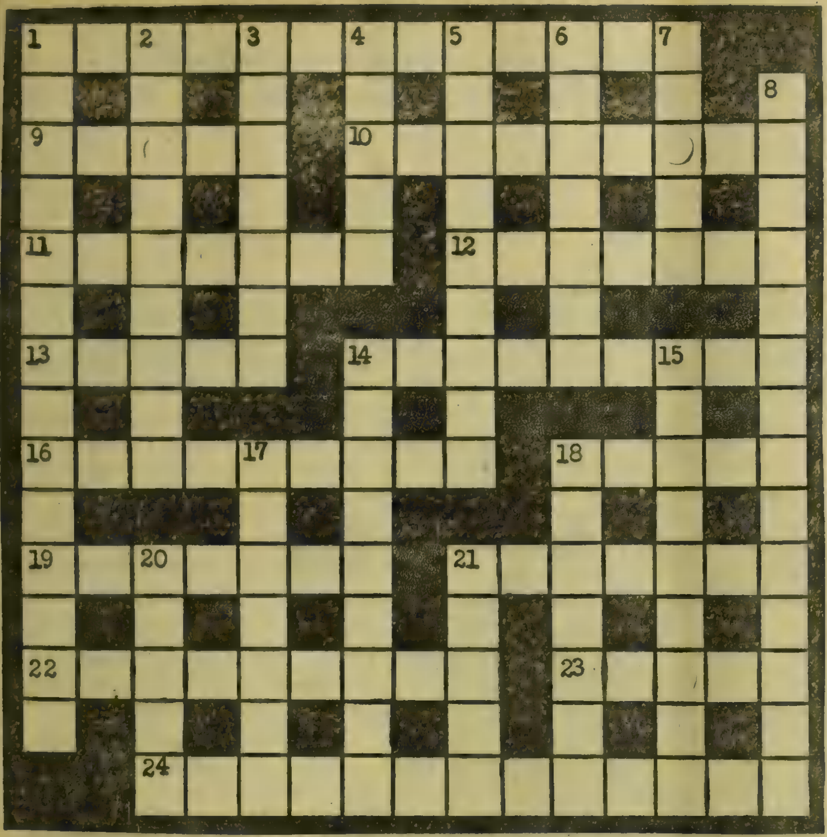
Crossword Puzzle No. 798

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What the garage might do with parts of clocks. (7, 6)
9 No child takes notice with last month's shortening. (5)
10 This presiding officer is sort of expensive in a car. (9)
11 Aggrieved feeling. (7)
12 Such things don't come up more than once. (7)
13 Worries about women's old headdress? (5)
14 Lister? (9)
16 Proving alga is not responsible for wanting to turn back! (9)
18 Turned away by a quiet "yes" or "no". (5)
19 Should be useful in everything but ensilage. (7)
21 Honey is as wrong as a girl can make it! (7)
22 The old sailor stopped around it, and got going again. (9)
23 River of Hindustani. (5)
24 Is a U.M.W. man a reasonable synonym for "rocky"? (13)

DOWN:

1 Ouija? (5, 2, 7)
2 The French negligee responsible for that well-scrubbed look? (9)
3 Dry fruit with the wrong stone inside, or just spicy seeds? (7)
4 Is Mischa of the Spanish-English race? (5)
5 Plant where you should find a gear handy. (9)
6 Usually run by the less skilled in the shop. (7)
7 It is found in the ultimate part of Alaska. (5)
8 Would any imperfect parts by now make the angels weep? (5, 9)
14 The singular role of 1 across. (9)
15 Liszt's and Enesco's tunes might be. (9)
17 Don't take part, if the college graduate gets a bad mark. (7)
18 Are devisors likely to be agreeable? (7)
20 Bad poems, with a salty flavor? (5)
21 Likely to be struck with a device? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 797

ACROSS: 4 Rub; 6 and 1 down Matchlocks; 9 Conical; 10 Cachets; 11 and 1 across Spirit level; 13 Allocate; 15 Oarsman; 16 Legend; 17 Skew; 19 Spinach; 21 Wipe; 23 Honors; 25 and 4 down Blanket roll; 27 Premiere; 28 Shocks; 32 Erasure; 33 Shrug; 34 Sad; 35 Sisal. DOWN: 2 Vending; 3 Lections; 5 Becalm; 6 Micron; 7 and 24 down The Jack of Clubs; 8 Haste; 12 Tadpole; 13 Asinine; 14 Latches; 16 and 31 Low spirits; 18 Was; 20 Hotheads; 22 Premier; 25 Biting; 26 Arises; 27 Posts; 29 Shell; 30 Dead.

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versus
THE COMMUTER

Fred J. Cook

Courage in Action

DISC JOCKEY FIGHTS THE BLACKLIST

Dan Wakefield

LETTERS

Complaint . . .

Dear Sirs: I have just had called to my attention the review of Robert Jungk's *Brighter Than a Thousand Suns,* which appeared in your October 28 issue.

In Carl Dreher's otherwise fair review, there are two statements pertaining to myself that are untrue and damaging. On page 294, second paragraph, seventeenth line, there is the sentence: "Chevalier had complied." I had *not* complied. On the same page, third paragraph, ninth line, the statement is made: ". . . The fact remained that, however good his intentions, Chevalier had acted as an intermediary for an agent of a foreign, although allied, power." This too is completely false. Mr. Dreher also refers to George Eltenton as "a Soviet agent." He was nothing of the kind.

These statements, taken together, greatly distort the picture.

HAAKON CHEVALIER

Paris

. . . and Response

Dear Sirs: I have no firsthand knowledge of the facts in the Chevalier-Oppenheimer relationship. I think it is clear that in this part of the review I was only paraphrasing the text of the book. If any of the statements are untrue or inaccurate, Mr. Chevalier's quarrel is with the author. But I don't think he should be inclined to quarrel with either of us. What Mr. Jungk wrote could only have the effect of convincing the reader that Mr. Chevalier, and to a lesser extent Dr. Oppenheimer, were the victims of the detestable administration of the misnamed "security" system.

CARL DREHER

Brewster, New York

Those "Coddled" GIs

Dear Sirs: Lee J. Michaels' article on the coddling of American forces overseas, "Warm Side of the Cold War" [November 29], was timely and stimulating, but there are a few basic considerations pertaining to the status of American GIs vis-à-vis the European community which Mr. Michaels overlooked.

The lowest ranking American troops and their families stationed in Europe possess a standard of living far superior to that of the European working classes and generally superior to that of skilled workers and large segments of the middle classes. . . . The contrast of the social and economic power of American as compared with European forces is still more vivid. European soldiers earn ("fringe benefits" included) approximately *eight times* less than American soldiers. American privates may be seen, thanks to the generous system of passes and reductions, riding in first-class carriages on any European train, while European *officers* ride second- or third-class.

The greatest evil stemming from this disproportionate state of affairs is not that the GIs live so well, but that they do so amid postwar European austerity.

DAVID ROTHKOP

San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs: As anyone who has ever worn a uniform knows, pay in the military is skimpy, hours are long and often irregular, and life, at best, is uncertain. Whether or not the men in Europe agree with the policies that put them there, the fact remains that they are, in the main, living a more difficult life with less material reward, than their civilian counterparts. . . . The military continues to face a shortage of skilled career men. Training of replacements is expensive and time consuming. If fringe benefits for our men in Europe can help to keep men in the service, it will not only cost the public less in taxes, but will allow more civilians to remain in that status as they won't be needed to take up the slack created by men leaving the service.

GENE R. MCHAM
Ens., USNR

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Corporations and Aid to Scholarship

Dear Sirs: Frank Greenaway's excellent article, "The Unfinished History of Science" [Nov. 8 issue], in which he pays richly merited homage to the late George Sarton, notes in connection with the Imperial Chemical Industries' sponsorship of a history of technology: "It is a curious thing that our great corporations have been generous both to the traditional art and to scientific research, but that only in this one instance has one of them sustained that activity which brings scientific and humane studies together."

We would like to adduce several other instances. Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc., is and has been since 1955 the sponsor of the George Sarton Medal, awarded each year by the History of Science Society for outstanding contributions to the history of science. Last year the award was given to Dr. Lynn Thorndyke, author of the monumental *History of Magic and Experimental Science.* Pfizer was also the sponsor of the Pasteur Fermentation Centennial, held just a year ago to memorialize the French scientist's discovery that fermentation is produced by living organisms.

JAMES BLISH

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1958
VOLUME 187, NUMBER 21

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Throwing Away Less Money

Eisenhower was elected to the Presidency on a 1952 campaign promise to reduce federal spending to the $60 billion level. Unlike most politicians, he tried to carry out his promise and did in fact reach a low point of $64.6 billion for fiscal 1954, after which things got out of hand, and George Humphrey got out of Washington. The budget is now over $80 billion, and Mr. Eisenhower isn't happy, nor are the taxpayers — except, of course, those who benefit directly by the armament boom. This matter, however, is one really close to the President's heart, and he has been conferring with Maurice H. Stans, the Director of the Bureau of the Budget, with a view to restoring fiscal sanity, insofar as the times will permit. Mr. Stans's formula is the time-honored one of cutting everything useful to the bone; he has already announced that he has the ax sharpened for farmers' allowances, veterans' benefits and rural electrification. But in another area, that of foreign military assistance, he could saw right through the bone and do no harm at all. On the contrary, the nations receiving the so-called military aid would be better off without it.

The President has appointed a committee of distinguished citizens, headed by Maj. Gen. William H. Draper, to review the military-assistance program. General Draper might start advantageously by reading Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips' analysis of our expenditures in this field in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* of November 29. General Phillips points out that it is "unrealistic" for us to support an army of 500,000 men in Formosa, with its population of 10 million already adequately protected by the guns of the Seventh Fleet, when Great Britain, with a population of 50 million, gets along quite nicely with an army of less than 400,000. Foreign aid, as presently conducted, is largely bribery of the ruling elites of backward countries, some of it on a regular-retainer basis, some in the form of a panicky dumping of funds on a troubled area, as when the Richards mission disbursed $215 million in the Middle East with no observable results. As for so-called "defense support," or the give-away of commodities to be sold by foreign governments, General Phillips points out that it is inflationary and "provides a haven for grafters who are making fortunes through their government connections in the countries concerned." General Draper and his colleagues should not have much difficulty in arriving at some useful conclusions.

Air Force Snafu

Usually, anything unpleasant that can be said about the Air Force doesn't get much space these days. There are, however, a few newspapermen who can find it in their hearts to be mean to the Air Force. Marvin Miles, the space-aviation editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, discovered that thirty-seven Air Force jets had crashed because of ice in the fuel system and that probably many more crashes could be attributed to the same cause, and he couldn't keep still about it. Last February 11, a $5,500,000 B-52 Stratofort crashed on landing approach at Ellsworth Air Force Base, Rapid City, South Dakota. Five men were killed, but the airplane was left relatively intact and investigators found enough ice in the fuel pumps and other equipment to account for the failure of three engines which preceded the crash. It then developed that excessive amounts of water in solution in the jet fuel constituted a menace; tighter quality control of fuel was imperative. As one report put it, "The delivery of clean, dry, quality fuel to aircraft is mandatory for effective completion of the USAF mission." But although meetings were held and recommendations laid down, nothing very effective was done to meet the emergency. A USAF contamination report issued September 4 stated that unless immediate action was taken, "minimum protection against icing will not be available for the B-52, KC-135 fleet by this winter." (The KC-135s are the tankers which refuel the B-52s.) Which meant, of course, that the much touted SAC alert could be only partly effective.

The Pentagon, rather calm about the situation until the Los Angeles *Times* broke the story, is now agitated. The *Times* said editorially: "The uproar set off by Mr. Miles's industrious digging seems to promise that pilots will not have to worry much longer about the purity of their fuel." It adds, "But one can never be wholly happy over reforms forced by disaster." When the situation will actually be remedied remains to be seen. The Air Force devotes considerable manpower to scaring the public with Russian bombers and reassuring it with American defense measures. If some of that manpower could be re-trained to evaluate jet-fuel, the reassurances of the public might be on a sounder basis.

The Peace Barometer

Senator Hubert H. Humphrey has been a familiar and well-liked figure in national politics for the last decade. He has served as Mayor of Minneapolis. He has been elected to two full terms in the Senate. He has been a member of the American delegation at the United Nations. He has probably made as many campaign speeches out across the country as any member of the Senate. He is in constant demand as an after-dinner speaker. His appearances on radio and television programs have been frequent and uniformly successful. He was prominently mentioned for both the Presidential and Vice Presidential nominations at the Democratic Convention in 1956. Yet for all his tireless political activity, he had somehow failed, until quite recently, to acquire that intangible dimension that is associated with "political stature."

But now, overnight, the Senator has become a national political figure. He has captured the imagination not only of his countrymen, but of a majority of Europeans as well. Yet he is the same man he always was. Why is it only now said of him that he possesses "the spark of greatness"? Has the spark always been his — hidden, perhaps, under a bushel? It may be. But there is a more reasonable, and simpler, explanation. Always possessed of sensitive political antennae, Senator Humphrey is the first American politician — note a minor exception for the premature and inept peace talk of Harold Stassen — to sense that most Americans are bored stiff with an interminable daily diet of cold-war rhetoric. They are avid for the type of leadership that, while it will not demagogically promise an end to the cold war, will at least articulate the belief that cold-war tensions can be reduced, that peace is possible, and that intelligent American spokesmen can talk with the Russians without being bewitched, contaminated, tricked or out-traded. The meteoric rise of Senator Humphrey in national esteem in the last two weeks is only the most recent of numerous indications we have had that the barometer of peace is rising.

What Cooperation Can Do

This month the International Geophysical Year comes to an end. It began on July 1, 1957, so actually it will have lasted eighteen months. Hugh Odishaw, executive director of the United States National Committee for the I.G.Y., summed up the results before the National Press Club: "The single most significant peaceful activity of mankind since the Renaissance and the Copernican revolution." Another commentator, John Simpson of the University of Chicago, says that even in the first twelve months of the project man learned more about the universe than in the previous hundred years. Among the things that were only guessed at previously, or that were entirely unsuspected, are these: Antarctica is not a solid land mass, but a complex of islands probably divided into two subcontinents. There is so much snow and ice in this part of the world that the total must be revised upwards from about 3.2 million cubic miles to about 4.5 million. Three major countercurrents in the ocean flow at depths between 200 and 9,000 feet, compensating for the previously observed flow of the Gulf Stream and other surface currents. Millions of square miles of the bottom of the southeast Pacific are so rich in manganese, iron, cobalt and copper that it may pay to bring the sludge to the surface. The Arctic has more precipitation than the Antarctic, but the Antarctic holds the record for observed low temperature — minus 125 degrees Fahrenheit before the thermometer broke. There are probably magnetic fields in space which interact with the earth's field. The intense belt of radiation surrounding the earth — no one suspected its presence before — is probably generated by charged particles from the sun. And more is known about the sun than ever before; it was kept under continuous observation during the entire I.G.Y.

But the most striking result, Mr. Odishaw points out, was the opening of new "psychological frontiers" through "remarkable international cooperation among sixty-six nations in a period of sharp and perhaps unparalleled political unrest." Sixty thousand scientists, technicians and volunteer observers manned scientific posts from pole to pole in an endeavor to extend the frontiers of knowledge. Beside them the politicians and soldiers, with their old-fashioned posturings and threats, look rather ridiculous.

Labor's Stake in Disarmament

Officials and rank-and file members of the International Association of Machinists locals in Southern California are bombarding the state's senators and representatives with petitions urging them to seek an investigation of the slow-down in defense contracts for military aircraft. Union officials view "with rising alarm" the news that Douglas Aircraft has dropped from third to thirty-seventh in military-contract ranking. But prospects for further gains in aircraft employment are not bright, since no great new volume of military contracts is in sight and the missile program is still largely in the research and development stage. In the vernacular of the trade, "black boxes" instead of "hardware" are being produced. Nor are the ultimate job prospects in missile production nearly as good as they once were in aircraft. A million spent on missiles, it is said, will yield at least a third fewer jobs than an equal amount spent on military aircraft. Nor is this all. For, as Seymour

Melman points out in an article on "Labor's Economic Stake in Disarmament," in the *IUD Digest* of the AFL-CIO, "The international arms race has reached an impasse: it is no longer possible to attain a decisive lead." Even if ever larger appropriations are voted for defense, the nature of the new military technology suggests that the employment potential will not be impressive.

In seeking further appropriations for obsolete military aircraft, the Machinists are obviously barking up the wrong tree. Fortunately there are alternative types of employment which are more stable and, from a social point of view, much less dangerous and wasteful. Sooner or later, organized labor will be compelled to disassociate itself from the cold-war pressure groups and begin to stress the need for economic equivalents to arms production.

Try a Thinklet

We have become so accustomed by now to a daily dosage of Thinklets that we pop them into our mouths and swallow them without consideration. That, of course, is the beauty of their purpose. Thinklets, as you know, are those clever, tiny-size truisms which, when expanded in verbiage, blow up into full-scale authoritative statements. They are habit-forming, and everyman is a thinkler, but the professionals still have an edge. For they realize that, as the field for thinkling spreads, the size of the successful individual Thinklet has to shrink. The race is not to the swift, but to the small; the Thinklet that involves the fewest brain synapses is the best.

Our most shining example of the hour comes from a full-fledged professional in the fullest-fledged of all disciplines—sociology. "The laugh," Harvard Professor Alex Inkeles records for us, "is a barometer of social status." The results of his study indicate that "The more often you laugh, the higher you are likely to be in the social scale. . . . Contrary to popular belief, the lower you are in social status, the less likely you are to report having laughed the past day." In addition, he declared, "Lower-status women are more likely to have said they have cried." And summing up, he asserted that his rule held true "in warm countries, such as Italy, as well as cold countries, such as Britain."

Now here is fine food for thoughtling. Do you suppose any lower-status people could have been sneaky and not reported their laughs promptly? We all know how irresponsible some of that ilk can be. Still, in the main, the professor's conclusions are valid. To cite just one example: lower-status New Yorkers on buses are not laughing at the addition of a three-cent charge for the formerly free transfer. As for the lower-status women, the professor is also probably right: the counters of Woolworth's are less fun-making than Tiffany's. Moreover, his findings may ease family tensions. For example, when the husband comes home to find the wife chuckling her way through the ground-meat balls and the wet soap, he'll understand that she is not hysterical, but merely hoping to work herself up to a higher social register.

Railroads versus the Commuter . . *by Fred J. Cook*

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS to my knowledge, the 5:30 commuter to the New Jersey shore had left New York at 5:30. It does so no longer. From midtown Manhattan, one night recently, I hurried downtown to catch the 5:30 ferry at Liberty Street. I hustled through the gate at 5:29½ and breathed the commuter's sigh of satisfaction at having beaten time again. In Jersey City, my satisfaction evaporated. A glance at the train departure board showed that the 5:30's time had been shoved back ten minutes; a check of the new timetable showed that some extra stops had been added. The ride home from the day's work, already long, promised to be even longer.

This is an experience that is being repeated almost daily in the lives of America's 500,000 railroad commuters. In the age of jet air travel, when London is only some six hours from New York, the American commuter is worse off today than he was a half-century ago. And the future looks even gloomier.

Item: The commuter pays more and gets less. My own experience is typical. In 1944, a monthly commutation ticket to New York, good any day of the week, cost me less than $18. Today, for a five-day ticket (not good on weekends), I pay $32.40—and I'll soon pay around $40 when the mechanics of the latest fare increase have been ironed out. Some minimal improvements have been made, but for each improvement there has been a retrogression. Diesel locomotives have replaced the old steam engines, and indisputably they give a smoother, more comfortable ride. But this has been offset by the increasing roughness of the roadbed, the elimination of some trains and the piling of new stops on the schedules of others.

Item: Skimpy maintenance adds to commuter discomfort. In a massive economy effort, railroads have slashed jobs and maintenance. For the past five years, it has been esti-

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FRED J. COOK, a reporter on a New York metropolitan newspaper, has been commuting to his job from his home on the New Jersey shore for nearly twenty years.

mated, layoffs have proceeded at the rate of 5,800 a month nationally. Essential safety standards are maintained; but there maintenance generally ends. The result is that many commuting trains tend increasingly to resemble Balkan cattle cars. On one major line servicing New York, it is not exactly a novelty to find cars in which the lights do not function or with no heat in zero weather. On the New York, New Haven & Hartford, which admits it has cut out the "frills" in maintenance, commuters complain of the increasingly jolty roadbed and long delays in repairing broken windows. On the Jersey Central—that's my line—commuters often sit drenched as in a steam bath. Conductors explain that it is impossible to regulate the heat. "These coaches are forty years old," one conductor explained recently. "The seats of the valves are all worn out. They're turned off tight, but they're all shot. The steam comes right on through."

Item: Doubling or tripling commuter fares and cutting costs do not solve the railroad's problems; indeed, there is some highly credible evidence that these twin approaches only increase them by stimulating competition. For example, in one Chicago suburb last year, plans were announced for a chartered bus running nonstop, with individual reclining foam-rubber seats, windows with draw curtains, television, two electric razors, hot coffee and orange juice for morning bracers. The price of this plush twentieth-century commuting was roughly comparable to the charge on the outclassed local railroad. In some of the New York suburbs, less fancy chartered buses make commuter runs more swiftly than the trains, and car pools sometimes represent a penny-wise saving. Neither method, actually, should compete with the railroads. Unless you are on an absolutely regular-hour schedule, you can be in trouble if you miss the chartered bus. Travel by car is subject to the maddening frustrations and delays of city traffic. And neither method of travel compares in comfort and reliability with train service at its best. Yet the decade from 1946 to 1956, the decade that saw the greatest expansion of suburbia in America's history, witnessed these alternate and intrinsically less satisfactory means of travel slashing into the business that should go to the railroads. In this period, rail commuting travel dropped from 340 million to 247 million yearly.

Item: The inevitable result is crisis. Railroads throughout the nation insist (their figures, it must be pointed out, have to be evaluated with considerable skepticism) that they lost a staggering $723.5 million in passenger operations during 1957, with commuting service the principal budget-breaker. Losses are expected to be even greater for 1958. The railroads contend that the inevitable result of this continuing trend is bankruptcy, and they are now mounting a campaign of ultimatums; let us drop commuting service, even perhaps all passenger service, or subsidize us to the tune of millions, they are telling harassed local, state and federal governments. Spearhead of the new campaign is George Alpert, president of the New Haven, who caused consternation in Massachusetts last July when he abruptly announced cancellation of rail service on the Old Colony division, servicing the suburbs south of Boston. By this drastic step, he wrung a $900,000 subsidy from Boston and suburban municipalities. And now, using the same tactic, he is threatening to abandon commuter service to New York unless the city and three suburban counties in New York and Connecticut grant his line a $1.9 million annual subsidy.

THIS IS little more than a bare outline of an infinitely complex public problem. Abandonment of commuter service by the railroads would create traffic and parking chaos. The *Wall Street Journal* recently estimated that, if New York's 208,000 daily rail commuters all drove to work, 20 per cent of all Manhattan south of 60th Street would have to be converted into one huge parking lot. Chicago would need 375 miles of city streets for parking. And this, remember, would be the situation now; the future would be worse. Population in the nation is expected to grow another forty to fifty million by 1975; the peripheries of cities are expanding at a rate of a million acres a year; the near suburbs are becoming choked and the more distant countryside of farm and field is being turned constantly into new commuting suburbias. Abandonment of rail service in the face of these well-defined trends would confront us with the preposterous necessity of leveling cities to park cars for workers who would then have no cities in which to work.

Obviously, rail passenger and commuter service must be maintained, but the question is: How?

There seem to be only two choices: public ownership or subsidy. Cedric A. Major, president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, startled the brotherhood of railroad executives December 1 when he announced that his line would apply to the Interstate Commerce Commission to abandon all passenger service. He startled the fraternity even more, however, when he conceded in a press interview that government operation of the passenger lines, following the practice now in effect in most of Europe, may turn out to be the only solution. Since government in business is anathema to the overwhelming majority of businessmen, Major stands virtually alone in this opinion. Most of his fellow rail executives want to temporize still further or hope, like Alpert, to cash in on subsidies.

THE PROPAGANDA for subsidies necessitates an examination of the validity of the railroads' position. The railroads, let it be said at once, have a case. One of the strongest angles of this case is the tax situation. This is a legacy from the days when railroads were virtually the only means of travel and waxed so rich that they represented a veritable gold mine for local taxing authorities. Now they are hurting financially; but a tax, once imposed, is hardly ever reduced. The New York Central, which owns New York's huge Grand Central Terminal used by it and the New Haven, last year paid New York City alone $16 million in taxes, making it the city's third largest taxpayer. New Jersey railroads this year paid local communities some $12 million — and warned they won't be able to pay it again. The New Jersey tax was so stiff, in fact, that the Pennsylvania Railroad actually paid out more in taxes than it earned in the state.

The railroads contend—and almost every student of the problem agrees—that the onerous taxes imposed upon them are crushingly discriminatory. They point out that literally billions of dollars in public funds have been poured out on thruways, tunnels and bridges—facilities for which trucks and buses pay little more than token taxes, but which enable them to undercut the railroads. Airports and airlines are likewise the beneficiaries of whopping public subsidies. Only the railroads are compelled to pay their full way and to shoulder back-breaking taxes.

All of this is true, but government, like the railroads, is caught in a financial snarl. If New York and three suburban counties, for example, grant the New Haven a subsidy by cutting some $1.9 million off its tax bill, the money is going to have to come out of the pockets of the average taxpayer, whose back is already no less over-burdened with taxes than is the railroad's. Many rail executives themselves feel that it would be unfair to impose this burden on the over-taxed citizen who does not use the railroads, but they can see no other solution.

ON THE surface, then, it might seem that the railroads are entitled to subsidies and inevitably must get them; but judgment in such a complicated jungle as this should not be formed on surface indications. Primarily, the public and its official representatives should decide just how much of the railroads' anguished bleat is fact and how much is propaganda. Commuters protesting the unceasing fare increases have long contended that the railroads gimmick their accounting procedures, loading an unfair proportion of costs on passenger service as compared to freight.

The railroads' estimate of a $723.5 million loss on passenger service in 1957 is based on a formula approved by the ICC. This federal regulatory agency, however, has long been suspected of being too closely in cahoots with the lines it is supposed to regulate, and recently it has even placed its official imprimatur on the railroads' own cries of doom. Many independent rail experts hold that a sounder formula than the ICC's would water down the staggering passenger loss to no more than $100 million; and some believe that the railroads actually continued to make money on passenger service until just a few years ago.

Dempster

A specific example of the kind of financial hot air that occasionally balloons railroad statements of fantastic losses was furnished last spring when the New York Public Service Commission turned a spotlight on the New Haven. In December, 1957, Alpert, the line's president, had said the road was losing $15 million annually on its passenger operations. On another occasion, the loss was put at $12 million. Still a third figure was given by Alpert in January, 1958, testifying before a Senate subcommittee: he said the New Haven was losing $8 million annually on commuter service. Subsequently, New Haven official spokesmen corrected the figure to $7.7 million. Yet even the $7.7 million "loss" was arrived at only by ignoring some impressive millions in income. For example, the New Haven had collected $2.6 million from the sale of 186 pieces of property in 1957, but this little item was omitted in arriving at the "loss" figure because it wouldn't be "proper accounting procedure" to regard it as revenue. Under some prodding from the PSC, it turned out that these millions had some equally unacknowledged company. The New Haven admitted that it had collected $2 million in rentals from four major New York hotels and some apartment houses built on its property; but this, said the railroad, was "non-operating" revenue and therefore it would be "obviously unfair" to consider it in calculating profit and loss from passenger operations. The fact remains that a "loss" figure that had started out at $15 million had been steadily watered down until only $3.1 million was left. What other less obvious items might be turned up in a minute analysis of the New Haven's ledgers, no one knows; but it would seem the public ought to know—and know definitely—before it agrees to tax itself another $1.9 million annually for the New Haven's benefit.

IF ONE NEEDS further proof of the necessity for extreme caution in assessing railroad figures, one has only to consider disclosures made this fall on a petition by the New York Central Railroad to abandon its station at Philipse Manor, a growing commuting area in rich Westchester County north of New York. The railroad tried to show that the station was a financial drag by listing, among other expenses,

$3,710 for local real-estate taxes; but at a public hearing it developed that this was a bloated figure. Taxes on the station itself were just $900; the $3,710 figure was arrived at by adding taxes on 9.32 acres of choice real estate belonging to the railroad.

Even more embarrassing for the Central was the way its carefully-compiled figure on Philipse Manor commuter travel boomeranged. In a day-by-day compilation, the Central attempted to prove that one train was boarded by just thirty persons, another by twenty, another by a mere four. Unfortunately for the railroad, the day for which the traffic was listed was May 30, Decoration Day, a holiday when the trains that the Central had said carried this little handful of commuters weren't even running. The same tactical error was repeated by the Central when it listed traffic for July 4. This double blooper suggested to some unkind souls that the entire schedule had been faked; but the Central angrily said not so, some minor stupid clerk had just become confused copying off the figures.

In any event, the crudity of some of these financial distortions seems reminiscent of the days when railroads bought up entire state legislatures and rode roughshod over public opinion. Obviously, some basic changes are needed in this attitude before the railroads are permitted to tap the public till for subsidies.

What is basically needed is a full, Kefauver-type investigation to peel away the layers of phoniness from the railroad financial maze and to get at some basic truths. Even beyond this, railroad executives must be willing to make some radical changes in their thinking before heavy subsidies could conceivably be justified.

GRANTING the tax situation is inequitable, granting that commuter service is a drain because the roads must pay idle train crews for the lay-over time that separates night and morning rush-hours, the basic flaw in the railroad picture is the frozen mentality of most railroad executives. Rail passenger service simply cannot continue to exist if the railroads insist on committing suicide by raising fares to the point where they are no longer competitive with buses and airlines.

As Robert E. Bedingfield pointed out in *The New York Times*, "The business of the Pennsylvania and the Central has shrunk each time fares have been raised." And the *Journal of Commerce*, expressing the view that further hikes in commuter fares might be necessary, acknowledged the danger that this might only make a bad situation worse. "With each fare increase, traffic by rail dwindles and more spills out onto the highways," the *Journal* conceded sadly.

It seems obvious that what is needed, before subsidies, before anything else, is some daring and imagination on the part of railroad executives. There are some encouraging signs that an approach designed to make rail service faster, cheaper, more competitive, may woo back lost business and even in time restore profits.

THE Missouri Pacific this year slashed fares, offered cut-rate sleeping accommodations, improved service and served low-cost meals to coach passengers on its streamliner, the Colorado Eagle. The *Wall Street Journal*, reporting on this experiment at the end of July, noted: "Mopac is pulling passengers from competing railroads, buses and even airlines in this mid-America area." With reference to the railroad's reduction of round-trip coach fare, first-class fare and Pullman charges on its Houston-to-Brownsville run in May, the *Journal* said: "In the first month passenger revenues jumped around 20 per cent above a year earlier. And the gains are continuing."

A similar experiment is now being attempted on commuter lines serving Philadelphia — so far with a similar result. Philadelphia appropriated $160,000 on the promise of the Pennsylvania and the Reading to step up commuter and off-hour service to the northern residential suburbs. The Philadelphia city fathers explained that they did not regard the $160,000 as an actual subsidy, but merely as an underwriting of increased operational costs to see if improved rail service would take some of the clutter of cars off city highways. If this could be done, the pressure for ever larger highways, ever more bridges and tunnels, ever increasing parking facilities would be eased, and a subsidy to the railroads, even from the taxpayers' standpoint, would justify itself.

The New York *Herald Tribune* reported last month on the Philadelphia experiment at the end of the first month of a six-month test period. The Pennsylvania had increased the number of trains on its Chestnut Hill run by 33 per cent to thirty-six daily; service was stepped up to every fifteen minutes in rush hours, every half-hour in off-hours. The Reading boosted the number of its trains from thirty-three to thirty-six daily, Saturday service on both lines was almost doubled, and cheaper fares were tied in with bus-line transfers. The result: In the fourth week of operation, the Pennsylvania carried 4,133 more passengers than it had in the test week of October 6, before the plan went into effect, a gain of 14.8 per cent; and the Reading picked up 2,422 passengers in the same week, an improvement of 7.6 per cent over its test week in May. For the entire four weeks, the Pennsylvania gained 11,128 additional riders; the Reading 7,099. The effect on city traffic already was observable; 600 fewer automobiles a day were coming into the city from the suburbs.

Philadelphia hopefully assessed the advantages of the plan this way: Cheaper fares mean a saving, for the individual commuter, of 90 cents a day over automobile operation (including parking fees, insurance and fuel costs), or a total of $100 in the six months of the test period. This saving to the individual driver is projected into a much greater saving to the city. It means, Philadelphia estimates, that about $1 million annually can be saved on the cost of maintaining existing roads and providing police protection. And this is apart from the merry-go-round cost of building ever more and wider highways.

The Mopac and Philadelphia plans, if they continue to grow and fulfill their promise, offer this hopeful ray of light in an otherwise grim picture: the railroads could recoup their losses, regain lost business; they could receive the tax relief to which they are entitled (and this could be given without cost, perhaps even at an ultimate saving, to the taxpayer); and lastly, the commuter and the shopper could be given some of the twentieth-century creature comforts and service to which they are entitled.

But all of this can happen only if railroad management exhibits the kind of vision that will bring rail travel in line with the realities of the twentieth century. Subsidies are not justified and should not be given merely to allow a bad situation to continue to deteriorate. Even with subsidies, a continuation of present trends on most lines would mean steadily dwindling traffic, steadily declining revenues and the ultimate inevitability of government operation. If this should happen, the railroads should not be permitted to shuck off on government the unprofitable passenger business that they have helped to run into the ground while retaining the freight haulage on which they may still make a profit. For the public's welfare, if government operation has to come, it should embrace both passengers and freight.

Since the railroads obviously do not wish to be put completely out of business, they should be induced to accept the alternative of sensible, forward-looking cooperation. Let's find out what is the real truth behind the maze of propaganda figures that paint a horrible specter of colossal railroad losses. Let's find out what the railroads intend to offer in the way of more modern and complete service before we embark on a round of ever-increasing subsidies. And let's make sure that the railroads do offer what they should offer — the kind of service that will lure back the riders they should logically have and that will reduce the ever-mounting expenses of super-highways, traffic policing and parking. Only such a policy can insure the continued existence of the railroads as a private enterprise, operated with benefit to all.

COURAGE IN ACTION

Disc Jockey Fights the Blacklist . .

by Dan Wakefield

THIS IS the story of John Henry Faulk, a professional front-porch philosopher who one day decided to put the homespun virtues he talked about into action. The results, of course, were catastrophic. It cost him not only his job, but the opportunity to practice his profession on radio and television. It cost him the expense of a battle in the courts that has been going on since June, 1956, and will probably not be brought to trial for another year. It left him, so to speak, barefoot in Athens, with a lifetime supply of that rare and unsalable commodity, self-respect.

John Henry Faulk is a Texan by birth and by nature, and before the Second World War was employed as a teacher of English and a student of folklore at the University of Texas. His mentor was J. Frank Dobie, the prose Carl Sandburg of the Southwest, and his studies were people, white and Negro, their songs and their stories. The war came along and took him out of Texas and once while in service he spent the Christmas holidays in New York with his friend and fellow-folklorist, Alan Lomax. At a party at Lomax' apartment, John Henry started talking — which in his case means entertaining — and one of the listeners was a fellow from the Columbia Broadcasting System, who asked him if he'd ever done a radio show. John Henry allowed that the only performing he'd ever done had been at parties, and sometimes at luncheons for ladies' clubs and university groups. The CBS fellow said that when John Henry got out of service he ought to come up to New York and try his talking on a CBS radio show, and thus it was that John Henry Faulk left the plains and came to Gomorra.

HE worked as a kind of homespun philosopher (one of his programs was *Johnny's Front Porch*) and disc jockey for CBS radio; served on several TV panels, such as *What's My Line* and *It's News to Me*; entertained at parties, dinners and night clubs and, in 1950, was given a five-day-a-week show of his own —called *The John Henry Faulk Show* — that lasted until his troubles brought an end to it in the fall of 1957. (In the following account of these troubles, no information has been forthcoming from Mr. Faulk's legal representatives; the public record and Mr. Faulk will speak for themselves.)

Mr. Faulk's new show consisted of records and talk. "I talked about the wife, kids, books, even politics. The politics was just satire, for both sides. It never made anyone mad—I never got any nasty letters or anything like that. And I worked in the stories I knew from home, and things I'd learned from when I studied folklore." The show was quite popular, with listeners and thus with sponsors, and "There was always a waiting list of sponsors to get a spot. I had eleven spots for advertisements a day, and they were all filled up." As John Henry now reflects, "I was doin' well."

That was in 1955 and it was during the spring of that year that Mr. Faulk happened to attend several meetings of his union, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), and was shocked by what was going on. AFTRA had been in a state of internal conflict

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

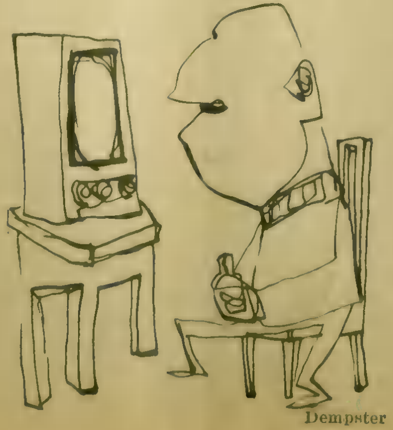
since 1950, when the publication of *Red Channels*, a listing of all radio and television actors alleged to be —or ever to have been—associated with communism or Communist fronts, gave birth to the practice of blacklisting in the industry. Actors who suddenly found themselves out of work because their names appeared on this list turned for help to their union and found that Vinton Hayworth, then the New York local's president, was also head of the local's newly formed committee on the blacklist. Not only did the actors get little sympathy from Mr. Hayworth, but some who had never been listed in *Red Channels* found themselves losing work when they ran in union elections against Hayworth and his supporters.

The position of these blacklist advocates in the union had been formalized in 1953 with the inception of an organization known as AWARE, whose announced mission was to expose and eliminate Communists in the entertainment world. Members and sympathizers of AWARE took control of the union's leadership, and the once well-attended union meetings often fell off so low that there wasn't a quorum. Not only was it dangerous to run against the AWARE officers, it was dangerous at meetings to talk against them, or against the blacklisting system. AWARE patriots took the names of those who did.

AT A meeting John Henry Faulk attended in the spring of '55, "One fellow was challenged with a picture of a May Day parade and accused of being in the crowd in the picture." The AWARE group, however, was meeting its own first real challenge at this time, as the result of its having put out a *Red Channels*-type list of the "subversive" connections of sixteen union members who had run against the AWARE candidates in the last election. Some of the sixteen were cited with such firm indications of subversion as having once received a good review from the *Daily Worker* drama critic.

Many of the union members who had never been charged with so much as watching a May Day parade had at last become indignant, and were fighting for a proposal to condemn AWARE for interfering with the affairs of the union and causing the irresponsible blacklisting of actors. The AWARE people warned that if such a resolution were passed, the House Un-American Activities Committee would come and investigate the union. The proposal passed 2-1 and, as AWARE had promised, the House committee came to investigate. John Henry Faulk, who had never before taken a stand on any of these matters, decided: "I was ashamed that I hadn't done anything about this," and he spoke out against the blacklisting system at one of the meetings. Soon afterwards, he had an unexpected visitor at one of his early morning disc-jockey shows — an investigator from the House Un-American Activities Committee.

THE investigator told Mr. Faulk the committee had information that he had once been a member of the Communist Party in Baltimore. Mr. Faulk explained that the only time he had been in Baltimore was on a passing train, and he hadn't had time to get a cup of coffee, much less join the Communist Party. Furthermore, Mr. Faulk said, he had never been a member of the Communist Party at any time in any place. The investigator then charged that Mr. Faulk, back in Texas, had been a member of the Southern Conference on Human Welfare. Mr. Faulk admitted that yes, at the urging of the president of the University of Texas he had indeed joined such a group, which included Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and a goodly number of Southern industrialists. Mr. Faulk further admitted to having once entertained for a folk-singing group known as "People's Songs," but assured the investigator that it was not to the best of his knowledge attuned to the plots of the Kremlin.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It was soon after this interview that John Henry Faulk went on vacation with his wife and three children to Fire Island. Faulk got to talking with some of his neighbors and fellow union members, Charles Collingwood and Orson Bean, and these men conceived the dangerous notion that although they had never been hurt by the blacklist, it was up to someone like them to take the responsibility to fight it. Thus far the only opposition to the AWARE union officers had come from members who were blacklisted. Faulk, Bean and Collingwood decided to form a "middle-of-the-road" slate made up of people who had never been on any blacklist, and were opposed to both blacklisting and communism in the union.

THEY won by the largest majority in union history, and took twenty-seven seats on the local's board of directors. Faulk was on the new board. Then AWARE and the House Un-American Activities Committee got to work. The day that the new officers took over in January of 1956, the House committee released a report which stated that the New York local of AFTRA had been re-infiltrated by Communists who were using their opposition to the blacklist as cover for their Communistic activities. CBS newsman Charles Collingwood, the local's new president, wrote an angry denial of the charges, and pointed out that "it is curious that to the best of my knowledge, the committee in its researches made no attempt to seek information from the officers or paid executives of the New York local of AFTRA."

But the hunt was on. Mr. Faulk says that two weeks after taking office, he was told that AWARE was about to issue a bulletin charging the new officers with subversive associations, and that he himself had been singled out for the heaviest attack. "I was told that I could save myself if I acted quickly. All I had to do was call Representative Francis Walter of the House committee and get the names he had of three people in the union charged with Communist associations, and start action to kick them out of the union." Mr. Faulk declined the offer and the AWARE bulletin appeared. Soon afterwards Orson Bean, one of the new vice presidents, was fired from the Ed Sullivan show. He had to withdraw from the "middle-of-the-road" coalition before Sullivan would hire him again. Others on the new board began to fear for their own professional lives, and the coalition began to crumble. Some defected, and ran so far to the other side of the road that they stood up in union meetings and "confessed" that they had been duped by the middle-of-the-roaders.

In the meantime, the AWARE organization was getting to work on Faulk. Laurence A. Johnson, a Syracuse supermarket operator, went to Faulk's sponsors and said that if they didn't withdraw from his show the public would be informed that their products were sponsoring a subversive character. Soon after that, Faulk was called into CBS and told: "Johnny, you're done for."

"I told them that the charges were hogwash, and that I'd signed a non-Communist affidavit when I joined the union and that in my six years at CBS no one had ever questioned my loyalty."

THAT WASN'T enough. Within a month, most all of Faulk's sponsors had withdrawn. None gave reasons. But near the end, the account executive of one of Faulk's sponsors came in and showed him letters that the sponsor had received from Laurence Johnson urging that they drop Faulk's show. Faulk had the letters photostated, and decided to sue his opponents. He was told, even by many of his friends, not to do it — that it would mean the end of his career, and that if he'd only drop things he could make a deal with AWARE, get out of the union fight, and go on in peace and prosperity.

"Well, it was just then I felt most like fighting," Faulk says. "I knew these guys couldn't stand to be brought out in the open. People advised me not to do it, of course — you know what some of them said? They said 'Johnny, if you sue, the papers'll get ahold of it and you'll become *controversial*!' Why shucks, I said, I've heard tell they build statues in this country for folks who were controversial."

In June of 1956, John Henry Faulk sued AWARE, Inc., Vincent Hartnett and Laurence A. Johnson on charges that they were engaged in "racketeering practices, involving the use of intimidation and terror in order to procure the blacklisting of radio and television artists" by charging these artists "however baselessly, with subversive or former subversive associations." Mr. Faulk also charged that the defendants had conspired to destroy his own livelihood and remove him as an officer of his union, and that they had participated in the publication of three libelous articles about him.

AT ABOUT this time John Henry was gratified to find that his public had rallied behind him: "I got hundreds of letters, my rating went up, and the sponsors came back within a month. You know, those letters were something — the Catholics said it was the Protestants out to get me, the Negroes said it was the whites, and I even got letters from McCarthy supporters who said that a bunch of subversives had destroyed McCarthy and 'the same bunch is after you now.' You see, my listeners thought I was 'controversial' and they liked it. I used to uphold Motherhood and the Family and God, but once in a while I'd say something like this is a free country and people shouldn't have to go to church if they didn't want to. Well, the folks thought that was real controversial, and they loved it."

It seemed as if John Henry Faulk had done the impossible — stood his ground, held his principles, and kept his job. The first court action on his case was in February of 1957. Represented by Louis Nizer, Faulk was upheld by the Appellate Court in its ruling that the defenses contained in the defendants' first answers to the charges had been improperly pleaded. When Faulk left for his vacation that summer, his show had a waiting list of sponsors, and his case was moving ahead in the courts. When he returned a month later, he was told that CBS had canceled his contract as of September, 1957. They gave as the reason that they were "reshuffling programs," and Faulk didn't fit into the new programing. Faulk accepted it, and soon got two other good offers. But the offers were suddenly canceled without explanation. Other offers came — and were just as suddenly canceled. "The word was out," Faulk said, "not to touch Faulk. The pressure was on again. I was told by a lot of people that everything would be all right if I'd just get out of litigation."

But Faulk wouldn't get out of litigation, and so he remained out of a job. Last May he was offered a choice job with a San Francisco station, and a CBS executive called him in and said that San Francisco had sent an inquiry about him, and why didn't he just drop the lawsuit. Faulk didn't drop it, and didn't get the job.

Pre-trial examinations began last May, and after Vincent Hartnett began to testify about his work with AWARE and the networks and advertisers, Godfrey Schmidt, AWARE president and counsel for the defendants, left the case. He was replaced by Roy Cohn.

THIS NOVEMBER Faulk won his fourth and most significant victory in the case to date when Justice Fine of the New York Supreme Court ruled that the defendants must answer all the questions and produce all the documents requested by Faulk's attorneys in the pre-trial examination. This means that the membership and mailing lists of AWARE, the correspondence of "research consultant" Vincent Hartnett relating to the blacklisting of actors, and his "records as to his finances and income, for the purpose of showing that the defendants extorted money in the manner alleged," all must be made public. Hartnett, a former supervisor of *The Gang Busters* program, testified in the pre-trial examination that as a "research consultant" on the subject of the alleged past pro-Communist affiliations of television and radio artists, he had received, during the years from 1952 through 1957, income totaling almost $95,000 from certain television sponsors and advertising agencies. A bit of the nature of this information was indicated by Mr. Hartnett's pre-trial testimony. The following questioning took place June 17, 1958, between Mr. Louise Nizer and Mr. Hartnett:

> *Nizer*: As I understand your position, you have never charged Mr. Faulk with being a Communist, is that right? That is what your counsel is saying.
> *Hartnett*: Yes.
> *Nizer*: You adopt that, don't you?
> *Hartnett*: Yes.
> *Nizer:* And you had never charged him with being pro-Communist without being a party member? I mean a pro-Communist sympathizer. You never charged him with that?
> *Hartnett*: I was once sold a barrel of false information.

The buying and selling of such information has proved expensive not only to advertising agencies and broadcasting companies, but more acutely, to individuals like John Henry Faulk, who were subjects of the "research" reports. In the pre-trial testimony, Mr. Schmidt, then acting as Hartnett's counsel, said he was not convinced that the "report" on Faulk issued by AWARE, listing his alleged subversive connections, was the cause of Faulk's losing his job. Mr. Nizer answered:

> *Nizer*: Let me put it this way without now trying to give you evidence. It is not at all a typographical error, this man was employed with the highest rating, very successful, tremendous number of sponsors. You all know that, and now he cannot earn a nickel. His wife had to go out and get a job as secretary to support her two children and pay the rent. He has been made offers, and every time an offer is made somebody brings up the charge, whether you intended it or not, your charge is deemed as a blacklist of him, and I don't use it in a technical sense, but there is a cloud over his head, whether he is a loyal American. And they won't employ him.
>
> You say, "Give me the proof, I don't believe it." It is not all a typographical error. You are a lawyer, successful at the bar, and as a teacher, and a distinguished member of the bar, and suddenly one day because of something being published about your patriotism you don't have a client for the next year, and for you to say "Prove it to me, and not that Mr. Godfrey Schmidt is a bad lawyer," is preposterous. . . . This man is absolutely barred because of the cloud you have created upon him in these publications. . . ."

Both Mr. Schmidt and Mr. Hartnett said they would be willing to write letters saying that Mr. Faulk was indeed not a Communist or a Communist sympathizer. The testimony on how the charges that AWARE published against Mr. Faulk were obtained and put together; of how AWARE worked with advertising agencies, business and government agencies in operating the "blacklist," has been partly recorded already and will be fully known by the end of the trial. But because of the complications of litigation and the delaying tactics of the defendants, it is doubtful that the trial can even begin for another year. In the meantime, John Henry Faulk still sits and waits. The industry, despite the cleansing assurances of Mr. Faulk's political purity by such professional purifiers as Godfrey Schmidt and Vincent Hartnett, still hasn't touched him. Evidently, in the industry's view, he remains "controversial" as long as he is in the courts of justice fighting for his rights as an American citizen.

JOHN HENRY FAULK will have lost a lot of sleep and a lot of money by the time the whole thing is over, but he will have kept what to him is more important—self-respect. The other day John Faulk puffed on his pipe and reflected that "Well, I figured I was always talking about standing up for what you believed was right, and I figured when the time came I better do something about it. I knew what I was in for when I decided to fight. But I consider myself lucky. The day I decided I could just as well run a filling station in East Texas as be a success in New York, I knew I was a free man."

I'd allow as how there's a lot of folks who'd like to be sitting on *that* front porch, John Henry.

THE HUMAN MATRIX . .

by Emile Capouya

THE PRESIDENT of the United States poses for the camera beside the nose of a guided missile. The President smiles, the missile cone remains impassive. Nothing strange in that. Presidents are flesh and blood, and they often smile. Atomic warheads, of course, simply go off with a bang. It is all quite natural, yet no less embarrassing for being so. If we Americans respond to the President's smile with a sheepish grin, it is because we are embarrassed by the aptness of the tableau. It is a gross symbol for what we all know—that our misdirected technology has worked us into a corner.

Since the beginning of the industrial revolution, our technical advances have had increasingly awkward consequences. Of course, now that we have weapons capable of obliterating man and all his works, the problem posed by a blind technology looks particularly acute. But it is far from new, and it has always been serious. Long before we were offered the final insult of extinction, we were forced to learn how unpleasant life could be (in spite of

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flush toilets, chemical fertilizers and the internal-combustion engine) when its tempo was made to follow the rhythms of machine production. We even had reason to suspect that the machine had made the ideal of democracy irrelevant—technologically obsolete. We knew something was wrong.

But knowing that something is wrong with our control of science is not the same as an accurate diagnosis, let alone a cure. And, given our climate of thought, an accurate diagnosis is hard to come by. The trouble is that scientific technology is in fact the great mover and shaker in the modern world; it goes against the bias of the age to state the problem in any terms other than those suggested by our preoccupation with the nature and role of science.

Even our political rivalry with the Soviet Union is seen from this point of view. The Russians demonstrate that they are better than we are at rocketry; the practical men who govern us conclude that we must exaggerate the technical bias of our educational system; a cheer goes up from engineering faculties across the nation; an answering clamor is raised by professors in the humanities. The whole comedy revolves around science. Even the opposition has to suggest that traditional liberal education will make us more, not less, fit to beat the Russians at colonizing the fixed stars.

THE BEST of the joke is that, when they are not speaking for their respective trade unions, humanists and technicians, philosophers and scientists, stretch out imploring hands to one another, looking for comfort in their metaphysical distress. It is true that on the issue of education the claims made by both factions are tinged with a certain vulgar *arrivisme;* it sometimes looks as if the sciences and the humanities, in the persons of their professors, are lobbying for dear life, concerned not so much with the shape of the future as with insuring that the future, whatever its shape, has a place for them. But when the campaign is over, the harsh things said in the heat of battle are forgotten. Then Hans Reichenbach warns his fellow philosophers that they must bone up on science or else get left. Then Robert Oppenheimer begs his fellow scientists to break out of their stultifying specialties, and pursue science in a more philosophic spirit. It would seem that the philosopher and the scientist are doomed to wander in search of each other in the conceptual labyrinth that both have created in the modern world.

BUT WHAT if they should meet in the maze, and join hands, and look deep into each other's eyes—what kind of enlightenment could we expect? Why do we think it important for scientist and humanist to know each other and know each other's trades? Why do we assume that if they cannot understand each other's shoptalk they cannot understand anything? We never used to make that assumption about artisans, craftsmen, or even men who followed a profession. The smith knew that you waxed your thread before sewing with it. The cobbler suspected that hot iron was easier to work than cold. For the rest, it had taken each of them seven years to learn his own trade, and neither thought it necessary, desirable, or even practicable, to learn the other's mystery. Yet they never felt that they could not meet as men and brothers; they did meet, on the level of politics, religion and art, the fundamental concerns of men. If, nowadays, the professor of Romance languages and the professor of theoretical physics feel mutually isolated and alienated, it must be that politics, religion and art are not what they ought to be.

But these are the domain of wisdom, as a trade or specialty is the domain of skill. Politics—the life of the citizen, or the life of common action; religion—the sanction for action, or the life of common values; art—the gratuitous aesthetic, or the life of communion and self-recognition: these are the manlike activities. All others are instrumental and illiberal, and there is no use in making a mystique of them. Trades and professions begin as a compound of tinkering and drudgery, and civilization does not reside in them. Politics, religion and art are the human, the civil, matrix. And if the virtue has gone out of that sphere, if politics, religion and art are dead, our first concern must be to revivify them.

Politics is dead because its present-day goals respond to no significant need, and because its direction is not in the hands of the people whom, by courtesy, we call citizens. Our politics is concerned, on the internal level, with administering the division of profits produced by our industrial machine, according to a system that is not just, humanly useful, or otherwise edifying. Externally, it carries on a dangerous rivalry with other great industrial complexes. In the formation and execution of the policies that make up our politics, the citizen has no voice, no function. The two great vote-gathering machines, the Republican and Democratic parties, harvest the suffrages of the qualified voters most efficiently; nevertheless the parade of consultation is a farce because, by and large, no serious issues are allowed to emerge. We may debate in public which branch of our armed forces is to bear the chief responsibility and get the largest share of power and glory in the struggle with the Russians. But we are not vouchsafed the privilege of debating whether or not to fight the Russians at all; and yet that issue might make more sense to the voter than any other.

Breathing life into politics will take two things: defining goals that are useful and (if I may be forgiven the word) elevating, and facilitating the citizen's active participation in his own destiny. We know the arguments against the practicability of mass democracy, or Utopian communities, or phalansteries, or, for that matter, the town meeting. Nevertheless, we simply cannot afford to leave the situation as it is, a nexus of patronage and intimidation on every level from ward to nation. There are good, practical reasons for not meddling with that corrupt system, but they appeal only to those who are satisfied with a shadow-play in place of a living politics.

Religion, the moral springs of action, our codified ethos, is dead because it is a rubber-stamp for our dead politics. Perhaps religion, by its nature, must always be after the fact. Perhaps it must always be the rationalization of our actions rather than the inspiration therefor. But it might be worth a little effort to find out if that sad conclusion is necessarily so. We all suspect that a great upheaval would occur if the holy texts were ever taken seriously by those who profess the faith; maybe the first step would be for the preachers to take themselves seriously, instead of acting as unpaid and unregarded apologists for the status quo.

Art, of course, is a matter of nerve-tone and muscle-tone, a matter of energy, exuberance, élan. A living art never yet coiffed a dead politics and a dead religion. Before the life of communion and self-recognition can become meaningful, we must live the life of common action on a manlike level, and in the light of values worthy of being entertained by men.

What we have been talking about amounts to revolution, a new deal all round. It is unfortunate that the very notion of radical change is in such discredit today, when we are in a state of crisis that calls for nothing less. Our unwillingness to contemplate the necessity of revolution is a sad legacy of the thirties, and the fiasco in which the doctrinaire and self-satisfied program of the Marxists ended. To design a revolution worthy of the name would be to take up the responsibility for carrying on Western civilization—a responsibility that our leaders have abdicated. The possibility of an atomic war, the encroachment of mindless industrialism, the emergence of the super-state with its rites, tests and penalties—any of these may put a period to all speculation about liberty and all practical concern for it. Our manhood demands that we begin at once to think seriously about the direction that a humanly useful revolution should take.

COMING

Ralph Colp, Jr., author of a "psychological biography" of Sacco which appeared in the August 16 *Nation*, does a similar, and even more fascinating, study of Vanzetti for our next week's issue.—Ed.

FRANCE: A FOREWARNING . .

by Alexander Werth

Paris

WHATEVER THE ultimate outcome may be of the sweeping victory that the "Gaullists" have won, it means not only a major revolution in France itself, but the crystallization of a virulent kind of nationalism of which the Free World has been comparatively free until now. And now we have it here, right in the heart of Western Europe. Commenting on de Gaulle's French People's Rally (RPF) which, in the municipal elections of October, 1947, had gained nearly 40 per cent of the popular vote, the late Emmanuel Mounier, the famous Catholic writer, said that fascism had not died in Europe with Hitler and Mussolini, and was beginning to rear its ugly head again.

This is not quite fascism yet—but the UNR (the Union for the New Republic) which now has 189 seats in the new Assembly, undoubtedly contains the seeds of what may well prove to be a new brand of fascism. And it is this which is the most significant aspect of the French election and not, as so many papers have said, the fact that the Communists were "wiped out." With the return of the *scrutin d'arrondissement,* the prewar single-member and two-ballot constituency system, this "wiping out" of the Communists was quite inevitable, since practically everybody was going to gang up against their candidates in the second round. The return to this system had been advocated in recent years by a variety of people, and often for the "highest" motives. They have now themselves fallen victim to it. In 1955 Mendès-France wanted a return to this system; more recently, Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, also thought that with this system, the Socialists might well become—even under de Gaulle—the strongest single party in Parliament. Both had ignored Jacques Fauvet's "law of gravity," which says that if you eliminate the extreme Left, you only play into the hands of the extreme Right. M. Fauvet has been proved a prophet.

The results of the first round of the election were, in a way, less disturbing than those of the second round. It could even be argued that there had really been no major landslide: that the 3.6 million votes of the UNR merely represented the votes of that authoritarian, anti-parliamentary fringe that had always existed in France; that, in fact, they added up to not much more than the 2.5 million Poujade votes and the 900,000 Gaullist votes of 1956. But in the second round, the UNR vote rose from 3.6 million to 4.7 million, which means that in the case of more than a million voters, the UNR —and not the Socialists or any of the other older parties—was their "second choice."

With nearly 27 per cent of the French voting for the UNR and 23 per cent for the conservative "Independents," besides another 10 per cent who voted for various "Center" —but essentially right-wing—candidates, it is only too obvious that close to 60 per cent of the French electorate voted not only for the Right, but for the extreme Right. A disturbing feature was the sweeping victories in Paris of extreme Fascists like Biaggi, one of the organizers of the Algiers putsch of last May, and Le Pen, former head of the Poujade parliamentary party; and the dismal failure of practically all "left-wing Gaullists" like Pierre Clostermann and Debû-Bridel, both advocates of a relatively liberal policy in Algeria.

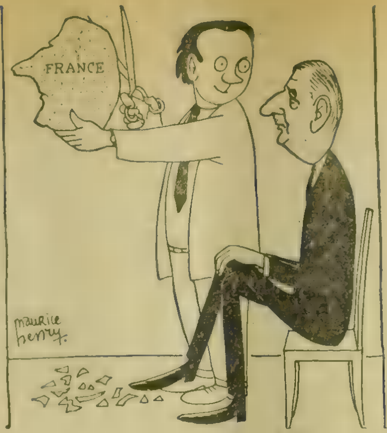
ALEXANDER WERTH, The Nation's *European correspondent, is the author of* France: 1940-1955 *and other books.*

What produced this really astonishing Assembly, which will have ten Communists, forty Socialists, some thirty-five Radicals and other Center groups, fifty-seven Catholic MRP's and 189 UNR's and 132 Conservatives (to whom must be added most of the seventy-one Algerian deputies)?

Propaganda, of course, played an enormous role. With radio and TV in the hands of Soustelle, and 90 per cent of the press pro-de Gaulle, a swing to the Right was inevitable. There was a desire for a "strong man"; there was a belief, fostered by Soustelle's propaganda, that the UNR somehow represented de Gaulle more closely than any other party. There was also an anti-parliamentary bias, now stronger than ever in the country, as a result of the perpetual propaganda against the "system"; and there was little counter-propaganda to show that the Fourth Republic, for the last three years under the constant pressure of the Army and Algiers, was perhaps more sinned against than sinning. Above all, there was all the propaganda about "French Algeria": the almost unanimous determination not to compromise on this issue.

This arrogant nationalism, this desire for "change," affected enormous sections of the population; even part of the working class was won over from the Communists to the UNR.

THE BIG question today is whether de Gaulle himself is really delighted with the incredible kind of Assembly that has emerged. It is, in fact, a belated triumph of the RPF of 1947-53—which is precisely what Jacques Soustelle has been working for. His very first comments, as the election results were pouring in, were significant: "There are only two parties in France—the National Party and the Communist Party." Which is almost word-for-word what de Gaulle said at Strasbourg in 1947: "I trust the RPF will, before long, embrace the whole of the French nation—with the exception, of course, of the Separatists and a few cranks." By "Separatists" he meant the Communists, and the "cranks" were squeamish left-wing intellectuals.



l'Observateur

"Your silhouette in one minute!"

Here are all the elements of the Single Party idea—the very basis of any totalitarian regime. Since May, de Gaulle has never claimed that he wanted a return to the RPF. He seemed, on the contrary, to fall in with Mollet's brilliant idea that the election, under the new system, would produce either a "British" two-party system, with a small government majority and a large Opposition, or a Chamber so evenly divided that it could easily produce a well-balanced "National Government."

The miscalculations of Mollet—the man who started the rot by surrendering to the ultras of Algeria back in 1956, and who then thought he could "run" de Gaulle—have proved monumental. In a sense, the Socialist defeat is even greater than that of the Communists. Mollet's whole Opposition will amount to forty Socialists and perhaps another fifty Left-Center deputies—a total of ninety facing a monstrous mob of some 400 members of the Right and the extreme Right.

Will de Gaulle, impressed by the country's reaction, now support Soustelle's conception of a "National Party" comprising everybody except the Communists? Or will he, with his immense powers as President of the Republic, curb the more extravagant ambitions of the vast right-wing and Fascist majority of the Assembly?

IN THIS connection, one must ponder on de Gaulle's conduct since May. Has he been the liberal, fair-minded, anti-dictatorial leader that he claimed to be? Was he sincere when he convinced Defferre that he wanted a fair and peaceful settlement in Algeria—with the result that Defferre (now out on his ear) swung the Socialist Party, in the September referendum, to the support of de Gaulle? Was he sincere when he claimed that he wanted a strong Socialist Party in Parliament—a claim which led Mollet to see himself as de Gaulle's first Premier? Liberals in France were impressed when de Gaulle ordered the Army to leave the Committees of Public Safety in Algeria; they were impressed again when he demanded that Salan allow free and competitive elections in Algeria. But they began to have doubts when de Gaulle allowed Salan to ignore his orders, and refused to call off an Algerian balloting which, in the circumstances, could only be "phony." Under these circumstances, it is rather pathetic to think that the liberals' last hope is the "moderating" influence of de Gaulle.

I'd like my American readers to remember just one thing: let them not dance with joy because de Gaulle has "licked the French Communists." That is not the point. By artificial means, the four million Communist voters—i.e., a high proportion of the working class whom the fatuous Mollet never managed to win over to his brand of "practical" socialism — have been deprived of practically all parliamentary representation. However, these four million have not represented a big political force for over eleven years. The real danger in France is of a different order: democracy, such as it was, is in danger of being finally wiped out by a nationalist - colonialist - Fascist steamroller. It will not do the Free World much good to have a totalitarian regime in France, of all places. It is, for one thing, a contagious disease. Its "dynamism" will be dangerous in Africa.

I hope the United States will use what influence it can to persuade de Gaulle not to allow a free hand to the extremists. I could point out a few among the French today who are every bit as crazy as the craziest of Germans produced by the Nazi regime.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Odyssey of Slocum

THE VOYAGES OF JOSHUA SLOCUM. Edited with commentaries by Walter Magnes Teller. Rutgers University Press. 410 pp. $6.

Robert Hatch

> When all had been saved from the wreck that was worth saving, or that could be saved, we found ourselves still in the possession of some goods soon to become of great value to us, especially my compass and charts which, though much damaged, were yet serviceable and suggested practical usefulness; and the chronometer being found intact, my course was no longer undecided, my wife and sons agreeing with what I thought best.
>
> The plan, in a word, was this: We could not beg our way, neither would we sit idle among the natives. We found that it would require more courage to remain in the far-off country than to return home in a boat, which then we concluded to build and for that purpose.

EVEN out of context, these sentences make the nerves tingle. Anyone with an ear for folk legend will recognize this as the authentic voice. In context, the two paragraphs mark the moment when the career of Joshua Slocum ends and the odyssey of Joshua Slocum begins. It is not often that you can fix so precisely the decision that guarantees immortality.

Captain Joshua Slocum was a fool of the gods in their most saturnine mood. They gave him good fortune beyond any man's rightful expectation — and all of it in his youth. The son of an impoverished Nova Scotia farmer (the family had been royalist during the Revolution and fled to Canada), Joshua quit school at ten and commanded his first vessel at twenty-five. By the time he was forty he was part owner and captain of the *Northern Star*, an 1800-ton square-rigged ship engaged most profitably in the Pacific trade. He was deeply in love with his wife, who companioned him on all his voyages and bore his children in the ports where his cargoes carried him. Dangers and gambles were behind him, he had survived disasters with fortunes improved, and he stood in his prime one of those blessed men who seem to hold the reins of the future in their hands. Any Greek could have warned him.

Five years later, in 1887, Slocum was standing on a sandbar in a small Brazilian harbor, examining the total wreck of his last hope. The vessel mentioned in the quotation was not the *Northern Star*. She had been sold, after a complexity of sorrows, and converted into a coal barge. This was the *Aquidneck*, a small but elegant bark which Slocum had bought with the last of his suddenly foundered fortune and had been sailing with indifferent success in the American coastal trade. She had come to final grief after a series of accidents — cholera, political foul play, mutiny, smallpox — so grim as to be almost ludicrous. And the wife was not the beloved Virginia of Slocum's youth. She had died in Buenos Aires on the *Aquidneck's* first voyage south, and the Captain had married from loneliness a cousin, Hettie, whom he appears to have respected and never admitted to his heart. The sons, who agreed with what he thought best, were his oldest and his youngest, Victor and Garfield, aged fifteen and six.

Slocum was not only a master mariner; he was an untaught but brilliant shipbuilder. Years earlier he had built a vessel in the Philippines. He had not been paid for his labor, but was given an old schooner in exchange and that was the base on which he founded his fortune. Now he set the base for his legend by building a second ship from lumber sawed by the half-savage natives, improvised hardware and a plan in his head. It came out half Cape Ann dory, half Japanese sampan; it was thirty-five feet long, Slocum called it a canoe and christened it the *Liberdade* because it was launched on the day that Brazil freed its slaves.

The Captain brought his family home in the *Liberdade*, some 5,500 miles through storms, dangerous currents and the shoal hazards of a coastal voyage in fifty-five days. The last leg was through the swamps of North Carolina, under the pilotage of a native duck-hunter who shot their dinner of celebration for them as he directed the way through "gran'ther's ditch." The *Liberdade*, he remarked, was the first vessel from Brazil to take this passage, the channel being in places only a foot deep.

This daring trip won Slocum some momentary fame and he attempted to capitalize on it by writing his first book, *Voyage of the Liberdade*, which he printed at his own expense. That is almost always an act of desperation, and the Captain was soon desperate. Sailing vessels were fast disappearing, Slocum would not reconcile himself to steam, and he was reduced before long to odd jobs around the Boston shipyards.

Then in the winter of 1892, fate took him by the sleeve again, fate in the guise of a retired whaling captain with a rough sense of humor. Running into Slocum on the waterfront and learning that he still hankered for a command, this Captain Eben Pierce remarked that he had a vessel over in Fairhaven that he would gladly give his old friend. Next morning Slocum was in Fairhaven, looking at his gift ship—an ancient oysterman lying abandoned in a riverside pasture. Her name was the *Spray*.

SLOCUM knew a joke when it pierced him, but he was in no position to laugh. Captain Pierce had said the *Spray* would want some repairs, and Slocum set to work. He replaced, one by one, every timber, plank, spar, bolt and fitting on the derelict; he also modified her lines—improvements for some project which as yet he probably did not envision. When the job was finished, she was brand-new from keel to masthead, a sloop thirty-seven feet long that weighed nine tons and "sat on the water like a swan."

Before completing the *Spray*, Slocum took time out to act as "navigator in command" of an iron gunboat, the *Destroyer*, a secret weapon of the day which had been bought by the Brazilian Navy to put down an insurrection and which was to be taken south in tow. This was a dangerous, grotesque and futile journey that left Slocum laughing in a baffled rage. You can read about it—it was the subject of his second *Voyage* and it provides some of his most hilarious anecdotes—but I don't want to stop for it here. Once you come up to the *Spray* you are in the presence of great legend and become impatient with lesser tales.

> A thrilling pulse beat high in me. My step was light on deck in the crisp air. I felt that there could be no turning back, and that I was engaging in an adventure the meaning of which I thoroughly understood. I had taken little advice from anyone, for I had a right to my own opinions in matters pertaining to the sea.

Thus Slocum sailed out of Boston on the morning of April 24, 1895, bound for a voyage, single-handed, around the world. He was going, ostensibly, because he thought (and was encouraged to think by his publishers) that the daring exploit would make a salable book. Deeper than that, though, his genius drove him. He was a brilliant navigator and sailor and there was no work for him to do. So he flung his skill into a gesture of heroic pointlessness. Since his profession was gone, he became the supreme amateur; art for art's sake never had a more devoted worshiper than the grim-faced Captain Slocum.

WHAT sort of man was this who set off for Boston from Boston, by way of the Straits of Magellan and the Cape of Good Hope? He is not easy to know, but by the time you have shared three voyages with him—and the most famous of these with no other shipmate to dilute the intimacy — you know him pretty well. *Sailing Alone Around the World* is much richer for the background of the two earlier *Voyages*, and Walter Teller does a great service by bringing all of Slocum's writings together. (In addition to the three journals, this book contains the long, tragic correspondence that grew out of Slocum's irrational attempt to collect damages from Brazil for the wreck of the *Aquidneck*, his testimony at the inquiry following a mutiny on that vessel, and his account of the rescue of some Marshall Islanders in the great days of the *Northern Star*. Mr. Teller also contributes from his own hand a succinct, vivid biography and forewords to the individual voyages. These last I advise skipping, at least on first reading; they outline what Slocum is going to say, a somewhat intrusive service.) It is a privilege to be close to the man and a rare treat to foresee the surprises in store for strangers—Fuegian pirates, for example, or the renowned Stanley of Africa—who do not quite take his measure on first meeting.

I said he was grim-faced. Photographs, even the one taken of him in his late thirties, show the fierce, stark-eyed face of a crusty prophet. He was narrow-shouldered, rather mean of body; his wrists were thin and his fingers long and delicate. He cannot have enjoyed unusual strength, but the agility implied by some of his feats aboard the *Spray* is confirmed by that figure.

> One day, well off the Patagonian coast, while the sloop was reaching under short sail, a tremendous wave, the culmination, it seemed, of many waves, rolled down upon her in a storm, roaring as it came. I had only a moment to get all sail down and myself up in the peak halliards, out of danger, when I saw the mighty crest towering masthead-high above

Dottissimi Signori: Giacomo Leopardi

HORACE GREGORY

Listen to hidden music: *Morte ti chiama*
Where Giacomo sits, invisible spirit
With a flickering tongue, the spiral flame
In sunlit heat that rises: *Morte ti chiama*
From where? From the heart of noon,
From Iron Table, from Chair that waits
In fiery light pouring its ceaseless arrows,
Morte ti chiama in an empty square.

In divine light Giacomo is not human:
He is more or less than human in the sun,
His breath in fire, unwanted, always there,
Wraith in a blue coat under a black hat,
Dottissimi signori sipping ices,
Little tree-toad that does not weep, but spits—
Or priest or devil in his glancing smile?—
Here, here or there, or there and gone—

His beatific smile that slips between
Kisses of lovers in a latticed window
Or behind shutters of a shop, his breath
Between their lips—suddenly *Il Gobbo!*
Morte ti chiama! in a whispered echo.
No, he has not touched them, yet his smile
Entered the room and vanished through closed doors,
And far away, a whining violin:

Morte ti chiama, voice of the damned
Who heard a farm girl sing her heart away,
A burning virgin in an upland meadow,
Saw Luciola leaning from her window,
Blessed them like any priest, and saw them fade
Into the sunlit visions of the soul,
The fragile, golden broom through ruined walls,
Morte ti chiama in their childhood's summer:

Where Giacomo runs through Recanati
Flying from cries of children through the streets:
"*Il Gobbo, Gobbo*-toad, make music for us,
Crow like a leaping monkey on a stick—"
Among stones flying see *Il Gobbo* run,
More stones that fly than arrows of Sebastian—
These pierce the cassock striking at the heart:
Morte ti chiama through *Il Gobbo's* flight.

And after them, the Fanny Targione
Who cries, "*Il mio gobbetto*, ah, my cat,
My devil who's my blue-eyed marmoset,
My little cupid with a broken back
Who brings me roses on a winter evening,
His forked tongue at my breast: take him away,
And as he leaves the house, sweep out the parlor;
The devil sweats in sulphur where he walks."

Morte ti chiama chiming where he turns:
No, he is not of earth; he is of the cloisters
Of the far Diana in her silver net,
Or of the flame that burns within the sun.
He is of their being, careless of the world,
All cold, all heat, the fever at his throat,
And cannot sleep, nor any grave his bed,
Has walked abroad and steps his way to Naples,

To noon at Naples among brisk whores and thieves,
Among the lost and laughing: *Morte ti chiama*
Crying around him through blind heat and shade;
Beyond mid-day the sun falls to the waters,
Beyond mid-night the setting of the moon
Into a timeless noon, his unseen presence,
Restless at empty Chair, at waiting Table,
And from his broken tomb: *Morte ti chiama.*

Note: Giacomo Leopardi, the poet, was born at Recanati, 1798, died at Naples, 1837. Gloss: *Dottissimi Signori* roughly equals supremely learned gentleman or master; *Morte ti chiama*, death calls you, *Il gobbo*, the hunchback; Fanny Targione was Leopardi's "Aspasia."

> me. . . . It may have been a minute that from my hold in the rigging I could see no part of the *Spray's* hull.

If you can visualize the moves that the Captain had to make in that "moment" when the wave reared over him, if you can then see him leaping high into the rigging as his vessel disappeared under the white water, you may imagine the type of nervous, flexible body his pictures show.

Slocum did not look, and had no strong reason to be, a very amiable man, but his friends were legion—in the literal sense which that word does not usually intend. He had cronies in almost every major port the world over, and where he had none he soon made them. When the *Spray* was in harbor, he dined with the dignitaries of the town, and he held open house for the return visits of formality and friendship. Without ado, he found himself on equal terms with governors and admirals and their ladies (you realize from this circumnavigation what empire meant in the last century —almost every port that Slocum touched was a British port). These exchanges were natural to him—he had been a captain for twenty years and automatically represented the United States (he had become a citizen in his heyday) wherever he dropped anchor.

> Here [Thursday Island] the *Spray* remained over until June 24. Being the only American representative in port, this tarry was imperative, for the 22nd was the Queen's diamond jubilee.

And then the sailor in him adds:

> The two days over were . . . for "coming up."

Half way around the world, Slocum began to give lectures, as a means of picking up his working money. Said *The Owl* of Capetown: "The Captain is an excellent raconteur; he kept a crowded house in a state of highest amusement." He was a raconteur, and a good deal more. One doesn't read his journals today just because he sailed around the world in a gesture of defiance to the furies who plagued him on land. He was a great lover and close witness of the sea, a student, teacher and poet.

> About midnight the fog shut down again denser than ever before. One could almost "stand on it." It continued so for a number of days, the wind increasing to a gale. The waves rose high, but I had a good ship. Still, in the dismal fog I felt myself drifting into loneliness, an insect on a straw in the midst of the elements. . . .
>
> During these days a feeling of awe crept over me. My memory worked with startling power. . . . I heard all the voices of the past laughing, crying, telling what I had heard them tell in many corners of the earth.
>
> The loneliness of my state wore off when the gale was high and I found much work to do. When fine weather returned, then came the sense of solitude, which I could not shake off. I used my voice often. . . . At the meridian altitude of the sun I called aloud, "Eight bells," after the custom on a ship at sea. Again from my cabin I cried to an imaginary man at the helm, "How does she head, there?" and again "Is she on her course?" But getting no reply, I was reminded the more palpably of my condition. My voice sounded hollow on the empty air, and I dropped the practice.

But Slocum took to singing—"Johnny Boker" and "We'll Pay Darby Doyl for His Boots"—he read, he mended, he planned meals and worked his position, and after this early seizure solitude did not trap him again. Here is another superb passage; this from the Voyage of the *Liberdade:*

> I ran in toward the land, so as to avoid the ugly cross sea further out in the current. This course was a mistaken one; we had not sailed far on it when a sudden rise of the canoe, followed by an unusually long run down on the slope of a roller, told us of a danger that we hardly dared to think of, then a mighty comber broke, but, as Providence willed, broke short of the canoe, which under shortened sail was then scudding very fast.
>
> We were on a shoal, and the sea was breaking from the bottom! . . . The helm hard down, brought the canoe round, bows to the danger, while in breathless anxiety we prepared to meet the result as best we could. Before we could say, "Save us, or we perish," the sea broke over with terrific force and passed on, leaving us trembling in His hand, more palpably helpless than ever before. Other great waves came madly on, leaping toward destruction; how they bellowed over the shoal! I could smell the slimy bottom of the sea, when they broke! I could taste the salty sand!

And one often encounters this sort of sharp economy:

> The *Spray's* next companion of the voyage was a swordfish, that swam alongside, showing its tall fin out of the water, till I made a stir for my harpoon, when it hauled its black flag down and disappeared.

Slocum is a wit. Behind the solemn, downcast beard, the lips twirk with dry humor. Off the coast of South America on the run home, the *Spray* learned from passing vessels that the United States was at war with Spain. In a day or so, the battleship *Oregon* came up on her stern, flying the signal: "Are there any men-of-war about?" Slocum ran up the answer, "No," and added "Let us keep together for mutual protection."

Poor Mr. Stanley, whose search for Livingston was scarcely a nautical exploit, was moved to give Slocum some advice and warning. He advocated watertight compartments against the hazard of rocks. Slocum, not long before, had spent a night in a gale off Fury Island in the Milky Way, a hellish spot northwest of Cape Horn that is all rock, white water and no shelter. He wondered to himself what compartments would have done for him there, and replied that "she must be kept away from the rocks." Not giving up easily his urge to instruct others, Stanley then asked, "What if a swordfish should pierce her hull?" To that Slocum "ventured to say that 'the first thing would be to secure the sword.'" On their meeting again the next day Stanley avoided sea topics.

SLOCUM'S seamanship was so brilliant as to be in itself a kind of wit. His chronometer was an alarm clock he had bought cheap because the glass was cracked and which he had to boil occasionally to keep running. His log contains entries like "For slip, off, and for current, on, as per guess, about equal—let it go at that." But after forty-three days in the open Pacific he decides that the island of Nukahiva must be near and in a few hours its peaks thrust up from the horizon. He was astonished, on first publishing his chronicle, to find that experienced sailors doubted his descriptions of the *Spray* sailing for whole days and nights on a true course with no hand at her wheel. Did they suppose that Slocum had stood to the helm the whole way around the earth? He set the sails and lashed the wheel according to the strength and direction of the wind and the set of the current. The *Spray* then kept her road, for that was the way he had built and studied her.

He made the impossible look easy and this offhand perfection must have been something of a trial to his sailing contemporaries. But he was also—it is the saving human quality—careless on occasion. He will describe with unselfconscious simplicity an exploit—that night off Fury Island, for example—that no other mariner would have survived; and with equal simplicity he will recall driving onto a sandbar in favorable weather along a sunny coast. The *Aquidneck* was not lost in a gale and that moment in the *Liberdade*, quoted above, was hardly the result of prudent sailing. Once the Captain fell into danger, he could do more than most men to extricate himself; but, take them altogether, he lost a good many ships in his time. He lost the *Spray* in the end and himself with her. But that was years later, and by then perhaps he was not just heedless. He was old, she was old—and he may have planned to let the sea win the last trick.

It seems a shame to end with so many of the great passages unrecalled. Falling into a fever after leaving the Azores, Slocum saw the phantom helmsman of the *Pinto* at his wheel and the two sailors passed the night in ironic dialogue. Coming through the Straits of Magellan a second time (storms had driven him back almost to the starting place) he discovered an island where the charts showed a point. He jumped ashore and took possession by driving a sign into the Godforsaken spot—"Keep off the grass." I like his sense of his own adventure:

> Early the next morning, August 4, I discovered Spain. I saw fires on shore and knew that the country was inhabited.

I like to remember him walking in the garden at Samoa with the widow of Robert Louis Stevenson; driving mutineers down the deck of the *Northern Star,* Virginia with a revolver in each hand to guard his flanks; taking a group of schoolgirls from Mauritius for a day's sailing and becoming so delighted by their delight that he was benighted in a quiet cove. I am glad to learn that, as a storm abates, it is important to crowd on as much sail as possible to stay ahead of the following seas; I appreciate it that when Slocum saw an unusual length of kelp, he took the trouble to measure it: 131 feet. And I am very happy to hear him say:

> I was *en rapport* with my surroundings, and was carried on a vast stream where I felt the buoying of His hand who made all the worlds.

He is right—in the sense that mattered to her skipper, the *Spray* was on a voyage of great discovery.

A Genius in His Time

BIZET AND HIS WORLD. By Mina Curtiss. Alfred A. Knopf. 477 pp. $7.50.

Harold Clurman

"BIZET'S music seems to me perfect," Nietzsche wrote in 1888—after he had seen *Carmen* for the twentieth time. "It comes forward lightly, gracefully, stylishly. It is lovable, it does not sweat. . . . This music is wicked, refined, fatalistic—and remains popular withal—it possesses the refinement of a race, not of an individual." . . . It has a "southern, tawny, sunburnt sensitiveness."

Though Nietzsche's praise of Bizet was employed to belabor Wagner, his description of Bizet's music strikes me as one of the aptest ever written. Nietzsche's extravagance in this matter shocked Bernard Shaw who regarded *Carmen* as a flimsy work. And I remember Alfred Kazin making a disapproving grimace when I mentioned my attachment to the piece.

This discrepancy of opinion persists wherever there are people who think of art in terms of exaltation and are consequently suspicious of any work intended as entertainment. In many instances history has contradicted their severity. *Carmen* is the most frequently played opera in the world repertory of that genre.

Despite this, comparatively little has been written about Bizet. Mina Curtiss' *Bizet and His World* is the only biography of its kind in English, and it is an excellent work—thoroughly informed, admirably documented, sensible and continuously interesting.

It is interesting because though Bizet—apart from his gifts—was not an extraordinary person, Mrs. Curtiss has chosen to show him to us "against the background of his age"—Paris in the middle of the nineteenth century—"seen through his eyes and through those of his contemporaries rather than through my own."

The book fulfills its purpose notably, though in my view that purpose entails a limitation—the limitation of many fine biographies which aim at complete objectivity. It is a good thing to eschew sentimentality, self-indulgent impressionism and conjectural theses of an aesthetic or psychological nature. Yet a writer who adheres too studiously to such a modest approach runs the danger of ending with a certain coldness, a lack of zest or flair. A creative dimension in biography, it seems to me, is attained when the biographer allows himself a personal point of view, a philosophy, a prejudice, an assertion of his own temperament.

Mrs. Curtiss evidently does not feel free to vent her own evaluations of or comments on Bizet's music—in the manner of Nietzsche who after all was not a music critic either. Apart from quotes by Bizet's coevals, she cites Bizet himself, who said apropos of the Italian school, "My sensuous nature lays me open to the spell of this music which is at the same time facile, lazy, amorous and passionate." This is especially provocative because Bizet added "By conviction . . . I am a German," meaning that his musical training attracted him to the tradition of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven *et al*—but his blood beat in another rhythm which is precisely where his genius lay.

ALL through the book Mrs. Curtiss quotes with discrimination and illuminating effect, so that I feel constrained to follow suit. "One wonders now," Saint-Saens wrote, "why this charming musician, this lovable and jolly lad, found so many obstacles in his way." He describes Bizet as "the embodiment of youth, of vigor, of gaiety and good nature! . . . Loyal and sincere, he never disguised his friendship or his antipathies."

There is a wonderful quote from a delightfully and significantly self-contradictory letter Bizet wrote to a friend in which he discusses religion, progress, reason and art. "I believe that the whole future belongs to the perfecting of our social contract. . . . Society perfected, no more injustice, therefore no more malcontents thus . . . no more priests, no more policeman, no more crimes, no more adultery, no more prostitution, no more violent emotions, but wait—No more music, no more poetry . . . above all no theatre, no fallacies, so no art. Unhappy as it may make you, your inevitable, implacable progress kills art! . . . The societies most infected with superstition were the greatest promoters of art. . . . As a musician, I declare that if you suppress adultery, fanaticism, crime, fallacy, the supernatural, there is no more means of writing a note. . . ."

There are exciting and revealing quotes of Bizet's reaction to the Franco-Prussian War (still entirely relevant), to the

Commune (he curses the Right, Left and Center!), to politics and to the theatre, which he loved—despite all the pain it caused him.

What emerges finally is a picture of a typical modern artist with all his temper, idealism, naïveté, intelligence, emotional and sexual confusion and enormous artistic conceit. Bizet was in many respects something of a romantic kid—he died at thirty-six—with the artist's abiding sense of persecution.

He never achieved "solid" success in his lifetime. The Symphony in C he wrote as a boy of eighteen wasn't played until 1935. An opera he wrote—apparently of considerable merit—was not performed until after the Second World War—and then in Germany. This eminently popular composer was frowned upon as a musical revolutionary in his day. His masterpiece was virtually "banished" from the opera houses of France until long after it had become famous elsewhere.

Is not all this fascinating? One reason it proves so is that Mrs. Curtiss has done a first-rate job.

The Well-Packaged Fraud

DEMOCRACY VERSUS COMMUNISM. By Kenneth Colegrove. Edited by Hall Bartlett. D. Van Nostrand Company. 424 pp. $4.95.

David Spitz

WHEN men of affairs take up ideas, the litter of wreckage can be immense. This need not, of course, be so; and Churchill and Mendès-France are admirable cases to the contrary. But American statesmen and military leaders have rarely been distinguished for their intellectual qualities, or for their capacity to bring eminent minds into their service. In this regard the effort of the present Administration to wage a successful ideological war is remarkable, perhaps, only for its disproportionate share of banal performances.

Two out of many earlier illustrations must suffice. In November, 1955, the Pentagon released, to the accompaniment of front-page headlines, a new ideological weapon to combat communism. This weapon, a concept called "Militant Liberty," was embodied in an eighteen-page pamphlet that was the product of eighteen months of work by one John C. Broger, a protégé of Admiral Arthur W. Radford, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The ridicule and hostility that greeted this amateurish and silly pamphlet forced the Pentagon within two days to withdraw the plan for "repackaging," though it had already been introduced into study courses at the National War College and Air War College and Radford made clear his determination to use it to indoctrinate American troops at home and abroad. After all, the Pentagon argued, there is a crying need for a free world ideology that will prove stronger and more dynamic than communism. Apparently democracy is not enough.

Four months later the United States Information Agency, one of the groups that had been most hostile to Radford's plan, released one of its own major weapons in the ideological struggle. This was a catechism of some 200 questions-and-answers under the title, *A Primer of Communism.* Translated into several languages, it was distributed to the agency's 199 foreign posts in eighty countries to help American officials meet questions put to them on the nature and problems of communism. Among the presumably useful items in this catechism are the following: Chapter I, Question 5 — "Who are the Communists and how do they differ from other people?" The answer, translated from their English, is: They are people who believe in Communism. Chapter II, Question 9 — "Does the government of a Communist country stay in power indefinitely?" The answer, again translated into English, is: Yes, so long as it can maintain itself. These and similar items — e.g., Socialists differ from Communists in that "they advocate free elections and free enterprise" — attest to the absurdity of the work.

Now the Department of Defense has announced that it will distribute to the armed forces one million pamphlets containing ten of the nineteen chapters of *Democracy Versus Communism*, a high school textbook written by Kenneth Colegrove and sponsored by the Institute of Fiscal and Political Education. According to the president of the Institute, the textbook took four years to prepare at a cost of approximately $150,000 and has already been approved for use by boards of education in cities of no less than twenty-one states. He did not add that the author of this book is known less for his achievements as a professor of political science than for his long association with General MacArthur and Senator McCarthy and for his role as a consultant to the Reece Committee that attacked scholarly foundations in this country.

THIS book is handsomely packaged. It is attractively printed, profusely illustrated, and graced with many boxed-in quotations and vignettes. More important, in an age that seems to value affirmation, it is decidedly affirmative. There is no wonder or questioning here. There are no vexing problems, no shades of gray. All is black-and-white simplicity. Whether it is freedom of thought or religion or economic activity or political organization, America is the child of light and Russia the child of darkness. Even when Colgrove admits to a dark spot on the American portrait, he presents it in such a way as to leave no doubt that it is rapidly being erased. Thus, should anyone worry about the problem of desegregation, he will be told here that "by 1957, integration . . . was well under way in southern schools, although some states lagged behind others in making the change." Should he ask about our maltreatment of the American Indian, he will learn that "the federal government adopted a thoughtful plan for gradually getting Indians off their reservations . . . and more of them are becoming self-supporting, useful citizens." Should he remember our shameful evacuation of Japanese-Americans from the West Coast in 1941, he will read that "it is to their everlasting credit that they did as their government ordered and that none of them attempted to betray the United States." Should he be troubled by the attitude of some native Americans toward immigrants, he will be comforted by the assurance that "the prejudice that had built up against them gradually faded away." Whether such simplistic and obviously misleading answers will effectively persuade inexperienced high school children and young soldiers I cannot say. But that they will prove an affront to any sophisticated American or well-informed foreigner, not to speak of the groups involved, I cannot doubt.

What is wrong with this book is not so much that it presents a Keystone cops-and-robbers version of the conflict between democracy and communism; or that its eulogy of American capitalism as a competitive, free enterprise, democratic, people's capitalism, rests upon a fantastic misrepresentation of reality; or that its discussion of the Communist Party in the United States is

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little more than a summary of the findings of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; or that it contains innumerable misstatements of fact; or that it seeks to set its readers against Nehru and other neutrals by presenting them as dupes and, in effect, servants of the Kremlin.

What is wrong with this book is that, because of these and other things, it is an intellectual fraud. For no real problem, least of all the issue of democracy versus communism, is this simple; and if we are to deal seriously with it, we must be prepared to meet it in its terrible complexity.

What is wrong with this book is that it provides no *theoretical* understanding of the issues at stake. Instead of coming to grips with democracy and communism on doctrinal and ideological grounds, it talks only of American achievements and Soviet failures. Instead of organizing the available data into a meaningful theoretical framework, it rejects theory as "advanced and often difficult" and resorts instead to arbitrarily selected aggregates of facts. If our children and soldiers are ignorant of the virtues of democracy and the vices of communism, is this the way to cure their ignorance? Can we avoid going into the premises and claims of the respective doctrines? Can we close our eyes to the shortcomings of democratic states and to the millennial appeals of communism, especially to the peoples of the underdeveloped countries?

This book is but one more costly effort to do what reputable educators and social scientists have long known cannot be done: to package indoctrination as an educational device. We have heard much in recent years of the need for a course or a book to teach Americanism and to combat communism. But there is no such course or book; nor in the very nature of the case can there be one. For education is a long and multifaceted road, and one who would travel it must undertake a painstaking and difficult journey. To understand democracy and communism, he must acquire a grasp of history, a knowledge of political and economic systems, an insight into philosophic problems and moral values. He must, in a word, become an educated man. To think that richly packaged handbooks can provide a royal road to understanding is to admit to intellectual bankruptcy. This is, perhaps, a mark of the anti-intellectual climate of our age. But it is no way to wage an effective ideological war.

ART

Maurice Grosser

NEW YORK this fall seems particularly excited about pictures — perhaps because of the big prices brought in the recent sales — and the town is full of well-attended exhibitions. The most striking of these is the Metropolitan's review of the history of American painting — the pictures chosen for the most part from its own collection — and handsomely on view until January 4. Copley, Stuart, Whistler, Sargent, Inness, Eakins, Marin and O'Keeffe are given the principal honors. Copley is perhaps a little slighted. One regrets the absence of Boston's great *Watson and the Shark* — that most extraordinary of all anecdotal pictures, with its naked swimmer, his hair afloat, the onrushing monster and the appalled boat crew — shown here only in the form of a small and inferior version. The Sargent water colors are also less successful than one remembers. But *Madame X*, with the insolence of her lifted profile, *William S. Chase*, painting in a Prince Albert and with a hand-held palette, and the delightful couple in summer clothes—*Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Phelps Stokes* — seem to step fresh and life-like from the Paris and London of Edith Wharton and Henry James.

Whistler, in contrast, seems less vivid here. His space division and his tonal values have as always great elegance. But even in the major works displayed — *Théodore Duret* holding an opera cape, *The Artist's Mother*, on loan from the Louvre, and a fine *Cremorne Gardens* — the drawing is only competent. A man of provincial training and metropolitan taste, he is conscientiously artistic rather than at ease. His excellence derives less from strength than from tact, less from positive virtue than from the avoidance of sin. He is the exact opposite of the provincial Eakins who, incapable of the economy metropolitan taste demands, nevertheless because of his stubbornness and honesty painted unforgettable pictures.

The Eakins here one can and does remember. Less known are the photographs displayed. Eakins was a passionate amateur photographer, and it is extraordinary how the bodies and faces in these photographs resemble the subjects of his pictures. One wonders if he did not perhaps use photographs in painting. It would explain his sometimes over-troublesome detail.

THE other novelty in the exhibit is the series of color etchings by Mary Cassatt. These domestic scenes done in accurate evocation of the Japanese print, with their lines and color areas carefully patterned and their faces recalling those of Japanese actors' — the eyes long, dark and expressive — are like nothing else I know. The Innesses are also, as always, a pleasure. His complicated glazed textures and rich brown shadows make his landscapes seem to us a little staged, as if they had been set up indoors and painted in studio light. All this must have made him seem to his contemporaries more dependable and conservative than the Impressionists. But his subject was the same as theirs, and with a slight transposition of color — brown shadows to purple-blue — the work would differ not at all from classical Impressionism.

On the other hand, the celebrated Bingham of trappers floating down a

Representing Far Places

In the canoe wilderness branches wait for winter;
every leaf concentrates; a drop from the paddle falls.
Up through the water at dip of a falling leaf
to the sky's drop of light or the smell of another star
fish in the lake leap arcs of realization,
hard fins praying out from the dark below.

Often in society when the talk turns witty
you think of that place, and can't polarize at all:
it would be a kind of treason. The land fans in your head
canyon by canyon; steep roads diverge.
Representing far places you stand in the room,
all that you know merely a weight in the weather.

It is all right to be simply the way you have to be,
among contradictory ridges in some crescendo of knowing.

William Stafford

river, the Audubon oil of woodpeckers and the Harnett of a suspended violin, with their elaborately precise colors and almost Cubist elegance of geometry, might have been painted today. Among our real contemporaries the Marins and O'Keeffes are numerous and imposing. There is a fine Hopper — *From Williamsburg Bridge* — some very inferior Kuhns and Currys, and a whole room of Currier and Ives. It is a good show. The work has an extraordinary "Yankee" quality of being at the same time ingenious and direct. American painting — one sees it here — does really exist.

FIFTY pictures from the City Art Museum of St. Louis were shown earlier this month at Wildenstein. They included a magnificent late Titian, a doubtful Veronese, a fine Hals, perhaps too officiously cleaned, an excellent Magnasco, a large and tiresome female portrait by Largillière, two wonderful Corots, amusing *genre* pieces by Homer and Bingham, a fine early Cézanne, a sober Manet of a man reading, a good Seurat landscape, a green Van Gogh, a young Picasso, and a complicated portrait of Lady Guilford by Holbein in the most raucous colors imaginable. The group as a whole was handsome, the quality of the paintings more than a little uneven, the list of names constituting an official roster of the masters favored by American museums today.

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TO THE END OF THOUGHT
The solution of the totalitarian enigma? Communism destroys art, freedom, all human values, but it is conquering the world. Why? Have we fathomed the deeper insights of **Darkness at Noon and 1984?**

Jack Jones' 35-page article in No. 6 of **newspaper** is one of the most important essays of this century. **"To the End of Thought** is the most stimulating essay I have read for a long time. It explains the present philosophical impasse and gives some hope of a new era of thought"—**Sir Herbert Read.** "The brilliant young psycho-historian Jack Jones has recently been publishing a series of essays toward what looks very much like a major intellectual innovation" — **Maxwell Geismar.** "I have read nothing with so many profound judgments on that mad beast, Nihilism, which is tearing the mind and the heart to pieces . . . Either we must commence thinking as Mr. Jones does, or else admit that we are cowardly enough to watch the false, political dragons of our time kill the human intellect" — **Edward Dahlberg.**

25c, Jack D. Green, 225 E. 5th St., N. Y. 3, N. Y. Issues No. 1-7, $1.

ONE of the most entertaining shows of the early winter — John Bratby at French and Company — consisted of fourteen large paintings on board, some five of which were commissioned for the movie version of Joyce Cary's novel *The Horse's Mouth* to represent the work of Gulley Jimpson, its painter hero. A painter myself and interested in such things, I have twice tried to read the book and twice given it up. Jimpson is not a painter; he is a literary man's idea of what a painter is like. He thinks in color words, loses his painting kits, has no working habits and leaves his brushes dirty. A painter in his off-hours may lead an irregular life, but he is always methodical in his work.

Bratby is a great deal better than this, quite good enough to express in paint the violence of Jimpson's romanticized character. His pictures are ugly, brilliant, vulgar and skillful. They could be copied in mosaic without change. There is no chiaroscuro. Lines and dots of bright, thick color — like the irregular bits of colored glass in a mosaic — serve to define the modeling. The compositions are casual and crowded. The subject matter is English artistic life in lower middle-class surroundings, presented without graces or amenities: full-length multiple portraits of brutally unattractive people, and interiors with doors, wall paper, children, toys, books, television sets and the other concomitants of urban living. Frequently the hands and feet of the artist painting are included — a perhaps unnecessarily discordant signature. Handsome and willfully shocking, much of the work's violence derives from an intentional confusion of categories — from painting a domestic subject in a mural style.

ANDREW WYETH recently closed at Knoedler's the most talked-about exposition of the season, inasmuch as one of his pictures sold for $35,000 — an unheard-of price for a young contemporary. The water colors were extremely handsome, the best in the Winslow Homer tradition I have yet seen: New England sea and countryside subjects, restrained and subtle in color, easy and exact in execution. The pictures on canvas seemed less good. They are done, I am told, very slowly, not more than three works a year, and in some form of tempera emulsion — a medium which lends itself better to elaboration than to breadth. The drawing is often labored, the detail over-scrupulous, the color dead. In spite of the harsh and elegant oddity of their pictorial ideas and compositions, the pictures are difficult to remember. It is as though the vigor of the painter's concepts could not quite survive the labors of execution. For a meticulous temperament emulsion paint can be a dangerous tool.

Consolations

In Tombstone, Arizona, in the spring,
The tarantulas sing:
Tarantara, tarantarum!
And in Slug, Idaho,
The bug sits on the potataho,
Gay as the undertaker's wife's hat
When the undertaker's off duty O!

And in New Mexico (O!)
The scorpions in the midst of their sweet
Amours, each other eat,
With a yum! with a yum!
While luckily here in Rochester the snow
Still has three months to go.

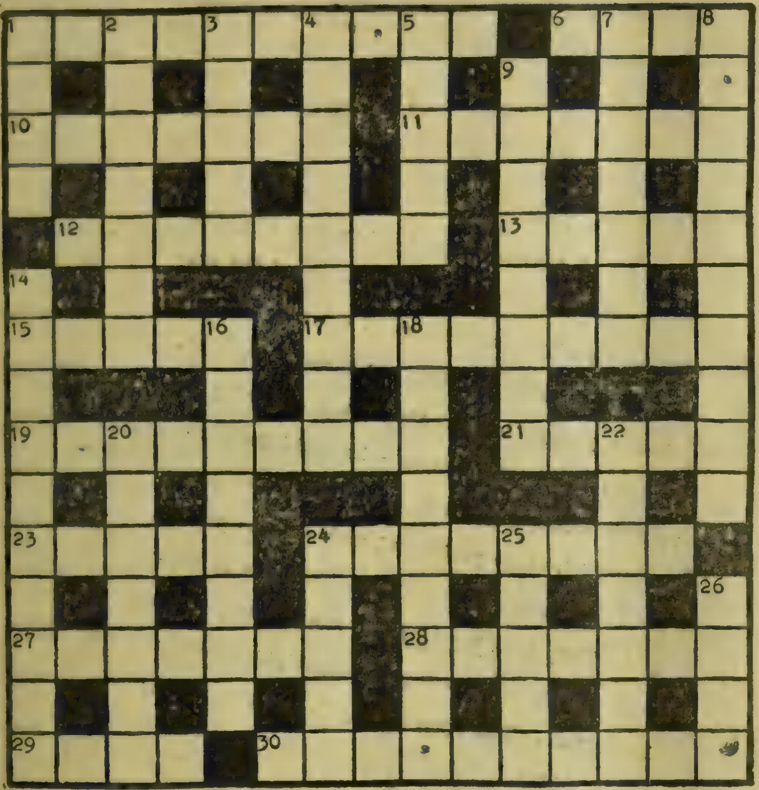
HYAM PLUTZIK

A SELECTION from the 1958 Guggenheim International Award Competition Pictures has been on view since October at the Guggenheim Museum. The show is less striking than the 1956 selection, in part because of the absence of some of the principal pieces. The international prize-winning ceramic mural by Joan Miró is part of the UNESCO buildings in Paris and unavailable, the Danish prize-winner was too large to fit in the Museum's present quarters, and the American prize-winning picture, by Rothko, was forbidden exhibition, oddly enough, by the painter himself. That first prize in an international exhibition should go to a work in ceramics seems natural enough. The international non-objective style of today, with its loaded paint and semi-mat surface, tends to imitate the runs, scumbles and accidental spreadings of ceramic glazes, and all the best pictures of the present show have the decorative texture—as well as the expressive content—formerly associated with art-handicraft pottery.

This year's Whitney Annual seems much the same as usual— nebulous non-objectives, showy abstractions and a sprinkling of ambitious representationals — some interesting and some inept. As usual, the sculpture is more varied and arresting than the painting. Even in names, there is little change from last year's offering. The Whitney Annual now is our official *Salon d'Automne.*

Crossword Puzzle No. 799

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 18 and 14 down The early morning air of Berlin? (2,3,1,4,2,3,2,2,3,7)
6 See 9 down
10 Beat by cacophony does it constitute a murder? (7)
11 Planning for weight? (7)
12 One of those might be rubber. (8)
13 Small cuts taken from the pot. (5)
15 Secretes from more than one 17, for example. (5)
17 A sort of star that Genghis might follow in Russia. (9)
19 Assembling gun timers? (9)
21 They're pushed in and sound packed.
23 Pig to Lamb. (5)
24 Tom has lots of teeth by implication, probably full of cavities. (8)
27 In case of a possessive female, it seems ultimately a meek thing to do. (7)
28 Sack. (7)
29 Reputedly they find things a certain grind. (4)
30 Like Custer's, such a play is not considered in good taste. (10)

DOWN:

1 Nothing male is a sign of less than all female. (4)
2 Masefield said John was son of one from Stratford town, who may have shaken William Sheakespeare's hand. (7)
3 Twists fighting words in addition? (5)
4 Early King of Babylon. (9)
5 What is turned in the bar is on the floor, perhaps. (5)
7 Like a would-be English bone-grinder? (7)
8 A rather careless state. (10)
9 and 6 across Knute Rockne and his horsemen? (5, 3, 4)
14 See 1 across
16 Which side are these likely to be on? Lee's! (8)
18 See 1 across
20 Completely surrounded by the band. (7)
22 Roughly, old Algeria. (7)
24 To supply a cousin with it should be first. (5)
25 Woods, perhaps, where people sometimes get together. (5)
26 Produced what one is supposed to earn every day, by the sound of it. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 798

ACROSS: 1 Balance wheels; 9 Adult; 10 Moderator; 11 Dudgeon; 12 Annuals; 13 Frets; 14 Registrar; 16 Nostalgia; 18 Wrath; 19 Utensil; 21 Melissa; 22 Restarted; 23 Indus; 24 Mineralogical. DOWN: 1 Board of Inquiry; 2 Laundress; 3 Nutmegs; 4 Elman; 5 Hydrangea; 6 Errands; 7 Sitka; 8 Dress rehearsal; 14 Regulator; 15 Rhapsodic; 17 Abstain; 18 Willing; 20 Epsom; 21 Medal.

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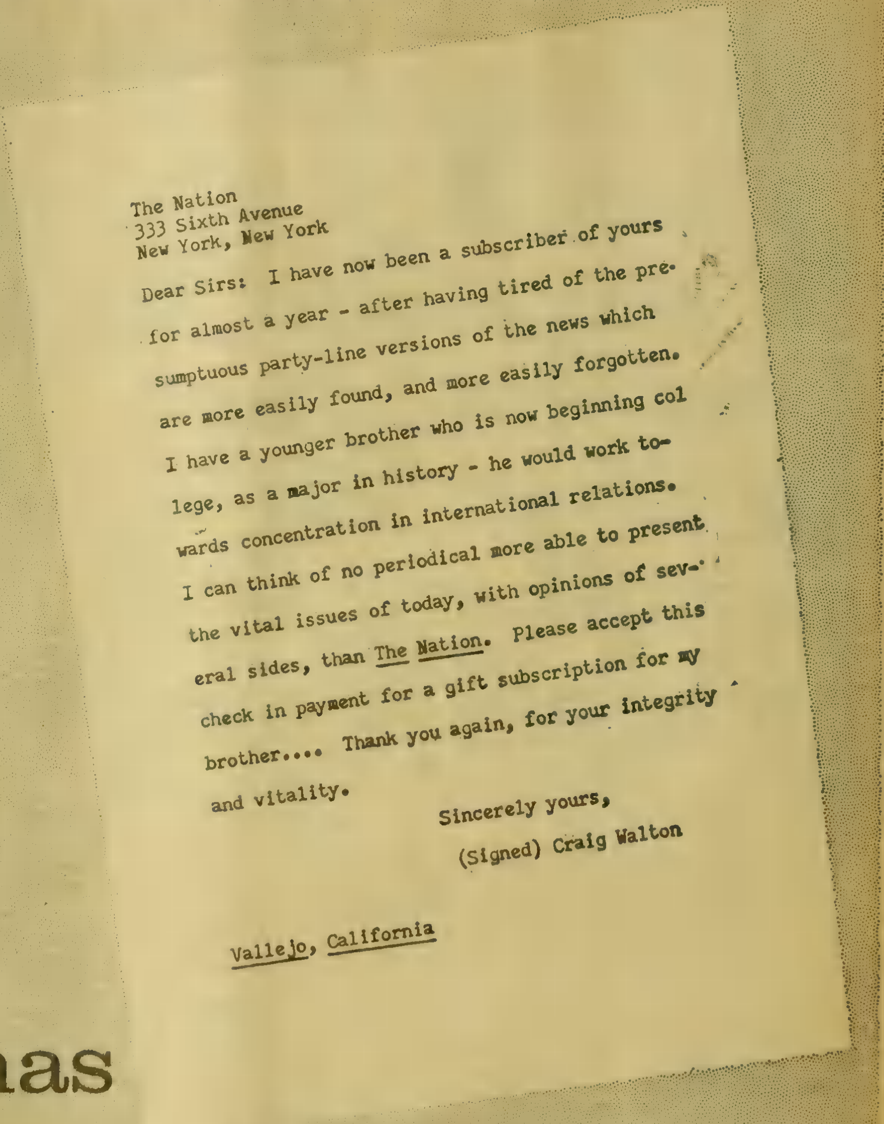

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BITTER CHRISTMAS

A Biographical Inquiry Into the Life of BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

by Ralph Colp, Jr.

LETTERS

Faces of Victory

Dear Sirs: After reading William Irwin's fine report on the Colorado election in the December 6 issue, an additional word on William Meyer's Congressional victory in Vermont might be in order.

Meyer, who stems from Quaker surroundings, presented a peace program to the electorate as his *main* campaign plank. He called for an end to the peacetime draft, the admission of Red China to the U.N., the cessation of nuclear-weapons tests, and ultimately the prohibition of nuclear-weapons production. He also spoke out against the continuance of military aid to dictator-countries. For these planks, he was vilified by the press and received endless counsel for their abandonment from Democratic sages.

While it is true that the unpopularity of his Republican opponent (whose ultra-conservatism has gone out of fashion here) contributed heavily to the startling result, it must be remembered that the Vermont Democratic Party, weak from 104 years of Republican rule, held no state-wide office from which to give Meyer strong support when the Republicans took after him on his foreign-policy declaration.

The labor movement played a special role in the campaign. Emerging from years of political inactivity, it threw its resources into the fight; hundreds of trade unionists poured out on Election Day to vote for Meyer.

STANLEY ARONOWITZ

Burlington, Vermont

Dear Sirs: I believe the main reason for Meyer's victory was the poor quality of the opposition. As one of that rare species, a native Vermonter who has been a life-long Democrat, I have always maintained that the Republicans of my state are more liberal than the GOP as a whole; and, given the choice between a sub-standard Republican candidate and what apparently appeared to them as a reasonably qualified Democratic candidate, they chose the latter. At least, Meyer seemed better qualified in comparison. Several important Republican papers, including the Rutland *Herald*, supported Meyer; and even the papers which supported the GOP candidate did so, in some instances, with evident reluctance.

It may interest you to know that, prior to Election Day, the chairman of the State Republican Committee spread a report that Walter Reuther had given the Vermont Democrats $50,000 for their campaign. But this nonsense was publicly repudiated by, among others, the Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

FLORENCE WEED

East Montpelier, Vermont

"Segregated" Ads in Washington Dailies

Dear Sirs: The three Washington, D.C., dailies — *Post-Times-Herald, Star* and *Daily News* — still segregate their real estate ads. Following a practice that was observed when restrictive covenants were rigidly enforced in the area, they still group their ads in undesignated, or "white," columns, and then in "colored" columns. Deplorable as the practice may be, at least in the days of the covenants it made sense. There *were* neighborhoods into which Negroes could not legally move. Now that covenants are unenforceable, the practice has the pernicious effect of perpetuating and extending segregated neighborhoods. Dealers are using the racial label to channel colored families into certain well-defined neighborhoods, while they hold the surrounding areas for white. And in racially changing neighborhoods, they arbitrarily list almost every house for sale as "colored," thus hurrying the change and frightening some white residents into feeling the neighborhood cannot be maintained as an integrated one and must eventually go all-colored.

At the present time, a group of twenty-eight organizations have approached the papers and urged them to follow the example of major newspapers in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, where such designations have been prohibited. . . . It seems self-evident that any attempt to make Washington an open community must begin with the elimination of racially designated ads. Since the letter columns of the local papers are closed to any discussion of the matter, it occurred to me that the columns of *The Nation* might be open. *Nation* readers in the Washington area — or elsewhere — can help by writing to the editors of the three papers urging them to list without designation, and pointing out—as the Washington *Post* did in a recent editorial — that the city "is a world capital" and that to some degree the actions of its citizens and organizations "are viewed as a microcosm of American institutions."

MARVIN CAPLAN,
Pres., Neighbors, Inc.

Washington, D.C.

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by RALPH COLP, Jr.

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THE
NATION

WHY A LONG essay on Vanzetti just at Christmas time? Well, Christmas is traditionally the season of forgiveness; Vanzetti went to his execution forgiving those who had wronged him, and it is time we forgave Vanzetti — for the burden of guilt he has laid upon us.

It is hard to accept the fellowship of a man you have killed, but we owe it to Vanzetti, and to ourselves, to try. The way to do that is somehow to break through the cocoon of symbolism in which we have isolated Vanzetti for thirty years, and approach him afresh as a fallible man among fallible men. As a martyr, Vanzetti no longer serves (we have more recent victims who strike the nerves more poignantly), but as a man his image does not fade. He was a fighter and a poet; we have as good reason to be proud of him as of any hero in our past. And as good reason to be grateful.

Ralph Colp, Jr., calls the essay he has written a "biographical inquiry," a modestly precise definition that reflects his scientific training. Dr. Colp is a psychiatrist and psychiatry is the tool that excels all others in breaking through symbols to reach the man beneath. As in his essay on Nicola Sacco (*The Nation*, August 16, 1958), Dr. Colp draws on unpublished information; but more striking than these new data are the new insights which the writer's approach makes available. He uses psychiatry with healing tact and delicacy; and his story has an astonishing gentleness after the long years of angry outbursts. But gentleness is implicit in the author's purpose. He is not seeking justice, he is not crying out for vengeance; he offers his readers the wisdom and friendship and great spiritual resources of Bartolomeo Vanzetti. — THE EDITORS

BITTER CHRISTMAS

A Biographical Inquiry Into the Life of Bartolomeo Vanzetti

. . by Ralph Colp, Jr.

Introduction: the Man Behind the Myth

> . . . I wish and hope you will lend your faculties in inserting our tragedy in the history under its real aspect and being. — *Vanzetti to H. W. L. Dana, August 22, 1927.*

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI—overshadowing and sometimes incorporating Nick Sacco—attained two kinds of fame.

When he was executed in 1927, it was an event that millions of Americans would remember the way they would later remember the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the apoplectic death of Roosevelt. To most Americans, Vanzetti was not only a thief and a murderer, but a lowly Italian anarchist, outside of and inimical to a prosperous American way of life.

Since 1927, in plays, poems and novels by some of America's best writers, Vanzetti has emerged as an innocent man of vivid gentility who spoke the "noblest words in America in two generations since Abraham Lincoln died!"—words included in anthologies of poetry and of great letters. This Vanzetti is remembered by students of history and literature, the educated leaders of the labor movement, the vanguard of international radicalism. Joughin and Morgan, in their book, *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti,* suggest Vanzetti might become an American legend.

Today, though we will probably never conclusively know whether Vanzetti was innocent of robbery and murder, this legend-fiction portrait dominates most thinking about him.

Now it is time to bring the portrait a little nearer reality; to make a biographical inquiry — a biography remains a desideratum — into the kind of man that Vanzetti was, and how he became that man. And from this to see him in relation to his times, in the round, and where possible with psychological insight.

For these purposes, I have relied mainly on what Vanzetti has said of himself. The published sources to which I have turned include *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti; The Story of a Proletarian Life* and *The Background of the Plymouth Trial* (pamphlets written by Vanzetti and published by his defense committee); interviews with Vanzetti by newspapermen; and two collections of letters, one published by The Viking Press and another, in pamphlet form, prepared by Elizabeth Evans, one of the remarkable group of women who interested themselves in the case. In addition to this published material, certain records of the Bridgewater Hospital far the Criminally Insane were put at my disposal, and I have also drawn from the collection of unpublished letters on file in the Harvard Law School library.

Vanzetti's misspellings and idiosyncratic grammar are preserved in most of his published writings. In the main, I too have refrained from editing (whether dealing with published or unpublished material). It should be noted that certain of the published work—the autobiography, for instance—did undergo an editor's pencil, and so is free of the errors characteristic of Vanzetti's English.

1. Villafalletto (1888-1908)

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI was born June 11, 1888, into a family of prosperous farmers living in Villafalletto, in northwest Italy.

He lived in Villafalletto his first thirteen years. In his maturity, with a sense of belonging never expressed about any other place in the world, he wrote of it as idyllic, bountiful, maternal nature: a rich and varied agricultural community raising corn, wheat, beets, silkworms and three yearly crops of hay. Its largest farms possessed over three hundred cows; there was a Swiss cheese factory; in the surrounding Alpine hills were apples, pears, cherries, grapes, plums, figs, peaches, all kinds of non-tropical fruit. In the town valley along the Magra River, there was almost every kind of flower: Vanzetti's earliest memories were of his father planting peaches and blue flowers in the garden of his house and his mother giving him honey every morning from a family beehive. Villafalletto was also the goal of the hard, seasonal migrations of the Alpine mountaineers. In the winter, the youngest left their old folk in mountain huts; with their cows and sheep, and carrying their furniture in mule-drawn carts, they descended to Villafalletto, lived in its houses and fed their animals from its hay. In spring and summer — riding in mule carts, carrying sacks and sharp bright scythes, singing in unison rough songs — they harvested Villafalletto's crops. They began work at three in the morning; then "the sun strikes providencially the soil of the turgid valley—but the sun strikes also mercilessly and often fatal upon the skulls of those poor creatures, bended upon furrows, seeing red, sweating blood" and "every years, some of those men fall into the furrows—forever. They went to their death singing."

Aside from this, Vanzetti mentions nothing about Villafalletto's buildings, the rooms of his own home, his friends, his brother and two sisters. He mentions only in the most summary fashion his mother and his father, who in different ways inflicted upon him the two most decisive and cruel blows of his life. Unfortunately, our main source for his thoughts about his parents is *The Story of a Proletarian Life,* an Italian autobiography translated into English. Its main outlines are true but Vanzetti found the translation "a poor thing . . . modified without my knowledge of it, to fit it to the Americans. . . ."

In letters, Vanzetti merely describes his father as "a land owner, a gardener, and an intelligent agricultural," "quite an honest and good man"—and that is all. Probably he could say no more because he recalled how his father had arbitrarily terminated his education. Vanzetti had attended school from six to thirteen: he had "loved study with a real passion" and won prizes in school examinations, including a second prize in religious catechism. In *The Story of a Proletarian Life*, he writes:

> My father was undecided whether to let me prosecute studies or to apprentice me to some artisan. One day he read in the *Gazetto del Popolo* that in Turin forty-two lawyers had applied for a position paying thirty-five lire monthly. The news item proved decisive in my boyhood, for it left my father determined that I should learn a trade and become a shopkeeper.
>
> And so in the year 1901 he conducted me to Signor Conino, who ran a pastry shop in the city of Cuneo, and left me there to taste for the first time the flavor of hard, relentless labor. I worked for about twenty months there — from 7:00 each morning until ten at night, every day, except for a three-hour vacation twice a month. From Cuneo I went to Cavour and found myself installed in the bakery of Signor Goitre, a place that I kept for three years. Conditions were no better than in Cuneo, except that the fortnightly free periods was of five hours' duration.
>
> I did not like the trade, but I stuck to it to please my father, and because I did not know what else to choose.

In 1905, Vanzetti moved to Turin, failed to find work, and moved to Courgne, where he worked as a caramel-maker and where in February, 1907, he fell ill with pleurisy. His father came to him and they rode back together in a train to Villafalletto:

> And so I returned after six years spent in the fetid atmosphere of bakeries and restaurant kitchens, with rarely a breath of God's air or a glimpse of His glorious world. Six years that might have been beautiful

> to a boy avid of learning and thirsty for a refreshing draught of the simple country life of his native village. Years of the great miracle which transforms the child into the man. Ah, that I might have had the leisure to watch the wonderful unfoldment!

In Villafalletto, Vanzetti went to bed and was nursed to health by his mother. Then occurred the second decisive blow of his life: the illness of her whom Vanzetti tersely describes as "my best beloved mother":

> One sad day my mother fell sick. What she, the family and I suffered, no pen can describe. The slightest noise caused her atrocious spasms. Many times I rushed towards the group of young men approaching along the road of an evening and singing gaily to the newborn stars, imploring them for the love of God and their own mothers to be quiet. Many times I begged the men on the street corner to go elsewhere for their conversation. In the last few weeks of life, her sufferings became so agonizing that neither my father, nor her relatives, nor her dearest friends had the courage to approach her bedside. I remained alone to comfort her as best I could. Day and night I remained with her, tortured by the sight of her suffering. For two months I did not undress.
>
> Science did not avail, nor love. After three months of brutal illness, she breathed her last in my arms. She died without hearing me weep. It was I who laid her in her coffin, I who accompanied her to the final resting place, I who threw the first handful of earth over her bier. And it was right that I should do so, for I was burying part of myself . . . the void left has never been filled.

Psychoanalysis might explain these inordinate feelings as follows: Each of us, in varying proportions, consciously or unconsciously both loves and hates his parents. When a parent dies, some of us unconsciously imagine—because of our hate—that we have actually killed this parent. Vanzetti probably held such a fantasy about the death of his mother; it would influence the rest of his life.

Following his mother's death, Vanzetti went for days without speaking, wandered in the neighboring woods, contemplated suicide by throwing himself from the Magra River bridge. There was a questioning of faith. In Cavour and to some extent in Turin, Vanzetti had been "a fervent Catholic," engaging in fist fights with Socialist workers. But in Turin, he had begun to read the antireligious romances of the Italian writer DeAmicis, and back in Villafalletto, he listened to the anti-Catholic arguments of a doctor, a chemist and a veterinarian. His uprighteously Catholic father countered "that religion was necessary in order to hold in check human passions and to console the human being in tribulation."

Finally, like so many who are grievously disturbed—Christ going into the wilderness, Mohammed's Hegira—Vanzetti decided on flight.

There were several reasons for his choosing America. "For the young people in the old country to see America is a big thing," Vanzetti later said. Feelings of love and hate for a parent not only coexist; they may be expressed in the same action: Perhaps at the same time that he was opposing his father, Vanzetti was seeking to emulate him. For—unmentioned by Vanzetti—in 1881 his father had emigrated to America, stayed two years, and then returned to Italy and established himself.

On June 9, 1908, with his family sorrowing but not opposing him, Vanzetti left Villafalletto; a two-day train ride across France, a seven-day ocean voyage, and in July, 1908, an Italian youth just turned twenty reached New York.

> How well I remember standing at the Battery in lower New York, upon my arrival, with a few poor belongings in the way of clothes, and very little money. . . . Where was I to go? What was I to do? Here was the promised land. The elevated rattled by and did not answer. The automobiles and the trolleys sped by, heedless of me.

2. American Manhood (1908-1920)

IN THE next twelve years, Vanzetti became a foreigner, associating with North Italians, making little effort to learn English or American ways; a lowly, unskilled worker unprotected by trade unions and exposed to topical unemployment and poor work conditions. He experienced the ethos of his class and when, later, he read Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization,* he commented:

> This history as far as I reached it, would tell plenty of cronicles and of contrasting interests, almost exclusively between a ruling class and another semy-ruling class inspiring [aspiring] to the liberty of a full and sovereign ruling — and thus it would left, at the end of its reading, a bourgeaus worker or little fellow as bourgeaus as at the beginning.
>
> Nothing, I found in it till now of the instinctive and intuitive aspirations of the poor, of the hardly articulated but incommensurable souls of the humbles, — except if I must believe they are like the master — which, at least now day, it does not seem so to me.

The chronology of those twelve years was as follows. For a year Vanzetti was in New York City, first working for three months as a dishwasher in a night club, then for eight months as a dishwasher in Mouquin's, the famous restaurant. The pantry had no windows:

> During working hours the heat was terrific. The table leavings amassed in barrels near the pantry gave out nauseating exhalations. The sinks had no direct sewage connection. Instead the water was permitted to the floor. In the center of the room there was a drain. Every night the pipe was clogged, and the greasy water rose higher and higher and we trudged in the slime.
>
> We worked twelve hours one day

> and fourteen the next, with five hours off every other Sunday. Damp food hardly fit for dogs and five or six dollars a week was the pay. After eight months I left the place for fear of contracting consumption.

For three months, growing steadily more discouraged, he walked all over New York vainly looking for work, watching the poor sleeping in the open, and fumbling in garbage cans for cabbage leaves and rotten apples. One morning in an employment agency he met a young unemployed North Italian, "more forlorn and unfortunate than I," bought him a meal with his last savings, and the two decided to look for work in the country and took a steamboat near the Brooklyn Bridge for Hartford, Connecticut.

FOR A TIME, unable to find work, the two walked the Connecticut roads, shabby, trembling with hunger, pitied and fed by farm families. Vanzetti observed that protracted indigence had caused his companion to fall into "a terrible state" of apathy and indifference and when work was finally found in brick furnaces near Springfield, he soon quit. Vanzetti stayed on for ten months, though the labor was exacting. He lived in a colony of North Italians; there was considerable sickness and almost every day someone became feverish. But the evenings would be gay. Someone would play the guitar, Vanzetti would try to sing or "indulge in those minor echoes which, in case of waltzes run as follow,—um pa pa—um pa pa, and so on." He then went to Meriden, Connecticut, where for two years he worked in the stone pits "doing the hardest unskilled labor" and where the only pleasure he remembers was hearing the Tuscan language from an aged Italian couple with whom he lived.

Acquaintances counseled him: an unskilled worker could get neither work nor food and "was the lowest animal there was in the social system." Why not practice his culinary trade? Vanzetti returned to New York and worked in the Savarin Restaurant on Broadway as an assistant pastry chef. After eight months he was unexpectedly discharged. He immediately got relocated in a hotel on Seventh Avenue in the theatre district. After five months, he was again unexpectedly discharged. Then he learned that he was the victim of a "commission" system: hiring agencies split their fees with master chefs, and the more active the turnover the more fees there were to split. His acquaintances urged him to stick to being a pastry cook, but after five months vainly looking for work on the streets of New York—some nights sleeping in doorways and lining his clothes with newspapers to lessen the cold—Vanzetti hired himself out for pick-and-shovel work to an agency on Mulberry Street. He later recollected ". . . It was necessary to present ones self with unbuttoned shirts, because they wanted to see what one was like, they wanted to see the hair on the chest of the worker, and good for me that I am Latin with haired chest. They used to say: 'You are too small—you are too old.'" The agency sent him to Massachusetts; with a group of ragged men—mainly Italians—he lived "like a beast" in barracks in the woods near Springfield, working on a railroad. Then, with a fellow worker, he moved to other barracks near Worcester, and worked for a year as an unskilled factory laborer.

Circa 1914 he made his home in Plymouth, first tending the farm, garden and swimming pool of a private estate, then working for the Plymouth Cordage Company.

OVER the years, despite peregrinations, the long days' labors and uncongenial accommodations, Vanzetti read books: "Ah, how many nights I sat over some volume by a flickering gas jet, far into the morning hours! Barely had I laid my head on the pillow when the whistle sounded and back I went to the factory or the stone pits." He read pro- and anti-Christianity tracts; Italian translations of Hugo, Tolstoi and Zola; the Italian poets; histories of Greece and Rome and the American, French and Italian revolutions. Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Renan's *Life of Christ* were his two most reread books. His main reading was Socialist-political: Peter Kropotkin, Gorki and Merlino, Malatesta, Reclus, Marx, Leon de Labriola, the testament of Carlo Pisacan, Mazzini's *Duties of Man*. The solitary, gaslight-illuminated figure had always been "something of a dreamer"; now, associating himself with Italian Socialists and anarchists, he called himself an anarchist and dreamt "a realizable, possible dream": "to have touch with mankind, to vivify the innate voice of brotherhood, and menace the lords, the tyrants of the land—as [did] the prophets of the oldest days."

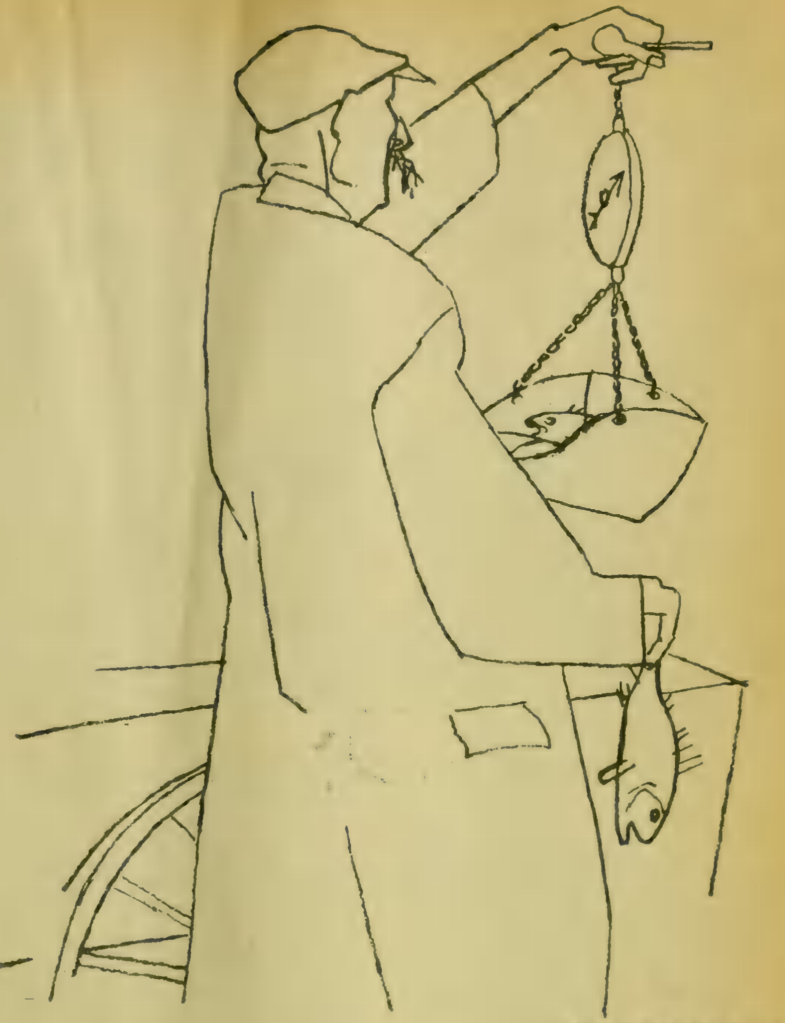
His anarchism, like that of many revolutionaries, was a rejection of the childhood world supplied by his parents.

> My parents, in spite of their love and good will, they teach me many more ideas, false principles, and a false divinity. It is by a rinnovation of [my] own previous self through a self reaction, an inner tragedy which costed me the bleeding of my hearts blood that I rebegan and became what I am now. . . . We [anarchists] were as our enemies and adversaries are. Only by incessant mental work, and hard terrible trial of conscience we became different, as now we are. That is, we have analyzed, condemned, repudiated all conceptions, beliefs, the criterions, the principles that were inculcated in us from our infancy until the day of the beginning of our conviction.

He corresponded dutifully and warmly with his family, but when his father and an aunt wrote him to come back home to oversee the family lands, he stayed on in his American poverty: ". . . I have refused myself of what are considered the commodity and glories of life, the prides of a life of a good position, because in my consideration it is not right to exploit man."

In the Plymouth Cordage Company, Vanzetti — called "barbetta" because of his small beard—became a radical leader. The company, the largest of its kind in the country, sold rope made from sisal all over the world. Vanzetti was a member of an outdoor gang of Italian and Portuguese workers, loading rope coils on freight cars. The workers were underpaid, and on January 16, 1915, a bitter cold day, suddenly and spontaneously, they went on strike. In a letter written three weeks before his death, Vanzetti relates how he advised the workers on strike tactics, gave his money to the strike, and traveled to Springfield and Worcester to speak at meetings of Italians and to raise funds: "Worked from six A.M. to ten or eleven P.M. during all the strikes; been present everywhere and at every meeting . . . collected funds and lost eighteen pounds of my flesh; fighting with every fool and crook hanging around and assuming all my responsibilities: proving myself untimideable and uncoruptible. . . ." After a month the employers met the strikers' demands. But with victory the cordage company would give Vanzetti no work and there was no union to help him.

Again he became an itinerant worker in the Plymouth area, building breakwaters, digging cellars, carrying bricks. In the spring of 1917, opposing America's entry into the war and wishing to avoid conscription, he went to Monterey, Mexico, with a group of Italian anarchists, including Nick Sacco. Some of the group found work cleaning hats and collars, but for Sacco and Vanzetti there was no employment, and after five months they returned. Sacco went home to Stoughton, Mass., but Vanzetti wandered for more than a year, from St. Louis to Youngstown, Ohio, to Farrell, Pennsylvania, before returning to Plymouth in the autumn of 1918.



Drawing by Gwathmey

HE WAS thirty. "The years of toil and the more terrible periods of unemployment had robbed me of much of my original vitality." Again he determined to be independent of employers and this time, instead of trying to be a cook, struck a new course. A friend who was returning to Italy said to him: "Why don't you buy my cart, my knives, my scales, and go to selling fish?" Vanzetti accepted. From April to November—Plymouth's fish season — Tuesday through Friday he trundled his cart selling fish to Italian, Portuguese and American families. The Americans would eat their fish the day they bought them; the Italians would salt the fish and eat them the next day; the Portuguese were the steadiest customers, and would frequently buy fish on Saturdays. Sometimes, after consulting the paper on the hour the tides would be out, Vanzetti would dig for clams on Plymouth Beach, selling them immediately afterwards. In the winter, he would cut ice from ponds and shovel snow from the streets and once in a while journeyed to Boston to buy fish to sell in Plymouth. He lived with a family of poor Italians, the Brinis; read, and wrote an occasional article for the Italian anarchist newspaper. On his trips to Boston, he would talk politics with the printer, Aldino Felicani, who remembers him as shabby, very gentle, always curious and tolerant of all views. He thus lived and labored from 1919 into 1920—his last year of freedom.

Judging himself during these twelve years, Vanzetti called himself "nameless in the crowd of nameless ones"; and, in his most spontaneous words, "I . . . unmarked, unknown, a failure." He had been a triple failure: as a labor leader he was unknown (except for the month of the cordage strike) to workers, as an anarchist uninfluential in the small American-Italian anarchist group. As a worker, although he labored hard and dependably, his heart was not in his work and he never tried to develop any skill. In later years, Nick Sacco was always enthusiastic when he talked of making shoes; Vanzetti only spoke of his work bitterly—he called Sacco the "*good* shoemaker" and himself the "*poor* fish-peddler." His most poignant failure: in his human relations, Vanzetti was alone. In Plymouth—after the years of transient contact with anonymous individuals, couples and families—he developed paternal feelings for Brini's boy Beltrando, his "spiritual son," and warmth and community of ideas with others who later labored in his defense. But there was no one whom Vanzetti could call his own, or be close to; no one to love or be loved by.

Paralysis of development, loneliness and nomadism are hallmarks of a mental state of depression. A depression may last years or a lifetime. It is brought on by many things; a frequent cause is an unconscious guilt fantasy of having killed a parent.

An explanation of Vanzetti during these twelve years is that he was depressed because of unconscious guilt over the death of his mother. Recollect his feelings when he buried her: "I was burying part of myself . . . the void left has never been filled." Later, during his imprisonment and impending execution—which he dubbed "this black hour second only in sorrow to that of my mother's death"— he wrote: "My heart is the tabernacle in which my mother, and she was brave, lives. If a good hour will strike me, I will tell you of her. Not now. It is impossible now." And "I cannot speak of my mother, having murder in my heart. I can only say that I am glad she died before my arrest. I think I will never be anymore able to speak of her." And he never did speak of her.

Lost persons may be replaced by surrogate persons or by impersonal symbols, whose real meaning is known only to the unconscious. Nature, whole or in parts, is a common maternal symbol and was so regarded by Vanzetti. Here is a passage from one of his letters: "To live free among the green and the sunshine under an open sky in an apoteosy of fluid life, of lights, colors, and armories . . . to torn with the teeth and fingernails, directly from the motherly earth, the everyday bread —it was always my dream." In another passage, he desires to be directly reunited with Mother Nature: "Do not violate the law of nature, if you do not want to be a miserable. I remember: it was a night without moon but starry. With the face in my hands I began to look at the stars. I feel that my soul want goes away from my body, and I have had to make an effort to keep it my chest, so, I am the son of Nature, and I am so rich that I do not need any money."

Vanzetti had made two attempts to follow his "profession as pastry cook." In between—digging soil, cutting rock and carrying brick—he worked "Mother Earth." Finally he became a "son of Nature." In spring and summer, he lived from fish from the sea and clams from the shore; in winter, he chopped ice and shoveled snow from the rolling Massachusetts hills and lakes, so unlike the Alps and the valley of Villafalletto. Yet, like the Villafalletto mountaineers, his work was in rhythm with the seasons.

3. Arrest and Trial (1920-1921)

DECEMBER 24, 1919, a gang attempted an unsuccessful robbery at Bridgewater. On April 15, 1920, a gang successfully robbed the South Braintree shoe company, shooting to death two payroll guards. There were other robberies, and to protect his small earnings Vanzetti—for the first time in his life—purchased a revolver.

All during 1919 and into 1920, creating a miasma of fear which has probably never been surpassed in American history, the Department of Justice was arresting and deporting hundreds of alien radicals. Vanzetti read lurid newspaper accounts of his acquaintances being arrested, of what the radicals were doing, of what the government would do to them. Unimportant himself, he remained untouched. When the Italian radical printer Salsedo was arrested by the FBI, he journeyed to New York to aid in the defense; upon his return to Boston on May 2, he advised Italian radicals to destroy their literature and disperse. Becoming a radical leader for the first time since the cordage strike, he planned to address an anti-war meeting. Suddenly, on May 3, 1920, a suicide or murder victim, Salsedo plunged to his death from the New York building where he had been held.

On the evening of May 5, on his way to warn comrades that Salsedo's death presaged fresh persecutions, Vanzetti boarded and sat down on the streetcar that ran between Bridgewater and Brockton. Beside him sat Nick Sacco, a comrade whom Vanzetti had known since Monterey, Mexico. The streetcar stopped, a police car drew up beside it, and a police officer came aboard and walked up to Sacco and Vanzetti. "Where did you fellows get on?" he said. "West Bridgewater," answered Sacco. "I'll have to ask you to come along with me," ordered the officer. "What for?" queried Vanzetti. "What we done?" added Sacco. "We'll see," said the policeman, who then — according to Vanzetti—drew his revolver, and pointing it at him said, "You, don't move, you dirty thing." Unresisting, Sacco and Vanzetti were taken from the trolley to the Brockton police station.

The police had arrested Sacco and Vanzetti as suspects in the Bridgewater and South Braintree robberies. But Sacco and Vanzetti thought they had been arrested as radicals about to be deported.

The Brockton police searched Vanzetti, found his revolver and some radical leaflets, and thus identified him as a social pariah. Refusing to tell him why he was under arrest, they questioned him about his radical associates, and when he replied, punched and pushed him and called him a liar. And, fearful of incriminating his comrades, Vanzetti did lie. He was then locked in a cold cell. When he asked for a blanket, an officer replied, "You catch warm by yourself—in the morning we put you in a line in the hall between chairs and we shoot you." One officer walked up to Vanzetti in his cell, spat in his face, then moved back, broke the barrel of his revolver, showed Vanzetti that it contained cartridges, and pointed it at him. All the while Vanzetti stood behind his bars silent and immobile, and eventually the officer went away. Next morning, unkempt, dirty and disheveled, Vanzetti was photographed.

In the ensuing twelve months, there were two trials. In the first, Vanzetti was tried for the attempted December 24 holdup at Bridgewater. The trial took place at Plymouth in June and July, 1920, and lasted eleven days; Vanzetti was found guilty and sentenced to twelve to fifteen years in Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown. A few hours after sentence, manacled, surrounded by armed guards, he was driven in an auto to Charlestown, and placed in a cell to begin his sentence.

Then, in July, 1921, Vanzetti was driven from Charlestown to Dedham, where he was put on trial with Nick Sacco for the South Braintree murders. After two months, both defendants were found guilty. The death sentence was mandatory, and while this pended, Vanzetti was taken back to Charlestown to continue his Plymouth sentence.

"Everything is against me," Vanzetti said of the two trials. Prosecutor Frederick Katzmann and Judge Webster Thayer, who served at both trials, and the two different juries saw Vanzetti as a foreigner, an unskilled and propertyless worker, a radical and a draft-dodger—the antithesis of everything American. Vanzetti's poor education, scant understanding of English and ignorance of American legal procedure were against him. The Dedham trial defense was good, but in the Plymouth trial Vanzetti's Italian lawyer, John Vahey, did not allow his client to take the witness stand, called none of his Plymouth acquaintances to testify in his behalf, and was friendly with the state prosecutor. Said Vanzetti: ". . . Mr. Vahey has not defended me. He has sold me for thirty golden money like Judas sold Jesus Christ." Vahey, smoking a large cigar, whistling and whirling his fingers, told Vanzetti he might get the electric chair.

Then came a lull: the defense appealed seven times for a new trial on the murder charge and each time was turned down. By the end of the last appeal Vanzetti was still alive, unsentenced for the Braintree killings, still serving out his time at Charlestown for the attempted Bridgewater holdup—and six of the most important years of his life had passed.

4. The Long Travail (1921-1927)

THEY WERE years of suffering: he who had been free and footloose was confined "in a small cell which has free space eight feet long and one foot ten inches wide." A bell rang for morning waking, breakfast and room cleaning. A whistle piped work: first Vanzetti worked in the prison shop, painting auto licenses, and then —when the paint fumes made him ill—as a tailor. A whistle piped lunch and the noon counting by the guards. Then back to his cell. A bell rang for afternoon work, a late afternoon whistle for "talking, playing, and joking" in the prison yard. A bell for supper, then back to the cell, and a final ring for lights out. Vanzetti wrote of feeling "buried" and "squashed" and "crushed" and "tired, tired, tired," and becoming a "shadow" of a man. He longingly "looked at the sky and the overhead stars," was sensitive to barometric and temperature changes. Halfway through his imprisonment, he let himself go in a prose poem on nature:

> O the blessing green of the wilderness and of the open land — O the blue vastness of the oceans — the fragrances of the flowers and the sweetness of the fruits — the sky reflecting lakes — the singing torrents — the telling brooks — O the valleys, the hills — the awful Alps! O the mistic dawn — the roses of the aurora, the glory of the moon — O the sunset — the twilight — O the supreme extasies and mystery of the starry night, heavenly creature of the eternity.
>
> Yes, Yes, all this is real actuallity but not to us [he and Sacco], not to us chained — and just and simply because we, being chained, have not the freedom to use our natural faculty of locomotion to carry us from our cells to the open horizon — under the sun at daytime — under the visible stars at night.

Paying this price, in these six years Vanzetti underwent an intellectual and emotional burgeoning. In his thirties—when he was thirty-three, he noted that it was the age of Christ —he changed from an uncreative person to a creative one. Several things contributed to this.

First were changes in Vanzetti's unconscious. The creative process is little understood, but an unconscious guilt is known to relate actively to it; in some conditions it acts as a stimulus; in others, as an inhibitor. If Vanzetti had been inhibited because of an unconscious guilt feeling that he had killed his mother, and if he were now suffering for a crime he had not committed, then his prison ordeal would assuage his guilt and liberate creative mental energy. Parenthetically, one might add that his entire behavior in prison was more that of an innocent than guilty person, although the evidence is not conclusive.

Another factor in his burgeoning: Vanzetti found he had a public. In capturing and holding spontaneous, unorganized public interest in Europe and America, the Sacco and Vanzetti case was without precedent. As early as 1921, Vanzetti wrote:

> . . . What has been done for us by the people of the world, the laborers (I mean the workers) and the greatest minds and hearts proves beyond any possible doubt that a new conception of justice is planning its way in the soul of mankind: a justice centered on man as man. For as I have already said, you, they are doing for us what once could only have been done for saints and kings. This is real progress.

Having "the people of the world" as an audience was a stimulus possessed by few. Through the prison years there were friendly visitors and correspondents: Aldino Felicani and Italian comrades aided him in the Plymouth defense; afterward, during the Dedham trial, came Americans—the first Vanzetti had really gotten to know in his thirteen American years. Among them were Communists, anarchists, Socialists and liberals of variegated hue. A group of women came to occupy a prominent place among his visitors, the most important being Mrs. Elizabeth Glendower Evans, Mrs. Jessica Henderson, Mrs. Gertrude L. Winslow, Mrs. Irene Benton, Mrs. Kate Dial, Mrs. Cerise Jack and Miss Alice Blackwell. These women had certain attributes in common: They were in their sixties and seventies, mostly married and the mothers of families, wealthy, cultured, socially prominent, liberal; many had worked in reform movements, acquiring hard, practical experience. Between Vanzetti and these American mothers there developed over the years feelings of trust, affection—and love. To Vanzetti they were maternal surrogates—replacing nature—people who really cared for him and with whom he could do what he had never really done in his life: share his feelings. To the American mothers, Vanzetti was an exciting *cause célèbre* and an attractive personality with a potential for growth which they were helping to realize.

THE final factor in Vanzetti's burgeoning: Charlestown's confinement gave him the board, room and leisure which he had previously failed to achieve. He put on twenty pounds; the prison regimen left him Sundays and evening rest periods free; Warden Hendry and the prison staff treated him respectfully and facilitated his receiving of books and visitors and his sending of mail.

Vanzetti's burgeoning began formally with a letter he wrote to Mrs. Elizabeth Evans in July, 1921. "I was just thinking what I would do for pass the long days jail; I was saying to myself; do some work. But what? Write. A gentle motherly figure came to my mind and I rehear the voice." Mrs. Evans' voice, Vanzetti tells us, said two things. First, "Now you advise me to study. Yes, it would be a good thing. But I do not know enough this language to be able to make any study through it. I will like to read Longfellow's, Paine's, Franklin's, and Jefferson's works, but I cannot. I would like to study mathematics, physics, history, and science, but I have not a sufficient elementary school to begin such studies. . . ."

IN THE ensuing years, feeling the "fever of knowledge," Vanzetti did study: Italian books to help him overcome the limitations of his elementary-school education; English books, with the added handicap of learning a new language. His friends encouraged him, sent him books. Over several years, Mrs. Virginia MacMechan, a young school teacher, gave him English lessons in the Charlestown visitors' room, and corrected his English compositions. To her he described how he read a book: "From the beginning to the end, first to acquire a general criterion . . . the best and the worse remain fixed in my mind. After I repass and study the more important of these two things—minutely dissecting and analyzing them. The same I do in respect of their ethic and technical points, drinking merely from the first, squeezing all the good from the second. I am ferocious, implacable, and good-hearted even with books." Sometimes—he humorously told Mrs. Evans—he read standing on his feet and leaning "like an elephant" against his cell wall. He progressed and by 1923 was reading Robinson's *Mind in the Making* and William James's *Psychology*, and his list of American writings came to include the *Survey Graphic*, the *New Republic*, *The Nation*, and books by Jack London, Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair.

The second thing the voice of Mrs. Evans told him was, "Why don't you write something now? It will be useful to you when you will be free." Early in prison, Vanzetti began a bilingual, variegated literary production. In Italian, he wrote articles for anarchist newspapers and a novelette, *Events and Victims*, recounting his experiences in a munitions factory before America entered the war. Written in Italian and then translated into English were articles for the Defense Committee *Bulletin*; his pamphlet-autobiography, *The Story of a Proletarian Life*; and a pamphlet, *Background of the Plymouth Trial*. The English writings were a translation of Pierre J. Proudhon's *War and Peace*, a book which had become his political Bible; and, creating the deepest, most rounded picture of him, his letters to American friends.

There are probably no other letters in which learning English and development of ideas are so joined. Vanzetti's English vocabulary grows richer, but the misspelling of both common and esoteric words does not seem to improve much, and the grammar remains awkward. The ideas proliferate and in December, 1926, Vanzetti wrote that while his understanding was increasing, his powers of expression seemed to be diminishing.

THE letters are political, polemical. To a woman correspondent, he writes: "I am a bitter polemist, a merciless theorist, and I know to cause others much anguish. . . . The words that I am writing will disturb you, will cause your heart to ache, but would you prefer my insincerity to my sincerity?" In another letter, he notes that only now, in prison, has he reached "sureness of thought." He is the anarchist—equally against all state institutions, Russian Communists, Italian Fascists and American democratic capitalists, and oblivious to American democratic processes and Constitutional reforms.

He is also the political student, shunning humbug and the unexamined, marshaling the available evidence and constantly seeking understanding. On the wall of his small and crowded cell he has fastened a map of the world; and from this barred hole, he limns the socio-political profiles of different countries.

In 1926, when most people were either for or against, he tries to *understand* Russia:

> In Russia, this happened: the Czarism was destroyed by a revolution; part of the owners were expropriated; a party took the power, stopped the continuation of expropriation and appropriated to itself that part of the social wealth which had already been expropriated by the people. From that moment the revolution began its regression and few leaders of a small party became the only and real rulers of Russia. They were immediately compelled to form a national army, and build a policy worse than the Czars' one; to uphold a new church, not better than the old one; and, given the conditions, to be more reactionary and tyrannic than the dethroned autocracy itself.

A penetrating social satire on an American institution of the 1920s is a letter in which Vanzetti turns the pages of an issue of *Hearst's International* and comments on its tawdry "art," photos of nudes; its inane ads which promise knowledge on purchase of a *Nelson's Encyclopedia*, wisdom on sending a donation to Lionel Pelman, and strength on sending another donation to a naked "fortism" strong man. An article in the issue ascribes the death of American Presidents to overwork and the pressure of office-seekers, but omits what to Vanzetti is the main reason: the Presidents' "vain efforts to save an unjust social order in decomposition." To Vanzetti, the title of another article, "Nationwide Conspiracy of the Ku Klux Klan," "sounds like a sneeze."

His insight is charged with a mounting, rhapsodical sort of sadness as, over these six years, he writes of Italy. The triumph of fascism "has revealed . . . the moral loneness in which we have fallen after the war and the revolutionary over-excitation of the last few years." In 1924, on reading of the killing of Matteoti, "It seems that the workers have [not] learn anything . . . the began again great and noisy choreography—sing Red Flag—made big talk—and be beaten again." One hundred thousand workers "ran away like rabbits" before one thousand Fascists whom they could have elminated in a few hours. "They [the workers] sing Red Flag and fail daily under the Fascists' dagger. Then the murderers get the prize—the victims the grave—their relatives in prison. And again: great funerals, great talks, great runaway—and great noise of red flags falling in the mud of blood and shame.

"It is this awful unconsciousness of the people and the work of their leaders . . . who only look for power —that have permitted-caused the fascism and all its horrors."

Fascist rule is "blood, crimes, degeneration," but in the future Vanzetti sees a possible "liberation, reached through a terrific lavacrus of blood, through aspiration, heroic sacrifice and fire"—almost a prophecy of World War II.

A ranging, powerfully tragic, view of mankind runs through the letters. In 1923, he writes: "The dearest manifestation of the universe for me is mankind, with its miseries and proudness, its glories and its shames, its smallness and its grandeur." And in 1924:

> Oh, how right we anarchists are in our postulates, criterions, critics, and fights. Mankind want not, cannot understand us. It is too villain, too tartufe, too traviated, too coward. We climb our Calvary under our cross—but indeed, the madness, the ignominious tragedy of our crucifiers, peoples and tyrants, made us laugh at our worst moment but it's terrible and stupid immensity. We go to hell, but with many in company. We witnessing the end of a world, but with Christ and Socrates for teachers.

And this in 1927:

> Very often I turn around my eyes to see, contemplate and study the world even and mankind. The spectacle is extremely repugnant and heart-tearing. At it, one does not know if to love or if to hate, if to sympathize, or if to despise humanity. . . .
>
> Things are going from bad to worse. War in China, Nicaragua, revolution in Java, Mexico, Brazil; the Baltics on foot of war; France and Italy mobilizing, one against the other; England, U. S., France, and Japan in a crazy rivalry of armament; South America and U.S. in danger of war; Italy under the Fascist dictatorship, Russia under the Bolshevik one; scandals, corruption, crimes, diseases, degeneration, greed, hatred, unconsciousness, prejudices and insanity sweeping the earth. I wonder how it will end.

In learning English, Vanzetti was not only learning to think, but — in the manner of a patient talking to a psychiatrist — learning to put his feelings into words; making unconscious and repressed feelings conscious. His earliest Villafalletto memories were of a passive, maternal nature and an active, masculine nature. Gradually, writing of the passive-active dichotomy in nature and politics, he came to see the dichotomy in himself. Vanzetti's whole life had been a passive bowing to events; as he came to recognize this passivity, he disliked it, yet was unable to change it. The only thing he could do was to write grandiose, flamboyant, violent fantasies. But the more he wrote such fantasies, the less he could actually commit violent acts, and the more he disliked his passive role. He describes this passive-violent conflict, and the supremacy of the first, in a letter written in July, 1923, on the day following the electrocution of a fellow prisoner named Pappas:

> I was tired, disgusted, and furibond. Many time, during the last three hours, I was tempted to smash my door, to began a revolt. But I am almost civilized—quasi coward—and still stay serene as our ancient wisdom, Christianism, and modern sciences command. Then next morning I knocked at the souls of my comrades in chains, "Well," said I, and look in their eyes—"what a hell can we do? We can do nothing." I hate my tongue. With one alone I said: "We can do all that is humanly possible. Just to know and to will and we would have been able to save Pappas, were not us cowards."

This feeling of "furibond" then became one of the lineaments of a psychosis.

IN OCTOBER, 1924, Vanzetti complained of symptoms characteristic of the onset of many psychoses. He felt a sensation of electricity in the air and an unexplainable feeling of "something funny" in his head and chest which he felt presaged an earthquake. The following month he wrote:

> My native me is dreary for what it is becoming. I have cut down trees with a sense of sympathy for them, and almost a sense of remorse; while now thinking of my axe a lust seizes me to get a mad delight and exaltation by using them on the necks and trunks of the men eaters; on the necks of those who seem to have evil in their head, and on the trunks of those who seem to have evil in their breast.

A letter written by Dr. Joseph McLoughlin, Charlestown's physician, and Dr. Charles Sullivan, Massachusetts state expert for insane criminals, relates what happened in December. Vanzetti became disturbed in his cell and on December 8, was transferred to another cell, where every night he barricaded the door with a table, saying men might overpower his guards and kill him. On the morning of December 24, in the prison workshop, he became abusive and threatening to another prisoner whom he claimed was laughing at him. On the night of December 30, in "some sort of frenzied attack," he smashed a chair to pieces in his cell room. Before and after this he was seen by Dr. McLoughlin and Dr. Sullivan. He told them that he had been forsaken by everyone; that "perjurers" at his trial, "fascists" and "others" were "out to get him," and for "self-protection" he needed to carry a gun. When the doctors asked why he broke the chair, he said he was "mad." McLoughlin and Sullivan diagnosed him an "insane" and "dangerous person" in a "hallucinatory and delusional state of mind" and recommended his committal to Bridgewater Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

On January 2, 1925, manacled and guarded by police officers, he arrived at Bridgewater. When the admitting doctor asked him what brought him to a mental hospital, he replied, "I don't know, I am not crazy. Perhaps they think I need a rest." For the next two months he was controlled, polite, a "model prisoner." In February, during three interviews with Bridgewater doctors, he elaborated his fear of an Italian Fascist plot against him. Vanzetti pointed out that in the past two or three years the Fascists in Italy had killed 10,000 political opponents. "I have never read of any political party that is as violent as this one. They are criminals in every branch of criminality." Although the Italian Fascist press was supporting Sacco and Vanzetti as Italians, Vanzetti opined that because of his prominence and anarchism he, Vanzetti, was "a brick on the chest of Mussolini, and the best way that he can do now is to send the people to the cemetery. I would be among them." Since 1921, the number of Fascists among Charlestown's Italian inmates had grown; among them were men whom Vanzetti was "positive" could kill him "any time any day that they want to." In Bridgewater, too, there were Fascists: "I feel it. No, I more than feel it." Somewhere in Bridgewater was an Italian, presumably a Fascist, who had killed three men outside prison, then stabbed to death with a shoemaker's knife another prisoner; but Vanzetti refused to reveal his name, saying that even when it came to Fascists he was no stool pigeon.

Today we do not know whether there was a Fascist plot or not. Neither did the Bridgewater doctors; they could only evaluate Vanzetti's story as possessing "a somewhat paranoid coloring."

On February 23, the Bridgewater records noted that Vanzetti spent the day sitting in a chair pretending to have his eyes closed, but watching the other prisoners. At dinner that night, he looked at his food suspiciously, then took potatoes from another prisoner's plate and ate them, saying nothing.

HERE the Bridgewater records stop; the remaining Bridgewater story, gleaned only from Vanzetti's letters, is confusing and incomplete. On April 6, Vanzetti writes: "Something is gradually dying in me, and what remains is just all right. I'm beginning to believe the Bible. 'The tyrants should be stabbed.'" And he noted a return of his original body sensations. "As for me, I have suffered the last few days a terrible heartburn, and I have said, and maybe I may have, or I may not have, ulcers in my stomach. If I have ulcers, it is all right, though I will fight against. If I have no ulcers, it is still better." On April 10, "We are galloping towards misery and wretchedness. Life grows miserable by each second, and he whom the Gods have not yet wholly deprived of understanding, far from being surprised, should indeed wonder if it were not so, for man is today his own greater enemy, and the slaves are, more than the powerful, the slave-keepers of themselves." He quotes Anatole France's *Penguin Island*, which he has just been reading: "After having destroyed the present curse called civilization, the people returned to a certain primitiveness through which they gradually build and return to the present state."

WHEN A new Italian patient was brought to Bridgewater, the authorities, evidently fearing a disturbance, moved Vanzetti to a new ward and restricted his movements. Vanzetti was bitter: in a letter to Miss Blackwell, written in pencil on a torn scrap of brown, grocery-bag paper, he says: "I have already experienced that in the name of 'psychopathy' may be committed the same, if not more cruelty, injustice, and partiality, as in the name of the law. Psychology is still more subtle and indefinable than law itself."

Then, on April 17, Vanzetti reports that the bodily sensations which had begun his illness were abating. After this, he proceeded to get well and on May 11 writes: "Yes, my heartburn is gone, and I am quite well, so well that I feel to write a treatise on sociology, which I have not yet begun, because I wish to hear some friends in its regard." Glancing back at his illness, he describes his penchant for violence: "Death for death, I think that the times require to bring with us some enemies, some blackguards — I should say the more that is possible. It is my reason, not my heart, that is speaking so. I think I do not feel so now, but sometimes. I still abhor the blood now, as always before."

Despite his violent words, his most violent deed was to break a chair in his cell at Charlestown.

Vanzetti's earlier feeling of being "forsaken by everyone" now changed to a renewed interest in people. On June 20, he wrote to Irene Benton, one of his elderly American "mothers": "To have your friendship, to know to be a friend of you — is dear, very dear to me. The spirit of your words reach and thrills the innermost sources of my life. You are great in goodness, comrade Irene, generous as the vital elements. . . ."

One may speculate on the psychiatric dynamics of Vanzetti's madness. His main symptom was a fear of being attacked by men and a wish to attack men. Such a symptom is frequently due to an insufficiently repressed erotic desire for another man. Of Vanzetti's erotic life we know only that before prison he mentions no woman, and while in prison his relations with them could only be platonic. Before prison his relations with men were transitory, suggesting that he avoided prolonged contact. In prison, for the first time, he had to live for years with the same men. What was this like? Vanzetti's letters shun any reference to his fellow convicts and no Charlestown inmate has written of Vanzetti. But the experience may have caused previously repressed erotic desires toward men to break into consciousness — so unbearably as to throw Vanzetti into a psychosis. This speculation does not explain why it took Vanzetti three years to become psychotic, why his psychosis lasted only six months, and why and how he then came out of it.

On May 28, 1925, with the Bridgewater doctors certifying him not insane, Vanzetti was returned to Charlestown. Confined in a more capacious cell, he found that the authorities in Bridgewater had lost many of his books. Most missed was a copy of the *Divine Comedy* given him by a "far away comrade and friend," which he had had expensively bound and which he had carried with him during his free toiling years. Dante, too, had experienced the "dark wood" of his own madness, and come out of it.

Since the fall of 1924, William G. Thompson had become chief lawyer for Sacco and Vanzetti, succeeding Fred Moore.

Thompson was a New England scion who, the year Vanzetti was born, had graduated with honors from Harvard and had then become a very busy and distinguished Boston lawyer; he was a conservative, a believer in the capitalistic system and in the church as an institution. He also believed in fair play and *noblesse oblige*, and it was this last which brought him into the Sacco and Vanzetti case. After two and a half years' association with Vanzetti, he said:

> If Vanzetti had an education he would have been a professor in Harvard College. He is one of the most gifted men that I know of. I have heard him give a most enlightening talk on Ralph Waldo Emerson, he has discussed Shelley's poems with me, and I have heard him use words that I have had to go home to look for in the Century Dictionary to find the meaning of. He is a dreamer, and an idealist. . . . The Harvard graduate, the man of old American traditions, the established lawyer, is now quite ready to say that nowhere in his soul is there to be found the faith, the splendid gentility, which make the man, Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

On the side of Vanzetti there was admiration for Thompson's skillful defense and an intimate thanks: "Of what you are doing for us, Mr. Thompson, I am not only grateful and thankful for myself alone, but for my old father, for my brother, my sisters, for all those who I love and am loved." And: "I hope to understand a little the brave, learned, beautiful fight that you are fighting in our behalf, paying of it in peace, rest, interest, and other universally desired things." Vanzetti did come to understand much of Thompson's "fight," so different from his own fight of the classes. Of all the Americans, it was probably Thompson who most enriched Vanzetti's mind — and trammeled his violent part.

Through 1926, Thompson argued two motions for a new trial before the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and the case of Sacco and Vanzetti gained a wider public in Europe and America. Vanzetti felt new hope: ". . . Denial of a new trial, after the work of Mr. Thompson, would [be] . . . a dangerous answer to the conscience of the world. It could change the proletarian Jobs into a Sampson, the proletarian rabbit into a lion. There would be flames . . . Nor I believe the five men [the State Supreme Court Justices] capable of such monstrosity." Previously, Vanzetti had written on matters not directly connected with the trial; now, describing his mind as a "hurricane of thoughts, feelings, and sentiments," he concentrated on conferring with members of the defense, translating Thompson's briefs into Italian for distribution in Europe, and putting "blood" into his own appeal for a new trial. He saw himself in the perspective of the lugubrious past of mankind:

> Were not the first Christians believed to be blood drinkers? Yes, they were believed so, and were insulted, tortured, martyrized by the ragged and golden mobs of their time—What chance of fair deal and acquittal those not only innocent first Christians could have had, in being tried by pagans to whom the fact of one being Christian was all the crimes and all the guilts at once and in one? From those times, I could come down through the centuries showing you that the same dealings has been imposed by the golden and the ragged mobs to all those who have discovered, wished, and labored for a little more of truth, justice, freedom, triumph and sublimination of the men, women, and of the life—down, down to this very date. . . .

Reading of the persecutions of witches in the sixteenth century, he came across the name of a French attorney, Bartholomeo ("I am proud of it") who had defended rodents and insects accused of being witches. "It seems that these insects and rats have been more lucky than me. . . ."

THE Massachusetts Supreme Court denied both motions for a new trial; the world was quiet. Vanzetti wrote of this "black hour of vanquishment." John Dos Passos, who visited him in Charlestown December, 1926, after the last denial, wrote: "Vanzetti sits on the bench, thick-chested and calm. . . . He has a look of broad-browed calm about him. His lips don't tremble when he smiles under his thick mustache. But it is the calm of a man with his back to the wall. He too glances from time to time over his shoulders, as if to make sure that there is nobody creeping up behind him."

Vanzetti described his prison life at this time (he was working in the shop, making auto licenses): "Before, I could work nine hours, eleven hours a day, and then sit down and write. It poured out straight from the heart. Often I would not have a single correction in an article. But now, word by word, it is so difficult to write in a cell." He told Dos Passos that Charlestown's priest and chaplain had publicly arraigned him. "They hate me because I am an atheist. If I went to them and made myself humble and said: 'Father, I am sorry, please give me absolution,' they would help me. At last I asked to see Father Murphy. He trembled like a leaf. I asked to see him to say to him 'What have I done to him to plot against me that way?' He trembled like a leaf and said nothing, only smooth words."

Passing Christmas locked in his cell, Vanzetti wrote: " . . . My sixth hell-Christmas in prison. I look back; the past was bad enough, I thought, but the worst is yet to come. A bitter Christmas it was." He added, "I know perfectly well that within four months Massachusetts will be ready to burn me." Hearing the nightly noise of a new prison electric plant, he thought of his electrocution.

In January, 1927, a final argument was made before the Massachusetts Supreme Court, which on April 4 again sustained Judge Thayer. All legal steps for a new trial failing, Sacco and Vanzetti were brought from Dedham and Charlestown jails to Dedham courthouse to be sentenced to electrocution.

5. Last Days (April-August, 1927)

VANZETTI had said that, failing a new trial, his would be a "lost cause become ridiculous, shameful, and humiliating." Now, the failure upon him, he would disprove these words; consummating his seven years of prison burgeoning, he would invest himself and his "lost cause" with a new identity. He would make three speeches.

The first he made on April 9, on the occasion of the pronouncement of sentence in Dedham courthouse. Outside, the court was ringed by police with rifles; inside were police with automatic pistols, packed spectators, lawyers, Judge Thayer sitting on the podium, Sacco and Vanzetti in the prisoner cage. The defendants were asked to speak before Thayer pronounced sentence. Sacco spoke briefly and ineffectually. Then Vanzetti stood up and, facing Thayer, spoke extemporaneously in a quiet voice, for forty-five minutes. He reviewed the story of his case. This is his peroration:

> Well, I have already say that I not am guilty of these two crimes, but I never committed a crime in my life, —I have never stolen and I have never killed and I have never spilt blood, and I have fought against crime, and I have fought and I have sacrificed myself even to eliminate the crimes that the law and the church legitimate and sanctify.
>
> This is what I say: I would not wish to a dog or to a snake, to the most low and misfortunate creature of the earth—I would not wish to any of them what I have had to suffer for things that I am not guilty of. I am suffering because I am a radical and indeed I am a radical; I have suffered because I was an Italian, and indeed I am an Italian; I have suffered more for my family and for my beloved than for myself; but I am so convinced to be right that you can only kill me once but if you could execute me two times, and if I could be reborn two other times, I would live again to do what I have done already.
>
> I have finished. Thank you.

Minutes after this, as sentence was being pronounced, Vanzetti interrupted Judge Thayer's words of death and asked for permission to speak again. It was denied. Next day, telling Thompson that it was "the most important" thing he had to say, and "I would have given half my blood to be allowed to speak again. . . . " Vanzetti wrote out his second speech:

> I have talk a great deal of myself but I even forgot to name Sacco. Sacco too is a worker from his boyhood, a skilled worker, lover of work, with a good job and pay, a bank account, a good and lovely wife, two beautiful children and a neat little home at the verge of a wood, near a brook. Sacco is a heart, a faith, a character, a man; a man lover of nature and of mankind. A man who gave all, who sacrifice all to the cause of Liberty and to his love for mankind; money, rest, mundain ambitions, his own wife, his children, himself and his own life. Sacco has never dreamt to steal, never to assassinate. He and I have never brought a morsel of bread to our mouths, from our childhood to today—which has not been gained by the sweat of our brows. Never. His people also are in good position and of good reputation.
>
> Oh yes, I may be more witfull as some have put it, I am a better babbler than he is, but many, many times in hearing his heartful voice ringing a faith sublime, in considering his supreme sacrifice, remembering his heroism I felt small, small at the presence of his greatness and found myself compelled to fight back from my eyes the tears, and quanch my heart trobling to my throat to not weep before him — this man called thief and assassin and doomed. But Sacco's name will live in the hearts of the people and in their gratitude when Katzmann's and yours bones will be dispersed by time, when your name, his name, your laws, institutions, and your false god are but a "deem rememoring of a cursed past in which man was wolf to the man. . . ."

Towards the end of April, Sacco and Vanzetti were interviewed in the enclosure of Dedham jail — where they had been confined after sentencing—by Philip D. Stong, a young reporter for the North American Newspaper Alliance. "Both men," wrote Stong, "expect to die. They say so, and the conviction is written in grave, serene characters on Vanzetti's face. . . . A ferocious mustache covers an expressive, smiling mouth. The stamp of thought is in every feature; the marks of the man whom strong intelligence has made an anchorite." With occasional interpolations from Sacco, Vanzetti talks. He has been writing, he says, about student suicides: "I think Dr. Freud wrong when he say student kill himself to make someone sorrow. I right that student kill himself because he have sick mind which wish make someone sorrow. When he cannot make no one sorrow, he kill himself in anger at world which pay him no attention in despair." Sacco mentions his own suicidal feelings four years ago at Boston Psychopathic Hospital. Vanzetti reminisces of a Charlestown convict who had killed his wife for infidelity: "He says to me once, 'Vanzetti, you know what I think of all night — what I see every night? My wife, my home!' And these men take all from him."

UP from the Dedham shops comes a file of gray convicts, arms folded, faces expressionless — a rhythm of steps and faces. "We're capitalists," Vanzetti says, smiling and pointing to the workers. (Now that he and Sacco are under sentence of death, they are no longer given work.) "We have home, we eat, don't do no work. We're non-producers—live off other men's work; when Libertarians make speech, they calling Nick and me names."

Stong, previously unopinionated on Sacco and Vanzetti, after fifteen minutes' conversation believed them innocent and the thought of their execution "became almost intolerable" to him. Vanzetti caught this feeling; looking at Stong, not declaiming, simply trying to reassure the reporter, he made his third speech:

> If it had not been for these things I might have live out my life talking on street corners to scorning men. I might have die unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's understanding of man, as now we do by an accident. . . .
>
> Our words—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belongs to us—that agony is our triumph!

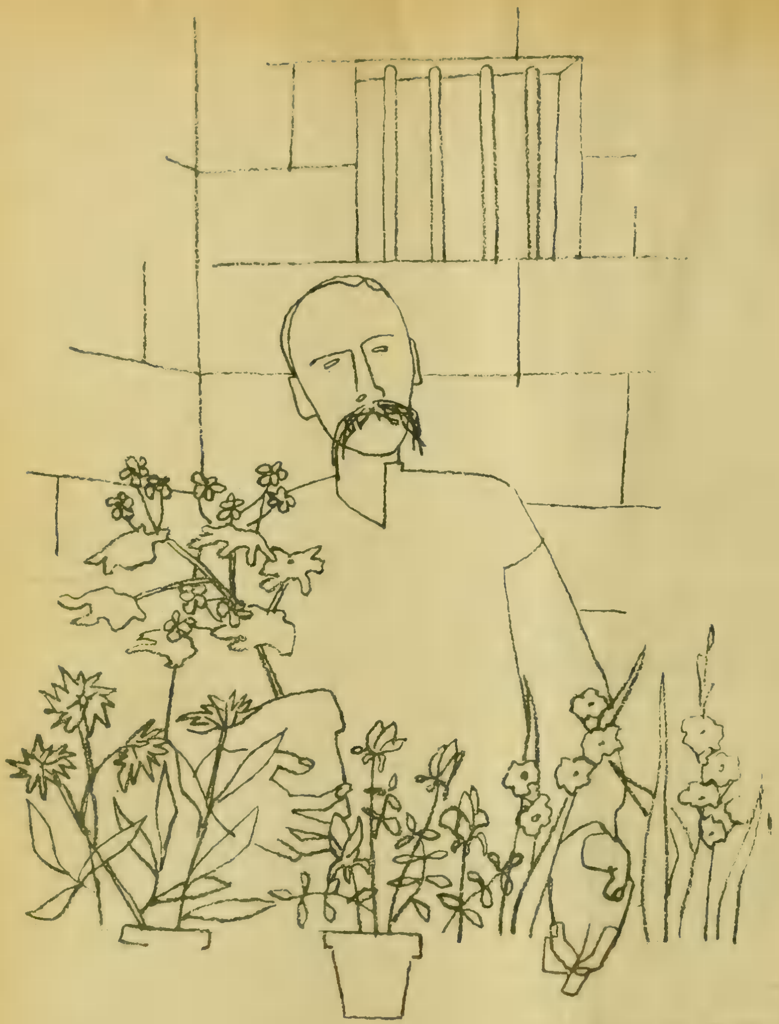
THESE THREE speeches are Vanzetti's conscious effort, in the face of death, to remain known after death by constructing from his ideas, emotions and the English language—all he had learned in the past seven years—a mausoleum of words. Words of manifold appeal; words which, as Vanzetti said of Marat's, "strike the old, the present, and all possible injustice"; words which, aside from their ideology, may be read for their poetry (two of the speeches are included in the *Anthology of American Poetry*). In the future, these words will almost certainly be the one memory of the Sacco-Vanzetti case that our permanent culture will preserve.

Viewed chronologically, Vanzetti's mausoleum shows a progressive construction. In the first speech, he is the revolutionary at bay—confronting the society he wished to vanquish but which is now vanquishing him—proclaiming with a virile, adamantine ring his defiance and radical identity. Alone, he is strong in his loneliness: this is Mazzini in his exile (Vanzetti wrote that Mazzini "happened to be born where I was born") and Debs at Terre Haute (Vanzetti had met and admired Debs). In his second speech Vanzetti, incorporating Sacco, has broken his loneliness, augmented his self, and gained several new selves. Sacco, like Vanzetti, is an anarchist and a fellow prisoner. Unlike Vanzetti, he is a "skilled worker, lover of work"; possessor of a bank account, a family and a home near a wood and a brook; ingenuously and non-intellectually loving nature, he is a symbol of that Mother Nature whom Vanzetti has always striven to join. This speech is more diffuse, its tone softer and more feminine, than the preceding one.

Vanzetti's third speech recapitulates in compressed prose—there is not a superfluous word—the preceding two. Beginning with the "I" of Vanzetti, it passes over to the "we" of Sacco and Vanzetti. It equilibrates the violent and passive parts of Vanzetti's nature: to a passive "tolerance," "joostice," and "man's understanding of man," it juxtaposes an active "scorning men" and "agony." And then it proceeds to transcend everything Vanzetti has previously said. Many facing death have proclaimed defiance, and enumerated the forces on their side. But to say that one's physical annihilation is a victory and an immortality—that is prepotently awesome. Many have wished to say it, few have done so. Commenting on the immediate impact of these words, Upton Sinclair wrote:

> Pass on, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, your work is done! . . . You have spoken the noblest words heard in America in the two generations since Abraham Lincoln died! You have achieved what is called the "grand manner" so rare in literature! That simplicity whereby men become as little children, and enter into the kingdom of heaven; that dignity which causes the critics to bow their haughty heads; that tenderness which touches the heart, that rapture which fires it, that sublimity which brings men to their knees!

Words may express two meanings: conscious and unconscious. The splendid impact of Vanzetti's words is fixed: may we not also see their genesis as an unconscious wish for death? In death, Vanzetti not only finally expiates the guilt for his mother's death, but finally joins with her. One of the techniques of psychoanalysis for baring the unconscious is to begin with conscious thoughts and then to go on to free associations (the following up of one spontaneous saying with another). If the associations remain uninhibited, eventually unconscious thoughts are reached. While Stong quietly and neutrally listens, Vanzetti indulges in a kind of free association on the death of loved ones: "I right that student kill himself because he have sick mind which wish to make some-



Drawing by Gwathmey

one sorrow"; the words of the wife-killer, "Vanzetti, you know what I think of all night—what I see every night? My wife, my home. . . ." The line of convicts momentarily interrupts Vanzetti's association. Then, unrehearsed, unpremeditated—Vanzetti's most unconscious speech, one of the most unconscious of all famous speeches—he speaks of what comes immediately to his mind.

IN THE months between the sentencing on April 9 and the execution date, set for July 9, the American mothers sent Sacco and Vanzetti fruits and flowers. Vanzetti described his Dedham cell: "My window here is peopled of recipients, it is a riot of blissing colors and beauties forms: a granium plant, a tulip, and plant from Mrs. Evans. White flowers, pink carnations, roseate peaches, buds, and flowers, bush — yellow flowers from Mrs. Jack, and a boquet of May flowers from Mrs. Winslow." To his English teacher, Mrs. MacMehan, he wrote, "Well, send me some flowers please, some Mayflowers if you can afford. The whitest flowers of your soul and the reddest flowers of your heart within the folds of letters." The flowers and his thirty-ninth birthday on June 11 moved him to variformed memories of childhood in the verdant and flower-dappled garden of his home and valley of Villafalletto; and of the last stanza of Gori's revolutionary hymn, *May 1st*, which he translated for Mrs. Jack:

> Give flowers to the rebels failed
> With glances revealed to the aurora
> To the gayard that struggles and works,
> To the vagrant poet that dies.

Gori, Vanzetti explains, was the "dying poet."

Freed from prison work, experiencing the greatest leisure of his life, Vanzetti smoked "like a Turk" and wrote letters and articles. He read the first volume of Beard's *The Rise of American Civilization,* therein learning of the origins of that America which he, as an unskilled worker, had helped industrialize, whose language he had learned, and which was now killing him. He read the news, and his global vistas grimly darkened. To Mrs. Maude Pettyjohn he wrote on May 26, 1927:

> Of course we will soon have war and worse than ever. French has pass a law which militarized every man—woman—and children of the nation during war. Each other nation will do the same. To strike civil populations with weaps of war: iron, fire, poisons, gasses and diseases. Of course the rich will fly to the mountains . . . the poor will be compelled by their poverty and laws to live where they are. . . . They will be striken and destroyed by millions, children, youngs, olds, men and women.

He and Sacco occupied adjoining cells and were allowed one daily hour together in Dedham's enclosure, where they played *bocce*, an Italian bowling game. A spring sun shone strongly. "They're certainly bearing up extraordinary," said the warden of Dedham jail. "When they get their hour they laugh and talk a blue streak. They enjoy the sun."

AND now, though one part of Vanzetti wished and was prepared to die, the part which had burgeoned and achieved the prose of a Lincoln wished to live and petitioned Governor Alvin Fuller for executive clemency. The Governor began a private investigation, then formed an advisory committee composed of President Lowell of Harvard University, President Stratton of M.I.T., and former Probate Judge Grant. Meanwhile, he postponed execution to August 10. Vanzetti, for all his anarchism, still believed in the goodness of authority figures, and he tensely followed the investigation of the Governor and the committee: "We have already hoped in several appeals all of them repulsed. Of course we hope in Justice. What did they? Now that we are compelled to hope no longer in them of course we begin to hope in Governor Fuller. Victor Hugo was almost right in saying that hope would be the last goddess were not for desperation. . . ."

On July 1, Sacco and Vanzetti were transferred from Dedham to the Cherry Hill death-cell section of Charlestown. This was unexpected—usually, transfer took place two weeks before execution—and again, as at Bridgewater, Vanzetti lost many of his books. Vanzetti had been composed, but now his anxiety increased; shortly after the transfer, in protest against the Governor's attitude toward some of his witnesses, he went on a hunger strike. In the midst of his fast—on July 27—Governor Fuller visited him in Charlestown's guard room, then hurriedly left to receive Lindbergh, promising to return. Thompson urged Vanzetti to eat to get strength to talk to Fuller, and Vanzetti drank milk and then vomited it. The Governor returned a few days later and talked to Vanzetti for several hours in the evening. After he left, Vanzetti wrote: "And I like to tell you that he gave me a good heartfelt handshake before he left. I may be wrong, but I don't believe that a man like that is going to burn us on a case like ours." On the final threat of forced feeding, he began to eat.

A FEW days later, on August 3, the Governor, following the recommendation of his advisory committee, denied Vanzetti's appeal. In a hand tremulous with anxiety and the weakness of fasting, Vanzetti wrote in a jagged and irregular script: "Governor Alvin T. Fuller is murderer as Thayer, Katzmann, the state perjurors, and all the other. He shake hands with me like a brother, make me believe he was honestly intentioned, and that he had not sent the three carbarn-boy to have no escuse to save us."

The night of Fuller's decision, Sacco and Vanzetti were moved from the cells in Cherry Hill into the cells of the death house. As he transferred, Vanzetti "got a glance to the nighty, starry night—it was so long I did seen it before—and thought it was my last glance to the stars." Preparing for death, he wrote terse, uniform notes to the American mothers: "This is just to tell you goodbye and bless you for all you have done for us."

There was a rash of demonstrations in behalf of Sacco and Vanzetti in the cities of Europe, South America and the United States. The Sacco-Vanzetti defense, headed by Arthur Hill (Thompson had retired), and including a young Italian lawyer, Michael Musmanno, went on making appeals to different courts. To permit these to be heard, Governor Fuller, on August 10—forty-five minutes before the scheduled electrocution — granted Sacco and Vanzetti a twelve-day stay.

VANZETTI, numb, could scarcely read or write. The courts rejected the defense appeals. On August 19, Michael Musmanno visited Vanzetti in his cell and told him the U.S. Supreme Court had refused to intervene. When Vanzetti heard this, his pupils dilated wide like saucers and glittered — part of a primitive autonomic nervous reaction against peril. Then the violent part of him flared, and he cried: "Get the million men! Get the million men! Who is making all the noise around here?" He asked for a radio to be placed in his cell so he could tell his story to the world; all the rest of the day, standing in his death cell, he called for the million men. It was almost certainly at this time that he wrote the following to Thompson:

> New Era year one. My enemies make me aim to their cannons, shooting at me every night to kill me. Please, send this instruction to the Boston Defense Committee as quickly as possible.
>
> "Dear Friends of the Committee:
>
> I hope you have radiocasted at once my order of mobilization to all the nations of the world. Big corps of men are in march; if I perceived well last night. Take all the protective measure to the crossing of the Rio Grande and Panama Canal: but use the coasts most you can. Renew my notes to the King of Italy and the Pope. I want all my witness as well. Inform me by wireless, and immediately, of each move and particular."

Madness; and as always violence limited to just words—no one moved, no one was hurt. Previously, it had taken five months to heal the madness; this time Vanzetti regained control within twenty-four hours—and with forty-eight hours to live—experienced two of the last and most meaningful talks of his life.

The first was with his sister Luigia. Vanzetti had written her to come to him before he died. Following the same route as her brother, she had taken a train from Villafalletto across France, and then an Atlantic boat to New York, where she arrived on August 19, 1927; a frail, small, middle-aged woman, plainly dressed, with a golden medallion of the Madonna about her neck. Stepping ashore, her first words to reporters were: "I will ask him [Vanzetti] to see a priest and return to the faith of his childhood, of those happy days before he left us and became a radical and an atheist." She motored to Boston and, on August 20, after an absence of nineteen years, was reunited with her famous and doomed brother in his death cell. By a special permission of Warden Hendry, the cell door was opened so that Vanzetti could embrace Luigia. There is no record of what was said, but it must have been an unbearably poignant interview: loving his sister, Vanzetti rejected her request to return to the religion of his family; became—with Sacco—the first condemned prisoner in Charlestown's history to refuse a priest. On August 21, Vanzetti wrote: "Since I saw her [Luigia], my heart lost a little of its steadiness. The thought that she will have to take my death to our mother's grave, it is horrible to me. . . ."

THE second talk was on execution day, August 22. From among the many who through the years had fought to save him, Vanzetti asked to see William Thompson. Thompson, retired from the case and then in New Hampshire, immediately motored to Boston and by early evening of August 22 had reached Charlestown prison. Vanzetti was in a narrow cell opening immediately on the electrocution chamber, and when Thompson arrived, he arose from a small table where he had been writing, reached through the bars and, warmly smiling, vigorously shook his visitor's hand. Thompson sat down on a chair in front of the cell. With execution a few hours off — in a scene which has been likened to *Phaedo*—the two men talked through the bars.

THEY talked of the case. Vanzetti reiterated his innocence and asked Thompson to "clear my name." Then Vanzetti spoke of the history of movements for human betterment, among which was early Christianity. Thompson remarked that the essence of the appeal of Christianity "was the supreme confidence shown by Jesus in the truth of His own views by forgiving, even when on the cross, His enemies, persecutors and slanderers." Since his arrest and "crowning with thorns" in Brockton Police Station, since the Plymouth trial and the defense by "Judas" Vahey, Vanzetti had felt parallels between himself and Christ; at these words of Thompson, the conversation reached its climax. Recorded Thompson:

> Now, for the first and only time in the conversation, Vanzetti showed a feeling of personal resentment against his enemies. He spoke with eloquence of his sufferings, and asked me whether I thought it possible that he could forgive those who had persecuted and tortured him through seven years of inexpressible misery. I told him he knew how deeply I sympathized with him, and that I had asked him to reflect upon the career of One infinitely superior to myself and to him, and upon a force infinitely greater than the force of hate and revenge. I said that in the long run, the force to which the world would respond was the force of love and not of hate, and that I was suggesting to him to forgive his enemies, not for their sakes, but for his own peace of mind, and also because an example of such forgiveness would in the end be more powerful to win adherence to his cause or to a belief in his innocence than anything else that could be done.

The aging American, with years still to live, was witnessing the death of many of his ideals of *noblesse oblige* and fair play. The still-young Italian about to die was sure in his faith, yet resentful that he must die —wishing to live—unsure how to manage his anger and violence. Now the American advised him to imitate the example of Christ.

Thompson arose after his last words, and he and Vanzetti stood gazing at each other for a minute or two in silence. Vanzetti finally said that he would think of what Thompson had said. He then spoke briefly of the evils of present-day society, and the two men parted.

> In this closing scene [said Thompson] the impression of him [Vanzetti], which had been gaining in my mind for three years, was deepened and confirmed—that he was a man of powerful mind, and unselfish disposition, of seasoned character, and of devotion to high ideals. There was no sign of breaking down or of terror at approaching death. At parting he gave me a firm clasp of the hand, and a steady glance, which revealed unmistakably the depth of his feeling and the firmness of his self-control.

After Thompson left, Vanzetti sat for several hours alone, unmoving and quiet in his brightly lit death cell, watched by a guard. Beginning at midnight he heard the professional criminal, Medarios, and then Nick Sacco leave their cells, adjacent to his. When the guards came to his cell, he knew his fellow prisoners were both dead. A guard holding each of his arms, he walked briskly into the death chamber. Setting a prison precedent, he shook hands with the warden, the deputy warden, Dr. McLoughlin, and two prison guards. "I thank you for everything you have done for me," he said. Then he sat down in the electric chair, and the guards adjusted the straps to his body. As one guard knelt down and was adjusting the straps to the bare flesh of his right leg, he said firmly and gently, "I now wish to forgive some people for what they are doing to me." Seconds later the guard threw the switch and he was dead.

His body was then cremated, and so most of Vanzetti diffused into the American air as water and carbon dioxide. Luigia took the urn containing his ashes back to Villafalletto and interred it in the oft-remembered garden of his home. His memory lives on most seminally among writers of American fiction. Some of the ablest American writers have written of him, and yet as *The Legacy of Sacco and Vanzetti* said in 1948, "The total meaning of Vanzetti's personality and thought has thus far been explored only in the most tentative fashion." Perhaps, as the *Legacy* suggests, in the future an American writer of the first magnitude will take Bartolomeo Vanzetti as his primary subject.

In After Time

In after time, when all this dream
Becomes pure dream, and roughest years
Lie down among the suckling grass,
And spring up sentient upon the meadow;

In that after time of great-born Aprils,
Beyond a century of tatters and of malice,
When love has thrown out fear and madness,
The eyes will see the sun as wonder.

In after time, when rage and chaos
Lose their sovereign force, new dream
Will lift the shining life to spirit
And mate the make of man to merit.

Then shall holy summers come; then laughter
God-like shake upon a dewy morning;
Then fullness grow, big with purpose,
And man shall know again his richness.

RICHARD EBERHART

REVIEW of the ARTS

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AS I HAVE HAD occasion to remark many times before, a stage play can attract by virtue of many different elements which to those who think of the theatre mainly as "words" may seem adventitious. Thus the new Rodgers and Hammerstein (plus Joseph Fields) musical *The Flower Drum Song* (St. James Theatre) is winning through the sweetness of its cast—particularly its leading lady, Miyoshi Umeki, whose gentle semi-conscious humor acts with slow enchantment. Miss Umeki is not a "personality"—she is a person. Her charm permeates the atmosphere like a softly enveloping breath of nature.

The plot — based on a novel by C. Y. Lee—deals with the older generation of Chinese in San Francisco and the younger. The former have old-world grace, the latter are all be-bop. It is another variation of the Rodgers-Hammerstein light-hearted optimism, assuring us with Dutch-uncle confidence that "a hundred million miracles happen every day."

This might prove cloying if it were not for the people we see before us: the actors—Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian. Some of them are plainly amateurs, all of them are gracious human beings. The leading man, Ed Kenney, has a fine voice and an attractive manner. One of the actors—Larry Blyden—is all American and he too, playing a not altogether sympathetic character, is charming.

THE DISENCHANTED (Coronet) is a dramatization of Budd Schulberg's novel by Harvey Breit and the novelist himself. It is presumably the story of Scott Fitzgerald's collaboration on a silly movie with a young scenarist who watches the famous writer's tragic decline with frustration, anguish and compassion.

The play is weakened by the fact that the character of Fitzgerald or whoever the writer in the play may represent, exists on the stage by reputation only. We know—or are supposed to take for granted—that he is an important writer, but the figure we are presented with is a generalization. He has no real individuality, no personal identity. Nothing that happens to him therefore can really be significant or moving. The same is true of the lady who is supposed to be the writer's wife (ostensibly the now fabulous Zelda). She too is a cliché.

What life exists on the stage is supplied by the actors: Jason Robards, Jr., as the writer and George Grizzard as his juvenile collaborator. Robards is a truly good actor: he fulfills the requirements of each scene very well indeed, and he has power, But he plays too close to the line of the writing, and since this writing is conventional the performance does not make a man.

The play states a point: the artist who deteriorates does so, not because he "sells out" at the end of his career, but because there has been a flaw in integrity from the beginning. This is interesting and probably valid, but a point does not make a play.

THE Old Vic production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* (Broadway Theatre) is sweet. I have used this adjective earlier in this report—and it is a dangerous one since it has acquired pejorative connotations. But I mean what I say: *Twelfth Night* is a sweet play.

There are two noteworthy performances: that of Barbara Jefford as Viola —the best looking and the most endearing girl-boy I have ever seen in the role—and Richard Wordsworth as Malvolio who somehow makes that classic prig lovable as well as funny. There is something fetching too in Judi Dench's pert Maria: she has a laughing English countenance and she moves beautifully. But what accounts for the attractive dewiness of the production is not so much these performances—delightful though they are—as an over-all candor which seems to emanate from a characteristically British quality of forebearance and good nature.

The English don't demand that life be an ecstasy or passion; they want it to be *nice*—even-tempered, friendly, affectionate. They desire people to be patient with themselves and one another. Something of this is in the play itself and the present actors embody it. They all look rather splendid; they wear their tastefully designed costumes with easy

Is úar geimred; at-racht gáeth

(From the Finn-Cycle. Based on Gerard Murphy's text and translation from the Gaelic.)

Winter is ice-time; wind is rising;
Fierce not-to-be-stayed stag is rousing;
    The cleftless cliff is not warm tonight
    Though the dashing stag bells on it.

The stag of Slievecarran of counsels,
Now in no hollow he'll settle;
    On Aughty's cold crag the stag
    Cocks ears to the choiring wolf-pack.

I Caílte, and dark Díarmait,
Oscar too, whetted and light,
    On nights of great cold, through the late hour
    Would give ear to the wolf choir.

The brown stag sleeps deep, in truth,
With his side pressed to Corran's earth
    As though he were under Tuns water
    On a sharp cold night at a late hour.

Today I am aged, ancient;
I know few men now to behold them;
    Once I was not weak at wielding
    An edged spear in the ice-sharp morning.

I tender thanks to Heaven's King,
Son of Mary, she a virgin,
    Many times I made armies be still,
    Though tonight I am pierced with cold.

W. S. MERWIN

assurance and most of them speak the verses with a lack of self-consciousness which comes from sound training and proper habit.

GRAHAM GREENE's *The Power and the Glory* adapted by the Englishman Denis Canaan and the Frenchman Pierre Bost (Phoenix) is the story of a "bad" priest—a drunkard who has gotten a peasant girl with child—but a priest, nevertheless, who still struggles valiantly to keep religious practices and faith alive under a rabidly anti-clerical Mexican regime, when the saying of Mass and the very presence of an officiating priest is severely punishable.

The point of the story may be summarized as follows: though the priest is himself a culpable character, he is protected by the humble folk of the community because he does God's work. The people — even the sorriest criminals —will do anything not to betray him because they need a man of God, however blemished, to stand among them.

One need not be a Catholic to respect this thesis. But the play fails to touch me because what it creates at best is the decadent atmosphere of benighted Mexican villages rather than any spiritual mood. That there are such martyrs as Green's hero I do not doubt, and that people will continue to yearn for the symbols as well as the content of their religious heritage even under the most abject circumstances is historically undeniable. But such convictions on the author's part and my readiness to accede to them have little bearing on my main objection to the play, which is that what finally emerges from it is a manhunt—one sordid person tracked by a group of sordid persons. I neither believe in nor care about either—apart from the lurid fascination of the exotic squalor in which they move. This sense of moral and physical degradation in the environment was more fully projected in the London production two years ago, but the company at the Phoenix does well with it too.

Walled City

I'm going to re-draw myself
with hard clear outlines
cold as asphalt, shinier than tin.
I shall be the envy of the pangolin.
The rolled up porpentine is not
  better fortified,
the armadillo will be jealous of
  my skin.
Come unto me, little children, as far
  as the fence,
but *Noli Me Tangere* within.

DILYS LAING

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE Contemporary Music Society, which was founded five years ago to foster the performance and understanding of contemporary music, has sprung into increased activity this season. Under its auspices, Leopold Stokowski conducted a concert a short time ago at Carnegie Hall in which the Vaughan Williams Ninth Symphony was given its American première. More recently, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the conductor presented nine contemporary works for smaller orchestral combinations, giving most of them either their local or world premières.

Of the two evenings, I found the latter more interesting. The Vaughan Williams symphony, though the high point of the first concert, proved to be a faint echo of some of the composer's earlier, more vital symphonies. As the last major work of a distinguished and recently deceased musician, it had to be played, and I wanted to hear it. But it was sad to contemplate how, in the fatigue of age, the composer was retracing ground he had already covered more energetically in other symphonies.

The Metropolitan Museum concert, though its program listed no names of the magnitude of Williams', produced some works by less familiar composers in a curiously piquant East-West context. The Western composers, Henry Cowell (American) and Colin McPhee (Canadian), had been influenced, respectively, by the music of Persia and Bali, countries which they had visited. Shukichi Mitsukuri, the Japanese, and Chou Wen-chung, the Chinese-American, had each tried to combine Oriental poetic thinking with a Western style of expression. A young, Egyptian-born composer, Halim El-Dabh, who recently composed a score for Martha Graham's *Clytemnestra,* focused upon a drum which is popular in many parts of the Middle East, the derabucca, and wrote a *Fantasia-Tahmeel* for that instrument plus string orchestra. The composer played the drum. Alan Hovhaness, a Massachusetts composer whose highly personal style lays emphasis upon Armenian modes, was represented by a delicately spun percussion piece called *October Mountain.* Odeon Partos, a Budapest-born, Israeli composer, contributed a piece called *Yiskor* (In Memoriam) for viola and string orchestra. The only works of strictly Western orientation were Malloy Miller's *Prelude for Percussion Instruments,* which I found quite dazzling, and Walter Piston's well-crafted but rather dry *Divertimento for Nine Instruments.*

In general, the program showed that a true fusion of Eastern and Western styles is hard to achieve, and that, especially in the case of westernized Oriental composers, the result is likely to be Impressionism. Chou Wen-chung's *To a Wayfarer,* for clarinet, strings, harp and percussion, was a case in point. Based on an anonymous Chinese poem, circa 600 A.D., its unusual formal construction led it along in dark, breathing gasps, with low, string dissonances laying down a background for a sort of monody in the clarinet. Here and there, a harp glissando or a high string tremolo brightened the textures, and emphasized the composer's affection for colorism and mood illustration.

THE Mitsukuri *Ten Haikus* were similarly based on Oriental poetry—in this case Japanese. The poems, which had such titles as *Seeing myself reclining in a vast plain* and *My heat-twisted shadow,* were of the classic, short genre, and the music mirrored them in minuscule, impressionistic puffs of color.

McPhee's *Nocturne* for Chamber Orchestra, and Cowell's *Persian Set* seemed to fall into the category of deliberate exoticism. The McPhee was basically Impressionistic in manner, and modal, with a strong hint of the Balinese gamelan, which has influenced this composer's music in other instances. The *Persian Set* was written by Cowell in 1956 and 1957 while he was staying in Teheran as a guest of the Iranian Government. It is flavored with exciting, repetitious rhythms of an exotic cast, and evokes the general atmosphere of an oriental bazaar. I do not find it as convincing as other Cowell works, because of its feeling of "applied exoticism" in the *Scheherazade* tradition, rather than of an absorption or fusion of styles. But it is a pretty piece, and roundly entertaining.

I should say, too, that Stokowski's direction of these works was little short of miraculous. Regardless of the grouping of instruments, each ensemble played as if it had rehearsed for weeks (which it had not), and been stung into an exquisitely refined and dynamic opening-night response. Stokowski's ability to bring forth such performances is hardly news at this point, but it never fails to astound.

ART

Maurice Grosser

ELIE NADELMAN's figurines, on show at the Hewett Gallery through December, were done in an attempt to solve the contemporary sculptor's most serious problem—how sculpture is to survive without a market. For sculptors, our times have been uncompromisingly hard. The human figure, sculpture's consecrated subject which even prudish Victorians permitted on public buildings, has become too risky, costly and ornate for our own architecture's economical style, and as a result commissions have almost vanished. Nadelman sought another market by publishing his work, like a book or record, in multiple copies for domestic consumption. Copies of painting in reproduction are no good. One has only to compare a color print with the original painting to discover this. Sculpture, on the other hand, when it is made from molds, is already a sort of replica, and if one wishes to multiply the process, the succeeding copies are also replicas with every virtue of the original. Thus, by casting small figures in multiple editions and inexpensive materials, Nadelman hoped to preserve the art of serious sculpture for domestic uses, now that there was no longer a demand for public pieces.

The idea was not new nor do I think it has turned out to be very fruitful. But the stuff itself is extraordinarily handsome—single female figures and groups, five to nineteen inches high, in papier-mâché and terra cotta, painted and unpainted, glazed and unglazed. The figures themselves have something of the heavy-bodied, quasi-cylindrical style one finds in so much of the 1920 work, from Maillol, Lachaise and Manship, from Picasso's "Classical" nudes and the painting of Bellows and Guy Pène du Bois, on to the style's unfortunate apotheosis in the Paris 1925 *Exposition des Arts Decoratifs*. But the small scale of Nadelman's pieces and the boldness and delicacy of their veiled modeling remove all the doctrinaire heaviness inherent in this classic revival style. One is inescapably reminded of the figurines of Tanagra which, apart from their extraordinary grace, these figures resemble not at all.

ON SEEING the Alfred Maurer retrospective—through December at the Bertha Schaefer Gallery—one cannot help comparing it with the retrospective recently held at the Downtown Gallery of the figure painting of Max Weber. Both painters, as young men in Paris, enthusiastically joined forces with the revolutionaries of modern art. Weber was the more determinedly modern: if one related the dates of the pictures in his recent show to the various styles in which they were painted, one discovered that in this sequence of Parisian fashions Weber was consistently up to date. Beginning with a nude of 1907 in a manner then practiced by Suzanne Valadon, the painter seems to have passed through the influence of Cézanne (in a handsome life-class study in orange and green) to discover in 1910 Picasso's African Negro style; then on in 1913 through a form of Futurism to arrive in 1917 (the two best pictures of the show) at the bright-colored Cubism with spots of Picasso's ballet *Parade*; on in 1932 to Picasso's "Classical" heavy figure manner; and finally, in 1945, to something that looks strangely like the wiggly line of Archile Gorky. Apart from the painter's topical versatility, the most extraordinary thing about this sequence is the way in which he has managed to impose on each successive manner his own trademark in the form of a stereotype of the Jewish face.

Maurer's retrospective has less variety. Starting with a portrait of a woman in kimono of about 1901, in subdued tonalities and Japanese space division that show Whistler's influence, he passed around 1908 through a brilliant Fauve period with the most beautiful and gaudy colors, to arrive in the mid-twenties at the analytical Cubism he never thereafter abandoned—a style in which the lines and planes of the objects painted, generalized and extended, form the network that is the picture's composition. The colors are varied, the line simplified but not in the least mechanical. The work, like Weber's, reflects the most advanced in European art. Both men were caught, bedazzled by the new techniques, like Indians at the coming of the white man. But where Weber, disoriented, stayed on the side lines and pilfered, Maurer understood, assimilated and joined. His work may be not as brilliant or as talented as Weber's, but its elements seem more digested and their expression more natural and sincere. And the best of it—like his elongated self-portrait in a soft hat and his Cubist synthesis of Gilbert Stuart's *Washington*—is difficult to forget.

SALVADOR DALI is holding at Carstairs through January his most enter-

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taining exhibition in many years. Dali has always been a master of the gag; witness the works by which one knows him best, his depictions of the unruly world of dreams painted in a serene and decorous pre-Impressionist style. A similar marriage of incongruities dominates the present exhibition. Here references to the *Sistine Madonna* and to Velasquez' celebrated *Infanta* replace the Freudian imagery of his earlier work, and this homage to Renaissance painting is for the most part executed in zigzag brush strokes claimed to describe the path of atomic particles in a cloud chamber—a wonderful amalgamation of photographic realism, abstract calligraphy, and current ideas of physics. The largest picture in the show has an even more extraordinary triple-take. From close up it appears completely non-objective — a uniform diagonal grillwork of white and black circles on a background of gray bespangled with splinter-like brush strokes in pink. From half way across the room the pattern of strokes becomes a Madonna figure, while from still greater distance the black and white circles are seen to be a huge magnification of the dots in a halftone print representing an enormous ear (the catalogue says an angel's).

RESORTS

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Dali has always been an excellent miniaturist. Even this biggest picture derives part of its quality from its resemblance to a minute image mechanically enlarged, and among the other canvases the small ones are the best. The mixture of calligraphic brushwork with meticulous representation is most convincing when the scale is small; the smoothly painted passages of flesh in certain of the larger pictures retain something of the oil-cloth quality so unpleasant in his devotional pictures of recent years.

These works, presumably designed in conformity with Catholic dogma, nevertheless show evidence of commercialism deeply distressing in so vigorous an artist. The distinguishing marks of commercialism are a humorless and respectful treatment of conventional subject matter, a style of execution adapted from familiar masterpieces having established value and, most inescapable of all, an overworked surface with insensitive texture. These marks have been visible in Dali's recent paintings. And it is a pleasure to find in the present exhibition less of such commercialized surfacing and more of the playful and technically unconstrained inventiveness of his earlier years.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

IT IS grotesque how the makers of *I Want To Live!* have seized upon an issue and missed the point. This is a brilliantly constructed picture, and it contains the most appalling agony I have ever seen on a public screen: its primary message is that Barbara Graham should not have been executed by the State of California for a murder she did not commit. Its secondary messages are that a lurid, irresponsible press is a handicap to justice and that the police should not employ *agents provocateurs* to trap defendants into false confessions. Is there anyone in the audience who could possibly disagree? *I Want To Live!* would seem to be a lesson in how to take advantage of a hot topic without burning your fingers, how to peddle stomach-turning horror under the guise of social conscience.

The issue, of course, is capital punishment, but it turns out that the picture is by no means opposed to that — it bundles Mrs. Graham's co-defendants off to the gas chamber without a second thought. And the script takes such pains to clear its heroine of any slightest complicity in or knowledge of the murder that the story swings on coincidence abetted by ambition and greed. But the carelessness of justice in California — if indeed it is careless — could as well be exposed without the sickening suspense and documentary horror of the closing scenes. Had the purpose of the picture been to argue that capital punishment is an inexcusable barbarism under all circumstances, I would have accepted the revolting details as a necessary demonstration of what it is we are talking about. But without that purpose these details become as obscenely sensational as the press hysterics the picture so piously inveighs against.

Ironically, it is the *innocence* of the heroine that makes her death agonies offensive, and there is reason to believe that the real Barbara Graham was much more closely associated with the murder than this reconstruction of her case would have you believe. Whatever the truth, Mrs. Graham was not convicted merely on the basis of entrapment and the uncorroborated evidence of her alleged associates.

I won't recommend the picture because I think that it is revolting to no artistic or moral purpose. But I will say that if you go you will see good work. Susan Hayward plays the Graham role with an animal vigor that is both appealing and frightening (it is also sentimentalized "heart of gold" on occasion, but that is not her fault). The supporting cast is almost surrealistically vivid and the production has been put together in the crisp style of good crime (or sports) reporting.

A l'Aube

A door has opened
and a shadow passed.
The clouds move smoothly,
reassuringly.

The first bird greets the day,
not knowing that
a cat is waiting somewhere
down below.

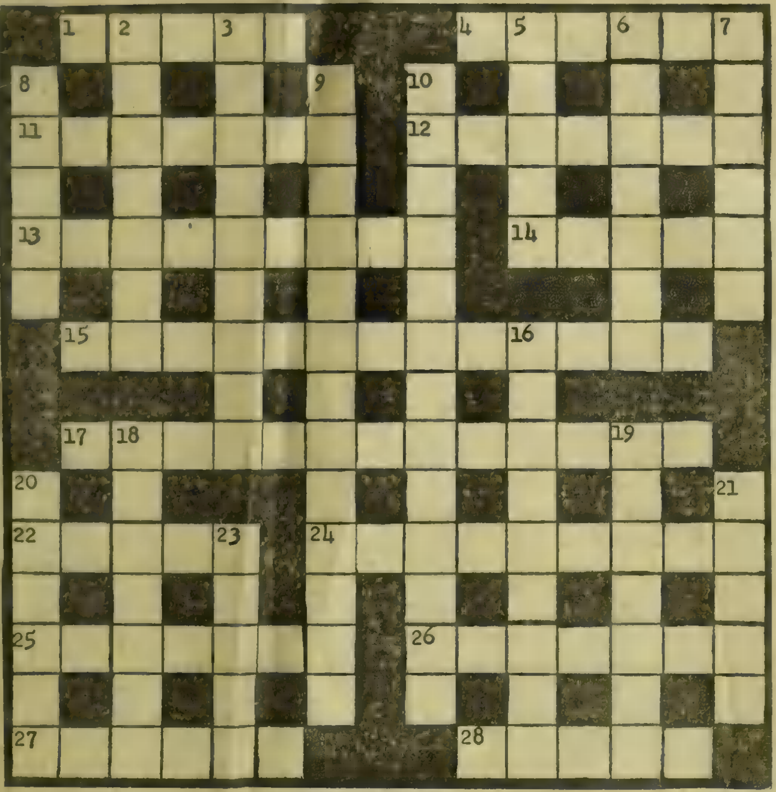
I rise as early as the bird
and gay,
for no good reason
other than the light

that dawns at dawn
and then again will fade
like immortality
and even pride.

ERIKA RENON

Crossword Puzzle No. 800

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It was blown in "Sea Fever." (5)
4 Heaps of treads. (6)
11 Heard rumblings, and inside information as to what heard them. (7)
12 Almost horsy-bovine, with a twelve-hour day. (7)
13 Customers in a body. (9)
14 Shoot, son! (5)
15 Robinson cut it out of the object of the drive. (13)
17 It seems the inspector lied in showing such partiality. (13)
22 See 28 across
24 Having to pay for not being dressed? (9)
25 Such glassware should have a fast turn-over rate. (7)
26 Dodger-type description? (7)
27 Freedom to enter the course. (6)
28 and 22 In Western productions does one try to improve part? (5,5)

DOWN:

2 Ambulatory. (7)
3 Train made ready for a period. (9)
5 Seize on this for a period. (5)
6 The honorable sort doesn't win! (7)
7 Just an ordinary feller in the boys from Germany! (6)
8 Fish pole? (5)
9 What one might get with a couple of pints in a pub? (8,5)
10 Did it reduce income by stopping bootleg traffic? (7,6)
16 Without getting extremely angry, a sort of 2 around can find the traveler. (9)
18 Confess for the second time? (7)
19 The absence of anything spare in the drink. (7)
20 He acts about to assail with withering denunciation. (6)
21 I would have gone first, but wasted the time instead. (5)
23 Keep about fifty, and divide by two. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 799

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